



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

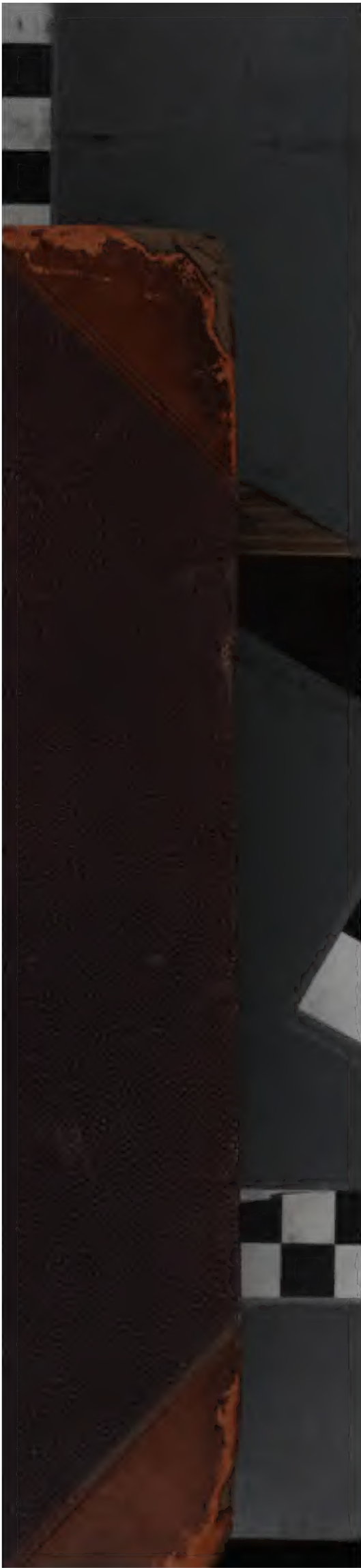
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>











3 L
761

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

VOLUME XXXIX. JANUARY—JUNE, 1881



STRAHAN AND COMPANY LIMITED

34 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

1881

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO., EDINBURGH
CHANDOS STREET, LONDON

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXIX.

JANUARY, 1881.

	PAGE
The Unity of Nature. By the Duke of Argyll.—V. On the Truthfulness of Human Knowledge	1
Taxation in the United States. By An American Statesman	15
The Jews in Germany. By the Author of "German Home-Life"	31
Plutarch and the Unconscious Christianity of the First Two Centuries. By Julia Wedgewood	45
Richard Cantillon and the Nationality of Political Economy. By Professor W. Stanley Jevons	61
Suicidal Mania. By W. Knighton, LL.D.	81
Latin Christian Inscriptions. By the Rev. George T. Stokes	91
Mr. Holgson's Article "Professor Green as a Critic." By Professor Green	109
The Death of Anaxagoras. By William Canton	125
Young Ireland. By the Rev. Malcolm MacColl	129
Foreign Opinion on Ireland. By J. A. Farrer	148
The Three F's. By Lord Monteaigle	161

FEBRUARY, 1881.

The Moral Influence of George Eliot. By One who Knew Her	173
The Unity of Nature. By the Duke of Argyll.—VI. On the Moral Character of Man	186
The Queen's Printers' Variorum Bible and the Westminster Revision. By Reginald Stuart Poole, Corr. Inst. France	211
The Boers and the Transvaal. By Lieut.-Colonel W. F. Butler, C.B.	220
The Socialists of the Chair. By John Rae	232
The Failure of Free Contract in Ireland. By J. A. Farrer	249
Woman's Claim. By Emily Pfeiffer	265
Freedom of Thought in the Church of England: Its Limits—What they Are and What they Ought to be. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.	278
The Arguments for and against the Three F's. By Sydney C. Buxton	285
Professor Green's Explanations. By Herbert Spencer	302
Some Recent Books: A Glance at the Literature of 1880.	318

MARCH, 1881.

The Unity of Nature. By the Duke of Argyll.—VII. On the Moral Character of Man (<i>continued</i>)	333
The Jewish Question in Germany. By Charles Grant	365
The Rationale of Free Public Libraries. By Professor W. Stanley Jevons	385
Savage Life in India. By W. Knighton, LL.D.	403
The Lay Element in England and in America. By John Henry Hopkins, S.T.D.	416
What the Three F's did for Tuscany. By J. A. Farrer	440
On Pyrrhonism in Science. By Professor W. C. Williamson	454
The Future of India. By Herbert Taylor	464
Guizot in Private Life. By Dr. Karl Hillebrand	478

APRIL, 1881.

	PAGE
The Unity of Nature. By the Duke of Argyll.—VIII. The Origin of Religion	491
The Boers at Home. By J. J. Muskett	506
On the Management of the Native Tribes of South Africa. By the Rev. Bransby Key	516
Edgar Quinet. By Richard Heath	529
Some New Philosophical Views. By the Editor	548
Music or Words? By the Lord Bishop of Derry	561
From the "Iliad of India" By Edwin Arnold, C.S.I.	565
Monte Rosa. By the Hon. Roden Noel	568
The Arrogance of Modern Scepticism: A Layman's Protest. By Francis Peck	571
A Study of Carlyle. By the Author of "The Moral Influence of George Eliot."	584
Prince Bismarck's Scheme of Compulsory Insurance. By the Rev. W. L. Blackley	610
Hebrew Ethics in Evidence of the Date of Hebrew Documents. By Reginald Stuart Poole, Corr. Inst. France	629
Turkey and Greece. By Edgar Lenormand	637
The Court of Hanover: An Introduction to Some Chapters of Secret History. By Oscar Meding ("Gregor Samarow")	646

MAY, 1881.

The Unity of Nature. By the Duke of Argyll.—IX. The Origin of Religion (continued)	665
A Dialogue on Poetic Morality. By Vernon Lee	682
Law Reform in the Days of Justinian. By Thomas Hodgkin	708
The Book of Birth-Stories. By Richard Morris	728
Bimetallism. By Professor W. Stanley Jevons.	750
The Attorney-General's Corrupt Practices Bill. By Sydney C. Buxton	758
The Post Office, and Aids to Thrift. By the Rev. W. L. Blackley	780
Wylie's Life of Thomas Carlyle. By Robert Buchanan	792
Ancient Egypt in its Comparative Relations. I. By R. S. Poole, Corr. Inst. France	804
Mr. Froude as a Biographer. By Julia Wedgwood	821

JUNE, 1881.

The Unity of Nature. By the Duke of Argyll.—X. The Origin of Religion (concluded)	843
"Boycotted!": Some Experiences in Ireland during last Winter. By W. Bence Jones	856
On Some National Characteristics of European Society. By Dr. Karl Hillebrand	877
Conversations with Carlyle. By W. Knighton, LL.D.	904
Ferdinand Lassalle and German Socialism. By John Rae	921
The Principles of '89. By W. S. Lilly	944
A Last Word on Disraeli. By Shirley	971
Lord Beaconsfield. By the Rev. Malcolm MacCall	991
At His Grave. By Alfred Austin	1014

THE UNITY OF NATURE.

V.

ON THE TRUTHFULNESS OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF THE UNITY OF NATURE.

BUT another nightmare meets us here—another suggestion of hopeless doubt respecting the very possibility of knowledge touching questions such as these. Nay, it is the suggestion of a doubt even more discouraging—for it is a suggestion that these questions may probably be in themselves absurd—assuming the existence of relations among things which do not exist at all—relations indeed of which we have some experience in ourselves, but which have no counterpart in the system of Nature. The suggestion, in short, is not merely that the answer to these questions is inaccessible, but that there is no answer at all. The objection is a fundamental one, and is summed up in the epithet applied to all such inquiries—that they are anthropomorphic. They assume authorship in a personal sense, which is a purely human idea—they assume causation, which is another human idea—and they assume the use of means for the attainment of ends, which also is purely human. It is assumed by some persons as a thing in itself absurd that we should thus shape our conceptions of the ruling power in Nature, or of a Divine Being, upon the conscious knowledge we have of our own nature and attributes. Anthropomorphism is the phrase employed to condemn this method of conception—an opprobrious epithet, as it were, which is attached to every endeavour to bring the higher attributes of the human mind into any recognisable relation with the supreme agencies in Nature. The central idea of those who use it seems to be that there is nothing human there; and that when we think we see it there, we are like some foolish beast wondering at its own shadow. The proposition which is really involved when stated nakedly is this: that there is no Mind in Nature having any relation with, or similitude to, our own, and that all our fancied recognitions of intellectual operations like our own in the order of the Universe are delusive imaginations.

The denial of what is called "The Supernatural" is the same doctrine in another form. The connection may not be evident at first sight, but it arises from the fact that the human mind is really the type of the Supernatural. It would be well if this word were altogether banished from our vocabulary. It assumes that we know all that "Nature" contains, and that we can pronounce with certainty on what can and what cannot be found there. Or else it assumes that Nature is limited to purely physical agencies, and that our own mind is a power and agency wholly separate and distinct from these. There might indeed be no harm in this limitation of the word if it could be consistently adhered to in all the terms of any argument involving its use. We are all quite accustomed to think of Man as not belonging to Nature at all—as the one thing or Being which is contradistinguished from Nature. This is implied in the commonest use of language, as when we contrast the works of Man with the works of Nature. The same idea is almost unconsciously involved in language which is intended to be strictly philosophical, and in the most careful utterances of our most distinguished scientific men. Thus Professor Tyndall, in his Belfast address to the British Association, uses these words: "Our earliest historic ancestors fell back also upon experience, but with this difference, that the particular experiences which furnished the web and woof of their theories were drawn, not from the study of Nature, but from what lay much closer to them—the observation of men." Here Man is especially contradistinguished from Nature; and accordingly we find in the next sentence that this idea is connected with the error of seeing ourselves—that is, the Supernatural in Nature. "Their theories," the Professor goes on to say, "accordingly took an anthropomorphic form." Further on, in the same address, the same antithesis is still more distinctly expressed, thus; "If Mr. Darwin rejects the notion of creative power acting after human fashion, it certainly is not because he is unacquainted with the numberless exquisite adaptations on which the notions of a supernatural artificer is founded." Here we see that the idea of "acting after human fashion" is treated as synonymous with the idea of a supernatural artificer; and the same identification may be observed running throughout the language which is commonly employed to condemn Anthropomorphism and the Supernatural.

The two propositions, therefore, which are really involved in the thorough-going denial of Anthropomorphism and the Supernatural are the following; 1st, that there is nothing above or outside of Nature as we see and know it; 2nd, that in the system of Nature, as thus seen and known, there is no mind having analogies with our own.

Surely these propositions have been refuted the moment the definition of them has been attained. We have only to observe, in the first place, the strange and anomalous position in which it places Man. As regards at least the higher faculties of his mind, he is allowed no place in Nature, and no fellowship with any other thing or any other Being out-

side of Nature. He is absolutely alone—out of all relation with the Universe around him, and under a complete delusion when he sees in any part of it any mental homologies with his own intelligence, or with his own will, or with his own affections. Does this absolute solitariness of position as regards the higher attributes of Man—does it sound reasonable, or possible, or consistent with some of the most fundamental conceptions of science? How, for example, does it accord with that great conception whose truth and sweep become every day more apparent—the Unity of Nature?

How can it be true that Man is so outside of that unity that the very notion of seeing anything like himself in it is the greatest of all philosophical heresies? Does not the very possibility of science consist in the possibility of reducing all natural phenomena to purely mental conceptions, which must be related to the intellect of Man when they are worked out and apprehended by it? And if, according to the latest theories, Man is himself a Product of Evolution, and is therefore, in every atom of his body and in every function of his mind, a part and a child of Nature, is it not in the highest degree illogical so to separate him from it as to condemn him for seeing in it some image of himself? If he is its product and its child, it is not certain that he is right when he sees and feels the indissoluble bonds of unity which unite him to the great system of things in which he lives?

This fundamental inconsistency in the Agnostic philosophy becomes all the more remarkable when we find that the very men who tell us we are not one with anything above us, are the same who insist that we are one with everything beneath us. Whatever there is in us or about us which is purely animal we may see everywhere; but whatever there is in us purely intellectual and moral, we delude ourselves if we think we see it anywhere. There are abundant homologies between our bodies and the bodies of the beasts, but there are no homologies between our minds and any Mind which lives or manifests itself in Nature. Our livers and our lungs, our vertebræ and our nervous systems, are identical in origin and in function with those of the living creatures round us; but there is nothing in Nature or above it which corresponds to our forethought, or design, or purpose—to our love of the good or our admiration of the beautiful—to our indignation with the wicked, or to our pity for the suffering and the fallen. I venture to think that no system of philosophy that has ever been taught on earth lies under such a weight of antecedent improbability; and this improbability increases in direct proportion to the success of science in tracing the Unity of Nature, and in showing step by step how its laws and their results can be brought more and more into direct relation with the Mind and intellect of Man.

Let us test this philosophy from another point of view, and see how far it is consistent with our advancing knowledge of those combinations of natural force by which the system of the physical Universe appears to be sustained.

We may often see in the writings of our great physical teachers of the present day reference made to a celebrated phrase of the old and abandoned school of Aristotelian physics—a phrase invented by that old school to express a familiar fact—that it is extremely difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to produce a perfect vacuum—that is to say, a space which shall be absolutely empty. The phrase was this: “Nature abhors a vacuum.” It is now continually held up as a perfect example and type of the habit of thought which vitiates all true physical reasoning. Now let us observe what this error is. As a forcible and picturesque way of expressing a physical truth—that the difficulty of producing a vacuum is extreme, that Nature sets, as it were, her face against her doing it—the phrase is a good one, and conveys an excellent idea of the general fact. Sir W. Grove says of it, that it is “an aphorism, which, though cavilled at and ridiculed by the self-sufficiency of some modern philosophers, contains in a terse though somewhat metaphorical form the expression of a comprehensive truth.” But there is this error in the phrase (if indeed it was or ever could be literally understood)—that it gives for the general fact a wrong cause, inasmuch as it ascribes to the material and inanimate forces of Nature, whose simple pressures are concerned in the result, certain dispositions that are known to us as affections of Mind alone. In short, it ascribes to the mere elementary forces of Matter—not to a living agency using these as tools, but to mere material force—the attributes of Mind.

Now it is well worthy of remark that, so far as this error is concerned, the language of physical science is full of it—steeped in it; and that in this sense it is chargeable with a kind of anthropomorphism which is really open to the gravest objection. To see Mind in Nature, or, according as Nature may be defined, to see Mind outside of Nature, acknowledging it to be Mind, and treating it as such—this is one thing—and this is the true and legitimate anthropomorphism which some physicists denounce. But to see Mind in material forces alone, and to ascribe its attributes to them—this is equally anthropomorphism, but a form of it which is indeed open to all the objections they express. This, nevertheless, is the anthropomorphism which gives habitually its colouring to their thoughts and its spirit to their language.

Let me explain what I mean by some examples. I will take, first, the theory of development, or the derivative hypothesis, which, as applied to the history of animal life, is now accepted by a large number of scientific men, if not as certainly true, at least as an hypothesis which comes nearer than any other to the truth. Whether that theory be true or not, it is a theory saturated throughout with the ideas of utility and fitness, and of adaptation, as the governing principles and causes of the harmony of Nature. Its central conception is, that in the history of organic life changes have somehow always come about exactly in proportion as the need of them arose. But how is it that the laws of growth are so correlated with utility that they should in

this manner work together? Why should varied and increasing utility operate in the requisite direction of varied and increasing developments? The connection is not one of logical necessity. Not only can we conceive it otherwise, but we know that it is otherwise beyond certain bounds and limits. It is not an universal law that organic growths arise in proportion to all needs, or are strengthened by all exertion. It is a law prevailing only within certain limits; and it is not possible to describe the facts concerning it without employing the language which is expressive of mental purpose.

Accordingly, Mr. Darwin himself does use this language perpetually, and to an extent far exceeding that in which it is used by almost any other natural philosopher. He does not use it with any theological purpose nor in connection with any metaphysical speculation. He uses it simply and naturally for no other reason than that he cannot help it. The correlation of natural forces, so adjusted as to work together for the production of use in the functions—for the enjoyments and for the beauty—of life, this is the central idea of his system; and it is an idea which cannot be worked out in detail without habitual use of the language which is moulded on our own consciousness of the mental powers by which all our own adjustments are achieved. This is what, perhaps, the greatest observer that has ever lived cannot help observing in Nature; and so his language is thoroughly anthropomorphic. Seeing in the methods pursued in Nature a constant embodiment of his own intellectual conceptions, and a close analogy with the methods which his own mind recognises as "contrivance," he rightly uses the forms of expression which convey the work of Mind. "Rightly," I say, provided the full scope and meaning of this language be not repudiated. I do not mean that naturalists should be always following up their language to theological conclusions, or that any fault should be found with them when they stop where the sphere of mere physical observation terminates. But those who seek to remodel philosophy upon the results of that observation cannot consistently borrow all the advantage of anthropomorphic language, and then denounce it when it carries them beyond the point at which they desire to stop. If in the words which we recognize as best describing the facts of Nature there be elements of meaning to which their whole force and descriptive power is due, then these elements of meaning must be admitted as essential to a just conception and to a true interpretation of what we see. The analogies which help us to understand the works of Nature are not, as it were, foreign material imported into the facts, but are part of these facts, and constitute the light which shines from them upon the intellect of Man. In exact proportion as we believe that intellect to be a product of Nature, and to be united to it by indissoluble ties of birth, of structure, and of function, in the same proportion may we be sure that its organs of vision are adjusted to the realities of the world, and that its innate perceptions of analogy and resemblance have a close relation to the truth. The

theory of Development is not only consistent with teleological explanation, but it is founded on teleology, and on nothing else. It sees in everything the results of a system which is ever acting for the best, always producing something more perfect or more beautiful than before, and incessantly eliminating whatever is faulty or less perfectly adapted to every new condition. Professor Tyndall himself cannot describe this system without using the most intensely anthropomorphic language: "The continued effort of animated nature is to improve its conditions and raise itself to a loftier level."

Again I say, it is quite right to use this language, provided its ultimate reference to Mind be admitted and not repudiated. But if this language be persistently applied and philosophically defended as applicable to material force, otherwise than as the instrument and tool of Mind, then it is language involving far more than the absurdity of the old mediæval phrase that "Nature abhors a vacuum." It ceases to be a mere picturesque expression, and becomes a definite ascription to Matter of the highest attributes of Mind. If Nature cannot feel abhorrence, neither can it cherish aspirations. If it cannot hate, neither can it love, nor contrive, nor adjust, nor look to the future, nor think about "loftier levels" there.

Professor Tyndall in the same address has given us an interesting anecdote of a very celebrated man whom the world has lately lost. He tells us that he heard the great Swiss naturalist Agassiz express an almost sad surprise that the Darwinian theory should have been so extensively accepted by the best intellects of our time. And this surprise seems again in some measure to have surprised Professor Tyndall. Now it so happens that I have perhaps the means of explaining the real difficulty felt by Agassiz in accepting the modern theory of evolution. I had not seen that distinguished man for nearly five-and-thirty years. But he was one of those gifted beings who stamp an indelible impression on the memory; and in 1842 he had left an enthusiastic letter on my father's table at Inverary on finding it largely occupied by scientific works. Across that long interval of time I ventured lately to seek a renewal of acquaintance, and during the year which proved to be the last of his life I asked him some questions on his own views on the history and origin of organic forms. In his reply Agassiz sums up in the following words his objection to the theory of Natural Selection as affording any satisfying explanation of the facts for which it professes to account:—"The truth is, that Life has all the wealth of endowment of the most comprehensive mental manifestations, and none of the simplicity of physical phenomena."

Here we have the testimony of another among the very greatest of modern observers that wealth—immense and immeasurable wealth—of Mind is the one fact above all others observable in Nature, and especially in the adaptations of organic life. It was because he could see no adequate place or room reserved for this fact in the theory of develop-

ment that Agassiz rejected it as not satisfying the conditions of the problem to be solved. Possibly this may be the fault of the forms in which it has been propounded, and of the strenuous endeavours of many of its supporters to shut out all interpretations of a higher kind. But of this we may be sure, that if men should indeed ultimately become convinced that species have been all born just as individuals are now all born, and that such has been the universal method of creation, this conviction will not only be found to be soluble, so to speak, in the old beliefs respecting a creative Mind, but it will be unintelligible and inconceivable without them, so that men in describing the history and aim and direction of evolution, will be compelled to use substantially the same language in which they have hitherto spoken of the history of creation.

Mr. Mivart has indeed remarked in a very able work,* that the teleological language used so freely by Mr. Darwin and others is purely metaphorical. But for what purpose are metaphors used? Is it not as a means of making plain to our own understandings the principle of things, and of tracing amid the varieties of phenomena the essential unities of Nature? In this sense all language is full of metaphor, being indeed composed of little else. That is to say, the whole structure and architecture of language consists of words which transfer and apply to one sphere of investigation ideas which have been derived from another, because there also the same ideas are seen to be expressed, only under some difference of form. Accordingly when naturalists, describing plants or animals, use metaphorically the language of contrivance to describe the adaptations of function, they must use it because they feel it to be a help in the understanding of the facts. When, for example, we are told that flowers are constructed in a peculiar manner "in order that" they may catch the probosces of moths or the backs of bees, and that this adaptation again is necessary "in order that" these insects should carry the fertilizing pollen from flower to flower, nothing more may be immediately intended by the writer than that all this elaborate mechanism does as a matter of fact attain this end, and that it may be fitly described "as if" it had been arranged "in order that" these things might happen. But this use of language is none the less an acknowledgment of the truth that the facts of Nature are best brought home and explained to the understanding by stating them in terms of the relation which they obviously bear to the familiar operations of our own mind and spirit.

And this is the invariable result of all physical inquiry. In this sense Nature is essentially anthropomorphic. Man sees his own mind reflected in it—his own, not in quantity but in quality—his own fundamental attributes of intellect, and, to a wonderful and mysterious degree, even his own methods of operation.

It is really curious and instructive to observe how even those who

* "Genesis of Species."

struggle hardest to avoid the language of anthropomorphism in the interpretations of Nature are compelled to make use of the analogies of our own mental operations as the only possible exponents of what we see. Let us look, for example, at the definition of Life given by Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is a very old endeavour to construct such definitions, and not a very profitable one: inasmuch as Life is only known to us as itself, and all attempts to reduce it to other conceptions are generally mere playing with empty words. But it is not without instruction to observe that Mr. Spencer's laborious analysis comes to this: "Life is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." Bare, abstract, and evasive of characteristic facts as this formula is, it does contain at least one definite idea as to how Life comes to be. Life is an "adjustment." This is a purely anthropomorphic conception, conveying the idea of that kind of co-ordination between different powers or elements which is the result of constructive purpose. I have already pointed out in a former chapter that all combinations are not adjustments. The whole force and meaning of the word consists in its reference to intentional arrangement. No combination can properly be called an adjustment if it be purely accidental. When, therefore, Life is represented as an adjustment, this is the mental image which is reproduced; and in so far as it does reproduce this idea, and does consciously express it, the formula has at least some intelligible meaning. If, indeed, it has any plausibility or approach to truth at all, this is the element in it from which this plausibility is derived.

We may take another case. Mr. Matthew Arnold has invented a new phrase for that conception of a Divine Being which alone, he thinks, can be justified by such evidence as we possess. And what is that phrase? "The Eternal, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." Surely whatever meaning there may be in this artificial and cumbrous phrase is entirely derived from its anthropomorphism. An agency which "makes for" something—that something, too, being in the future, and being also in itself an abstract, moral, and intellectual conception—what can such an agency be conceived to be? "Making for" an object of any kind is a purely human image—an image, too, derived primarily not from the highest efforts of human Will, but from those which are represented in the exercises of the body, and the skill with which, in athletic contentions, some distant goal may be reached and won. Such is the attempt of a very eminent man to instruct us how we are to think of God without seeing in Him or in His world anything analogous to our own thought and work.

Nor is it wonderful that this attempt should fail, when we consider what it is an attempt to do—to establish an absolute separation between Man and Nature; to set up Man as something above Nature, and outside of it; and yet to affirm that there is no other Being, and no other Intelligence in a like position. And if anything can render this

attempt more unreasonable, it must be the further attempt to reach this result through science,—science, the very possibility of which depends upon and consists in the possibility of reducing all natural phenomena within the terms of human thought, so that its highest generalizations are always the most abstract intellectual conceptions. Science is the systematic knowledge of relations. But that which perceives relations must be itself related. All explanation consists in nothing else than in establishing the relation which some order of external facts bears to some corresponding order of thought; and it follows from this truth, that the highest explanations of phenomena must always be those which establish such relations with the highest faculties of our nature. Professor Tyndall, in another part of his Belfast address, like many other writers of the present day, goes the length of saying that the great test of physical truth is what may be called its “representability,”—that is to say, the degree in which a given physical conception can, from the analogies of experience, be represented in thought. But if our power of picturing a physical fact distinctly be indeed an indication of a true physical analogy, how much more distinctly than any physical fact can we picture the characteristic workings of our own mental constitution. Yet these are the conceptions which, we are told, we are not to cherish, because they are anthropomorphic—or, in other words, because of the very fact that they are so familiar to us, and their mental representability is so complete.

Some, indeed, of our physical teachers, conscious of this necessary and involuntary anthropomorphism of human thought and speech, struggle hard to expel it by inventing phrases which shall as far as possible avoid it. But it is well worthy of observation, that in exact proportion as these phrases do avoid it, they become incompetent to describe fully the facts of science. For example, take those incipient changes in the substance of an egg by which the organs of the future animal are successively laid down—changes which have all reference to a purely purposive adaptation of that substance to the future discharge of separate and special functions. I have already referred* to the fact that these changes are now commonly described as “differentiations,” an abstract expression which simply means the establishment of differences, without any reference to the peculiar nature of those differences, or their relations to each other and to the whole. But the inadequacy of this word to express the facts is surely obvious. The processes of dissolution and decay are processes of differentiation as much as the process of growth and adaptation to living functions. Blood is differentiated just as much when, upon being spilt upon the ground, it separates into its inorganic elements, as when, circulating in the vessels, it bathes and feeds the various tissues of the living body. But these two operations are not only different, but absolutely opposite in kind, and there does not seem to be much light in that philosophy which insists on

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, Sept. 1880, p. 368.

using the same formula of expression to describe them both. It is a phrase which empties the facts, as we can see and know them, of all that is special in our knowledge of them. It is possible, no doubt, by this and other similar artifices of language, so to deprive them—or at least to appear to deprive them—of their highest mental characters. More foolish than the fabled ostrich, we may try to shut our eyes against our own perceptions, or refuse to register them in our language—resorting, for the sake of evasion, to some juggleries of speech. “Potential existence” is another of those vague abstract conceptions which may be, and is, employed for a like purpose. It may be applied indiscriminately to a mere slumbering force, or to an unfulfilled intention, or to an undeveloped mental faculty, or to an elaborate preparation of foresight and design. If we desire to take refuge from the necessity of forming any distinct conceptions, such phrases are eminently convenient for the purpose, whilst under cover of them we may cheat ourselves into the belief that we have got hold of some definite idea, and perhaps even of an important truth.

All who are puzzled and perplexed by the prevalent teaching on these high matters should subject the language in which it is conveyed to a careful, systematic, and close analysis. It will be found to fall within one or other of these three classes :—First, there is the phrascology of those who, without any thought either of theological dogma or of philosophical speculation, are, above all things, observers, and who describe the facts they see in whatever language appears most fully and most naturally to convey what they see to others. The language of such men is what Mr. Darwin’s language almost always is—eminently teleological and anthropomorphic. Next, there is the language of those who purposely shut out this element of thought, and condemn it as unscientific. The language of this class is full of the vague abstract phrases to which I have referred—“differentiation”—“molecular change”—“harmony with environment,” and others of a like kind—phrases which, in exact proportion to their abstract character, are evasive, and fall short of describing what is really seen. Lastly, we have the language of those who habitually ascribe to Matter the properties of Mind ; using this language not metaphorically, like the old Aristotelians whom they despise, but literally—declaring that Mind, as we know it, must be considered as having been contained “potentially” in Matter ; and was once nothing but a cosmic vapour or a fiery cloud. Well may Professor Tyndall call upon us “radically to change our notions of Matter,” if this be a true view of it ; for in this view it becomes equivalent to “Nature” in that largest and widest interpretation to which I referred at the close of the last chapter—viz., that in which Nature is understood as the “Sum of all Existence.” But if this philosophy be true, let us at least cease to condemn, as the type of all absurdity, the old mediæval explanations of material phenomena, which ascribe to them affections of the mind. If Matter be so widened in meaning as to be

the mother and source of Mind, it must surely be right and safe enough to see in it those dispositions and phenomena which are nothing but its product in ourselves.

The truth is, that this conception of Matter and of Nature, which is associated with vehement denunciations of anthropomorphism, is itself founded on nothing else but anthropomorphism pushed to its very farthest limit. It is entirely derived from and founded on the fact that Mind, as we see it in ourselves, is in this world inseparably connected with a material organism, and on the further assumption that Mind is inconceivable or cannot be inferred except in the same connection. This would be a very unsafe conclusion, even if the connection between our bodies and our minds were of such a nature that we could not conceive the separation of the two. But so far is this from being the case, that, as Professor Tyndall most truly says, "it is a connection which we know only as an inexplicable fact, and we try to soar in a vacuum when we seek to comprehend it." The universal testimony of human speech—that sure record of the deepest metaphysical truths—proves that we cannot but think of the body and the mind as separate—of the mind as our proper selves, and of the body as indeed external to it. Let us never forget that Life, as we know it here below, is the antecedent or the cause of organization, and not its product; that the peculiar combinations of matter which are the homes and abodes of Life are prepared and shaped under the control and guidance of that mysterious power which we know as vitality; and that no discovery of science has ever been able to reduce it to a lower level, or to identify it with any purely material force. And, lastly, we must remember, that even if it be true that Life and Mind have some inseparable connection with the forces which are known to us as material, this would not make the supreme agencies in Nature, or Nature as a whole, less anthropomorphic, but greatly more: so that it would, if possible, be even more unreasonable than it is now to condemn Man when he sees in Nature a Mind having real analogies with his own.

And now what is the result of this argument—what is its scope and bearing? Truly it is a very wide scope indeed—nothing less than this: that nothing in philosophy, in theology, in belief, can be reasonably rejected or condemned on the sole ground that it is anthropomorphic. That is to say, no adverse presumption can arise against any conception, or any idea, or any doctrine on the mere ground that it rests on the analogies of human thought. This is a position—purely negative and defensive though it be—from which we cannot be dislodged, and which holds under its destructive fire a thousand different avenues of attack.

But this is not all. Another result of the same argument is to establish a presumption the other way. All the analogies of human thought are in themselves analogies of Nature, and in proportion as they are built up or are perceived by Mind in its higher attributes and

work, they are part and parcel of natural truth. Man—he whom the Greeks called *Anthropos*, because, as it has been supposed, he is the only Being whose look is upwards—Man is a part of Nature, and no artificial definitions can separate him from it. And yet in another sense it is true that Man is above Nature—outside of it; and in this aspect he is the very type and image of the “Supernatural.” The instinct which sees this image in him is a true instinct, and the consequent desire of atheistic philosophy to banish anthropomorphism from our conceptions is dictated by an obvious logical necessity. But in this necessity the system is self-condemned. Every advance of science is a new testimony to the supremacy of Mind, and to the correspondence between the mind of Man and the mind which is supreme in Nature. Nor yet will it be possible, in the face of science, to revive that Nature-worship which breathes in so many of the old religions of mankind. For in exalting Mind, science is ever making plainer and plainer the inferior position of the purely physical aspects of Nature—the vague character of what we know as Matter and material force. Has not science, for example, even in these last few years, rendered for ever impossible one of the oldest and most natural of the idolatries of the world? It has disclosed to us the physical constitution of the Sun—that great heavenly body which is one of the chief proximate causes of all that we see and enjoy on earth, and which has seemed most naturally the very image of the Godhead to millions of the human race. We now know the Sun to be simply a very large globe of solid and of gaseous matter, in a state of fierce and flaming incandescence. No man can worship a ball of fire, however big; nor can he feel grateful to it, nor love it, nor adore it, even though its beams be to him the very light of life. Neither in it nor in the mere physical forces of which it is the centre, can we see anything approaching to the rank and dignity of even the humblest human heart. “What know we greater than the soul?” It is only when we come to think of the co-ordination and adjustment of these physical forces as part of the mechanism of the heavens—it is only, in short, when we recognise the mental—that is, the anthropomorphic—element, that the Universe becomes glorious and intelligible, as indeed a *Cosmos*; a system of order and beauty adapted to the various ends which we see actually attained, and to a thousand others which we can only guess. No philosophy can be true which allows that we see in Nature the most intimate relations with our intellectual conceptions of Space and Time and Force, but denies that we can ever see any similar relation with our conceptions of purpose and design, or with those still higher conceptions which are embodied in our sense of justice and in our love of righteousness, and in our admiration of the “quality of mercy.” These elements in the mind of Man are not less certain than others to have some correlative in the Mind which rules in Nature. Assuredly, in the supreme government of the Universe these are not less likely than other parts of our mental constitution to have some part of the natural

system related to them—so related that the knowledge of it shall be at once their interpretation and fulfilment. Neither brute matter nor inanimate force can supply either the one or the other. If there be one truth more certain than another, one conclusion more securely founded than another, not on reason only, but on every other faculty of our nature, it is this—that there is nothing but mind that we can respect; nothing but heart that we can love; nothing but a perfect combination of the two that we can adore.

And yet it cannot be denied that among the many difficulties and the many mysteries by which we are surrounded, perhaps the greatest of all difficulties and the deepest of all mysteries concerns the limits within which we can, and beyond which we cannot, suppose that we bear the image of Him who is the source of life. It seems as if on either side our thoughts are in danger of doing some affront to the Majesty of heaven—on the one hand, if we suppose the Creator to have made us with an intense desire to know Him, but yet destitute of any faculties capable of forming even the faintest conception of His nature; on the other hand, if we suppose that creatures such as (only too well) we know ourselves to be, can image the High and the Holy One who inhabiteth Eternity. Both these aspects of the truth are vividly represented in the language of those who “at sundry times and in divers manners” have spoken most powerfully to the world upon Divine things. On the one hand we have such strong but simple images as those which represent the Almighty as “walking in the garden in the cool of the day,” or as speaking to the Jewish lawgiver “face to face, as a man speaketh with his friend;” on the other hand we have the solemn and emphatic declaration of St. John that “no man hath seen God at any time.” In the sublime poetry of Job we have at once the most touching and almost despairing complaints of the inaccessibility and inscrutability of God, and also the most absolute confidence in such a knowledge of His character as to support and justify unbounded trust. In the Psalms we have these words addressed to the wicked as conveying the most severe rebuke, “Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself.”

And perhaps this word “altogether” indicates better than any other the true reconciliation of apparent contradictions. In the far higher light which Christianity claims to have thrown on the relations of Man to God, the same solution is in clearer terms presented to us. “Knowing in part and prophesying in part,” “Seeing through a glass darkly,” and many other forms of expression, imply at once the reality and yet the partial character of the truths which on these high matters our faculties enable us to attain. And this idea is not only consistent, but is inseparably connected with that sense of limitation which we have already seen to be one of the most remarkable and significant facts connected with our mental constitution. There is not one of the higher powers of our mind in respect of which we do not feel that “we are tied and bound

by the weight of our infirmities." Therefore we can have no difficulty in conceiving all our own powers exalted to an indefinite degree. And thus it is that although all goodness, and power, and knowledge, must, in respect to quality, be conceived of as we know them in ourselves, it does not follow that they can only be conceived of according to the measure which we ourselves supply.

These considerations show—first, that as the human mind is the highest created thing of which we have any knowledge, its conceptions of what is greatest in the highest degree must be founded on what it knows to be the greatest and highest in itself; and, secondly, that we have no difficulty in understanding how this image of the Highest, may, and must be, faint—without being at all unreal or untrue.

There are, moreover, as we have seen, some remarkable features connected with our consciousness of limitation pointing to the conclusion that we have faculties enabling us to recognise certain truths when they are presented to us, which we could never have discovered for ourselves. The sense of mystery which is sometimes so oppressive to us, and which is never more oppressive than when we try to fathom and understand some of the commonest questions affecting our own life and nature, suggests and confirms this representation of the facts. For this sense of oppression can only arise from some organs of mental vision watching for a light which they have been formed to see, but from which our own investigations cannot lift the veil. If that veil is to be lifted at all, the evidence is that it must be lifted for us. Physical science does not even tend to solve any one of the ultimate questions which it concerns us most to know, and which it interests us most to ask. It is according to the analogy and course of Nature that to these questions there should be some answering voice, and that it should tell us things such as we are able in some measure to understand. Nor ought it to be a thing incredible to us—or even difficult to believe—that the system disclosed should be in a sense anthropomorphic—that is to say, that it should bear some very near relation to our own forms of thought—to our own faculties of mind, and soul, and spirit. For all we do know, and all the processes of thought by which knowledge is acquired, involve and imply the truth that our mind is indeed made in some real sense in the image of the Creator, although intellectually its powers are very limited, and morally its condition is very low.

In this last element of consciousness, however—not the limitation of our intellectual powers, but the unworthiness of our moral character—we come upon a fact differing from any other which we have hitherto considered. It is not so easy to assign to it any consistent place in the unities of Nature. What it is and what it appears to indicate, must form the subject of another chapter.

ARGYLL.

TAXATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

THERE is probably no country in the world in which the people pay their taxes more easily and more cheerfully than they do in the United States. This is as true now as it was before the war. There seems to be a general impression that since this is a free country, in which the people tax themselves, everything must be for the best. Individuals grumble sometimes, and certain cities have acquired a bad reputation, but in general the people give comparatively little attention to the subject. There are men who have made it a study, but they have not yet acquired any great influence in the country. We need a Gladstone here to make it popular. The subject is made difficult and complicated by the fact that separate taxes are assessed by the Nation, the State, the county, the town, and sometimes the district. Some of these are direct, others indirect. In some towns the taxes are very small, in others they are enormous. Then again there is no general principle of valuation, and in some places personal property is not taxed at all. The common mind cannot grasp the subject in all its bearings. But few men know how much they do pay, and since the war extravagant expenditure seems to have excited little attention. I can remember when economy in the administration of the government was one of the most common party watchwords, but it seems to have gone out of fashion. The nation is proud of the reduction of the National Debt, and of the financial administration at Washington. It is proud of the abounding prosperity of the country, which makes it possible to treat the subject of taxation with indifference. It looks with pity upon the over-taxed people of Europe, and fancies that because it does not waste its substance on royalty and standing armies it can afford to be careless of other things. The time is at hand when it will be roused to look the question of taxation in the face; but it is not the purpose of this

article to discuss the possibilities of the future, or to instruct Americans as to their true interests. I propose to do nothing more than to give as clear an idea as possible to English readers of the system of taxation and public expenditure in the United States. To avoid confusion, and to bring the article within reasonable limits, I shall confine my statement in regard to State, county, and town taxation to the single State of Massachusetts.

As this is a popular rather than a scientific review of this subject, I may be excused for calling attention at the outset to some elementary principles. A comparison is often made of the taxation in different countries by dividing the total revenue of each country by the number of its inhabitants. In this way Fuad Pacha, in the first Budget of the Turkish Empire, issued under the patronage of Sir Henry Bulwer, represented the taxation as very light and capable of indefinite increase, as it amounted to only six shillings a head, while in fact it was far more difficult for the people to pay this sum than it was for the English nation to pay fifty shillings. The power of a people to pay taxes depends not upon number but upon wealth and income. Turkey has been ruined by its system of taxation, notwithstanding the small amount per head reported by Fuad Pacha. The great principle of the right of the people to tax themselves is too well understood to need illustration, but in writing of taxation in America we cannot avoid recalling the fact that it was the attempt to tax the Colonies without their consent which led to the rebellion against George III. and the independence of the United States. "No taxation without representation" was the first war-cry of America.

The right of a State to tax its citizens rests upon its sovereign power to control, within constitutional limits, all persons and things within its territory. This right must be exercised for the common good, and nothing more be taken from the people than their good demands. Frugality is as essential for a State as for an individual, and extravagant public expenditure is sure to demoralize the people, discourage industry, and diminish the wealth of the country. On the other hand, so far as public expenditure tends to encourage the industry, promote the wealth, and develop the intelligence of the people, it is a blessing, and taxation to this extent a necessity.

The *system* of taxation may be unjust and even ruinous when the amount is not excessive. In regard to this, the most important part of the subject, Americans seem to be both careless and ignorant. I looked through a large public library in the city of Boston to-day without finding a single book by an American author devoted to this subject. Yet here is the true field of social science and genuine statesmanship. I venture to specify a few important principles under this head.

The system should be *permanent*. Constant changes are fatal to prosperity. This has long been one of the most serious difficulties in the United States, especially in regard to indirect taxation. No one can tell

what absurdities a new Congress may bring forth, and our House of Representatives is renewed every two years. Business is constantly disturbed by the fear of new interpretations of existing laws.

Another fundamental principle is *equality* in the distribution of taxation. It should reach all classes of people and all kinds of property alike, without unjust discrimination in favour of any. The application of this principle involves many of the most difficult of social problems. We may even question as to what equality means. For example, it may be said that it is easier for a man with an income of a thousand pounds to pay a tax of ten per cent. than for a man with an income of a hundred pounds to pay a tax of 5 per cent.; that equality demands this difference. On the other hand, if this idea were accepted we might go still farther, and exempt all except the rich from taxation. The same question comes up in regard to revenue derived from import duties. Shall we tax only those articles used by the rich? The application of the principle of equality is difficult, but the neglect of it is subversive of civil liberty. Unequal taxation has always been characteristic of despotic and barbarous governments. It is the curse of the East, where the burden of taxation is borne chiefly by the agriculturist, and where the rich generally escape. In the United States the tendency is in the other direction—to favour the poor at the expense of the rich. Certain kinds of property are also exempted from all taxation. In some places all personal property is exempt. All property in Government bonds is exempt. Generally churches, schools, and benevolent institutions are not taxed. On the other hand, excessive taxes are levied on banks and corporations generally.

Another fundamental principle is *publicity*. This is the greatest safeguard against inequality and injustice. Too great publicity cannot be given to the amount of tax assessed upon each individual in the community. In this respect there is nothing more to be desired in the United States, and this is the one thing which has compensated to a considerable extent for the general ignorance of other important principles. Everything in regard to the taxes is made public. Every man can compare his own position with that of his neighbour, and if he can show any inequality he has public opinion on his side in demanding redress. The same publicity is given to every item of public expenditure, so that if there is extravagance it is the fault of the people themselves.

Still another principle is that *the taxes should be assessed in such a way as to interfere as little as possible with the industry of the country*. Labour is the only source of wealth, and of course labour must in some form or other pay all the taxes. It is also true, within certain limits, that taxes, however they may be levied, tend to diffuse themselves; but notwithstanding these facts, it is a matter of experience that some forms of taxation are ruinous. Some distress and demoralize the people, while others turn industry from its natural course. We have here the question of direct or indirect taxes—of taxing labour or capital, and of

taxing the luxuries or the necessities of life. The question of free trade or protection may also come under this head. The national taxes in the United States are either indirect or upon luxuries, and are based upon the theory of protection to home industry. The other taxes are generally direct and upon capital, although there is a small poll-tax in most of the States.

One more important principle should be mentioned. *Economy in collection.* Under the old system of "farming the taxes," which still prevails in the East, the cost of collection was enormous. It is estimated that in Turkey, at the present time, not more than fifty per cent. of the taxes paid by the people reaches the imperial treasury. During the war taxes were imposed in the United States which could only be collected at a cost of more than fifty per cent.; and there are many such taxes in Europe. There are also certain forms of taxation which encourage fraud and oppression on the part of the collectors, and subject the people to serious loss. It is said, for example, that at least half the last harvest in Bulgaria was lost by the delay of tithe-collectors to examine and estimate the value of the crops. This often happens in Turkey, and is a source of universal plunder. The peasant must bribe the officer heavily before he will visit his fields, and then bribe him again to make a fair estimate of the value of the tithe. Such a system is ruinous, and under any system the cost of collection is a dead loss to the country whenever it exceeds a possible minimum. The cost of assessing and collecting the State, county, and town taxes in Massachusetts is estimated at only two and a half per cent. Loss by fraud or defalcation is extremely rare.

In regard to public expenditure it is generally said that it should be as small as possible, but this cannot be accepted as a true principle. It may be very large, and still be for the advantage of the people. Frugality, whether in an individual or State, does not necessarily imply small expenditure. It is opposed to useless and unproductive expenditure. The expenses of a State should be within the means of the people, so as not to interfere with the accumulation of capital by individuals. The expenditure should be in itself productive and for the general good. The application of these principles involves many practical questions, and affords scope for the highest statesmanship. Considering how little serious attention has been given to this subject by American statesmen, we no doubt have reason to congratulate ourselves that we have so little to complain of in regard to either taxation or expenditure, but it will be seen in the course of this article that we are somewhat in the condition of a spendthrift who has fallen heir to a rich estate and fancies that it will last for ever. He leaves everything to his agents, and does not trouble himself to inquire into the wisdom of their administration so long as they furnish him with money. The commercial distress of the last few years has done more to call attention to this subject than all our writers on Political Economy. It will no doubt soon take a prominent place in our party politics. There are

many who fear that as it becomes prominent the inclination of the non-property-holding majority to vote away the money of the rich will be still more developed, that party leaders will be more inclined to win favour with the masses by encouraging extravagant expenditure than by teaching them the principles of Political Economy. The principle of Universal Suffrage is certainly on its trial. It cannot be denied that there is danger in the direction indicated. The experience of the city of New York is too startling to be forgotten by any one in the country, and there are other cities which have suffered almost as much. There is a city in New Jersey whose public debt is greater than the total valuation of property within its limits. Even in the State of Massachusetts about one-fourth of the voters pay nothing but a poll-tax, and it is not difficult to pack a town meeting with these men, who always favour high taxes and large debts. So far as property-holders are concerned, taxation by Universal Suffrage may be taxation without representation, as much as taxation by a single despotic sovereign. It remains to be seen how far it can be controlled by general education, and by a diffusion of knowledge in regard to the special principles which relate to this subject. It would be a great triumph for the advocates of free education, if it should be found that the people can be convinced that the interests of the poor and the rich are identical in the matter of taxation and public expenditure. They hope for this result.

But I have already dwelt too long on these preliminary matters. I do not propose to discuss the subject of taxation in this article, but simply to state the facts in regard to taxation in the United States, confining myself, as I have already said, to the State, county, and town taxes in Massachusetts. These facts cannot be understood without a full explanation of the separate taxes and the system as a whole.

This system was examined and reported upon by a committee appointed by the Legislature in 1875, and their report, which is now out of print, and which the Government has refused to have reprinted, is the only serious discussion of the subject that I am acquainted with. Similar reports, however, have been made in other States. This committee base the right to tax upon the following grounds—

“The individual person has no inalienable rights except that to his own righteousness. His property, his labour, his liberty, his life are not inalienably his. He may forfeit them by his own act or the State may require them for its own needs, in which cases the individual yields them justly to the State. The State may demand everything which belongs to a man, except his manhood and his moral integrity, which he has no right ever to surrender.” The theory of “social contract” is then expressly repudiated. “From this it follows that proportional and reasonable assessments should be imposed and levied upon all the inhabitants of, and persons resident and estates lying within, the Commonwealth.”

The report then goes on to discuss the different forms of taxation and

to recommend certain changes. Some of these have since been adopted. The taxes now assessed by the State are the following:—

1. A direct tax, which varies in amount from year to year. This is assessed on polls up to a maximum of one dollar a head. Any balance is assessed on property. The State also assesses a tax for county expenses, which is assessed on polls also to the same amount.

2. A tax of three-quarters of one per cent. on all deposits in savings banks, assessed on the banks.

3. A tax on all premiums collected by insurance companies (except life companies), varying from one to four per cent., and discriminating in favour of companies incorporated in the State against foreign companies doing business here.

4. A tax of one-half of one per cent. on the nett present value of all policies held by residents in life assurance companies, assessed on the companies.

5. A tax on the shares in the national banks at the rate of taxation in the towns where they are situated, assessed on the banks. The proceeds of this tax are distributed to the towns where the shareholders reside, and the balance, *derived from shares held by persons not residing in the State*, goes into the State Treasury. About twenty-five per cent. of the shares are held by non-residents.

6. A tax on the shares of all joint-stock companies at the average rate of taxation on property in the whole State. The proceeds are distributed as in the case of the bank tax. This tax is assessed on the corporations. It does not include the value of real estate and machinery, which is taxed separately by the towns.

7. A small sum is collected by the State for licenses to pedlars and liquor-dealers, and also for fees in different departments.

The amount realized by the State from these taxes in 1879 was as follows:—

Direct Tax	\$500,000
Savings Banks	1,509,851
Insurance Taxes	251,592
National Banks—deducting amount paid to towns	150,249
Corporations " " " "	279,484
Licenses and Fees (about)	175,000

In addition to those taxes assessed by the State, the towns and cities assess a tax on all *real estate* within their limits, except churches, educational, literary, and benevolent institutions; on all *personal property*, except that mentioned above as taxed by the State and United States bonds; on all *incomes* exceeding two thousand dollars per annum. The rate of taxation on property and income is the same, and it varies in different towns from less than one-half of one per cent to three and a half per cent. These taxes are assessed and collected by persons chosen for that purpose every year by the people of the town at the annual town meeting.

The total taxation of the State, including everything but national taxes, for 1879, was \$24,755,927, for a population of 1,651,652, and a total valuation of property of \$1,584,756,802. Deducting the poll-tax of \$898,503, we have a balance of tax on property of \$23,857,424. The valuation of property varies in different towns from 50 to 120 per cent. of a fair cash value, but it is believed that, taking the State as a whole, the valuation is not far from correct. This gives an average tax on property of about one and a half per cent., and an average tax per head for each individual of about \$15, more than three pounds sterling. The taxation of the National Government is to be added to this.

The debts of the State and of the towns amount in all to about \$90,000,000.

There are some things in the system of taxation in Massachusetts which merit special notice. The first is the fact that, under the law taxing banks and corporations, the State taxes non-residents who pay another tax on the same property in the States where they reside. The injustice of this double taxation is apparent. The second is that depositors in savings banks pay only half as much as the average tax of the State, and still another advantage is secured to them by a provision that National Bank stock held by savings banks is exempt from taxation. The importance of this will be seen in the fact that deposits in savings banks amount to about fourteen per cent. of the total valuation of the State. Another important fact has already been noticed. The poll-tax is limited by a State law, while the amount of the tax on property in the towns is determined by popular vote. There are towns, including Boston, where those paying only a poll-tax are in the majority, and they can vote to raise the taxes to any extent without increasing their own taxes at all. I see no reason why they might not vote a tax of a hundred per cent., and thus confiscate all the property. How would such a law work in Ireland? The income tax is another source of complaint. The amount exempted is too large, and the whole method of assessment is a discrimination against the rich. There is no uniformity in its construction or enforcement, and in many towns it is ignored altogether. It is everywhere unpopular. Assessed as it is on the income of the preceding year, it is a tax on money already expended, and in many cases is nothing more than a double tax on property. There is also much complaint in regard to the taxation of mortgages, bonds, and other certificates of indebtedness. Some of the best men in the State insist on the principle of taxing nothing but *tangible* things, exempting all personal property, but there is no probability of any such change being made at present. The propriety of exempting church property from taxation is fully discussed in the report to which I have referred. The majority favour the present law, and the minority oppose all exemption, whether of church or other property. The amount of church property exempted is more than \$30,000,000, and of schools and other institutions at least an equal amount. I think the tendency of public opinion in the

State is towards the views of the minority report, although there is probably no immediate change in the laws to be expected. Other things of interest might be mentioned, such as the additional taxes, which are often assessed under the name of "betterments," in country towns as well as in cities, and certain district taxes which are sometimes very heavy, but are irregular. They amount sometimes to half of one per cent. on the property of the district.

To ascertain the total taxation we must add to the taxes already enumerated the taxation by the National Government. This is collected directly by the officers of the general Government, and is in every way entirely distinct from State and town taxation. These taxes are fixed by Congress, and are all expended for national purposes.

The revenue of the Government for the year ending June 30, 1880, was from—

Customs	\$186,522,064
Internal revenue	124,009,373
Other sources	22,995,173

Total. \$333,526,610

The amount received for *customs* results from an average duty of 45 per cent. on the value of nearly two-thirds of all the foreign goods imported into the country. Something more than one-third of the imports are admitted free of duty. This sum therefore constitutes an indirect tax on consumers of dutiable imports. The cost of collecting this tax is about four per cent.

The *internal revenue* is derived from several different sources. I have not been able to obtain the items for 1880, but for 1879 they were—

From spirits (90 cents a gal.)	\$52,570,284
„ tobacco	40,135,002
„ fermented liquors (\$1 a barrel)	10,729,320
„ banks and bankers (not National Banks)	3,198,883
„ penalties	279,497
„ stamps	6,706,384
„ arrears	299,096

\$113,918,466

The cost of collecting these taxes is less than four per cent.

The revenue from *other sources* includes—

The tax on the National Banks, say	\$7,000,000
Customs, fees, penalties, &c. „	1,000,000
Sale of public lands „	1,000,000
Fees—consular letter-patents, &c. „	2,000,000
Revenues of District of Columbia „	1,750,000
Profits on coinage, &c. „	3,000,000
Miscellaneous (not taxes) „	7,250,000

\$23,010,000

It is not easy to estimate the distribution of this taxation between the different States, but the amount paid by the State of Massachusetts must be much greater than her numerical proportion on the basis of population. This would be about \$13,000,000. The Southern and Western States pay more than their proportion of the tax on spirits, liquors, and tobacco, but they consume comparatively few dutiable imports, and have but a small banking capital. The consumption of imported goods is chiefly in the cities, and Massachusetts is a State of cities. One of the principal importers in Boston estimates the amount paid in the State at \$25,000,000, an amount equal to the whole direct taxation of the State, but divided among the people in a very different way. This would make the total taxation of this State about \$50,000,000. The population and valuation have been given above.

We may now form a fair estimate of the amount paid in taxes by different classes, although the indirect taxation can only be stated approximately. We commence with the labouring man who has no taxable property. He pays two dollars a year for State and town taxes, and, if he neither drinks nor smokes, he pays nothing more except the duty on the imported goods which he consumes. I do not find any authority as to the amount of this, but I have made careful inquiries and brought together such facts as I could find. The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labour in 1878, made very careful investigations in regard to the wages and expenses of working men. They published the following Table:—

Per-centages of Expenditure as regards Income.

ITEMS OF EXPENSE.	The family of a working man with an income of				
	\$200 to 450	\$450 to 600	\$600 to 750	\$750 to 1200	above \$1200
Subsistence . . .	64 %	68 %	60	56 %	51 %
Clothing . . .	7	10.5	14	15	19
Rent . . .	20	15.5	14	17	15
Fuel . . .	6	6	6	6	5
Sundry expenses	3	5	6	6	10
Total	100	100	100	100	100

It will be seen at once from this Table that the working classes consume very few manufactured goods. These are almost all of American make. Provisions are all American. Groceries are partially imported, but some of the most important, as tea and coffee, are free. Others pay a small duty. It is not probable that a labouring man without property pays an indirect tax of more than ten dollars a year. Nor can it be shown that his expenses are much increased by the indirect results of a protective tariff. Most of the things which he consumes are not affected directly or indirectly by protection of American manufactures. He probably gains by the increased demand for labour and by the taxes paid by manufacturing companies more than he loses. His total tax amounts to only twelve dollars, which the lowest class of

labourers can pay by ten days' work, the average wages of this class in this State being \$1.25 a day. The cost of living is such that we constantly see men of this class laying up money enough in a few years to buy land and build a house. In these cases, however, the wife generally works also in a mill or as a charwoman. This class is certainly not oppressed by taxation.

Let us now go a step higher and take a man who has property to the amount of \$5000, and an income from labour of \$1,200 a year. He pays a poll-tax of two dollars, a property tax of \$75, and an indirect tax to the National Government which may be estimated at \$75. Total, \$152. This represents about thirty-eight days' labour. This estimate is based on the same principle as the last, but in view of the fact that a man with an income of \$1,200 not only buys more imported goods, but a much larger proportion of what he uses is imported, it is evident that he is taxed much more heavily than the common labourer. His income from labour and property is about \$1,400. This tax is nearly 11 per cent. of his income, while the other man pays only 4 per cent.

Let us now take the case of a man with real and personal property worth \$100,000 who lives upon his income from this—say \$4,000 a year. He pays a poll tax of \$2, a property and income tax of \$1,530, and an indirect tax to the National Government which we may estimate at \$200. Total, \$1,732. This is 43 per cent. of his income. There are many holders of real estate whose whole income is not sufficient to pay their taxes, and in the cases I have mentioned I have made no allowance for extra taxes for betterments, district expenses, and others which are only too common. Whatever may be said in favour of this system it certainly does not illustrate the principle of *equality*.

The national taxation is much more equally divided than that of the State. The labourer with \$300 income pays 3½ per cent., with an income of \$1,400, 5½ per cent., and the capitalist with an income of \$4,000 pays 5 per cent. on this to the National Government. It is also true, contrary to what is often said, that the taxation resulting from a protection tariff falls chiefly on those who are benefited by it. Imported goods and those American manufactures whose price is raised by the tariff, are consumed chiefly in the manufacturing States. Any other form of taxation would fall much more heavily upon the West and South. It is true that there are certain indirect results of protection, such as the increased cost of railways, through the duty on iron, which need to be taken into consideration; but the railways of the country have generally been constructed by Eastern capital, and the charges for the transportation of passengers and freight are less than in any country in the world. The present tariff is undoubtedly a bad one. It needs revision in many particulars, and it will be revised by the next Congress. It is to be hoped that the changes made will be the result of the wise application of general principles, and not the result of what we call "log-rolling," or a combination of interests based upon the agree-

raised by taxation is expended economically and for the public good. The most important item of expenditure in this State is for public schools. The amount expended in 1879 under this general head was \$5,182,487. In 1860 the total taxation of the State was only \$7,600,000. It is now a generally accepted principle that schools should be maintained by the State; but it is a fair question whether the enormously increased expense of education in this State is justified by a corresponding improvement in the education given, and also whether the State has a right to assess taxes to support free High schools. As to the first question, there has been a great change in what we may call the machinery of education. Great sums have been expended on school buildings, and this expense is still going on at the rate of about \$600,000 a year; and more money than formerly is expended upon furniture and apparatus. There is more talk about system and scientific methods, and more is expended upon superintendence. More attention is given to the grading of the schools, and the teachers are better paid, and changed less frequently; but on the whole there has been no great advance in the character of the education given in the schools. Perhaps the best thing that can be said is, that there is a fuller appreciation of the essential deficiencies in our system. There is a feeling prevalent in the United States, as well as in England, that money will buy anything, and it has been taken for granted that the schools must be twice as good if they cost twice as much money. This is the general feeling now, and it seems to be carefully fostered by the Board of Education. It publishes Tables every year to show the amount of money expended by each town, and the "banner town" of the State is not that which has the best schools, but the one that taxes property most heavily for school purposes. This is the simple explanation of the increased expenditure in the State. But there are men, and their number is increasing, who realize the necessity of a radical change of system. The defects of the system are now a subject of public discussion. They are such as these:—Want of enlightened superintendence, lack of uniformity in the schools, neglect of elementary branches, unscientific methods of instruction, failure to educate and develop the thinking powers of the children, lack of interest on the part of parents, the unpractical character of much of the instruction given, too great use of text-books to the exclusion of oral instruction, and failure to teach good behaviour. All of these are mentioned in a single Report of the Secretary of the Board of Education. The same Report illustrates the condition of the schools, by giving the result of an examination of the primary and grammar schools in Norfolk county. In the primary schools the average age was 9·8 years; the examinations were marked on a scale of 100. The average of the county in arithmetic was 73; in penmanship 49; in spelling 58; in reading 62; in letter-writing 52. In the grammar schools the average age was 13·10 years; the average marks were—in arithmetic 48; in penmanship 52; in spelling 62; in reading 70; in narrative writing 56. The word "whose" was spelled

and their families. The same extravagance and the same want of system is seen here. The most costly buildings in the State, outside of Boston, are the charitable institutions erected and maintained at the public expense. The State Government expended \$455,261 in 1879 for the maintenance of these institutions and for alien paupers. But the expenditure of the towns for their poor is still more open to criticism. There is no rule nor system about it. Each town is practically a law to itself. The helpless poor are generally supported in alms-houses, and outside aid is given very freely and often to persons who have no proper claim upon the public money.

Another important expenditure is for the highways. I have not the statistics for the State, but in the town to which I have referred twenty per cent. of the taxes of the town were expended on the roads in 1879. At this rate about \$5,000,000 would be expended in the State annually for this purpose. Much of it is practically thrown away. I know of no civilized country where the roads are so bad. There are roads everywhere, but they are very much what nature has made them.

The other expenses of the towns and the State are very much larger than they were twenty years ago, and some of these are open to severe criticism, but on the whole they cannot be considered as very extravagant. The most important is the interest on the debt, which must amount to more than \$5,000,000 a year. The administrative, legislative, and judicial expenses did not amount in 1879 to more than \$640,000 for the State Government. The country towns expend about seven per cent. of their revenue for these expenses; the cities considerably more. We may roughly estimate the expenses of the State as follows:—

Interest	\$5,000,000
Education	5,000,000
Charitable Institutions, Pensions, and the Poor	3,000,000
Highways	5,000,000
Administrative, Legislative and Judicial	3,000,000
All other expenses including payments on Debt	4,000,000
Total	\$25,000,000

The national expenditure is to be added to this. For the year ending June 30, 1880, it was as follows, not including any payment to reduce the National Debt:—

Civil and Miscellaneous	\$54,713,529
War Department	38,116,916
Navy	13,536,984
Indians	5,945,457
Pensions	56,777,174
Interest on Public Debt	95,757,575
Premium on Bonds bought	2,795,322
Total	\$267,642,957

The National Debt, nearly all of which was caused by the war, is now about \$1,900,000,000 or about £400,000,000 sterling.

The expenditure of the National Government in the year 1860 was only \$63,130,598. The increase is due chiefly to the war, and the expenses of the Government have been steadily decreasing since 1865. The present expenditure is perhaps open to criticism in some particulars, but it cannot be denied that on the whole the Government is administered with great economy. The expenditure in the War and Navy departments is undoubtedly much less than it ought to be. In our desire to avoid the error which is eating up the wealth of Europe, in our horror of great standing armies, we have gone to the other extreme, and deprived ourselves of the necessary means of self-defence.

There has been some question in Europe as to the expenditure for the payment of the National Debt, which has been reduced by about \$840,000,000 in fifteen years, but in America the wisdom of reducing our debt as rapidly as possible is not questioned. The advantage of what has been done is seen in the fact that the annual interest charge has been reduced from \$150,977,697 in 1865 to \$79,633,981, which is the present rate. This reduction is due in part to the reduction of the principal and in part to the reduction of the rate of interest which has been made possible by the manifest intention of the Government to pay its debts. In 1865 the annual interest, divided *per capita*, was \$4.29 for each individual; in 1880 it was \$1.56. In 1860 the Government could not borrow ten millions on its own credit at any price; now its four per cent. bonds are selling at twelve per cent. premium. We have made no mistake in paying our debts.

The expenditure on account of the Indians is really much greater than appears in the above statement, for the army is chiefly employed in fighting or watching the Indians. The whole Indian policy of the Government is not only very costly but an utter failure. It has sometimes been attacked as unchristian and even inhuman, but for many years it has been good in intention if not in its results. The problem is a very difficult one, and it is now receiving more attention than ever before. It may be said to be now practically in the hands of philanthropists, and this large item of expenditure will probably in a few years be much reduced, and finally disappear. The amount paid for pensions is unreasonably large, and is in danger of growing larger. There is always a strong temptation for any party to purchase votes by appropriating the public money to pension soldiers and their families, and the opportunities for fraudulent claims are without number.

There are many points in regard to our taxation and expenditure which I have touched but lightly; which merit a full discussion; many others I have not mentioned at all; but my purpose has been simply to state facts, with such explanations as seemed necessary to make them understood. I was talking of this subject the other day with a Massachusetts Judge, and he remarked that the people were not interested in

the subject of taxation because their taxes were so light. I think this is a very general impression here, but I doubt whether an average *per capita* tax of more than six pounds sterling a year will seem small in England, even for a wealthy and prosperous State. The great advantage which we have over the European States is in the fact that we do not have a large standing army, we do not take our producers from their work during the best years of their lives to make soldiers of them, and we do not expend our taxes on gunpowder. We are careless and often extravagant, but we *intend* to spend our public money in such a way as to make it productive for the general good. There are difficult questions to be studied and answered; there are dangers, serious dangers perhaps, in the future, in directions which I have pointed out; but there is nothing which may not be settled or avoided by wise statesmanship and the good-will of the people. The difficulties and dangers are not more, nor essentially different in their essence, from those which beset European Governments in regard to the relations of labour and capital and the distribution of taxation. It is, in the nature of the case, far easier to settle such questions in a new country, abounding in wealth and with a population which is generally prosperous, contented, and free. There is more elasticity in the frame-work of this nation than is possible in an old country. Whatever may be the dangers of universal suffrage, the principles of civil and religious liberty, which we hold in common with England, are the surest safeguards against popular discontent. With full independent liberty and food enough to eat, men are generally willing to wait, to excuse mistakes, and to learn wisdom from experience. This has been the history of the United States in the past, and we hope that it will be so in the future.

A personal explanation may be made to the readers of a previous article in the CONTEMPORARY. The Editor took upon himself the responsibility of attaching to that article—which I left unsigned—the undernoted designation; but as I am not, and never have been, an office-holder, it is only as every educated American is supposed to be more or less skilled in the Science of Government and in some sense a Statesman, that I can properly be called

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

THE JEWS IN GERMANY.

THE stupendous success of German arms in 1870-71 announced itself to a wondering world after so dramatic a fashion, that the triumphal progress was for the most part received in dumb and open-eyed silence. The nations stood aside, astounded at the steady sequence of success, and men whispered to one another that the God (pagan or Christian) of Battles marched with the German legions. Like the ancient myths of the early gods, this gigantic death-struggle came to them under heroic aspects. It was as though the clash of arms upon the "windy plains of Troy" rang in their ears; or the shock of battle, which locked the old Vikings and grey Norsemen in a deadly embrace, clanged mighty and mystic across the dim twilight of the ages. With bated breath, words dying out in speechless wonder on their parted lips, men watched the great drama of death played out to an amphitheatre of waiting kings. None stepped down into the arena. No voice was raised across the blood and dust of the death-struggle. Nothing disturbed the simplicity of action; nothing weakened the magnificent isolation of the belligerents. The absorbing interest remained from first to last centred in the figures of the two combatants. Then came the anxiously waited for climax, and Versailles crowned William of Prussia Emperor of Germany before a *parterre des rois*.

"*Alone we did it*," was the German's boast. Help had neither been asked nor given. Germany must, before all things, be made German by Germans. The proud sense of willing sacrifice in a national cause; the self-respect born of endurance and achievement; the secret consciousness of a proud place won amongst the nations, such as, in his wildest dreams of a united Fatherland, the political visionary had not dared to picture, contributed to swell the glad triumph of Teutonic arms.

That was ten years ago. To-day, despite the picture we have conjured up (a revival, as it would almost seem, of all that was best in the proud days of Germany's fame and chivalry), a cry comes from the conquering country that all has been in vain—in vain the sacrifice of German blood and gold; vain the endurance and the loss; vain the glory and the fame. Germany belongs not to herself; she belongs to an alien race—a race with which her children claim no affinity and own no sympathy; Germany, we are told, belongs to the Jews.

Startling as the assertion may seem, an examination of the facts rather tends to prove than to disprove it. An idle allegation made in the loose language common to wild exaggeration is not to be accepted, however, without grave hesitation; and we will therefore look at the procession of events during the ten years last past, and endeavour dispassionately to realize the actual position of affairs at the present day.

Germany, intoxicated with success, flushed with victory, and believing in the millennium of the milliards, was at the end of a great war, carried to a successful issue, still thirsting for yet further aggrandizement. Berlin, as the capital of a new empire, must not remain a model of limited if respectable dulness. She must vie with Paris in elegant boulevards; she must emulate London in expensive suburbs. Blood-drunk, money-drunk, and victory-drunk, Germany began to cry out that peace had her victories as well as war, and that the day for parsimonious calculations and niggling economies was at an end. Forthwith huge "companies" were advertised and "floated" after the fashion of the Paris Bourse and the London Stock Exchange; the widow and the orphan—and widows and orphans were plentiful in those days—were invited to invest their modest mites and make their future fortunes; struggling officials, bearing up bravely under war taxes and famine prices, and still clinging for comfort to the fiction of "glory," were advised to confide their cheese-parings and flint-skins to the energy and commercial talents of "promoters;" every one was to make his fortune; every one was going to be great and rich and happy. Long blocks of extra-mural buildings began to stretch their monotonous lines far into the sandy landscape, and people told each other gladly that house-rents would go down, and that food and raiment were thenceforth to be proportionately cheap.

Alas! in this phantasmagoric history nothing seemed stable. The "companies" burst like so many bubbles, and vanished into thin air; whilst the projected palaces, crumbling in their shell to rapid ruin, and the gaunt figures and hungry eyes of that memorable army of starving work-people camping in hopeless despondency outside the city gates, made the sandy suburbs an abiding "abomination of desolation." Added to this, the stagnation of trades, the little progress in arts and manufactures, the inferiority of German products when submitted to the impartial ordeal of competition—all combined to bring home to

men's business and bosoms that sad old truth which the world seems so unwilling to learn, that "glory" is often more glittering than golden.

Then first we began to hear murmurs about the Jews. People said vaguely that "the Jews had done it."

Done what? But no direct answer came. Germany had always owned a large Jewish population, and it was not unnatural that with the unfolding possibilities of the new Empire, the children of Israel abiding within her borders should have sent news of the glad tidings of good things to be picked up to their brethren of the ten tribes in distant countries. The looked-for contingent made straight for the Land of Promise, and Berlin speedily became a sort of new Jerusalem.

Up to that time the Jewish dwellers in the land had proved themselves to be good citizens, frugal and thrifty and temperate; rising early, and late taking rest; prosperous, orderly, and as a rule unobjectionable fellow-townsmen. Their success had been rather fair than great; the fortunes they realized respectable rather than miraculous; nor had there been anything in their attitude specially to excite either the alarm or envy of their Teutonic neighbours.

The Jew has always been a favourite figure on the stage. The Shylocks and the Iscariots of tragedy, and the comic Jew of farce and melodrama, are stock figures which never fail to please the "people," no matter how grossly the impersonification may sin against Semitic truth. In this sense, and in this only, the Jew, and especially the Jew of Berlin, was popularly unpopular fifteen years ago. There was more of good-natured tolerance, or of the humorous sense of salient traits, in the gusto with which every Berlin ragamuffin of those days chanted and whistled the well-worn tune of

"Schmeiss' ihn 'raus den Juden Itzig, Juden Itzig,
Schmeiss' ihn 'raus, er macht sich witzig, macht sich witzig,"

than of race-antipathy or religious bigotry. But should the youthful Gentile of to-day be beguiled into such "ill-considered" piping, his super-sensitive Semitic compeers would see in the comical refrain an outrage and a challenge, and incontinently fall upon and belabour the offending Teuton. Indeed so ticklish is the prescribed punctilio that every peace-loving Berlin citizen of to-day leaves *le haut du pavé* to him who chooses to claim it, and, like King Agag, "goes delicately," even though it be into the gutter, rather than run the risk of arousing slumbering susceptibilities.

In the good old days, when grand dukes were involved in perpetual financial difficulties, begot of luxurious living, the aping of French dress and manners, the costly manias of buildings and waterworks on the Versailles pattern, added to the extravagant provisions required by a never-ending succession of *maitresses en titre* and their abundant offspring, the solution of the arithmetical problem became one of bewildering difficulty. Then the moneyed Israelite would invariably appear, a Jewish god out of a money-making machine, and the rough places would, as by

magic, be made plain, and the desert of bankruptcy blossom into an Eden of flourishing finance. Then the fiddling and the jigging, the play-acting and the gambling, would be revived with renewed ardour after this short interregnum, and what could a grateful grand duke do better than "ennoble" the helpful Samaritan, making him thenceforth "hoffähig" ("court-qualified") by the donation of a well-sounding title? Thus most of the minor *Residenz*-towns had their Jew banker, who, *baronisirt*, and with an order in his button-hole, held the destinies of the little land and its mortgaged revenues in the palm of his far-reaching hand. At Court balls the ennobled Israelite banker was (even in the old days) a familiar figure, but there his social triumphs began and ended. He was accepted (as a necessary evil) in the king's palace, but he was silently and unanimously rejected by "society" in social gatherings. His manners were not as the manners of other men, nor was his talk as theirs—the jargon of the Bourse and the shibboleth of the stock-market being so much heathenism in the ears of his Gentile hearers.*

In all the seaport towns of Northern Germany the Hebrew race had long since taken a leading commercial position. The immense grain trade of the shores of the Baltic was in Jewish hands. Wool, butter, corn, rape, hemp, oil, cattle, were but the counters with which the game was played, and the German system of peasant proprietorship threw the very soil into the hands of the usurers. Long before any prophet had arisen to foretell the miraculous success of this miraculous people, the peasant groaned in the spirit over the extortions of his tormentor. With a sense of grim humour he would point to a picture on his wall showing king and kaiser, soldier and priest, nobleman and magistrate, all fat and well-liking, whilst the unhappy peasant staggers under the burthen laid on his patient shoulders; and a wily Hebrew, with the index of his right hand laid against the most expressive feature of his strongly-marked countenance, leers at the spectator and, jingling the coin in his pocket with his other disengaged hand, murmurs complacently, "I bleed them all."

Everywhere the peasant proprietor hated the Jew. In the north and in the south, in the east as in the west, one story met the ears of those who would listen to the tale. The land had to be mortgaged to pay family claims; the bauer had recourse to the money-lender; the money-

* An amusing story is told in Germany of one of the "newly-baked" (*neugebackene*) Barons of the Bourse. One of the Rothschilds, seated in his study, was told by his confidential servant that Baron So-and-so desired to see him. "Baron So-and-so?" repeated the great man, searching his memory as he strove in vain to conjure up some remembrance of the nobleman craving audience. "Yes; and he said he was sure you would see him if I only mentioned his name." "I will certainly see him," replied the friendly financier, and the Baron was shown into the sanctum. "What!" exclaimed Rothschild, "it is thou, little Moses, how could I know thee? sit down, thrice welcome visitor." But the "newly-baked" one had bargained for a different sort of reception. "Pray do not address me so," he said, looking anxiously round. "I thought every one knew that I had changed my name." "Thou mayst change thy name, little Moses, and heartily welcome, but thou canst not change thy nose. By thy new name I did not recognize thee, but by thy old nose I knew thee at once!"

lender naturally extorted what he could; the Jew grew fat as the Gentile got lean. A few bad harvests, cattle plague, or potato disease, and the wretched peasant, clinging with the unreasoning frantic love of a faithful animal to its habitat, had, in dumb agony, to see his farm sold up, his stock disposed of, and the acres he had toiled early and late to redeem and watered by the sweat of his stubborn brow, knocked down by the Jewish interloper to the highest bidder. By these means (even in old times) the Jew money-lender realized large profits on a small outlay, and so common a case was this that both the Prussian and Bavarian Government saw fit to pass some restrictive laws on this system of chopping up farm lands ("farm-butchery" as the peasant called it) and selling them in small allotments. In countries where the forest lands were partly royal domain, and partly the inherited property of the hereditary peasantry, the same ruthless foreclosing, the same utter ruin to the unhappy bauer, drew the attention of both the government and communal bodies to the pernicious system in vogue. The Jew of agricultural districts would know to a nicety the financial position of the farmers and peasant proprietors. He would wait and watch, and bide his time; lending his victim money in the first instance, then threatening him, again stopping the gap; until, working without capital, the bauer became a mere labourer on his own land, his master exacting work and heavy interest from him, and misfortune on misfortune culminated in total ruin. The Jew, as we have already stated, seldom, if ever, stepped into possession as lord of the soil himself. The Hebrew is not an agricultural race. More is to be made, and made more quickly, by breaking the land up into small lots and parcels after the manner described, and that end accomplished the Jew would, on his own account, "seek fresh woods and pastures new."

But this ill-feeling towards the Jewish race so common amongst the peasantry of Germany found no echo in the towns. Skilful in trading, the Hebrew community had won for itself a foremost place in every description of commerce. No matter whether the country were Catholic or Protestant, Prussian or Austrian, Saxon or Bavarian, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, from the Rhine to the Danube, the best shops, the most flourishing businesses, the most remunerative enterprises, all were in the hands of the Hebrews.

Yet they laboured under certain disabilities, and when in 1828-30 the Prussian Government turned to the representatives of the people with a plan for the amelioration of the social and political status of the Jews, the project met with so little response in the Prussian Chambers that the measure had to be abandoned.

In the year 1847 the public mind had undergone modification, and the question of Jewish emancipation owed to Prince Reuss its re-introduction to the Prussian Chambers. It was opposed by only two members of the Tory or so-call *Ritter-partei*, Herr von Manteuffel and Herr von (now Prince) Bismarck. It was on that memorable occasion

that Prince Bismarck declared that he was "no enemy of the Jews, and if they are my enemies," he said, "I forgive them. Under some circumstances I even like them. I willingly accord them every right, only not that of an important official power in a Christian State. For me the words 'By the grace of God' are no mere empty sounds, and I call that a Christian State which makes the end and aim of its teaching the truths of Christianity. Many speakers have on this, as on other occasions, called attention to the examples which France and England have set us. The question is one of less importance in those countries, because the Jewish community is much smaller than with us. But I would call the attention of those gentlemen who are so fond of seeking the ideal *outré-Rhin et outre-mer* to one distinguishing trait in the character of the Frenchman and the Englishman—namely, to the proud feeling of national honour which does not so easily fall down in admiration of foreign institutions as unfortunately is the case with us. If I should see a Jew a representative of the King's most sacred Majesty, I should feel deeply humiliated."

It is said that Prince Bismarck has considerably modified his opinion since then. That may be so. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*. Certain it is that such utterances, if made at the present day, would provoke, not only from the whole Jewish press, but from a large section of the so-called Liberal party, grave expressions of reprehension, not to say disgust. But to return to the historical procession of events.

The influx of Jews into the Prussian capital after the war soon made itself felt, and the disastrous condition of affairs opened up a large field for the exercise of their administrative talents.

We have seen that, wheresoever the Semitic race had established itself in Germany, it had, even under adverse conditions, prospered. In Berlin the A B C of commerce (in its larger sense) had yet to be learned. Prussia, singularly deficient in seaports, and Berlin far removed from the seaboard, with little to export, and with few facilities of transport, had hitherto enjoyed little more than a local prosperity. Ground had been reclaimed and colonies planted in former swamps and bogs by Frederick the Great; but a "good year" meant still (to Prussia) a year of good harvests and good husbandry, not of enlarged commercial relations, improved manufactures, and augmented exports.

Sudden greatness had been "achieved"; but a greatness to which the individual is not "born," if achieved too suddenly, may be almost as trying as if it had been "thrust upon him." So it proved to be with Prussia. The pauper-prolific four milliards and the festering Reptile-fund, had turned the sober German brain. The bones of old Blücher must have known brief bliss at the news of the heroic "*Plunder*" of his compatriots. But the short fever of mad speculation, the wild dreams and visions of a Prussian Peru, ended in a cold awakening to the sense of dismal disaster when the futile frenzy culminated in comparative Nothingness.

religious and physical, of the working classes. He has, in this capacity, understood how to attract and retain the confidence of a class not easily conquered by those of a superior social rank, and whilst advocating socialism of the type which may be said to practically illustrate the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount, he has sought to steer his adherents clear of the rougher doctrines and uncompromising iconoclasm of the social democrats. He, and those who hold like opinions with himself, together with thousands who differ from him on all points except the main issue, believe that the overpowering Semitic influence in Germany is full of hidden dangers and open injustice to their Teutonic fellow countrymen. A growing feeling of mistrust and an outspoken antagonism towards the Hebrew race have marked Dr. Stöcker's public utterances in the pulpit and out of it for some time past. His pamphlets formed the subject of lively discussion in almost every grade of society in the spring of 1880, and brought upon him the inferential rebuke of the coming kaiser. The world has outgrown everything that resembles the blind persecutions of bigotry. It is not easy to be a martyr now-a-days, and such an anachronism as a persecution of the Jews in the nineteenth century is an offence to every liberal-minded, educated, and justly thinking citizen. Party-feeling, party-prejudice, the narrow and peevish antipathies begotten of bigotry and born of dogma, must be resolutely kept out of the discussion of so difficult and delicate a question as that which is now occupying the Berlin public. The petition presented by Dr. Stöcker and his colleagues was doomed before it had ever been laid on the table. How was it possible that the State should withdraw privileges once granted? Had not the Crown Prince in the most positive language condemned the anti-Semitic league as *ungebildet im-höchsten Grade*? The petition prayed—

1. That immigration of foreign Jews into Germany might have some restrictions placed upon it.

2. That the Jews might be excluded from all posts of supreme authority, and that in courts of justice—for instance as supreme and sole judges—a certain limitation (*Beschränkung*) of their power be instituted.

3. That Christian schools, though used by Jewish scholars, should remain distinctively Christian, and that Jewish teachers only be employed, where the nature of the subject taught renders it desirable.

4. That a census or report of the Jewish population be forthwith prepared.

In the discussion which followed the presentation of the petition, one member of the Prussian Chambers indignantly denied that the influx of Jews into Germany had been so considerable as to render the means of subsistence for the native population more precarious than formerly; but upon a nearer inquiry it was proved that no statistics of the Jewish population had been taken since 1870-71, and the complaint of the anti-Semitic league deals with the experiences of precisely those ten years which have elapsed since the Peace of Paris.

tion, must leave all petty prejudice in the background, and hold the even-handed scales of justice between the children, bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh, and those step-children of alien race who claim an equal right to her maternal care.

But of late days an outcry has arisen, that not only are the children of Israel the equals of the children of Teutonia, they are their successful rivals. In all things it is objected—a preference is shown to them; they get the best places, make the most money, drive the hardest bargains, and, made arrogant by affluence and prosperity, grind down the poor; lending money to their victims at usurious rates of interest, whilst they keep the capital of the country in their hands, gag the press, and seek to give the tone in matters literary and artistic, so that struggling young painters and authors complain that they have to produce works of pseudo-Semitic tendencies, to the detriment of national feeling and national development. Jewish children frequent the Gentile schools, win the prizes, struggle for places in the battle of life and, again, win them, leaving the less wily little Teuton brother out in the cold. The well-known weakness of our cousins-german for titles, begins to assume dimensions which even in their accustomed eyes verge on the grotesque. The Oriental loves adornment. The *Titelsucht* of Teutonia is unconsciously caricatured in humiliating fashion by the *ennobled* and *baronisirt* children of Israel who begin to swagger with high-sounding patronymies, and to play the grand seigneur after a pattern unknown to the simple old German nobility.

In the watering-places and health-resorts of Germany, living in the best hotels, or most luxurious villas, driving the finest equipages, and wearing the most extravagant raiment, the Hebrew at once proclaims his nationality. The native population is almost effaced, and it appeared to the writer of these pages that the modest minority affected an attitude of extreme simplicity and sobriety, scrupulously careful alike to avoid offence or intimacy with these glittering Orientals. In Berlin the Hebrew is too powerful to be ignored, too considerable to be slighted. To the ordinary English mind the hatred of race and the supremacy of prejudice appear anomalous in this era of enlightenment, and considerable mortification is felt in Germany that both the French and English Liberal press should so readily have adopted the theory of *Judenhass*, and *Judenhatze*.

In the first place the German Liberal press is entirely in Jewish hands, and in the next it would be far nearer the truth were the epithets reversed. The frenzied terror and indignant helplessness of the population, and the resistance of society grows, not (emphatically not) out of religious bigotry, or the intolerance of dogma (though to Dr. Stöcker and a few of his friends these may lend an added spice of torment to the voiceless tyranny against which they appeal); it is born of a sense that the Jew is the master of the German, grinding him down to minimum wages at maximum prices; that the Jew sells at a profit to his employées

virtues of all Teutonia ; but greed, unscrupulousness, vulgar cunning, underbred arrogance and ostentation, purse-pride, and an indifference to the means, so the end be achieved, together with a cruel callousness to the sufferings by which they grow rich, these—say the Germans—are the characteristics which have aroused hatred of the Hebrew in German hearts.

It might be interesting, and it would certainly be instructive, to take a consensus of Jewish opinion on the subject : of the opinion, that is, of highly cultured, high caste Jews, and compare it with the venom and vituperation of mere Jewish scribblers on a venal press. The writer of these pages was told by a distinguished Hebrew that the nobler type of Jew regarded the line of action taken by the Israelitish "mob" with horror, and disavowed all sympathy with the shameless place-hunting, title-hunger and money-greed of his *parvenu* compatriots. It is not to be supposed that the influx of Israelites into Berlin was composed exclusively of high-souled individuals, scrupulous to keep their hands clean of offence ; and when the patient Teuton begins to fear that his Fatherland, barely capable of supporting him and his offspring, may not be able to sustain the double weight of a vast foreign population added to the original burthen, and utters a protest against renewed incursions of the ten tribes, he is met with a storm of rebuke, and told to hold his peace on pain of the stigma of *Mangel an Bildung*. German liberality celebrates its mysteries with "maimed rites."

These same German "Liberals," who accord all honour, freedom, and privileges to the Jews, hounded certain of their fellow-Teutons out of the common Fatherland because they happened to be true to the Catholic faith of their forefathers.

A life question, a bread question, calls forth expressions of fear for the future from a long-suffering population. One section of "society," shocked on sensitive points, joins the working classes, whilst another section of "society" (the "liberal") silences the petitioners, scolding some and sneering at others. These are the same "liberals" who imposed laws upon their fellow-countrymen (Catholic), so harsh, so cruel, and so unjust as to outrage every sense of liberality, justice, and wisdom. It was these same "Liberals" who fought the unequal battle of the *Kultur Kampf* ; and, in comparison with whose memorable May Laws, Dr. Stöcker's petition is as milk and honey. A twentieth part of the vexatious restrictions placed upon unoffending German Catholics by these their "liberal" brethren, would be stigmatized as "Jew-baiting," "Jew-hate," "Class-prejudice," "Race-rabies," if enacted in protection of the children of the soil to-day.

The days of the *Ghetti* and the *Judenstrasse* are for ever gone, and every country shows upon its scroll of fame the names of illustrious Israelites. England's late Prime Minister, and many of her most eminent public men, judges, and physicians are Jews. Sir Moses Montefiore, beloved as the benefactor of mankind, is a Jew of whom

refreshment." The article will not bear quoting in English, because taste and tact forbid with us the insult to any man's religion; but it is idle to talk of "Jew-baiting" and "Race-hatred," where such utterances go unreprieved.

The Jewish youth who lately shot an officer whose remarks displeased him is a fair example of the general Jewish attitude in Germany. Nothing can be farther from oppression, submission, or the dumb endurance of wrongs.

The writer of the foregoing pages was in July, August, September, 1880, in a small German watering-place. The Jewish community outnumbered the Christian population by two-thirds, yet there was not a single Hebrew of position or consideration amongst them. Admission to the Kursaal was procured by the payment of the "cure tax," and once a week a small *reunion* was held, where "society" danced from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. The conduct of the assembled Jews, the total absence of consideration and tact displayed by them, caused the German and English ladies to withdraw from these soirées, where not even the presence of their fathers and brothers could protect them from the impertinent familiarities of the underbred Israelites present. It was thought to be a hard case that this little relaxation should be denied to young girls fond of dancing, and the German officers determined to hire the ball-room for one night and invite their personal friends to a dance. The thing turned out a great success in a small way. But on the following day the town was in commotion. The Jewish community had been insulted. The steward had no right, though it was never used during the other six days in the week, to let the ball-room to officers. If it occurred again, every Jew, not only the visitors but the shopkeepers in the town, would force their way into the ball room and join in the dance. Who spent most money in the place, Jews or Germans? And when, in reply to our excited landlady we remarked, "It cannot signify to you; your house is let to Germans," the woman, trembling with anger and fear, replied, "But next year? I may be glad to let to Jews: and, apart from the visitors, all our best shopkeepers are Jews, and they can spite me in a thousand ways. They can refuse me credit, or sell me the worst things for outside prices; and if I owe them money I cannot say a word." The little local paper was, of course, in the hands of the Jews, and on the following Saturday they celebrated a regular Sabbath of *Christenketze*. Who were the beggarly aristocrats that spent their pauper pence on preposterous exclusiveness? Was it even certain that the hire of the room could be paid by the impecunious counts and barons whose very sojourn at the wells was owing to the patience of their tailors. And those fine ladies, with nothing to boast of but their gentility and their titles, might it not be better to dance with persons of an ancient race, despite religious prejudice, rather than sit, fading wall-flowers round a room which they peopled rather than adorned?

of course in the very lowest degree within it), he could be no member of the body politic, and could no more share in virtue than a severed limb could share in health. Man had no inherent, indefeasible rightness, apart from his membership of a city. The poor and the lowly therefore stood outside the sphere of virtue.

The change, which has invested the most insignificant of mankind with the sacred claims and inalienable rights of Duty, would be unlike all other change in individual or national life, if its gain were wholly unmixed. Doubtless we seem to lose sight of that which we cease to emphasize, the expansion of duty will appear, and sometimes will be, in reality, the diminution of that which was included within its original circuit. Something of this loss may be discernible in the changed meaning of the very word virtue. Its transition from valour, the excellence of the man, to purity, the excellence of the woman, is at once a clue to the contrasted tendencies of ancient and modern morality, and a warning against the dangers of the latter. Nevertheless that revolution which has made virtue possible to the weak, which has extended to the sufferer on a lonely sick bed, or a patient toiler in some obscure corner, remote from all the stir and dignity of the world, the sympathy and reverence that the antique world kept for mighty deeds or profound thoughts, has exchanged a merely masculine for a truly human ideal. It is, indeed, the origin rather than the value of the change which is matter of controversy, and here, no doubt, there is room for much controversy. For some generations before Christ lived, but still more unquestionably after He died, it is evident that the ideal of goodness must have undergone a change, whatever its nature. The object of ancient virtue had perished, patriotic devotion was as impossible in the first century as filial devotion is at the age of three-score and ten, and into the vacuum thus created another flood of duty must arise. The life of the State was withering into its long winter, what remained fresh and vigorous was the kingdom that is within. The individual no longer formed, in any important sense, the part of a whole, what then was he when he stood alone? The immortal being—or that which had seemed immortal—which had carried forward the imaginative sympathies of a citizen of Athens or Sparta, satisfying the longing of the human heart for some permanent and stable reality on which to rest in thought amid the whirl of fugitive interests—this too had perished. Was there no other immortality? It is the part of the mere Historian to declare that these questions found their answer in the words of one who held aloof from all political movement, who taught that "the kingdom of God is within you," and who was believed to have risen from the dead. But were it sufficient to destroy the importance of this teaching, that a spirit altogether in harmony with it should be shown to exist among those who had either never heard it, or who had rejected it, the claim could never have been made. The new ideal had exponents who were ignorant, probably of the name, certainly of the character, of Christ, and the most interesting

of these, to our mind, is the writer best known—it may almost be said known solely—as the chronicler of those events and characters which have made illustrious the world that belongs to the old ideal. The combination seems of itself a claim for more attention than has been paid to one-half the writings of Plutarch.

The reader will be surprised, perhaps, at a claim for more attention than has been paid to any writing of Plutarch's. The name of no other Greek writer is so familiar to all moderns. The "breviary" of Montaigne, the mine of Shakespeare, the "pasture for great souls" of Madame Roland, he may almost be called the interpreter of Greece and Rome to modern Europe. And his fame is not confined to those who are able to profit by this introduction. When Dickens makes one of his female characters describe her arduous circumstances in the assertion that "she had need of as many lives as a cat, or a Plutarch," he affords us a lively image of the extent of the radiance which fades into this twilight. Nevertheless, we venture to believe that Plutarch the biographer would be more truly appreciated if Plutarch the moralist were less forgotten. His sympathy with the heroic ideal of the classical world would be felt as a finer thing, if it were seen in conjunction with his sympathy for the saintly ideal of the Christian world. The neglect of this half of his utterance is strange, though it is not inexplicable. Plutarch is an extremely diffuse writer, he has written a treatise against garrulity, but, like many another moralist, has supplied us with plentiful illustrations of his own warnings. The suspicion that this is true of his biographies must be confessed, we believe, as an individual heresy, but there is no question that his essays are much less readable from his redundancy of expression, evidently a much greater hindrance to a preacher than to an annalist, and if it is owing to this defect that we can point to only a single quotation from writings so full of interest (the well-known saying on atheism and superstition quoted by Bacon, that he, Plutarch, would rather have his existence denied, than be called vindictive and passionate), Plutarch's fate as a moral teacher is a much greater lesson against garrulity than his precepts are. Still we are surprised that Dr. Trench's delightful little volume should afford the only instance we can call to mind (as far as our own country goes) of any attempt to give him his rights on this head; and it is the aim of the following essay to make some contribution towards filling the blank, and exhibiting the chronicler of Greece and Rome as the unconscious preacher of Christian morality.

He might easily have been the conscious preacher of Christian morality. He belongs, in fact, to the Christian world. The world through his descriptions of which he is known to all time was to him much what it is to us, a mighty world which had reached its consummation, and which he might survey through the intervening atmosphere of a different age. Its great events and characters were seen by the light of history, not of politics. We cannot contemplate the characters of our civil wars as he contemplated those of the civil wars of Rome.

The distance which separates us from Falkland and Eliot, may be represented by the hours between morning and noon. The distance which separated Plutarch from Cæsar and Pompey, almost as short in the reckoning of chronology, must be figured as the dawn of a new day. Plutarch belonged to that new day, the whole of life is seen by him in the light of its dawn. But the only passage in which it has been possible to suspect a reference to Christianity is a vague warning against foreign superstitions, and the negative testimony here is surely sufficient. He who treated of superstitions of Divine Justice, of the Cessation of Oracles and of Virtue and Vice, all within a few score of years from the arrival of St. Paul at Rome, and showed no sign of any knowledge of the faith of Christ, could not possibly have known more of it than the mere name, if he knew as much as that. His moral treatises form an opportunity for defending Christianity, or attacking it. He who did neither must surely have known it, if he knew it at all, as some insignificant and ephemeral variation of Judaism, not worth separate notice.

This indifference to, or ignorance of, the new faith, in men who were apparently best fitted to receive it, is a striking characteristic of the days of Plutarch. His maturity seems to have coincided with such an ebb in the influence of Christianity as forms a stage in most strong influences. A long life might have been passed in vainly watching for some sign that the new faith was to conquer the world. When Pliny wrote to Trajan early in the second century (when Plutarch, however, must have been already an old man) for directions as to his dealings with the perplexing sectaries, Christianity was already a subject of attention to those who felt no sympathy with it, and eighty years later, when Clement succeeded to the headship of the Alexandrian school, it was still thankful for tolerance. An attentive observer of the course of human thought might almost have felt himself at liberty to conclude that the faith which had been stationary for so long an interval was soon destined to be retrograde. This pause in its growth seems the more surprising (though perhaps in reality it is partly explained by the fact) when we remember that the century which it occupies was eminently religious. Everything that is familiar to the superficial student of the time—the meditations of Marcus Aurelius, for instance, or the sayings of Epictetus—is stamped with an impress of reverential submission to superior and beneficent power. The Voltaire of the age—Lucian—unlike his eighteenth century brother, stands alone, a solitary mocker, amid a world of believers. A vague mystic piety pervades the atmosphere of literature—"une théosophie naïve et creuse," Renan calls it; we would describe it as a devout Deism, combined with a mystic demonology. All the serious thought of the day, and indeed much that is not serious, bears witness to a deep-seated sense of moral disease, which stands in the closest relation to the idea of redemption. In such an age it would have seemed natural that a faith teaching a divine element in humanity, and a human element in man, should have made rapid progress. The new life that

a misapplication of the healing art of the soul as would be made of the surgical art* "by a patient who should fly the surgeon's hands after the first incision, without suffering him to bind up the wound, forcing the healer to inflict nothing but pain. For it is not only the wound of Telephus," pursues our loquacious Preacher, quitting, as is his wont, a good illustration for one much inferior—"it is not only the wound of Telephus which, as Euripides says, is healed by flings of the spear which caused it. The word that wounds is in Philosophy also the word that heals." At the risk of copying our Philosopher in this tendency to spoil a truth by redundant illustration, we must find space for a fine image which Baron Munchausen, let us suppose, has pillaged from him. "The teaching of the philosopher is not to be appreciated at first. It is the revealing influence of age which must expound to the hearer the true import of that which he has learnt in early life. We are told," by a certain Antiphanes, whoever he was, "of a town where the cold was so intense that the words spoken in winter were audible only with returning warmth. Thus it is with the teaching which falls on immature ears. It will sound in those very ears under a different moral atmosphere." We are rash in recalling to the reader's recollection, by this translation from one of the least polished of writers, one of the most beautiful passages in Dr. Newman's writings. But the truth expressed in this parable of the frozen sound—the words that await a moral thaw between their quitting the speaker's lips and reaching the hearer's ears—this surely is one of those which at all times must find a welcome alike from hearts oppressed by a sense of deafness all around them, and those that ache under the heavier load of thanks that must in this world remain unspoken for ever.

We are vividly reminded, in transcribing this picture of the moral teacher, that the idea in this closely individual aspect was altogether a new one. We discern in it the ignorance characteristic of incomplete experience. We feel as we read this description of the "surgery of the soul" that it is not an art for any human being to profess, however much under peculiar circumstances he may be forced to practise it. The best physician of the soul—surely we have all realized the paradox—is he who knows least of the patient's case. Words borne on the breath of some chance gale will plant themselves firmly in the soil when those which came from the planter's hand would fall on the rock. But this must have been much less the case in the first century of our era. This individual moral life thus preached and taught was a new thing, and men were hungry for it. The world was blank and empty. In that dim, sad age, when the old faiths were dead, when the great object of ancient life had vanished and the objects of modern life were as yet below the horizon, when the question, Is life worth living? would have had more significance than even in our own day, and the epidemic of suicide gave it a forcible answer, Plutarch's endeavour to soothe with gentle wisdom the hearts that fainted or throbbed around him, might

* "De Recta Audiendi Ratione," c. 16

The advice, it may be said, is suitable rather to the parent or teacher than to the friend. It is true that the friend is contemplated as the teacher, and while it may be doubted whether one who disregarded no caution here given would ever be felt impertinent or intrusive, we must confess that there is something that strikes a modern reader as over didactic in the relation thus presupposed. But we repeat, this is because friendship, as a *spiritual* relation, is something new. Turn back to the earlier treatise, though it is full of sentences that seem to gather up the most precious recollections of years, and affect the reader often like a record of his own saddest or sweetest experience, still, as compared with this, there is something external about it. It is not a relation in which man is conceived of as ministering to his fellow man otherwise than in outward things. Men were to choose the worthy, not to raise the unworthy. Their love was to be attracted by excellence, and could not therefore be riveted by need. There was in the world no belief in a Saviour.

If friendship is changed by this belief, enmity, we may say, is abolished by it. "If ye love them that love you, what thank have ye?" is almost repeated in one passage of the treatise, "How to receive advantage from enemies." "It is not so much noble to confer benefits on those who love us as ignoble to refrain from doing so, but to pass over an occasion of revenge, to show meekness and forbearance to an enemy, to pity him in distress, to bring help to him in need—these are acts which attract love from all but the hopelessly unloving."* These things are, it may be objected, easy enough to say! They are easy enough to say for those who have heard them said from their earliest years no doubt, but the beauty of such an ideal as is here suggested was almost as much hidden from the eyes of the ancients as the beauty of wild scenery, and they who first opened their eyes to it had as much originality as if they had been the first to discern the grandeur of the Alps. We do not probably need, in order to act up to this ideal, a greater moral energy than they wanted to discern it.

We will here add a specially characteristic, though it may seem a trivial, instance of this modern ideal in the page of our philosopher, an instance which is so deeply wrought into our whole moral constitution that we have a great difficulty in conceiving of any human standard which did not imply it. Yet nothing is more certain than that modesty was not a classical virtue. It is a word, we believe, which, as we use it, would have had no meaning for an ancient Greek (*αἰδώς* has a different, though an allied meaning), and Plutarch, when he would describe it, is driven to more than his usual cumbrousness as he advises us "How to praise oneself, without raising a grudge against oneself." The recipe does not, we confess, strike us as very valuable, but it contains some very good advice against praising oneself at all. "We are," says our teacher, with a true sense of good-breeding, "put

* "De Inimicorum Utilitate," c. 9.

in an embarrassing position by a person who praises himself. His hearer has often to choose between ungracious silence and insincere assent, for in such a case even silence becomes ungracious."* "Besides the dispraise of another always seems implied by the praise of ourselves. It is well therefore to avoid speaking of ourselves, except for some large object, either for ourselves or another person."† The modern world breathes in that atmosphere. Modesty is no more than the mere symbol of humility—often its empty symbol. But till the thing was desired, men were not careful for the appearance. Plutarch's value for the reality is what most makes us feel him a representative of unconscious Christianity. We do not believe it would be possible to set before the reader in non-ecclesiastical Greek so much expressed admiration of meekness (*πραΰτης*) from any other writer whatever. His authorities are sometimes odd enough; the Bible was never cited more inappropriately, we should say (though the assertion be a bold one), than the Greek poets are by their earnest student in this case. From them, he assures us, we may derive equanimity in disaster, and meekness under opprobrium, "so that scoffs, jeers, and insults may be met by us without perturbation."‡ We are afraid the promise would turn out as little capable of fulfilment as that of teaching us a graceful method of self-eulogium! But the thing that Plutarch means, the mysterious sense of a Nemesis for all presumptuous arrogance, is actually present at least in the Greek drama, and it seems to us very characteristic of the new spirit which Plutarch represents, that he exaggerates the remote connection in which this feeling stands to a true humility. He must have had a very strong sense of the value of humility to feel that the Greek temperance was valuable mainly as far as it is related to a quality which a true Greek would have despised.

Plutarch's sense of the blessings of friendship, and the dangers by which they are beset,—especially when taken in connection with what has been said as to his relation to a modern ideal,—would prepare us to find in him an equal appreciation of the deepest and closest of human bonds, and the expectation would be strengthened by the beautiful letter to his wife on the death of their child, which proves him to have known that relation under its most endearing aspect. We must confess, however, that the "conjugal precepts" show more of the low standard of an age than the high standard of an individual. Yet the new ideal of life shows itself even here in the position given to the woman, who is to be instructed by her husband in all things divine,§ and to be commanded by him "not as a slave by a master, but as the body by the spirit."|| Plutarch is the first to protest against that theory which in allotting the woman a lower standard than the man gave her the position of a slave, though he did not of course see the full scope of his protest. "Virtue differs in man and woman," he says,¶ "just

* "De se Ipsam," &c. c. 1. † *Ibid.* c. 22. ‡ "De Audiendis Poetis," 13.
 § "Conjugalium Precepta," 48. ¶ *Ibid.* 33. ¶ "De Mulierum Virtutibus."

as it differs in man and man, and in no other way. It is not one thing in woman, and another in man. There is but one virtue for all human beings." The claim for one half the race to participate in the duties of another implies a much nobler kind of equality than does any claim to participate in equal rights. We cannot here wholly pass over another claim in which Plutarch stands alone,* not only in his age, but in the sixteen centuries which followed it. Not a single voice before him, or for all that period after him, was ever raised for those who could not plead for themselves. He considered not only the rights of the weaker half of humanity, but the rights of the beings weaker than humanity. Nothing gives us a stronger sense of his moral originality. Think of all the thousands of years during which good men and Christians watched the sufferings of animals with absolute indifference, and remember that he was the solitary advocate in the world of Greek civilization for those who could make no appeal for themselves.

If Plutarch's conjugal idea is disappointing, his views as to the bond of kindred have never, we will venture to say, been surpassed for a lofty standard of mutual claim, and subtle discernment of common difficulties. Friendship indeed was to him but "the shadow of kindred," a description illustrated by his own happy experience—the possession of a loving friend in his brother Timon, commemorated in his essay on "Fraternal Love," exhibiting the disasters of brotherhood against the background of memories, from which his warnings borrow nothing. We will venture on a somewhat lengthy set of extracts from an essay so interesting, at all events, as a chapter of biography, though here as elsewhere we have aimed at large condensation. Let Timon of Cheroinea be remembered by the side of Themistocles! The unknown Greek has been sketched for us by the same hand to which we owe the portraiture of so many illustrious Greeks, and what the sketch lacks in detail is more than made up for by the lovingness of touch which suggests it. Surely the warnings which follow, if they had less interest of their own, might be perused with interest as commemorating the brother of Plutarch.† "He who deserts a brother is as one who cuts off a hand or foot." "Our relations to the passing and the coming generation alike are poisoned by any intermixture of enmity here, how shall we reverence our parents if we love not their offspring? How shall we win reverence from our children if we exhibit that which of all else we wish them to avoid? Our care to avoid all discord here should as far exceed our care to avoid discord with a friend as our carefulness for the living organism exceeds that over a mechanical work. *This* may indeed be repaired if it be injured, and the breach be as if it had not been" (though elsewhere Plutarch fully recognizes a difficulty which can seem small only in comparison with the greatest);

* This sympathy is expressed decidedly, though not always logically, in his Essay on the "Eating of Flesh," but there are manifest indications of it in many other parts of his writings.

† "De Fraterno Amore," c. 3.

"but *that* once subject to injury if it be again made whole so far as is possible, yet bears for ever afterwards a sad memorial in the imperfect juncture, and the visible scar! And if the loss be final, it is irreparable. The lost brother can no more be replaced than the lost hand or eye."^{*}

"But suppose we are unfortunate in this reflection, what, an objector may ask, is to be done? Much may be remembered that shall keep the relation from shipwreck even where it is no unmixed source of blessing. The imperfection that adheres to all human relation may surely be borne most easily when it is exhibited in one whom we have not chosen. The affection that is founded on preference may be cast down by distaste, but that which merit did not attract demerit need not repel. Can we not overlook those faults for which perhaps our own parents are responsible?"[†] "And let us be always on the watch to spare our parents the sight of evil in their children. A true brother will even accept his father's anger in the place of the erring one; he will exert himself to put his brother's conduct in the best light, and find that excuse which will at once gladden the heart of a father (to whom nothing is sweeter than defeat in such an accusation) and restore a brother to his place.[‡] Towards his brother, however, his demeanour should be different, the earnest defence in absence justifies the zealous remonstrance to the face of the offender."[§] "The time will come when a common sorrow will afford a close bond for the brothers, but let them beware of the day of inheritance which must follow the day of bereavement. It may be a birthday of hatred, it may be a new birthday of love. Let the favoured brother, in such a day, remember the noble deed of Athenodorus, who not only divided his inheritance afresh with a brother whose property had been justly confiscated, but bore with a cheerful meekness the injustice and ingratitude with which his magnanimity was met."^{||} "Let him recall, then and always, the fame of the Socratic Euclid who answered his brother's clamorous oath that he would be avenged on him, 'And may I perish if I do not overcome your hatred, and force you to love me again as at first.'[¶] "Let brothers find their joy, in all occasions of strife, in giving rather than receiving the victory; let not the sun go down upon their wrath, but let them imitate the Pythagoreans, who would never fail to join hands at the close of a day of discord."^{**} "And let us beware that discord, if it must come, shall spring from without. Let us root out every seed of bitterness within; if strife is to spring up, at least give it no foothold in any feeling of the mind, and beware that your grievance be not the pretext rather than the cause of your division from one whom you have ceased to love."^{††}

Does it not light up the page of history to know that at its darkest hour (and the above may possibly have been written under Domitian) it was possible to aspire after such an ideal as is here set forth? Amid the weariness and the horror of a decaying world there was, we see—

* "De Fraterno Amore," c. 7. † *Ibid.* c. 8. ‡ *Ibid.* c. 9, 10. § *Ibid.* c. 10.
 ¶ *Ibid.* c. 11. ¶ *Ibid.* c. 18. ** *Ibid.* c. 17. †† *Ibid.* c. 16.

and, if then, surely always—place for the meek pieties of domestic affection, and the placid happiness of mutual and warm regard. We would have that essay bound up with the sixth satire of Juvenal, as painting the two aspects discernible in the same era, according to the eyes that saw it.

We have sufficient proof in the foregoing extracts that human relation was not more precious to any human being that ever lived, than to Plutarch. But it was not alone enough to explain life to him. At its best, it was to him but an imperfect reflection of that deepest relation in which alone the spirit could find entire repose. This relation is the keynote of his thought. His was not an original or philosophic mind, and in gathering up the various expressions of devout trust in this unseen companion, we must not expect more than gleams of a pure but not steady radiance. They are continually obscured by his tendency to diffuseness, on no subject is it more fatal not to know where to stop than on this, and his words always overflow. Perhaps, therefore, his thoughts appear to more advantage in detached extracts than in their original context—a sure condemnation as far as literary value is concerned. Yet a representative of the unconscious Christianity which may have proved often a preparation for conscious Christianity, and sometimes, perhaps, its substitute, may claim an interest that is independent of literary value. We find scattered up and down in these miscellaneous essays all that we should associate with the idea of Christianity which is not directly historical. Of the events which the word recalls, Plutarch, to judge from his writings, was entirely ignorant, but all the principles which it suggests—all in it that is independent of time—is set forth in these writings, not, indeed, in any coherent scheme, but in broken outbursts of heartfelt utterance, as it is elsewhere (so it seems to us) only by the great masters of Christian thought. The ideas of man's corruption, of a Saviour, of "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," explaining man to himself and revealing to him his own true self, hidden beneath the surface of appearances—this idea is suggested by some words of Plutarch's, as by hardly any others out of the New Testament. And in some ways his thoughts in this direction appear to us especially fitted for our time. Listen, for instance, to his protest against a school of his day, whose teaching is made familiar to us by its record in the most striking verse that ever was made the vehicle of philosophy :—"Those who think nothing comes to us from the gods deprive prosperity of its joy, and adversity of its solace, they attempt to console us as one who in a storm at sea should assure his fellow sufferers, 'The ship has no pilot, the Dioscuri do nothing against the violence of the waves, but this is a matter which need trouble no one, for the ship will soon be engulfed or shattered, and there will be an end of all emotion and all sensation.' Your consolation to the storm-tossed mariner is, that shipwreck is close at hand!" Does Plutarch here answer the

* "Disputatio no suaviter," &c., c. 23. It might be read throughout as an answer to Lucretius.

Epicureans or writers familiar to our own time? The passage we have quoted is not the only one which suggests the question. We feel the atmosphere yet more modern when we come upon his assertion of man's immortality. His sense of divine justice is supported by the conviction of the fragmentary character of all that we see of human fate in this world, his hope for a development of all that we achieve or suffer here which shall make it explicable. "Does it follow from the fact of God's attention to every human being that the soul survives the body?" asks one of the interlocutors in the dialogue on divine justice. "God," he is answered, "is a pursuer of trifles if He makes so much of creatures in whom there is nothing permanent and steadfast, nothing which resembles Himself, but who are, as Homer says, the withering foliage of the day. For Him to spend his care on creatures such as these would be to imitate those who make gardens in oyster shells."* The image seems to us a fine and original one. Goethe has used one closely allied to it in his criticism of Hamlet. A mighty purpose in the human soul, he says, is like an oak planted in a china vase, the vessel must be shattered by the expansion of the seed within. We feel our prosaic writer here the truer poet of the two. No image, it seems to us, could better gather up all that is suggested when we limit man's existence to the narrow period between the cradle and the grave than this picture of a growing germ doomed to wither undeveloped as soon as the brittle and narrow enclosure is broken or filled. Plutarch believed in an immortality of great names and great deeds, he is one of those who will ever be associated with the "great invisible choir" whose music he has helped us to hear. To this immortality in the memory of those who treasure up all recollection of the illustrious dead he has in his best known works rendered emphatic testimony, he at least will not be charged with any tendency to underrate that self-survival in which from the narrow bounds of three or four score years streams a light that traverses undimmed the space of a hundred generations. But for him this immortality was but a poor mockery, if it was the only immortality. The creator of Lysurgus and Pericles was a trifler, if all that remained of his work, in the age of Plutarch, was the memories that Plutarch had done so much to perpetuate. It was much, if it was a small part, of their immortality. It shrank to nothing, if it was the whole.

If Plutarch grasped, with no uncertain apprehension, that idea of a participation in the Divine nature which is an implicit belief in man's immortality, he discerned with no less clearness the dark shadow by which man's immortality is blurred and chequered. He saw the life through death, but he felt the death in life. Man only learnt what true existence meant (so he reasoned) as he approached God. From all other things, ourselves included, we gain an apprehension only of the perishable fugitive element, the change, the death which as it were dilutes all being, except that which is divine. "We fleeting and

* "De aëro Numine," &c.

uncertain beings, whose life is mingled with death, whose joys and loves are subject to continual vicissitudes, so that not even our best self has any element of permanence—we, various as we are in our complex tangle of attributes, are to find repose and stability in turning our thoughts towards one whom alone we can address 'Thou art.' Birth and death make up our being : He inhabits that unchanged eternity in which past and present lose their meaning, filling it with an everlasting now, and with that oneness which is the test of true existence."* The last words bring to the reader's ear dim echoes of Platonic and Pythagorean teaching, but if the thought be not original to Plutarch, there is a profound apprehension of the deepest problem of philosophy in his conviction that we learn the very meaning of Oneness from our knowledge of God. We would join that assertion to one which, apparently its opposite, seems to us to give its full meaning. "God," he says elsewhere, "cannot exercise justice or love towards Himself, there must therefore be other divine beings, who are the object of His justice and His love."† A mere creature, he felt, could not suffice to explain the character of an eternal being—an eternal love must need an eternal object. No heathen, it seems to us, ever came nearer to the apprehension of all that is involved in the mystery of a Son of God.

And the human side of this faith, the trust in a being so close to each of us, that to every man he reveals the true Self, while delivering him from the crowd of passing desires that obscure it—this also is expressed by him, almost in the very words of St. John : "As each quits the control of parents or teachers he is called on to exchange an earthly for a Divine guide," receiving as a ruler that Divine Word in obedience to whom consists true freedom. "For those only live as they desire, whose mind is thus enlightened as to what they should desire ; in all beside, will is a poor and ignoble thing, and the herald of much repentance."‡ Apart from this Divine emancipation man is not only incomplete and feeble, but entangled in the meshes of evil. But the very magnitude of our disease conceals it from ourselves. "If thou wouldst look within, oh man, thou wouldst find a treasury of varied ill, not imported from without, but innate and indigenous. But it is not with the diseases of the soul, as with those of the body, which he who endures recognizes ; the peculiar misfortune of these is that they are born unconsciously ; reason being sound, perceives the ills of the body, but has no insight where itself is the part afflicted."§ Thus we are incompetent to be physicians to each other, and must look for healing from elsewhere. Bound in the chains of evil, man cannot deliver his brother from them, cannot rise to that vision of hope without which the effort to deliver is impossible. But to one who is apart from all pollution of evil, no evil is incurable. "Human punishment

* "De Ei apud Delphos," c. 18, 19, 17.

† *Ibid.* c. 20.

‡ "De Recta Ratione," &c., c. 1.

§ "Animi ne an Corporis Affectiones sint peiores ?" c. 2-4

never was a time when the great masters of fiction were so consciously mediators between philosophy and the world, and this conscious aim may indeed be made a reproach to our literature from certain points of view, but they are not points of view with which Plutarch would have had any sympathy. The moral aspect of literature, as of history, was that which interested him. He evidently saw clearly that literature can embody the teaching of philosophy, as history cannot. He must have felt, after all his efforts to paint the great characters of the ages which had preceded his own, how one touch of Homer had more revealing power than all the works of the historians he had studied so carefully. He only who creates can fully reveal. As we follow an actual career we see only a small part of its moral significance, and all biography, all at least which enters in the world of heroic action, contains an emphatic warning against any premature application of a moral standard. He who has to ask at every turn, How did these events actually happen? and who finds the answer to this question a difficult and arduous one, is slow to take up that office of interpretation between philosophy and the world which belongs by its very nature to him who describes events which group themselves around ideas, who deduces the fact from the thought. How much of our moral standard is moulded by the great masters of imaginative portraiture! What we shall pity, what form of evil shall stir indignation, what form shall be imprinted on our minds in connection with all that makes it excusable, what ideal shall be lighted up by the glow of vivid colouring, what picture of guilt shall be made the object of most vigorous recoil—all these questions, to answer which would be the highest aim of the moral philosopher, are solved by every great creative genius. He directs our sympathies, he rules our aspirations, he gives shape to our fleeting efforts at moral decision, and lifts the portal between the conscience and the imagination for the entrance of friend or foe. Mighty and immeasurable responsibility! would that every one on whom it lies could receive the warning of the gentle preacher, so much his inferior in genius, who would waken him to his high vocation, and call upon him to bring his vast reinforcement to the side of goodness and purity, in that great battle which lasts from age to age

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

RICHARD CANTILLON AND THE NATIONALITY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

DILIGENT readers of the "Wealth of Nations" will probably remember that Adam Smith once in a way quotes a certain Mr. Cantillon. Hereby hangs a tale, and a tale full of errors, mysteries, and enigmas. Adam Smith quoted so few previous authors that to be mentioned in his pages ensures a kind of immortality. Nevertheless Cantillon has been very unfortunate. Not only was his life prematurely ended by fire or knife, but a series of adverse literary accidents has almost entirely obscured his name and fame.

If, wishing to know more about Cantillon, we turn to that useful but often inaccurate work, Macculloch's "Literature of Political Economy," we find (p. 52) some description of a book called "The Analysis of Trade, Commerce, Bullion, &c. By Philip Cantillon, late of the City of London, Merchant." (1 vol. 8vo, London, 1759.) Macculloch goes on to remark of this book that "the author adopts several of the views of Hume, whose Political Essays were published in 1752. His principles are for the most part liberal, and some of his speculations display considerable ingenuity." Here the filiation of ideas seems to be evident. Cantillon adopted the views of Hume, whose essays, according to his biographer Burton, form the *Cradle of Political Economy*. "Much as that science," says Burton, "has been investigated and expounded in later times, these earliest, shortest, and simplest developments of its principles are still read with delight even by those who are masters of all the literature of this great subject." I am far from denying that "a master of all the literature of political economy," if such a wonderful creature can be imagined, might read the essays of Hume with delight, and he might also possibly agree with Professor Huxley that Hume was in political economy, as in philosophy, "an original, a daring, and a fertile innovator." But he could not possibly allow that Hume's

Essays of 1752 are "the earliest, shortest, and simplest developments of its principles;" nor could he fall into Macculloch's blunder of supposing that the Cantillon quoted by Smith owed anything to Hume.

Macculloch is much to be blamed in this matter, for, had he examined the title-page of the so-called "Analysis of Trade," he would have seen that the contents of the book purport to be "Taken chiefly from a Manuscript of a very ingenious Gentleman deceased, and adapted to the present Situation of our Trade and Commerce." As this book was published in 1759, and Hume's Essays in 1752, seven years hardly make a sufficient interval to enable Philip Cantillon to adopt the views of Hume, to write the manuscript, to become deceased, and after all to need adapting "to the present situation of our trade," &c. Had Macculloch glanced into some ordinary bibliographical or biographical works of reference, he might have been saved from blundering.* Watt's "Bibliotheca Britannica," indeed, would not have done much to set him right; for it merely informs us that Philip Cantillon was "a merchant of Purden." As there does not seem to be any such place in the whole world as "Purden," I can only conclude that it is an extraordinary typographical error for "London." The great French biographical works (both the "Biographie Universelle," Paris, 1813, vol. vi. p. 584, and Didot's "Nouvelle Biographie Générale," vol. viii. pp. 528-9) contain particulars of "Philip" Cantillon's life, stating that he died in 1733 (more accurately 1734). This fact of course disperses the notion that he could have borrowed from Hume. We learn also from these and other books to be presently quoted that Cantillon's work was first printed in the French language in the year 1755, under the title "Essai sur la Nature du Commerce en Général. Traduit de l'Anglois. Londres."

The briefest examination of this latter volume at once shows that the English version of 1759 is so horribly garbled as to give no idea of the merits of the original work. The so-called "Analysis of Trade" is a loose translation of portions of the real "Essai," omitting usually the best parts of the chapters in order to allow of the insertion of extracts from Hume's Essays,rodomontades about Oliver Cromwell, and other wholly irrelevant matter. The book is said to be "Printed for the Author," but this author must have been a wretched literary hack, and in saying that the book was "taken chiefly from a manuscript of a very ingenious gentleman deceased" he diverged considerably from the line of strict veracity.

The French "Essai" appears to be a book of much rarity in England: I am told that there is no copy in the Cambridge University Library, nor does one appear in the printed catalogue of the Bodleian Library. A copy can, however, be consulted in the British Museum Library

* Macculloch's erroneous account of Cantillon has been unfortunately copied by Allibone in his "Dictionary of English Literature."

(Press Mark 1028. a. 19), where also will be found the "Analysis of Trade" of 1759, as well as a reprint of the French text in vol. iii. of the "Discours Politiques" of Hume, as translated and edited by De Mauvillon (Amsterdam, 1754-5).

My study of the "Essai" has been much facilitated by the fact that I found I had a copy of the book in my own library, accidentally bought many years ago in Paris. I have also a copy of the "Analysis," purchased at the sale of the old Manchester Exchange Library, where it had probably rested since the time of its publication.

The original "Essai" is thus described on its title-page: "Essai sur la Nature du Commerce en Général. Traduit de l'Anglois. A Londres, chez Fletcher Gyles, dans Holborn. MDCCCLV." The book consists of half-title, title, 430 pages, and six pages of contents; 12mo, sheets A to T ii. The date is erroneously given as 1752 in the French "Dictionnaire de l'Economie Politique," and in Mr. Macleod's Dictionary.

Before turning to analyze the contents of this "Essai," it will be well to learn what we can about the book and its author from extrinsic sources. It appears that the so-called Philippe de Cantillon was a clever merchant, born of an Irish family towards the end of the seventeenth century. At first he carried on business as a merchant in London, but afterwards removed to Paris, and established a banking-house. "Joining to immense credit," as the "Biographie Universelle" says, "amiable manners and much wit, he was sought after in the best society and lived in intimacy with persons of the first distinction." He was a friend of Lord Bolingbroke, and it is even asserted that he stood well with the Princesse d'Auvergne. Such, indeed, was his success, financial and social, that the great John Law, then in the midst of his financial combinations, grew jealous of him. Summoning his fellow-countryman to his presence, there ensued a conversation which must be true because, as a French author would say, it is so simple. "Si nous étions en Angleterre," said Law, "il faudrait traiter ensemble, et nous arranger: mais, comme nous sommes en France, je puis vous envoyer ce soir à la Bastille, si vous ne me donnez votre parole de sortir du Royaume dans les vingt-quatre heures. Cantillon se mit à rêver un moment et lui dit: Tenez; je ne m'en irai pas, et je ferai réussir votre système." Accordingly Cantillon took from Law an immense quantity of the new-fangled paper, which through the hands of his numerous commercial friends and agents, and by the force of his immense credit, he was able to place upon the market to great advantage. He thus, if the accounts can be trusted, made a fortune of several millions in a few days, but still, distrusting Law, prudently retired to Holland, whence he subsequently removed to London. Here he was murdered by a *valet-de-chambre* (more correctly a cook), who then decamped with his most valuable and portable property.

The above account of Cantillon appears to be derived from certain traditions printed in or subsequent to the year 1755. Thus in Grimm's

Correspondence,* under the date Paris, 1^{er} Juillet, 1755, we read that—

"A month ago appeared a new work on Commerce intitled 'Essai sur la Nature du Commerce en général,' in a fairly large duodecimo volume. This book has not been translated from the English, as is stated with design upon the title-page. It is a work originally composed in French by an Englishman, M. de Cantillon, a man of condition, who finished his days in Languedoc, where he had retired, and had lived many years."

In another letter, this statement is corrected (T. i. pp. 367-8) as follows: "I was ill-informed concerning the person of M. de Cantillon, when I had the honour to write to you of his excellent work on Commerce. Cantillon, an Englishman and a man of intellect, as, indeed, his book proves him to be, established a bank in the time of the Regency, in Paris, where he had immense credit."

After giving the incident with Law already described, he concludes: "It is commonly said that he perished in a fire in his house in London, in 1733. The fact is that the fire was extinguished easily enough, and that they found Cantillon stabbed. The fire appears to have been raised to conceal the crime, and this affair gave rise to many rumours at the time."

Another authority of the year 1755—namely, "L'Année Littéraire—Année 1755. Par M. Fréron. Tom. v. (Amsterdam)" p. 357—confirms these statements, and adds a few further facts, saying that the murderer was discovered, arrested, and executed in London (?). "M. Cantillon had married his daughter to my Lord Bulkeley, Lieutenant-General in the French Service, Chevalier des ordres du Roi, brother of Madame la Maréchale de Berwick. Madame Bulkeley died at Paris six or seven years ago." At p. 67 of the same volume we also find it stated that the book is not a real translation, but was written in French. "It is the English themselves who have translated it into their language from the original of M. Cantillon." This statement is clearly erroneous however, no English version having appeared before that of 1759. The writer proceeds to add that, "It is not known by whom, nor how, this manuscript has been printed, nor why its publication was deferred more than twenty years. We are also ignorant of the reasons for which the publishers have suppressed in this impression certain very curious calculations, which several people assure me they have seen in the manuscript. However this may be, the work, such as it now appears, is regarded as one of the best which have been written on commerce."

If Cantillon were really murdered in London, the newspapers of the time would probably contain some account of the event. Without much difficulty I met with the following particulars. *The Country Journal*, or *The Craftsman*, of Saturday, May 18th, 1734, says:

"Tuesday morning about three o'clock a fire happened in the house of Mr. Chantillon, a rich French merchant in Albemarle Street, which in a short space

* "Correspondence Littéraire, Philosophique et Critique, de Grimm et de Diderot, depuis 1753 jusqu'en 1790." Nouv. ed. Paris, 1829. T. i. (1753-6) pp. 332-341.

destroyed the said house, together with the Lord Viscount St. John's adjoining, and also greatly damaged another house. When the flames were first discovered, Mr. Chantillon's footman broke into his master's chamber (whom he had about twelve the night before left in his bedchamber reading with a candle), and found him dead in his bed, and with his head almost burnt off."

A paragraph, more important for our purposes, is contained in *Read's Weekly Journal, or British Gazetteer*, of Saturday, June 1st, 1734, No. 480. It states that it had been represented to the King, that Richard Cantillon, Esq., was, on Tuesday, 14th May, between three and four in the morning, robbed and murdered in his house in Albemarle Street, and his said house afterwards villainously burnt to the ground. A free pardon is therefore offered by the Government to any accomplices in the deed. And, as a further encouragement, Mr. Philip Cantillon, a merchant of this city, has promised a reward of £200 to any one of the criminals, excepting the actual murderer.

Further particulars of no especial importance may be gleaned, as that on the Sunday the other servants of the house were privately examined; that on Monday night the Coroner's inquest was held; that on Thursday Mr. Martin, the French distiller, was admitted to bail; on Thursday the servants were examined again. In *The Country Journal, or The Craftsman*, of Saturday, June 15th, 1734, we read:—"They write from Paris that the wife of Joseph Denier, alias Lebane, a Frenchman (who had been cook to the late Mr. Cantillon, and supposed to have robb'd and murdered that gentleman), had been put under an arrest, at her house three miles from that city, and her letters seized, in order to a discovery of her husband, all which had been done at the instance of the Earl of Waldegrave, his Majesty's Ambassador at the French Court."

It does not appear that the real culprit was ever captured, but according to an entry in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under the date December 7th, 1734 (vol. iv. p. 702), Isaac Burrridge, Roger Arnold, and Elizabeth Pembroke were tried for the murder of their master, Mr. Cantillon, and for firing his house, and were found not guilty. See also the same volume, p. 273.

The important fact which we gather from the above contemporary records is that there were really two Cantillons, and that the rich French merchant was not Philip Cantillon at all, but Richard Cantillon.

It seems necessary to suppose that the real name of the great economist and financier was lost, and is only now for the first time attached to his work. As the garbled translation of 1759 speaks of Philip as late of the City of London, and the newspapers bear out this statement, while calling Richard a rich French merchant, it is impossible to suppose that Philip was the author and rival of Law, and Richard the London merchant. As a mere surmise we may suppose that Richard and Philip were brothers, and carried on their merchant's and banker's business in close correspondence. But I do not know how to explain the fact that literary reputation became attached to the name Philip Cantillon. It needs to be noticed, indeed, that, besides the "Essai," two

other literary works are connected in bibliographical books with the name De Cantillon. Thus Barbier in his "Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous Works," speaking of the "Histoire de Stanislas, 1^{er} Roi de Pologne," par M. D. C., Londres (Meyer), 1741, 2 vols. 12mo, says that some persons attribute this book to De Cantillon, the same probably from whom we have an "Essay on the Nature of Commerce." But in Quérard's "La France Littéraire," vol. i. p. 43, vol. ii. p. 188, we are referred to J. G. de Chevrères as the author. Mere erroneous interpretation of the initial letters is here no doubt the cause of Cantillon's name having been used in connection with the book. There is another book, however, which actually bears the name Mr. de Cantillon upon its titlepage (see Quérard, vol. i. p. 43). The following is the title of the book, a copy of which, in four vols. 8vo, is in the King's Library at the British Museum:—"Les Délices du Brabant et de ses Campagnes, ou description des villes, . . . de ce Duché. Accompagnée des événemens les plus remarquables jus'que tems présent. Par Mr. de Cantillon. Ouvrage enrichi de 200 tres belles figures en taille douce. Amsterdam, 1757." This book, however, is simply a bookseller's speculation, and the text is no more than a commonplace commentary on the 200 copperplate engravings, which are worthy of some commendation. Not the slightest reason can be discovered why this work should be connected with the merchant of the City of London, and I suspect that the book is pseudonymous, Cantillon's name being selected for the purpose on account of the reputation and mystery attaching to it.

I have been able to meet with few other facts relating to the personality of Cantillon. He was descended from the family of that name belonging to Ballyheige or Ballyhigue, in County Kerry, Ireland, whose armorial bearings are given in Burke's General Armoury and other works thus: "az a lion, rampant, or, between two arrows, or, fenthered and barbed, of the second." That this family had connections in France is apparent from the fact that Antoine Sylvain de Cantillon, Baron de Ballyheige, and in France Lieutenant-Colonel Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, bore the same arms. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1743, vol. xiii. p. 389, we read that the Earl of Stafford was married to a Miss Cantillon, so that some of the aristocracy both of England and France are probably descended from the first economist.

On looking into a genealogical work, the title of which I have accidentally lost, I found this view of the matter entirely confirmed, for we there have mention of "Richard Cantillon of Paris, Banker, 1710, descended from County Kerry, whose daughter Henrietta married first, 1743, William Howard, third Earl of Stafford, and second, 1769, Robert Maxwell, first Earl of Farham."

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxvi. p. 91, among the deaths of the year 1756 is found that of Jasper Cantillon, Esq., one of the Commissioners for the Exchequer and for wounded soldiers in King William's wars in Flanders.

The name of course is an essentially Spanish one, and it is well known that many Spanish merchants settled on the west coast of Ireland. Their houses of distinctly Spanish architecture may be seen in Galway to the present day.

Turning now to this remarkable "*Essai sur la Nature du Commerce en Général*," we find that it purports, according to the titlepage, to be published "*à Londres, chez Fletcher Gyles, dans Holborn.*" This, however, is certainly false. There was indeed in the early part of the eighteenth century a popular bookseller of the name Fletcher Gyles, who had a shop near Middle Row in Holborn, "over against Gray's Inn." Many particulars about him may be gathered from Nichol's "*Literary Anecdotes*" (see Index, vol. vii. p. 165), and it appears that he did publish various works there mentioned. But then in 1736 the firm is given as Gyles and Wilkinson, and since Fletcher Gyles himself died of apoplexy in 1741, it is unlikely that his sole name would be put upon a titlepage in 1755. Moreover no books are mentioned as published at the Holborn shop after 1737 ("*Lit. Ance.*," vol. ii. p. 116). As regards type, paper, and general appearance the book is certainly not English, and was probably executed at Paris, as two bibliographical experts of the British Museum assure me. The binding of my copy is also of the contemporary French style. All these facts go to show that, although purporting to be translated from the English, and published by an English bookseller, there was really no connection with London.

The book itself is divided into three parts, containing respectively seventeen, ten, and eight chapters. The first part is to some extent a general introduction to Political Economy, beginning with a definition of wealth, and then discussing the association of people in societies, in villages, towns, cities, and capital cities; the wages of labour; the theory of value; the par between labour and land; the dependence of all classes upon landed proprietors; the multiplication of population; and the use of gold and silver. The second part takes up the subjects of barter, prices, circulation of money, interest, &c., and is a complete little treatise on currency, probably more profound than anything of the same size since published on the subject. The third part treats of foreign commerce, the foreign exchanges, banking, and "refinements of credit." Judged by the knowledge and experience of the time, this third part especially is almost beyond praise, and shows that Richard Cantillon had a sound and pretty complete comprehension of many questions about which pamphleteers are still wrangling and blundering, and perplexing themselves and other people. The "*Essai*" is far more than a mere essay or even collection of disconnected essays like those of Hume. It is a systematic and connected treatise, going over in a concise manner nearly the whole field of economics, with the exception of taxation. It is thus, more than any other book I know, *the first treatise on economics*. Sir William Petty's "*Political Arithmetic*" and his "*Treatise of Taxes and Contributions*" are wonderful books in their way,

and at their time, but, compared with Cantillon's "*Essai*," they are mere collections of casual hints. There were earlier English works of great merit, such as those of Vaughan, Locke, Child, Mun, &c., but these were either occasional essays and pamphlets, or else fragmentary treatises. Cantillon's essay is, more emphatically than any other single work, "the Cradle of Political Economy."

The opening sentence of the first chapter, "*De la Richesse*," is especially remarkable, and is as follows: "*La Terre est la source ou la matière d'où l'on tire la Richesse; le travail de l'Homme est la forme qui la produit: et la Richesse en elle-même, n'est autre chose que la nourriture, les commodités et les agrémens de la vie.*"

This sentence strikes the key-note, or rather the leading chord of the science of economics. It reminds us at once of the phrase "land and labour of the country" upon which Adam Smith is so frequently harping. Yet it holds the balance between the elements of production more evenly than almost any subsequent treatise. Quesnay, as we shall see, attributed undue weight to some other remarks of Cantillon, and produced an entirely one-sided system of economics depending on land alone; Smith struck off rather on the other track, and took "the annual labour of every nation" as the fund which supplies it with all the necessaries and conveniences of life. Properly interpreted Cantillon's statement is probably the truest which has yet been given.

If, indeed, we are to trace out the filiation of ideas to the utmost, we get back to Sir W. Petty, who, in his "*Treatise of Taxes*," chap. x. (of Penalties), Article 10 (1st Ed. 1662, p. 49), speaks of "our opinion that labour is the father and active principle of wealth, as lands are the mother." It may here be pointed out, by the way, that in the new English version of Roscher's "*Principles of Political Economy*," translated by John J. Lalor, this remark of Petty is by a typographical error (vol. i. p. 168) merged into another sentence quoted from Harris, and written nearly a century later. Roscher refers also to a German work of Leser ("*Begriff des Reichthums*," bei Adam Smith, 97), in which are collected together all the passages in which Adam Smith speaks of "the annual produce of land and labour."

Chapters VII. and VIII. are interesting because we here find the germ of Adam Smith's important doctrine concerning wages in different employments, as stated in the first part of the tenth chapter of the "*Wealth of Nations*." Smith so greatly developed the doctrine and illustrated it so admirably as quite to make it his own; still here in this forgotten "*Essai*" are the leading ideas, as in the following extracts:—

"Those who employ artisans and skilled workmen must necessarily pay for their labour more highly than for that of a common labourer; and this labour will necessarily be more dear in proportion to the time lost in learning the trade, and the expense and risk which are required in perfecting the knowledge (p. 24). The arts and trades which are accompanied by risks and dangers, such as those of founders, mariners, silver-miners, &c., ought to be paid in proportion to the

risks. When, in addition to danger, skill is required, they ought to be still better paid, as in the case of pilots, divers, engineers, &c. When, moreover, capacity and trustworthiness are needed, labour is paid still more highly, as in the case of jewellers, bookkeepers, cashiers, and others (pp. 26-27)."

It is impossible not to recognize here the agreeableness or disagreeableness, the easiness and cheapness, the difficulty and expense of learning a trade, and the small or great trust which must be reposed in those who exercise them, three out of the five circumstances enumerated by Smith as causing inequalities in wages.

In Chapter IX. Cantillon argues quite in the style of a recent disciple of Ricardo that there is no use in trying to increase the number of artisans in any trade by charity schools or special methods of education. He thinks there will never be a want of artisans in a State, if there be sufficient employment for them.

Then follows in Chapter X. an ingenious theory of value, superior in some respects to the theories of many recent economists. The argument given in the few small pages devoted to the subject is so closely knit, that many large pages would be needed to do justice to the theory. Cantillon's meaning, however, is, that certain things, such as Brussels lace, or the balance-spring of an English watch, depend for their value upon the labour involved in their production. The hay from a meadow, the timber from a wood, on the other hand, are governed in value by the matter contained therein, or by the area of land required for its production, regard being had to the goodness of the land. The price of Seine water, as another instance, is not the price of the water itself, of which the quantity is immense, but the price of carrying it into the streets of Paris. He thus arrives at the following conclusion:—"By these inductions and examples, I think we can understand that the price or the intrinsic value of a thing is the measure of the quantity of land and of labour which enter into its production, regard being had to the goodness or productiveness of the land, and to the quality of the labour."

But Cantillon at once proceeds to explain that commodities will not always sell at their "intrinsic value." If a nobleman spends much money in making a beautiful garden, and the garden be brought to the hammer, it may bring only the half of what it has cost; in other circumstances it may bring the double. Corn, again, sells above or below its intrinsic value according to the abundance of the harvests. A perpetual flux and reflux of prices arises from the impossibility of proportioning the supply to the demand. In short, these few pages contain not only the whole doctrine of market value as contrasted to cost value, or, as the late Professor Cairnes called it, normal value, but there are allusions to difficulties which Ricardo, Mill, and many others have ignored.

We cannot exhaust here, however, the intricacies of the theory of value, and must pass on to Chapter XI., which is interesting, as being the one quoted by Adam Smith. It contains the curious doctrine "of

the par or relation of the value of land to the value of labour." Cantillon points out that the labour of the lowest kind of adult slave, must at least equal the quantity of land that the proprietor is obliged to employ for his subsistence, together with double the quantity of land required to bring up a child to the labouring age, remembering that, according to the calculations of the celebrated Dr. Halley, half the number of children die before reaching seventeen years of age. The doctrine is carefully guarded by Cantillon, with various qualifications and explanations, which we have not space to consider. Now, Smith refers to this theory in the eighth chapter of the first book of the "Wealth of Nations" (Thorold Rogers' edition, vol. i. p. 71), saying: "Mr. Cantillon seems, upon this account, to suppose that the lowest species of common labourers must everywhere earn at least double their own maintenance, in order that, one with another, they may be enabled to bring up two children; the labour of the wife, on account of her necessary attendance on the children, being supposed no more than sufficient to provide for herself. But one-half the children born, it is computed, die before the age of manhood." I believe that Smith must have derived his quotation from the French "*Essai*;" for he adverts to the fact that the labour of the wife, on account of her necessary attendance on the children, is supposed to be no more than sufficient to provide for herself. This is a point carefully noted by Cantillon (p. 43), but missed out, like most other essential points, in the base English version, which says, vaguely and slightly, "allowance must be made for females" (p. 24).

It is quite of a piece with the whole history of Cantillon's book, that Smith, in thus quoting Cantillon approvingly, has erred. This chapter, the only one explicitly quoted by Smith, is the only one which Cantillon explicitly assigns to a previous writer—namely, Sir Wm. Petty. Cantillon terminates the chapter thus: (pp. 54-55) "*Monsieur le Chevalier Petty, in a little manuscript of the year 1685, regards this par, or (en, in original) equation of land and labour, as the most important consideration in Political Arithmetic; but the research which he has made into it in passing, is only bizarre, and remote from the rules of nature, because he is attached not to causes and principles, but only to effects; as Messieurs Locke and D'Avenant, and all the other English authors who have written anything of this matter, have done after him.*"

Now, in Sir W. Petty's very remarkable "*Treatise of Taxes and Contributions*,"* of which the first edition was published in 1662, we find the following passage (p. 26):—

"All things ought to be valued by two natural denominations, which is land and labour; that is, we ought to say, a ship or garment is worth such a measure of land, with such another measure of labour; forasmuch as both ships and garments were the creatures of lands and men's labours thereupon. This being true, we should be glad to find out a natural Par between Land and Labour, so as we

* "*Tracts relating chiefly to Ireland.*" By the late Sir Wm. Petty. Dublin: 1760, p. 31.

might express the value of either of them alone as well or better than by both and reduce one into the other as easily and certainly as we reduce pence into pounds."

Here is a clear forecast, both of Cantillon's theory of value, and of the doctrine of a *par*; but I have not been able to discover in any of the other printed tracts of Petty, a further development of these ingenious ideas. From a paper read by Mr. W. H. Hardinge to the Royal Irish Academy, 8th May, 1865, and printed in the Transactions of the Academy, vol. xxiv., we learn that there is in the Lansdowne private collections an unpublished Essay on Ireland, of the year 1687, in addition to various other manuscripts. As Petty was clearly the originator of statistical science, and altogether a man of wonderful insight, it is much to be desired that his manuscript remains should be printed.

Returning to Cantillon, we find in Chapter XII. the germ of the Physiocratic doctrine:—"Tous les ordres et tous les hommes d'un état subsistent ou s'enrichissent aux dépens des propriétaires des Terres." As we shall see further on, Quesnay himself, as well as his editors, frankly refer the origin of the great school of French Economists to this "Essai," though it may be safely said that Cantillon avoids the one-sidedness of Physiocracy.

Hardly do we leave the elements of Physiocracy than we fall, in Chapter XV., into an almost complete anticipation of the Malthusian theory of population. Cantillon says (p. 87):—

"In a word, we can multiply all sorts of animals in such numbers that we could have then even to infinity, if we could find lands to infinity proper to nourish them; and the multiplication of animals has no other bounds than the greater or less means remaining for their subsistence."

"Men multiply like mice in a barn, if they have the means of subsistence without limit; and the English in the colonies become proportionally more numerous in three generations, than they would in England in thirty; because in the colonies they find new lands to cultivate, from which they drive the savages" (p. 110).

There are many interesting allusions to the varying standard of living in different states of society; to the prevalence of famines in China and elsewhere; to celibacy, libertinage, and other points of the population question. The Chapter is simply Malthus' celebrated Essay, condensed by anticipation into twenty-seven pages. But I am not aware that Malthus ever saw the book, and should think it very unlikely that he knew anything about it. Cantillon winds up the subject prophetically by suggesting that it is a question whether it is better for a kingdom to be filled with a multitude of very poor inhabitants, or with a less considerable number of better maintained persons. Here is a forecast of the most recent hedonic speculations of Mr. F. Y. Edgeworth. It should be added that Cantillon, in treating population, refers to the calculations and statistics of Halley, Petty, D'Avenant, and King, all English authorities.

The first part of the Essay is completed by a chapter "On Metals

and Money, and particularly of gold and silver," in which the author displays the most precise ideas about the need and nature of a common measure of value, the suitability of different commodities to serve in this capacity: grain, wine, cloth, precious stones, iron, lead, tin, copper, &c., are all compared as to their suitability for currency, just as in various recent works on money; and the author concludes that "gold and silver alone are of small volume, of equal goodness, easy of transport, divisible without loss, easily guarded, beautiful and brilliant, and durable almost to eternity."

We can notice only a few points in the second division of the Essay; for instance, the admirable explanation (pp. 199-203) of the fact that the prices of commodities and the cost of living are higher in cities, especially in capital cities, than in the country. This Cantillon attributes to the fact that a balance of payments is almost always due from the country to the cities, and the capital of the country; and that the commodities with which this balance is practically discharged, incur the cost and risk of conveyance. The same theory is applied (p. 209) to the relations of foreign countries, and Cantillon concludes that any State which sells manufactures to neighbouring States in such quantity as to draw a balance of specie towards itself, will eventually raise its own scale of prices. There is no taint of the Mercantile Fallacy whatever in this theory.

One of the most marvellous things in the book is the manner in which Cantillon (pp. 215-225) explains the successive effects of a discovery of gold or silver mines on the rates of wages and prices of commodities. The proprietors, undertakers, and employees of the mines first profit by the abundance and soon increase their expenditure, which increases the demand for the produce of artisans and other work people. These latter soon acquire increased rates of wages, and gradually the influence of the new money spreads from trade to trade, and from country to country. This is exactly the theory which was brought before the British Association in 1858 by the late Professor Cairnes, and which will be found beautifully expounded in his "Essays in Political Economy: Theoretical and Applied," Essays I. and II. (Macmillan, 1873).

It is not too much to say that the subject of the foreign exchanges has never, not even in Mr. Goschen's well-known book, been treated with more perspicuity and scientific accuracy than in Cantillon's Essay. It is quite astonishing, for instance, to find in the third part of the Essay (pp. 342-3) an explanation of speculations in the exchanges, which might be mistaken for an extract from Mr. Goschen's admirable treatise. Cantillon says:—

"If an English banker foresees in January, owing to the consignment of an unusual quantity of merchandise to Holland, that Holland will be indebted considerably to England at the time of the sales and remittances in March, he can, in the month of January, instead of remitting the fifty thousand ecus or ounces that are owing in this month to Holland, furnish his bills of exchange upon his correspondent at Amsterdam, payable at two months usance. By this means he can profit by the exchanges which were in January above par, and which will

be in March below par ; thus he can gain thereby without sending a single sol to Holland."

But Cantillon is careful to add (p. 343) that though the speculation and credit of bankers may sometimes retard the transport of bullion from one city or state to another, it is always necessary in the end to discharge a debt and remit the balance of commerce in specie to the place where it is due.

Condillac, who in his profound and original work, "*Le Commerce et le Gouvernement*," hardly quotes any writers or acknowledges any obligations, goes quite out of his usual course as regards Cantillon. He states in a footnote (Chap. xvi., "*Œuvres Complètes*," T. vi. Paris, 1803, p. 141), that he has derived from the "*Essai*" the basis of his chapter on the circulation of money, besides several observations made use of in other chapters. "It is on this matter," says Condillac, "one of the best works which I know ; but I do not know them all, by any means."

There is, perhaps, needed only one further proof of Cantillon's comprehension of monetary and financial questions, and that is furnished by his treatment of bi-metallism, as it has since been called by M. Cernuschi. The fourth chapter of the third part contains a luminous discussion of the subject, beginning with an historical review of the variations in the relative values of gold and silver, and ending with most interesting remarks on the motives which actuated Sir Isaac Newton in settling the English guinea at 21s. Cantillon's general argument is to the effect that the precious metals must conform in value to the course of the market (p. 371).

"It is the market price which decides the proportion of the value of gold to that of silver. On this is based the proportion which we give to pieces of gold and silver money. If the market price varies considerably, it is necessary to alter the proportion of the coins. If we neglect to do this, the circulation is thrown into confusion and disorder, and people will take the pieces of one or other metal at a higher price than that fixed by the Mint. An infinite number of examples of this are to be found in antiquity, but we have a quite recent one in England in the laws made for the Tower of London. The ounce of silver, eleven ounces fine, is there worth five shillings and two pence sterling ; since the proportion of gold to silver (which had been fixed in imitation of Spain as 1 to 16) is fallen to 1 to 15 or 1 to 14½, the ounce of silver sold at five shillings and sixpence, while the gold guinea continued to have currency always at 21s. 6d. That caused people to carry away from England all the silver crowns, shillings, and sixpences which were not worn by circulation. Silver money became so scarce in 1728 (mil sept cent. vingt huit), because there remained only the most worn pieces, that people were obliged to change a guinea at a loss of nearly five per cent. The embarrassment and confusion which that produced in commerce and the circulation, obliged the Treasury to request the celebrated Sir Isaac Newton, Master of the Mint at the Tower, to make a report on the means which he believed to be the most suitable for remedying this disorder.

"There was nothing so easy to do ; it was only necessary to follow in the fabrication of silver coins at the Mint the market price of silver. In place of the proportion of gold to silver, which had for a long time been according to the laws and rules of the Mint at the Tower as 1 to 15½, it was only necessary to make the silver pieces lighter in the proportion of the market price, which had fallen below that of 1 to 15, and to go beyond the variation which the gold of Brazil

annually causes in the proportion of the two metals. "They might have established the money on the footing of 1 to 14½, as was done in 1725 in France, and as it will be necessary to do in England itself sooner or later."

Here is a distinct prophecy of that which was carried into effect in 1815 at Lord Liverpool's recommendation, and which is still, and probably always will be, the fundamental point in the regulation of our metallic money. Cantillon goes on to explain that Newton took the opposite course, and Parliament followed his advice—namely, in diminishing the nominal value of the gold piece. This, he allows, equally adjusts the relative values of the pieces to the market price, but it is, notwithstanding, a less natural and advantageous method. He pointed out to Newton that by this measure England incurred a loss of £110,741 upon every £5,000,000 of capital which it owed to foreigners, and Newton's reply is given thus (p. 377):—"Monsieur Newton m'a dit pour réponse à cette objection, que suivant les lois fondamentales du Royaume, l'argent blanc était la vraie et seule monnaie, et que comme telle, il ne la falloit pas altérer." After giving some other refined arguments, Cantillon finally delivers his opinion against the double standard, saying (p. 380):—

"Il n'y a que le prix du Marché qui puisse trouver la proportion de la valeur de l'or à l'argent, de même que toutes les proportions des valeurs. La réduction de M. Newton de la guinée à vingt-un schellings n'a été calculée que pour empêcher qu'on n'enlevât les espèces d'argent foibles et usées qui restent dans la circulation; elle n'étoit pas calculée pour fixer dans les monnoies d'or et d'argent la véritable proportion de leur prix, je veux dire par leur véritable proportion, celle qui est fixée par les prix du Marché. Ce prix est toujours la pierre de touche dans ces matières; les variations en sont assez lentes, pour donner le tems de régler les monnoies et empêcher les desordres dans la circulation."

If I read this remarkable passage aright, it not only reaffirms Cantillon's opinion that it is futile to attempt to fix the proportion of gold and silver perpetually, but that Newton had himself no idea of attempting the impossibility. His reduction of the guinea was only "calculated" to prevent the removal of the worn pieces which still remained in circulation—that is, to effect a matter of immediate practical importance. The bi-metallists having quoted Newton as on their side, Mr. Inglis Palgrave and other English economists have been anxious to know the real motives of Newton, which are not easy to gather from his official report. But in these remarks of Cantillon we actually seem to have the statement of an acquaintance of Newton, and a master of currency and finance, that he had discussed the subject with Newton, and that Newton's intention was "not to fix in gold and silver moneys the veritable proportion of their price." I take this to be a distinct disclaimer of bi-metallism, and recommend this passage to the attention of Mr. Samuel Smith, Mr. Stephen Williamon, Mr. Edward Langley, Mr. Horton, Dr. N. P. Van den Berg, and other advocates of the bi-metallic crotchet.

I am, of course, aware that M. Cernuschi and other contemporary

bi-metallists found their faith in the system upon the expected general agreement among all the nations of the world. To this it may be replied in the words of an ancient saying: "I will give thee my daughter if thou canst touch heaven." Not only bi-metallism, but a thousand other beneficent measures would become possible if all the nations of the world could agree about them. Let us learn a lesson from Cantillon, who, though he touches the depths of theory in one chapter, knows how to limit himself within the possibilities of practical life in the next.

It must not be supposed that I have at all exhausted the valuable points of his Essay. Every here and there we find a pregnant little paragraph which, when carefully studied, displays an insight into questions still novel, or but half settled after long discussion. Mr. Macleod should study p. 291, where it is clearly explained that debts, including State debts, cannot be counted as part of the wealth of the country. In pp. 186-87 there is a wonderfully clear explanation how much trade goes on between correspondents by book credit, with only occasional payment of balances. This method, which Cantillon aptly calls "*troc par évaluation*," is the germ of what I have described in my book on "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange" as the cheque and clearing system (chap. xx.). I there said: "The banking organisation effects what I have heard Mr. W. Langton describe as a *restoration of barter*." This is what Cantillon describes in the most precise manner as *barter by valuation*.

In spite of the undeveloped state of the art of banking at the time when Cantillon wrote, his views on this subject are sound as far as they go, and although he is said to have made a fortune of several millions in a few days by speculation in Law's paper-money, he thus summarily dispatches the currency-mongers (p. 413): "An abundance of fictitious and imaginary money causes the same disadvantages as an augmentation of the real money in circulation, by raising the price of land and labour, or by making works and manufacture more expensive at the risk of subsequent loss. But this occult abundance vanishes at the first shock to credit, and precipitates disorder."

In spite of comparisons being odious, I should have liked, had space allowed, to institute a careful comparison between Cantillon's "*Essai*" and Hume's celebrated "*Political Essays*." As regards the value of gold and silver, Eugène Daire has made a comparison of the kind, and decides in favour of Cantillon, Hume's view being he thinks subject to certain errors ("*Physiocrates. Quesnay*," &c. Paris: 1846, p. 74). It is most instructive to compare Hume's fifth Essay, on the balance of trade, with the seventh chapter of the second part of Cantillon. Both authors imagine the money in a country to be suddenly increased or decreased; but, whereas Hume discusses the matter with vague literary elegance, Cantillon analyses the effects on prices with the scientific precision of a Cairnes or a Cournot.

It is not too much to say of this "Essai" in the words of M. Léonce de Lavergne, that "all the theories of (the) Economists are contained by anticipation in this book, although it has only the extent of a moderate duodecimo volume." Nor is there wanting positive evidence that Quesnay, the founder of the great school of French Economistes, actually did draw his leading principle from the "Essai." Eugène Daire, the editor of the collected works of the Physiocrates, than whom there can be no better authority, expressly points out that Quesnay's fundamental doctrine "*la terre est l'unique source des richesses*" appears to be borrowed from the opening chapter of Cantillon's "Essai." The same is the case, he remarks, with the idea that the net produce of the land is the fund on which all non-agriculturists live, the subject as already stated of the twelfth chapter. As to this latter point we do not rest on conjecture, because in one of his earliest printed writings, the article on "Grains" in the celebrated "*Encyclopédie Méthodique*," of Diderot and D'Alembert, Quesnay actually quotes Cantillon. After saying that land must not only nourish those who cultivate it, but must furnish to the State the greater part of the revenue, the tithes of the clergy, the income of proprietors, the profits of farmers, the gains of those who are employed in cultivation, and that it is these revenues, which are expended in payments to the other classes and all the other professions, he goes on:—

"An author has recognized these fundamental truths when he says that the assemblage of several rich proprietors who reside on the same spot, suffices to form what we call a city, where merchants, manufacturers, artisans, labourers and servants assemble in proportion to the revenues which the proprietors there expend, so that the grandeur of a city is naturally proportional to the number of landed proprietors, or rather to the produce of the land belonging to them."

Quesnay adds a foot-note referring to this extract as follows:—"Cantillon, *Essai sur le Commerce*, chaps. v. vi." On referring to the original edition of the "*Encyclopédie*" (Paris, 1757, folio), I find the quotation given in this manner in the seventh volume, p. 821. Curiously enough the quotation is not an accurate verbatim one, as the inverted commas would make us suppose, but is gathered together from different parts of the chapters named. In any case we have here the unquestionable fact that the acknowledged founder of the Physiocratic school expressly attributes in his earliest writings the fundamental point of his system to the "Essai." Moreover, only two years after its publication, he joins the title of the "Essai" with the name of its supposed author, and no one could do this with greater authority than Quesnay.

There are not wanting some indications that English economic writers were also indebted to Cantillon, though they did not acknowledge their debt with Quesnay's candour. It is with regret that I find the earlier sections of Harris' "*Essay upon Money and Coins*," published in London in 1757 and 1758, to be obviously borrowed from Cantillon. This work is so excellent as regards its main topic—money—that he

need not have pillaged a contemporary French publication. Not only is there no reference to Cantillon, but in the Preface we are told that "in order to clear the way, and for the better settling of things upon their first and true principles, it hath been thought necessary to take a general view of wealth and commerce, which is the subject of the first chapter." But unfortunately this chapter is little more than a selection of passages from Cantillon. "Land and labour together are the sources of all wealth." There is the doctrine of three rents, from p. 56, of the "*Essai*," There is the example of the watch-spring already alluded to. In Section 8 the theory of the par of land and labour, afterwards quoted by Smith, appears. The difference of wages are explained in Section 10, as depending upon risk, skill, trust required, almost in the words of Cantillon.

Another contemporary writer of some importance in his time, namely Malachy Postlethwayt, had the coolness to embody certain portions of Cantillon's *Essay* in his book called "*Great Britain's True System, &c.*," published in London in 1757. From p. 148 to 153, we find a slightly abbreviated translation of Cantillon's eleventh chapter on the par of land and labour, winding up with a reference to Sir W. Petty's MS. of the year 1685, introduced in such a way that we might suppose Postlethwayt to be quoting from it. Then follow other extracts from Cantillon, including the doctrine of three rents, the watch-spring and water illustrations, and other matters, and Postlethwayt sums up thus his—*i.e.* Cantillon's—theory of value:—"From these examples and explanations I believe it will appear that the price of anything intrinsically is the measure of the land and labour that enters into its production."

In the original "*Essai*" every here and there (pp. 35, 48, 93, &c.) we find reference to a certain Supplement, in which were contained various calculations of a statistical nature. This work has never appeared, it being altogether a mistake of the writer in the "*Nouvelle Biographie Générale*," to suppose that the "*Analysis of Trade*" of 1759 contained this Supplement. The writer in Fréron's "*Année Littéraire*" says that he knew persons who had seen the manuscript of this Supplement, a statement which it is difficult to reconcile with his previous one, to the effect that no one knew how the "*Essai*" came to be printed. Grimm's "*Correspondence*" (vol. i. p. 344) says that the Supplement was in 1755 believed to be lost, in spite of all the care that had been taken to find it. But it seems doubtful whether these writers really knew anything about the matter.

There still remains the interesting question, who really did write this most remarkable *Essay*, the true "*Cradle of Political Economy*"? The antecedent probabilities are altogether against the idea that a book published in Paris in the middle of the eighteenth century was really written by the man to whom it was attributed. The despotic character of the Government seems to have given rise to a habit of falsifying title-pages to an extraordinary extent, and thus falsifying literary history.

In the one year, 1755, in which the Essay was published, no less than ninety books issued in France, are attributed on the title-pages to the presses of Amsterdam, London, Brussels, Venice, Berlin, Vienna, Cologne, or other cities.*

It was also the practice to conceal the authorship by various devices. Forbonnais wrote under the assumed name of Leclerc, M. du T. . . ., &c. An author often put forward obnoxious opinions in the form of a free translation of some English work, as in the case of Forbonnais' "Le Negociant Anglais," founded on King's "British Merchant." John Cary's "Discourse of Trade" (London, 1745) was converted into an "Essai sur l'Etat du Commerce d'Angleterre" (2 vols. 8vo, Paris, 1755), which, according to Macculloch, is in all respects a more valuable work than the original. One work issued professedly at Leyden in 1754, is falsified in a complicated way, being stated on the title-page to be "Traduction de l'Anglois du Chevalier John Nickolls," the book being called "Remarques sur les Avantages et les Désavantages de la France et de La Grande Bretagne, &c." In the Preface, John Nickolls, under the date "A Londres, 1752," apologizes to that respectable minister of Bristol, Josiah Tucker, for adopting the title and part of the substance of his "Brief Essay on the Advantages and Disadvantages which respectively attend France and Great Britain with Regard to Trade, &c.," first edition, 1750. Now the fact is, there never was such a person as Sir John Nickolls. This is almost sufficiently proved by the fact that we find no entry of his name in that invaluable work of reference, Lawrence Phillip's "Dictionary of Biographical Reference" (Sampson Low, 1871). This is allowed, too, in an advertisement of the book appended to Vol. ii. of the "Discours Politiques" (Amsterdam, 1756, p. 323). The real author is supposed to be Plumart de D'Angoul, but the matter was complicated by the fact that his ingenious adaptation of Josiah Tucker was afterwards translated into English (1 vol. 12mo, London, 1754).

What then would be more probable than that this "Essai sur la Nature du Commerce en Général," might be the work of some ingenious contemporary French Economist, merely attributed by rumour to the popular name of Cantillon, the *manière Anglaise* being adopted because it was then much in favour in France. The title-page is unquestionably false with regard to Fletcher Gyles and the London origin, and believed to be false as regards the asserted translation from an English original. As in the extracts given from Grimm and Fréron, all knowledge as to the existence of a real manuscript, the name of the translator or issuer, &c., is expressly disclaimed, there is ample room for doubting everything. I have tried hard to resolve the mystery, but with doubtful success.

As regards the question of translation, I am not French scholar enough to be able to discriminate between the style of a translation of

* See Emil Weller's "Dictionnaire des Ouvrages Français, portant de fausses indications des lieux d'impression." Leipzig. 1864, vol. ii. p. 141.

an English original, and a French original written by an educated Anglo-Irishman, and it remains only to accept the opinion of all the French authorities that it is a "Traduction Supposée." The authorship might, however, possibly be inferred from intrinsic evidence to which I have given much attention. One fact which it is difficult to explain is the palpable anachronism occurring in the passage already quoted concerning Newton's report on the English currency, which is attributed to the disorder of the currency in *mil sept cent ringt huit*, although Newton died in 1727, and his report was made in 1717. This erroneous date can hardly be a typographical error, as it is given in words at full length, copied into numbers in the base English version. It is impossible to suppose that Richard Cantillon writing, just about the time of Newton's death, or soon after, could fall into an error of this kind, but such confusion would be possible on the part of a French author writing a quarter of a century later.

There is much too in the style of the book, here and there, which raises suspicions as to its being really the finished work of a busy financier. The opening sentence of the book has a metaphysical ring about it: "The land is the matter of riches; labour is the form which produces it." Here is the precise distinction between the material cause and the formal cause, in the Aristotelian philosophy. There is something very scholastic, again, about the foot-note on p. 377, the only one in the whole volume, where, in regard to Newton's remark about silver being the true and sole money, it is added, "*Ici M. Newton sacrifie le fond à la forme.*" Even supposing that there were in existence some manuscripts of the real Richard Cantillon, may not one of the numerous and clever economists of the period of Quesnay have worked these materials up into a consistent treatise, and put the whole off upon Cantillon and Fletcher Gyles.

There are, however, many reasons in favour of believing the "Essai" to be really the work of Richard Cantillon. I have not been able to discover in the book any allusion or other intrinsic evidence of any part of the book having been written later than 1725 or thereabouts, when Cantillon was still living. There is here and there a local colouring drawn from London life. On p. 274 we are told that the London brewers were in the habit of advancing barrels of beer to their publicans at an interest of 500 per cent. per annum, and it is said that they could grow rich even though half their publican creditors became bankrupt. On the next page some facts about the fish-women of Billingsgate (*Revenduses*) are introduced. But there is also plenty of local French colouring. The authors cited are mostly English, namely, Sir W. Petty, D'Avenant, Locke, Halley, Gregory King, Newton. The only French economist whom I remember as being referred to by name is Vauban, whose "*Projet d'une Dime Royale*," published in 1707, is condemned in p. 210. A certain M. Boizard is, however, referred to in p. 137, and an unnamed French author in p. 248.

The best proof, however, of the work being really written by a skilful financier, and not by a literary economist like those who issued such a multitude of small treatises in the time of Quesnay, is found in the intimate acquaintance with the working of commerce displayed throughout the Essay. It is next to impossible that the latter part of the book, especially the third part, could be supposititious. I am not quite so sure about the first part containing the principles adopted by Quesnay. But the book is so consistent and well knit together that if it were a compound and supposititious work like that of "Sir John Nickolls," it would be difficult to admire too much the skill of the economic forger.

And now, if Cantillon's "Essai" be the veritable cradle of Political Economy, what is the nationality of the bantling science? "La Chimie," says M. Wurtz, "est une science française." Lavoisier's immortal "Traité Élémentaire de Chimie" was its cradle. What like conclusion can we draw as to the nationality of economic science? If my careful and laborious inquiries have led to a correct result, I should formulate it thus: The first systematic Treatise on Economics was probably written by a banker of Spanish name, born from an Irish family of the County Kerry, bred we know not where, carrying on business in Paris, but clearly murdered in Albemarle Street. The Treatise was written either in English or French, it is not known which; was first printed in Paris in the guise of a French translation, purporting to be published by Fletcher Gyles over against Gray's Inn in Holborn; was damned in England by a base garbled English re-translation, erroneously attributed to a merchant late of the City of London, perhaps the brother of the author. Except that it was once mistakenly quoted by Adam Smith, it has remained to the present day unknown or entirely misinterpreted in England, while in France it has been explicitly acknowledged to be the source of the leading ideas of the great French school. That French school is known to have formed to a considerable degree the basis of the "Wealth of Nations," and may yet be destined to be recognized, in regard to many of its doctrines, as the true scientific school of economics. The reader can now readily decide in his own mind the question—What is the Nationality of Political Economy?

W. STANLEY JEVONS.

SUICIDAL MANIA.

SUICIDES are annually becoming more common, not in England only, but all over the civilized world. During the last two years there have been special causes at work—failures in trade, agricultural depression, and commercial losses, which have tended to drive men to suicide in ever-increasing numbers. But I do not refer to the last two years only in making the statement that the number of suicides is annually increasing in all civilized countries.

Professor Bertillon, of Paris, in his “*Annales de Démographie Internationale*,” gives some curious details on this subject, and Professor Morselli, the eminent Italian economist, endorses them as correct. Thrown into a tabular form the results of their inquiries are, that in every million of inhabitants, the *increase* in the number of suicides has been the following:—

In Italy	1864 to 1878—	from 30 to 37 annually	
„ Belgium	1831 „ 1876	„ 39 „ 68	„
„ Great Britain and Ireland	1860 „ 1878	„ 66 „ 70	„
„ Sweden and Norway .	1820 „ 1877	„ 39 „ 80	„
„ Austria	1860 „ 1878	„ 70 „ 122	„
„ France	1827 „ 1877	„ 52 „ 149	„
„ Prussia	1820 „ 1878	„ 71 „ 133	„
„ Denmark	1836 „ 1876	„ 213 „ 258	„
„ The United States of North America . .	1845 „ 1878	„ 107 „ 163	„
And in the minor German States, between . .	1835 „ 1878	„ 117 „ 289	„

The increase of population in these countries will only account for a very small part of the increase of suicides, except in the case of the United States.

Men are everywhere becoming more weary of the burden of life. Authorities on sanitation and vital statistics tell us that, of late years, life, the average human life, has been considerably prolonged by great attention to the means of preserving health; yet, concurrent with this improvement, there are a greater impatience of life itself and a great desire to escape its burden.

Women are less prone to commit suicide in Europe than men, and an extensive investigation on the subject has convinced Signor Morselli that the tendency to suicide increases with age, more strongly amongst the unmarried and widowed than amongst the married of both sexes. The following table curiously illustrates this fact:—

Amongst a million of persons of each class in Europe generally, in so far as the returns enabled him to compare them, the following number committed suicide:—

Married men with children	205
Married men without children	470
Widowers with children	526
Widowers without children	1,004
Married women with children	15
Married women without children	158
Widows with children	104
Widows without children	238

Women cling to life much more strongly than men, and that under the most wretched conditions. A childless widow would appear to be far more desolate in the world than a widower similarly situated; yet she bears her loneliness better—doubtless from religious restraints, or from possessing a larger measure of that hope which springs eternal in the human breast.

It is a melancholy proof of the sadness of woman's lot in the East that the proportions of suicides are there reversed. In India more than double the number of women put an end to themselves compared with men, and I have no doubt the same fact holds true of all countries in which polygamy prevails.

So familiar do women become with the suicidal mania in India that they put an end to themselves there on the smallest provocation. Two instances that came within my own experience in Oudh will illustrate this fact.

Rugher was a shopkeeper in the bazaar. He had married Nazi in the days of his poverty. They had laboured together, and success had crowned their efforts. They were comfortable in circumstances; the labour of nine or ten years had not been without recompense. They had two children, a boy and a girl. Everything was happy and prosperous with them, till Rugher determined upon taking another wife. There was nothing contrary to the habits of his caste in doing this, he was merely exercising a common right; but Nazi resented it, and refused to live with him. He appealed to the courts. She had taken

their children, and gone off to live with a sister in a village at some distance. The Court decided that she must give up the children, and return to her husband. Every caste has its own laws and regulations, and Rugher had taken care to conform strictly to the customs of his caste in all that he had done. Nazi gave up the children in obedience to the command of the Court, and appointed a day on which she was to return to Rugher's house. He was to come to meet her. He did come. She had left her sister's house two days before, and had not since been heard of. The usual method of committing suicide in India, particularly amongst the women, is to throw themselves into a deep well; I have no doubt Nazi did so. Search was made for her body, but without success; she doubtless went to a distance to make away with herself.

Every magistrate in India has had experience of cases of attempted suicide. Some poor miserable woman, half-dead, to whom life, with its daily privations and ill-usage, had become intolerable, is taken up from the bottom of a well—a well, perhaps, with only a few feet of water in it—and brought by the police before the nearest magistrate. They are amongst the most painful cases upon which the magistrate has to pass a sentence.

But, as I have said, some of these women attempt to put an end to their existence on the smallest provocation. One case came before me in which the woman's son was playing at a little distance from her door when she had prepared dinner. She called her son to come and partake of the meal—he was about ten years of age. He paid no attention to her call; she called again, and got angry, but still he came not. Instead of taking a switch to chastise the boy for his disobedience, she sat down at the door and said solemnly to him: "My son, your dinner is ready, and I have called you twice; I now call you for the third time, and if you do not come I will throw myself into that well, and my death shall be on your head." But still he came not. She rose, and threw herself into the well. Then there was wild hurry and commotion in the village. She was got out alive, indeed, but bruised and cut. The police arrested her, and brought her up for judgment under a section of the penal code, which provides due punishment for attempted suicide—probably the only offence in any code, an attempt to commit which is penal, whilst the completed crime passes without legal punishment!

Almost all women, all over the East, put an end to themselves, when they desire to do so, by drowning; most frequently in a well, sometimes in a river. This practice extends from Arabia to Japan. In her "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," Miss Bird writes:—

"Suicide appears very common. When a young man and woman wish to marry, and the consent of the parents is refused, they often bind themselves together and drown themselves. This is such a frequent offence that the new code imposes penal servitude for ten years on people arrested in the commission

of it. Women never hang themselves, but, as may be expected, suicide is more common amongst them than amongst men. An acute sense of shame, lovers' quarrels, cruelties practised upon "geishas" (professional singers and dancers) by their taskmasters, the loss of personal charms through age or illness, and even the dread of such loss, are the most usual causes. In these cases they usually go at night and, after having filled their capacious hanging sleeves with stones, jump into a river or a well. I have recently passed two wells which are at present disused in consequence of recent suicides."

How truly Bacon says that "there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death." People have been known to put an end to themselves to escape the pain of tooth-ache, and it was but the other day that a mining engineer, sent out from England to report on the gold-bearing districts of Southern India, committed suicide in Calicut in order to free himself from a pain in his stomach!

The following advertisement appeared in *Le Petit Parisien* last month:—"Suicidal. A young man, to whom life is a burden, has resolved to put an end to himself, but wishes to accomplish his death in the most advantageous manner possible. He places, therefore, the sacrifice of his life at the disposal of any person who, for a suitable sum, would wish to intrust him with an enterprise the issue of which would be necessarily fatal. This offer is very serious. Write to the initials K. R. V., 48, *Poste Restante*, Anvers." There is no punishment in the French code for attempt at suicide.

It is not many months since the French papers reported the case of a *bonne* in Marseilles, who wanted, during the severe frost, to go skating one day, as she had done on former occasions, with her master's daughter. But her master refused, and said they should both remain at home that afternoon. Next morning the *bonne* and her little mistress, who slept in the same room, were both found dead, suffocated by the fumes of charcoal. A note was found on the table in the handwriting of the *bonne*—"You would not let us go out together yesterday. I have taken your daughter with me to a better world." Seeing that the daughter was fourteen years of age, it was rather hard of the *bonne* not to have asked her consent before carrying out this desperate measure of revenge.

Nor is it in France only that passion thus vents itself in the most dreadful crimes. A married woman at Mellenberge, in Hesse Cassel, last year had received an order, through the police, to bring her child, an infant of eight months old, to the public vaccinator, in order that it might be vaccinated. She refused. Another order was sent to her, admonishing her that she would render herself liable to fine and imprisonment if she neglected it. "The child and I will both die together rather than I shall have it vaccinated," said she. And she kept her word. Two days after, the lifeless bodies of both were found in the Fulda. She had murdered her child and taken her own life by drowning rather than obey the order.

Few have adopted a more original remedy for unrequited love than

Carl Hassa, of Mecklenburgh. He had been from home for some time, and, on his return, found his brother engaged to his lady-love. She would have nothing more to do with Carl. "I will put an end to myself," said he at length to her, "if you treat me thus." She laughed, telling him, as she tripped off, that she did not believe he had the courage to put an end to himself. The method he adopted was at once terrible and grotesque. He prepared a slow match, tied himself firmly and securely to a young horse on the farm, and then put the lighted match securely into the horse's ear. The poor animal, maddened with pain, rushed violently and frantically about the farm, dragging the unfortunate Carl after him. It must have been a terrible spectacle. At length, frenzied with the torture of the lighted match, the horse dashed into the adjoining river, where the water was deep and the current rapid. Both horse and man were found drowned there. I suppose the weight of the unhappy man had prevented the horse saving himself by swimming. But so it was. Both of them perished in the Warnow.

The Italian papers of November last report a tragedy that was recently enacted in Rome, somewhat similar to that of Romeo and Juliet, but in low life, in which two suicides resulted from inordinate grief. Moretti, a tailor by trade, was sent to prison on a charge of fraud. His sweetheart called upon the police-officer to ask how long Moretti was likely to be confined. Urged thereto by the girl's mother, who did not favour the match, the police-officer replied that, in all probability, Moretti would be imprisoned for many years. Overwhelmed with grief, and driven thereby to despair, the poor girl put an end to herself by poison. A few days after, Moretti was discharged from custody, the accusation made against him having been proved false. He returned home to find his affianced bride a corpse. Frenzied at the sight he, too, destroyed himself. The lie worked out a double tragedy—

"Beware of desperate means.
The darkest day,
Wait but to-morrow—
Will have passed away."

The motive which led Marie Speiz, of Brünn, to put an end to herself was peculiar and original, although the method she adopted, simple drowning in the Danube, lacked the strangeness of that adopted by Carl Hassa. Marie Speiz was a retailer of sausages in the Krautmarkt. She was an orphan, but an orphan of portentous dimensions. Nor did she, like the fat boy in *Pickwick*, rejoice in her superiority to the rest of mankind in size. In short, she was abnormally fat. It might have been constitutional. It might have been the sausages. But, whatever it was, she lost her life because Banting and his philosophy were equally unknown to her. Her sister was the only relative that she had in Brünn. Marie left her native town, telling her sister that she had got service in the Kaiserstadt, in Vienna. But this was only a pretence. A few days after her departure, her sister got a letter from

Marie through the post. "I can no longer endure it," wrote the poor girl. "Wherever I go, whatever I do, I am always laughed at on account of my corpulence (*Fettigkeit*). Nobody thinks of me except as an object of ridicule. I cannot endure it any longer, dear Gretchen. My body will be found in the Danube." And so it was, near Klosterneuburg. There is something pathetic in the fate of poor Marie Speiz, and yet, if one were to write seriously about it, the reader would probably only laugh, as an unmannerly world in Brunn laughed poor Marie out of existence.

"Suicides increase annually in France, in number, according to certain fixed laws," says M. Brierre de Boismont, who particularly investigated 4,595 cases, as set forth in the records of the police, supplemented by painstaking inquiries of his own. Amongst them were 697 persons of ample and independent fortune, 2,000 who earned sufficient livelihoods by trades or professions, and 256 persons in pecuniary difficulties. It is a vulgar error to suppose that there are more cases of suicide in England than in France; on the contrary, there are 110 cases in France to every 69 which happen in England, although it is quite true that there are more in proportion in London than in Paris. Spain is the country in Europe in which fewest suicides occur, and it will hardly be argued that this results from the superior enlightenment of the Spanish.

M. Littré, a Member of the Academy, a calm and thoughtful scholar, author of the best dictionary of the French language, deliberately states his opinion that suicide is justifiable, on the ground that "every man has a right to his moral liberty." M. Louis Blanc, too, a clear thinker, expresses the cold logical astonishment of a stoic at the fact that "there are people who at the same time forbid suicide and yet approve of capital punishments." But other Frenchmen, of equal celebrity and power of expression, repudiate such opinions, and Chateaubriand takes care to point out that "suicides are always most common in times of national corruption."

In his "Political Suicides in France, from 1789 to the Present Time," M. A. des Etangs gives a surprising number of examples of statesmen who explained their reasons for choosing a voluntary death, many of them with wonderful lucidity and charm of style. Of these instances perhaps the most melancholy was that of M. Prévost-Paradol, who, after stultifying his most brilliant writings by accepting a post under the Second Empire,—that of Minister at Washington,—could not apparently reconcile his own political apostasy to his conscience, and died by his own hand on the 19th of July, 1870. He died just as the Liberal cause, with which his name had always been associated, was on the point of triumphing.

In all countries, but particularly in France, suicides appear to belong to the class of epidemic diseases. It is enough for a single soldier to put an end to himself in barracks, either by fire-arms, the bayonet, the sword, or strangulation, and immediately the tragedy is repeated day by

day, until the regiment is ordered off to new quarters, and the minds of the men are thus amused by fresh ideas, leading to the forgetfulness of the past. Travel appears to be one of the most certain cures for this species of epidemic.

That the tendency to suicide is hereditary is made very clear by the statistics of all countries. Persons of the same family have been known to kill themselves at the same age, in the same way, and in the same or similar places, as their fathers or grandfathers did. It is not easy to find a rational explanation for facts so strange and mysterious as these.

But let us return to the 4,595 cases investigated by M. Brierre de Boismont; he classifies them thus:—1,945 of the suicides were persons of good moral character, respected by their neighbours; 1,454 were bad or doubtful; and of the character and conduct of 1,196 he could not obtain reliable information. Self-destruction by cutting the throat, though rare in France comparatively, is more common than stabbing; opening the veins is less common than either. Suffocation by the fumes of charcoal, and destruction by throwing one's-self from a height, such as the Napoleon Column in the Place Vendôme, or the column on the Place de la Bastille, in Paris, are much more frequent.

It is difficult to arrive at the causes of suicide, either in France or elsewhere. French doctors have observed that a malady known as *tedium vite*, "a mysterious melancholy," is apt to seize upon some of the lightest-hearted amongst them, about the age of thirty. Thus both men and women have been known to fix upon a certain date on which they mean to commit suicide, unless some special event happens. Meantime, the affair is dismissed from their thoughts. Sweethearts have been known to put an end to themselves together, after spending their last francs in a champagne supper, and parties of suicides have even been known to meet together, in order to die in each other's company.

A tendency to look at the dark side of things, encouragement of pessimism, has always a tendency to lead men to suicide, whilst an exaggerated optimism, in speculation, has a similar tendency. Extremes meet: and such extremes of thought prevail at one time in one country, at another time in another. History supplies us with many examples of ages when men appeared naturally to take refuge in self-destruction. Satiety, and consequent weariness of life, all the pleasures of which had been drained to the dregs, appear to have been the causes of the frequency of suicide amongst the luxurious nobles of Rome under the Empire. "The door is always open," said Epictetus: indeed, it was only on condition of this door remaining always open that optimism was possible.

The melancholy and pessimism of the beginning of the present century were fertile in suicides—the students of "Werther," of "René," and of "Obermann," often availed themselves of the open door, whilst the authors of these treatises, Goethe, Chateaubriand, and Senancour lived to a good old age.

The Morgue, an old-established Parisian institution, well known to all

Continental tourists, has been transplanted to the banks of the Spree. Paris has set an example to the other capitals in Europe, by collecting her casual dead in one central depôt, accessible to the general public during certain fixed hours of the day. Berlin has been one of the first to follow this example. But, instead of putting it in a corner, Berlin has placed its Morgue in a beautiful garden belonging to the Veterinary College, where, surrounded by green trees and flowering shrubs, under the principal dissecting-room, there are a number of vaults. "No. 7, the Morgue" is painted on one of them. Five sloping counters are ranged side by side in this apartment, upon which the bodies of the unknown dead are placed when taken from the black dead cart. Snow-white linen cerements are wrapped round the bodies, and printed forms give particulars as to physical marks, sex, and apparent age and cause of death. The wardrobes of the deceased are displayed in the corner. The walls are clean with whitewash, the sloping counters are of a reddish brown, and a certain air of solemnity, if not of awe, pervades the room.

There can be little doubt that the majority of the inhabitants of this chamber have died by their own hands. Over 300 people—men, women, and children—annually put an end to themselves in the capital of Germany. Throughout the kingdom of Prussia the practice of self-murder has increased so rapidly during the last ten years that the annual average has increased from thirteen in the 100,000, to seventeen. The population of Prussia is about 26,000,000; 4,330 died by their own hands last year, of whom 771 were females.

An increase of 30 per cent. in the number of suicides in ten years is a serious matter for the reflection of the German authorities, and that, too, during a period of what ought to have been unexampled prosperity. The compulsory military service system certainly has something to do with it, for many men prefer to seek safety in a sudden and violent death rather than comply with its rigorous provisions. Nor is this all. In the service itself 225 soldiers perished by their own hands. Of the 703 suicides entered in the official tables as "having been committed by reason of unknown motives," and 166 attributed to "weariness of life," there can be little doubt that the great majority sought safety in death from the severity of the military system. A significant fact in connection with these returns is that only six females are entered under the same heading, "weariness of life."

One-fourth of the suicides in Prussia are attributed to insanity, of which a large proportion results from the abuse of alcohol. To the honour of German women let it be recorded that, whilst ninety-eight men are stated to have put an end to themselves in consequence of the excessive use of alcohol, only four women are included in the same category. Family troubles are stated to have led 219 Prussian men and women to shuffle off this mortal coil, whilst jealousy and ill-fortune in love are credited with the deaths of 108 youths and seventy-

three young women. Sorrow for the dead induced seventeen widowers and three widows to put an end to themselves, and yet we call the female the more emotional and sensitive sex! ought it not rather to be called the more sensible? Three hundred and seventy-eight deaths by suicide, of whom one-fourth were of females, are attributed to "repentance, shame, and the stings of conscience;" and incurable diseases are said to have caused 288 to make away with themselves.

As to the method of suicide, unlike the French, the cord and strangulation were used in two-thirds of the whole number. One-fifth perished by drowning, and one-tenth by gunshot wounds, amongst whom were eight females. Seventy-six of both sexes cut their throats, twenty-one opened their veins and bled to death, forty-one threw themselves from great heights, and seven strangled themselves with their own hands—a method of suicide impossible except to the strong and determined. It is surprising to hear of twenty-five octogenarians laying violent hands on themselves in one year. One would think that, as they had been able to endure life for so long, they might have been able to await the great enemy a few months or years more. The suicidal mania is more prevalent everywhere in summer than winter; of all of the professions there was but one in which the number of female suicides exceeded the male, and that was *literature*.

That suicides are annually increasing in number, in greater proportion than the population of the United States, appears to be proved by the statistical tables recently published. The population, however, is increasing so fast in the States that it is not easy to form accurate comparisons. One would think it ought not to be so—that is, in a country of promise, where food and labour are abundant, the suicidal frenzy ought to be diminishing annually, instead of increasing. It would be interesting to know what part religious monomania plays in these American suicides. But the statistics, unfortunately, are by no means carefully or accurately compiled. The Americans themselves attribute the number of suicides to their "high and fine nervous organization," so superior to anything to be found in Europe. This, however, ought to tell as much against, as in favour of, suicidal attempts. The "high and fine nervous organization," if easily depressed, will easily recover and regain its tone. Excessive elation is as bad as excessive depression. There are many instances, well-authenticated, of joy causing insanity and subsequent self-destruction.

Undoubtedly changes of fortune are more common in the States than in Europe. Fortunes are more rapidly accumulated there, and more rapidly lost, by speculation. And, although the stronger natures overcome the feelings induced by these reverses, yet the weaker succumb. The excited forms which religion and "spiritualism" take in America have undoubtedly considerable influence on suicidal mania. The mind is unhinged, and mental disease leads to abnormal developments, just as in hysteria, although most commonly in women.

When the mind has been unhinged and mental disease has set in, want of sleep supervenes. Sudden joy or sudden grief, when immoderate; too great tension or excitement of the nervous system; terror or despair; all these prompt to suicide. Hereditary taint, without any of these predisposing causes, will have the same effect. If the causes be sudden and violent, the effects may be equally so. But if gradual and comparatively slow in their progress, then want of sleep usually plays an important part in the tragedy. Change of scene and foreign travel appear to be amongst the best antidotes.

WM. KNIGHTON.

LATIN CHRISTIAN INSCRIPTIONS.

SOME time ago I called attention, in this REVIEW,* to Greek Christian Inscriptions, and showed their bearing upon early Church History. The kindred subject of Latin Christian Inscriptions opens even a wider field and promises even larger results to the diligent student. And assuredly the student must be both diligent and patient who undertakes to winnow the chaff from the wheat in the immense collections of Latin inscriptions. Thus, while the Christian epitaphs in Boeckh's "Corpus Græcarum Inscriptionum" barely number 1300; De Rossi, in the City of Rome alone, had a few years years ago examined 15,000 inscriptions, the vast majority of which were Latin; and there was then an annual addition of 500 to this number. Again, the literature of the Latin is much more extensive than that of the Greek inscriptions. Boeckh's "Corpus;" Le Bas and Waddington's "Archæological Tour in Asia Minor;" and De Vogue's "Recherches in Central Syria," will give a full view of the Greek monuments; while Boeckh again collects together all his Christian inscriptions, arranging them according to their geographical distribution. But when we come to Latin inscriptions, the student has to face, at least, the eight stout folios of Mommsen's "Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum," the two thick quartos of Le Blant, the four large folios of De Rossi, the numberless volumes of the *Revue Archéologique*, and of the other journals devoted to archaeological research, the works of M. Leon Renier upon Algerian inscriptions, of Spon upon those of Lyons, and of Renan upon Phœnicia.† Again, we have the additional difficulty that in Mommsen's great work the arrangement of the older writers, like Gruter, has been reversed;

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, June 1880, p. 977.

† The reader should consult on this point an article on "Inscriptions" in Smith's "Dictionary of Christian Antiquities." The writer, Professor Churchill Babington, of Cambridge, xhaustive account of all the leading authorities.

the Christian inscriptions are not collected together in distinct sections, but are intermingled with the others; so that the task of hunting up the Christian, amid the thousands of Pagan inscriptions, is something like the proverbial looking for a needle in a bundle of straw. I need scarcely say it is not possible, within the space of one article, or even many such, to give an exhaustive analysis of this vast material. In fact, it would scarcely be within the power of any one man to do so. I can only hope to bring forward some specimens of the riches hidden therein which I have come across in my own studies, and which may, in turn, help to direct more attention to this important subject. Here let me offer two preliminary observations. First, then, as to the origin of all Christian inscriptions, whether Latin or Greek. We may on this matter at once take our stand at Rome and consult De Rossi, for it is at Rome that the earliest Christian inscriptions have been found. M. Renan, by his brilliant though very misleading Hibbert Lectures, has done good service in recalling attention to the position of the Jewish colony at Rome, and the close connection between it and the early Christian Church. This fact, patent upon the face of the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistle to the Romans, has of late received additional confirmation. We have now abundant evidence proving that the custom of placing inscriptions over their dead, the terminology and symbolism of the inscriptions, the excavation of catacombs, were all derived by the early Roman Christians from the Jewish colony;—that in fact the Christians continued to bury just as their Jewish forefathers at Rome had done before them. A glance at the early inscriptions, taken out of the four Jewish cemeteries at Rome, as published by Ascoli and Schürer,* will show that the palm branch, the vine leaves, the grapes, the chalice of the Christian epitaphs all find a place on the Jewish as well as the Christian monuments; while as to language, both classes are couched in Greek or Latin, the solitary Hebrew word *Salem* of the one finding its translation in the *Pax* of the other. Nay, farther, in their Conservatism, the Christians retained a symbol which for them must have had no meaning, but which has given rise to much misapprehension. On many epitaphs a forceps or pincers has been discovered. This has usually been regarded as one of the instruments of torture, and thus as a symbol of martyrdom. Upon the Jewish monuments, however, the same mark has been found in conjunction with the distinctively Jewish symbol of the seven-branched candlestick, whose forceps or snuffers it doubtless was. This circumstance, while it dissipates some legendary martyrdoms, reflects interesting light upon one of De Rossi's theories. He strongly maintains the antiquity, reaching back even to Apostolic times, of some, at least, of the catacombs—specially that of St. Lucina. As soon as Christians existed at all, as a distinct body, and specially

* "Inscrizioni di Antichi Sepolcri Giudaici del Napolitano." Ed. da G. L. Ascoli, Torino, 1880. "Die Gemeinde Verfassung der Juden in Rom in der Kaiserzeit." Von E. Schürer, Leipzig, 1879.

when the rich and noble began to join their ranks, they constructed catacombs as their Jewish forefathers had already done, wherein Jewish symbolism as a matter of course found a natural place. If their construction, however, did not take place till, say the beginning of the third century, the use of Jewish symbolism would have been impossible.

The language, too, used in the inscriptions, Jewish and Christian alike, is noteworthy. It is at times Greek, at times Latin, at times Greek in Latin letters. In fact, among European Jews the use of Hebrew on their monuments is an indication of a comparatively late date. The Jews at Rome belonged to the Dispersion; they were Hellenists; they used Greek and Latin names, often concealing their Hebrew names under a Greek translation; and with the Christians exactly the same features appear. It is remarkable, indeed, that while there are numerous Latin inscriptions among the laity, those belonging to the Bishops of Rome are all in Greek for the first three centuries. This throws considerable light on the origin of Roman Christianity. The Jewish colony was clearly the basis on which Roman Christianity was built; but the dominating element therein was not Latin, but Greek-speaking, and that from the very beginning. In Pagan Rome it was not so. Greek became fashionable in Pagan Rome in the second century, under the auspices of the Antonines, of the philosophers, and of the Eastern cults which then held sway. Thus in Greek Justin Martyr addressed his Apologies to the Emperor. In Greek Marcus Aurelius published his Meditations. In Greek wrote Musonius Rufus and all the other philosophers of the age save Apuleius. "Greek became in the second century the philosophical language of Rome," says M. Boissier; and he assigns as the reason for this change that "Roman philosophy wished to become cosmopolitan, not provincial or local; that Greek was most widespread, the language of the nations most intelligent, most accessible to new ideas; that Latin, in fine, as Cicero had already confessed in his oration for Archias, was a limited and local, Greek a universal language." This, it will be observed, was not the case in the first century; Latin was not only the language of the court, executive and people, but also of philosophy and literature—the language of Seneca, Quintilian, Pliny, as well as of Virgil, Horace, and Ovid. But from the beginning the ecclesiastical language of the Roman Church was Greek; and so were all her official letters, like those of Clement to the Corinthians; and so were her earlier literature and liturgy. This fact, indeed, is so universally acknowledged, that the late Cardinal Wiseman founded on it an ingenious argument proving, that the *Italic* version of the New Testament was made in North Africa, and not in Rome or Italy. The change from Greek to Latin took place about the age of Constantine. The Greek element of the Roman Christian population was then naturally attracted to Constantinople, whereupon the Church service at Rome was translated from the dead Greek into the living Latin,

* "La Relig. Rom. d'Auguste aux Antonines," t. ii. p. 115.

or perhaps it would be more correct to say, that the Greek service was dropped while the Latin service which had grown up by its side for the use of Latin-speaking converts quietly took its place. Still, even so late as the ninth century, we can trace clear survivals of the more primitive Greek use in the Roman Ritual. In manuscripts of the Gregorian Sacramentary dating from that period, one question to the catechumen desiring baptism runs thus: "In what language do men confess the Lord Jesus Christ?" whereupon an acolyte responds, "In Greek." Then follows the creed in Roman letters, but in the Greek language, to enable the illiterate assistant to repeat it. To this day, indeed, we find a relic of the same early use in the fact that when the Pope presides at high mass the Gospel is read in Greek as well as in Latin.* (De Rossi, "*Rom. Sott.*" ii. 237; cf. Caspari's "*Quellen zur Geschichte des Taufsymbols*" iii. 451.) But though the official language of the Church was Greek, though Christianity first and most naturally seized hold of the Greek-speaking part of the population, yet it was ever more and more aggressive, and daily gained fresh accessions from the Latin-speaking majority. Some of its first conquests, too, were made from that proud old Roman nobility which clung to the national language, and loved to patronize the historians and poets and wits who used it. We therefore find that the earliest catacombs were excavated by members of that same nobility, while many of the most ancient monuments record in Latin and not in Greek the memory of themselves and of their dependents.

We now proceed to offer some specimens of the rich treasures of history, the vivid illustrations of life in its various phases, social, religious, and political, which Latin inscriptions yield to the diligent searcher.

I. They show, for instance, how rapidly and thoroughly Christianity permeated Roman society, especially in its highest ranks. In 1774 a tablet was discovered at Rome, commemorating the grant of a piece of land by one Iallius† Bassus, First Commissioner of Works in the year 161. This monument is now in the Vatican Museum. About sixteen years ago one of the most accomplished archaeologists of France, M. Leon Renier, discovered in Bulgaria a tablet erected in honour of this very Iallius Bassus, who, in that year, A.D. 161, was appointed by the Emperor Antoninus Pius imperial legate in Moesia (*Corp. Ins. Lat.* t. iii. p. 2, Num. 6169). The family of the Bassi are a wonderful instance of the stability of the ancient Roman nobility during all the changes and revolutions of the empire. They must,

* Another interesting trace of the survival of the ancient Greek rite in Italy is noted in the work lately published by Harnack and Gebhardt on the "*Codex Rossanensis*," discovered by them last March in Southern Italy. They tell us that at the Cathedral of Rossano the Gospel on Palm Sunday was read in Greek till the middle of the last century.

† This name Iallius has given rise to some controversy as being hitherto unknown. It has been also discovered by General Creuly in Algeria upon an inscription of cent. iv. Cf. *Rev. Archéol. nouv. sér.* t. xii. 416, xiii. 63, and is received without scruple by Mommsen, *Rev. Archéol.* t. xiii. 186.

indeed, have regarded with contempt the obscure adventurers who from time to time climbed the dizzy height of imperial sway. The family of the Bassi was already distinguished in the first century. From the inscriptions we learn that in its closing years a Pomponius Bassus was recalled by Trajan from the government of Cappadocia and Galatia to undertake the management of his new poor-law system. A century later we find another Pomponius Bassus marrying the grand-daughter of Antoninus Pius—Annia Faustina; while in Clinton's *Fasti* the name appears in the list of consuls from the beginning of the third to the middle of the fifth century. Iallius Bassus must thus have had great aristocratic influence through his own family. But we learn, in addition, that he married Clementina, a descendant, probably, of Vespasian, or a member, at least, of the great Flavian family; which had retired into private life upon the murder of Domitian, to enjoy the wealth and station which a long possession of imperial power must have conferred—secure under the wise and firm government of the great emperors who reigned from Trajan to Marcus Aurelius. Here comes in our illustration of Church progress. Just about the time when Renier made his discovery in Bulgaria, De Rossi was excavating the crypt of S. Lucina at Rome; and there he found an inscription in memory of "Iallius Bassus and Catia Clementina his wife, and of Iallia Clementina their daughter. *In peace.*" Elius Clemens, son of Iallia Clementina, is also mentioned, but in such a manner as leads De Rossi to conclude that he remained a Pagan. It is thus clear that Iallius Bassus became a Christian after his government of Moesia; and as no other monuments have been discovered about him, we may suppose his conversion happened soon after that period.* His Christianity, of course, prevented him accepting any public office, as an oath most offensive to the Christian conscience stood on the very threshold of all State employment. Iallius Bassus is thus an instance of the way in which the Gospel was penetrating the highest Roman society under Marcus Aurelius. It is also noteworthy that Christianity seems to have been hereditary in certain noble circles at Rome, which were all connected more or less with Pomponia Graccina and Flavius Clemens, the earliest converts to the foreign or Jewish superstition mentioned by Tacitus. De Rossi has conjectured that the catacomb of S. Lucina was made by Pomponia Graccina herself; Lucina being simply the name adopted at her baptism, in reference to her spiritual illumination in that sacrament. She lived, as Tacitus tells us (*Ann.* xiii. 32), till near the end of the first century, her conversion to Christianity probably

* Christianity made rapid progress in Moesia under the Antonines. Thus in the Greek Martyrology—Basil's Menology—which was compiled in mediæval times out of early material, we find one Mehtina commemorated on Sept. 15. Her martyrdom took place at Marcianopolis in Moesia, near Odessa, in the reign of Antoninus, under a governor Antiochus. Her sufferings converted the governor's wife and many of the people. There was an organized church in Moesia in the Diocletian persecution. Cf. *Maximus Iector and Martyr*, April 23, Bolland: *Acta Sanct.*, April. ii. 127. The Latin inscriptions thus corroborate the Greek and Latin martyrologies.

dating from A.D. 41; as Mr. Lewin has shown in his life of St. Paul, t. ii. p. 393, where he also points out her influence on the then nascent Christianity of England. Her name, *Graecina*, is very rare, if not unknown, in Roman nomenclature. It was probably derived from her attachment to Greek studies and philosophy, presenting another instance of the preparation of the world for Christ through Greece. All these facts receive most interesting illustration from De Rossi's discovery, in the cemetery of S. Lucina, of inscriptions to members of the families of the Pomponii Bassi and of the Pomponii Graecini, dating from the end of the second century. In the same aristocratic cemetery, as De Rossi calls it (*l.c.* t. ii. p. 364), he has also discovered epitaphs belonging to the Cecilian, Emilian, and Cornelian families. These families, as he shows by an ingenious argument, were connected by marriage or adoption with that of Pomponia Graecina, who herself, in turn, was either a descendant of Atticus, the friend of Cicero, or a close connection of his family. All these instances, and they might be multiplied, show that the seed sown in apostolic times in the highest circles of Roman society was not in vain. Indeed, during the third century the work of conversion went on so rapidly as to hamper the action of the Empire. There were so many retirements from public life arising from Christian conviction, that some difficulty was experienced in filling up the offices of State. But, it may be objected, if there were so many conversions of persons holding senatorial rank, how is it we hear of no martyrdoms among them in the second century? To this there are many replies. There was no real, thorough-going persecution like that of Decius or Diocletian during the second century. Again, those Christian senatorial families were all of very high rank, some of them standing very near the throne—De Rossi has noted quite a group of the descendants of Antoninus Pius in the cemetery of S. Lucina—and their position and influence shielded them. Then, too, when their conversion took place, they would naturally retire as far as possible, perhaps to distant country-houses, away from public view, where their faith escaped notice. And yet, though the conversions in certain circles were so numerous, the Roman nobility as a body seem to have been one of the great strongholds of Paganism long after Christianity had seated itself on the throne of the Cæsars. Thus they retained Pagan customs and practices long after they had disappeared in other places. It was not till the closing years of the fourth century that the altar of Victory was finally removed from the Senate House at Rome. Even then Greek culture and Greek religion, though dead, as already shown, in Christian, must still have been flourishing in Pagan circles; for we find at that very time the most accomplished of Pagan orators, Libanius, writing about Rome in rapturous tones to Jovianus, one of his correspondents, describing it as "a portion not of earth, but of heaven." While, even till the middle of the fifth century, a very strong and influential Pagan party must have held sway there, as a statue was

then erected in Trajan's Forum to a certain Merobaudes, the inscription of which is still extant. He was a successful general and poet, but a thorough-going Pagan. By the industry of Niebuhr fragments of his poems have been recovered and published in the Bonn edition of the Byzantine writers. In them he laments the decay of the old religion, attributes thereto the ruin of the empire, and almost hurls the old charge of atheism against Christianity.

The inscriptions which we have quoted illustrate the progress of the gospel during the second century. But modern research has carried us back further. De Rossi, in his work on the Christian inscriptions of Rome prior to the sixth century, presents us with two or three brief ones only, belonging to the first century, containing no special information. In Pompeii, however, about twenty years ago, was discovered the following, which will be found numbered 679 in t. iv. "Corp. Inscrip. Lat." It runs thus, "*Igni gaude Christiane*"—*Rejoice in the fire, Christian*. It was scribbled in charcoal, like some others of the most celebrated, on the wall of a soldier's guard-house, or some such building. It has now disappeared; and, of course, as we depend on copies of it, there has been much diversity of opinion upon its meaning. The editor of the "Corpus," however, after all deductions, allows that the word *Christiane* does distinctly appear. This inscription is very important in many respects. It is the earliest distinctly referring to Christianity. It proves that though Tacitus and similar writers regarded Christianity as simply a branch of Judaism, yet the populace, with a truer instinct, already viewed it as a distinct body. It confirms by a contemporaneous record the persecution of the Christians by Nero. It tends to refute the opinion held by many, Gibbon among the rest, that the persecution of Nero did not extend beyond the walls of Rome. Then, too, it illustrates the rapid spread of the gospel among the provincial towns of Italy. In Acts xxviii. 13, we are told that St. Paul found Christians at Puteoli. Here, now, ten or fifteen years later, we find them a few miles distant, at Pompeii, the other side of the Bay of Naples. How clearly, too, it witnesses to the new spirit—the spirit of self-sacrificing charity, which Christianity was pouring into the exhausted heart of humanity. Let the impartial reader take up the pages of Tacitus, and study the times as there described; let him read carefully, as the highest and best products of the age, the cold powerless moralizings of Seneca, and then turn to this brief record, "*Rejoice in the fire, Christian*." And what a change in the moral atmosphere is at once manifest! The soul's spiritual fibres are at once braced. We are no longer breathing the air of a moral pest-house, where men admire virtue, and perhaps mention self-denial, but can never bring themselves to practise it, because they hold firmly that most modern of ethical discoveries—"the good is always the pleasurable." We have got away to the breezy mountain tops, where men are morally strong again; where they can dare everything for Christ's sake and

gladly suffer even the tortures of fire in the power of His love. This last inscription corroborates then the Acts of the Apostles as to the steady progress of the Gospel in the provincial towns of Italy as well as in the capital.

The study, again, of even the purely civil or pagan inscriptions will shed much light on the manner in which the gospel spread from land to land. Thus they show how many avenues of communication were opened by means of the army, and confirm those ancient traditions which, as in the case of Longinus, the centurion who stood by the Cross, and that other Longinus, the soldier who pierced the Lord's side, represent soldiers amongst the earliest missionaries and martyrs of the Cross. Yet the opportunities open to the spread of the gospel were not so numerous, as one might have thought, under the Roman military system, where changes of large bodies of troops from one country to another were not so frequent as under our own. The legions usually remained in the same district for many years; the *Legio Fulminata*, for instance, was stationed in Cappadocia from the first to the fifth century. Thus Renan gives, in his "*Mission de Phénécie*," p. 34, a bilingual (Latin and Greek) inscription of cent. iii., erected at Aradus, to a certain centurion of the Third Gallic and the Tenth Fretensian Legions, which were long cantoned in Palestine. At the same time, upon sudden emergencies, troops were necessarily hurried from one part of the empire to another. Thus, on this same monument the Third Augustan Legion is mentioned, though its usual quarters were Algeria. But whilst the legions themselves were seldom moved, the centurions seem to have been often changed from one legion to another. The inscription just quoted proves this. A more striking example still is given by Renier from Troesmis, now Iglitza, in Bulgaria, where he found a monument erected to one Tiberius Claudius, a native of Syria, whose career led him in the process of exchange twice round the Roman world. He first joined the legion called *Decima Gemina*, in Upper Pannonia; then successively the Fourth Flavian, in Moesia; the Twelfth Thundering, in Cappadocia; the Third Cyrenaic, in Arabia; and the Tenth Fretensian, in Judea. He then returned to Pannonia to join the Second Auxiliary Legion; and finally died, aged fifty-six, when serving in the Fifth Macedonian, on the Lower Danube.* Here, however, it may be said, how could the gospel spread through the army? Was not military service impossible for Christian men, on account of the preliminary oath, and the heathen ceremonial practised from time to time?

It certainly would have been so, if military discipline had been on all occasions rigidly enforced as it sometimes was, when occurred those sporadic military martyrdoms now and then met with quite apart

* Some names of towns, as Leen in Spain and Kaerleon in England, are derived from the legions once stationed there. Of course the camp necessitated camp followers, who by degrees developed themselves into a municipality. In some places the legions established manufactures. Thus at Strasburg the Eighth Legion founded a tile factory, and all tiles from Roman times discovered there bear their mark. The industry in the seventh century passed into the hands of the Bishop of Strasburg. ("Le Plant. Diss.," 350.)

from any general or State persecution. A martinet or superstitious commander by simply enforcing the legal standard of discipline could demand Pagan observances on pain of death. But usually, and specially in places far from the centre, in those distant border provinces where war was the normal condition of affairs, a *modus vivendi* was devised whereby the services of such reliable soldiers could be retained. If, indeed, military service were utterly impossible for Christians, how are we to account for such legends as that of the *Legio Fulminata*, to which even Tertullian witnesses, or of the Theban Legion a century later? As we have mentioned the Thundering Legion, we may also notice a curious confirmation its celebrated story receives from a lately discovered inscription. The legend is well known. Marcus Aurelius, during his campaign against the Quadi, was thrown with his army into a situation of extreme peril. The burning sun shone full into the faces of the soldiers, who suffered the pangs of intolerable thirst; the enemy, at the same time, were every moment threatening an attack. In this extremity the Twelfth Legion, composed entirely of Christian soldiers, fell upon their knees; their prayer was followed by copious rain, and by a thunderstorm which dispersed their enemies. In commemoration of this event the Emperor gave those soldiers the name of the Thundering Legion, and, at the same time, ceased to persecute the Christians. This story, notwithstanding its many anachronisms and improbabilities, gained wide credence at the beginning of the third century, some forty years after the event, chiefly through the writings of Tertullian. Others, on the contrary, as, of course, Gibbon, have thrown contempt on the whole of it. The truth, however, seems to lie as usual in the mean. The great difficulties of the story are these: The *Legio Fulminata* enjoyed this title long before the reign of Marcus Aurelius, from the days of Nero even; and therefore the story is so far mistaken. Again, the *Legio Fulminata* was usually, as already stated, stationed in Cappadocia, from the campaigns of Vespasian and Titus, when it was distinguished at the siege of Jerusalem, down to the middle of the fifth century. Here, however, the testimony of our Latin inscriptions can be adduced. In an article in the *Revue Archéologique*, t. x. nouv. sér., p. 386, M. François Lenormant, a frequent contributor to this Review, and one of the highest archaeological authorities, has published an inscription belonging to a veteran, one Marcus Cælius, of the Thundering Legion. This was discovered outside the gate of Patras in Greece, together with another belonging to the Eleventh or Claudian Legion, which also took part in the same great Barbarian War. Lenormant justly regards this coincidence as a complete proof of the co-operation of the Thundering Legion in the struggles with the Quadi, which must have been a life and death one for the empire. We may say in explanation of the Christian legend—which will be found in Tertullian, ("Apologet.," c. 5, and "Ad Scapulam," c. 4), as also in Eusebius ("Hist. Eccles.," v. 5)—that it probably contained a basis of truth. It is almost certain that

a legion encamped for a century at least in Asia Minor must have contained a large body of Christians.* These Christians would certainly pray in their extremity, and would as certainly look upon the relief granted as an answer to their prayer. On their return home they would report it as a miraculous deliverance, and thus the story may have become current in the Church, and particularly in North Africa, where monumental records have been found testifying that this legion had also occasionally served in Egypt and Syria. The title, too, *Fulminata*, by which the legion was technically known, easily accommodated itself to the legend. Devout Christians of any age, and especially in the third century, did not make a close study of the Army List. The technical name in Asia Minor for the Twelfth Legion would be as unknown to the Faithful of Tertullian's time in Africa, as that of a regiment of Bombay Fusileers or of Sikh Rifles to an ordinary Christian dwelling in the Highlands of Scotland or the moors of Yorkshire. These Latin inscriptions, then, we conclude, clear up and confirm events and narratives in Church history, against which the keenest shafts of an envenomed criticism have been hitherto discharged.

But they do much more. The Bishop of Durham, in the second volume of Smith's "Dictionary of Christian Biography," has bestowed a most exhaustive monograph upon the life and writings of Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea. Eusebius is a special favourite with that learned prelate, as he sufficiently showed in the controversy maintained in the columns of this Review with the writer of "Supernatural Religion." Dr. Lightfoot has always upheld the strict historical accuracy of Eusebius. In this respect the Latin inscriptions completely sustain him. Let us take one instance. In the Acts of Pope Urban as given by the Bollandists *AA. SS. Mai.* vi. 11, a certain pious lady, Marmenia, is mentioned. She buried the body of that martyr in the earlier part of the third century. In the Catacombs the name Armenia has been discovered. De Rossi conjectures that this, and not Marmenia, was the true name of the lady who buried the Pope in her own catacomb. The Armenian *Gens* does not often occur in Roman history. Marini, in his work on the "Monuments of the Arval Brothers," notes an Armenius Peregrinus, who probably was Consul in A.D. 244. The most curious point about them is this: the whole family belonged to the town of Comana in Cappadocia, where they were the hereditary priests of the goddess Mâ, or Bellona, whose licentious worship had been transported thither, as they said, by Orestes and Iphigenia, whence it was brought by Sulla to Rome just at the same time as Pompey was introducing the kindred worship of Mithras. On their own part they claimed descent from Pelops through Orestes and Agamemnon. They can certainly be traced at Comana for five centuries, as one of the family is mentioned as still living there

* In Basil's "Menology," under May 24, we find a confirmation of this view. Meletius, a Roman general, and one thousand two hundred soldiers are there commemorated as martyrs. They suffered in Galatia during the reign of Antoninus, by command of a Governor Maximus.

under the Emperor Leo in the fifth century. It is very interesting to observe how elect souls like this Roman lady were thus gathered into the Christian fold, even out of such corrupt surroundings. Let us advance, however, a century farther. The great Diocletian persecution burst forth in the earliest part of the fourth century; and here again the *Gens Armenia* appears, not now as Christian, but in its more natural character of persecutor. "In no country," says Dr. Lightfoot, "did the persecution rage more fiercely than in Egypt. Here, in the Thebaid, the Christians perished ten or twenty, even sixty or a hundred at a time. Eusebius relates ("H. E.," viii. 9) how he himself, when he was in those parts, witnessed numerous martyrdoms in a single day, some by beheading, others by fire, the executioners relieving each other by relays in their hideous work and the victims eagerly pressing forward to be tortured, clamouring for the honour of martyrdom and receiving their sentence with joy and laughter." An inscription recorded by L'Etronne, and some Coptic documents in the Vatican, shed interesting light upon this topic. The Edict of Diocletian, ordering the persecution, inflicting death upon the clergy especially, and commanding the rebuilding of the temples from Alexandria to Syene, was directed, according to these Coptic manuscripts ("Georgii, de Miraculis S. Coluthi," pref. p. cxvii.), to a certain Armenius, just then prefect of Egypt. This man has left us a record of his visit to the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes in an inscription recorded by L'Etronne. He describes himself as "Armenius, son of Armenius the Cappadocian, of the race of Orestes, Prefect of Egypt." It is no wonder, then, that the bloody work was vigorously prosecuted in Egypt, when the chief agent therein was one officially bound up with the most licentious rites of ancient paganism. To a mind, also, educated as his had been, there would appear nothing very terrible in the punishment of the *Lupanaria*, one of the worst ever devised by the wickedness of man, and so largely used against Christian virgins in this persecution; for at Comana prostitution was a regular part of the worship of the goddess *Mâ*, and none of the daughters of the place were permitted to marry till they had submitted to it (Maury, "Relig. de la Grèce," t. iii. 171). We may just remark, in passing, that few books on this subject will better repay study than that of L'Etronne's "Egyptian Inscriptions." It pictures vividly for us, how very modern were the spirit and the fashions of the Empire. In perusing its records of a far distant past, we might easily imagine ourselves reading the pages of the visitors' book at the Riffelberg, or the König Stuhl, or deciphering the almost illegible carvings of the British excursionist on a Bank holiday.

Not merely, however, concerning Egypt, but also about the persecution in other places, do Latin inscriptions confirm the narrative of Eusebius. Dodwell, two hundred years ago, created a great controversy in historical circles by his celebrated treatise, "*De Paucitate Martyrum*." We must indeed feel inclined to sympathize with his scepticism when we glance over the pages of the "*Roman Martyrology*," recording as it does

a dozen martyrdoms at least upon every day of the year, with a note to each, stating that on the same day very many other martyrs suffered in divers places. It might be well believed that the industry of martyrologists had ferreted out every martyr that ever existed, and many that never existed at all. Of late years, however, this view has received a decided check. The discovery by Mr. Wright, among the Nitrian MSS. in the British Museum, of a Syriac martyrology, written and dated at the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century, has revealed to us many names of martyrs hitherto unknown; while again, in Africa, where, as Eusebius tells us, "the number of martyrs exceeded all computation" ("H. E.," viii. 6), the Bishop of Constantina and his Archæological Society have discovered the monuments of Diocletian martyrs whose sufferings have been nowhere recorded. Their names were, Innocentius, Nivalis, Matrona, Salvus, Justus, and Decurius. They died on June 11th, "in the days of offering incense," under Florus the President, whose fame as a cruel persecutor is well established.

De Rossi, in his *Bulletino*, 1875-1877, has articles on these precious memorials of the Great Persecution; for, though so very extensive and thorough in its operations, the extant contemporary monuments thereof are not very numerous. The inscriptions concerning martyrdoms dating from the fourth century are indeed chiefly due to Pope Damasus, the friend and correspondent of St. Jerome. He devoted himself to the work of restoring and adorning the Catacombs, erecting inscriptions in honour of the martyrs in a peculiarly beautiful character, known to students of Christian archæology as the Damasine character. But though the work of Pope Damasus in the Catacombs testifies to the strength of Christianity in one portion of the Roman population, there are clear proofs that during his episcopate paganism was equally flourishing at Rome; nay farther, that there was what we might call a decided reaction in its favour. In many minds the last struggle of paganism is connected with the attempt of Julian. But, as a matter of fact, it died much harder. Thus in 1835, an inscription was recovered at Rome, recording that Vettius Prætextatus—who had been Proconsul of Achaia under Julian, and had doubtless recommended himself to that far-seeing and most vigilant administrator by his zeal for the ancient religion—restored in the year 367 the statues of the *Dii Consentes* in the Mint, or Temple of Saturn, adjoining the Capitol. Yet at that very time there were severe penal laws against heathen worship; and bishops in East and West alike were engaged in destroying the temples or converting them into churches. But we are not surprised at this revival of Roman paganism, when we learn that just a few months before, October 26, 366, Pope Damasus, the chief official of Roman Christianity, burst into the Liberian Basilica with an armed mob and slew one hundred and sixty of his opponents of both sexes. Pope Damasus was a munificent patron of literature and art, he was an ardent supporter of that monasticism upon which all the religious enthusiasm of the Church

was then centring ; but his religion was formal, worldly, devoid of all true spiritual power, and we therefore cannot wonder that paganism rather flourished than decayed under his rule. Indeed, within ten years of his death, in A.D. 394, paganism showed its inherent vitality in another reaction which, for the time, was just as complete as that under Julian ; since it succeeded a second time in seizing upon the imperial throne in the person of the usurper Eugenius. In the *Revue Archéologique* for 1868, M. Ch. Morel published an unknown but most interesting memorial of this reaction, in the shape of an anonymous poem which he disinterred from among the vast treasures of the "Bibliothèque Nationale." It mentions the perversions to paganism which then took place, the new temples which were erected, and gives an authentic description of the curious rites of the *Tauropolium*, a ceremonial wherein the warm blood of a bull was used to wash off the taint of Christian baptism, the victim being slain upon planks placed over a pit in which the pagan neophyte was standing.

As the labours of French students have thus specially illustrated this field of study, affording, as it does, ample room for the display of that brilliancy and fertility of invention and imagination which characterize their race ; so, too, have they found in France itself ample materials on which to exercise their faculties. For, though its Christian inscriptions cannot rival those of Rome in antiquity, yet they present many points of equal interest.

The Gallic inscriptions, for instance, throw light on the rapid progress of monasticism in the fourth and fifth centuries. That progress was intimately connected with the great Trinitarian controversy ; in which the monks as a body took the orthodox side, and received in turn the enthusiastic support of S. Athanasius. It is no wonder, then, that Gaul, where Athanasius found refuge in his exile, offered a good soil for the development of their system. The religious spirit of the times, too, favoured it. All the worldly-wise, the easy-going, the less profound thinkers, the more common-sense minds, as it would seem, took of course the side of Arianism, specially as being the religion of the Court. But for enthusiasts, such as Athanasius, or Hilary of Poitiers, men for whom the present world was but a veil hiding eternal realities, men for whom the thought and being of God was the very life of their souls, monasticism presented the fitting outlet for that ascetic zeal which their opponents despised as fanaticism. Thus we often find inscriptions commemorating married bishops, who, however, were either widowers, or else lived apart from their wives. Le Blant (t. i., Inscriptions ii. and iii.) commemorates Gregory and Tetricus, father and son, who were successively bishops of Langres, in the middle of the sixth century. The former had previously been governor of Autun. "First a stern judge, then a pious priest," as his monument calls him. But, as the case of S. Ambrose shows, such transformations were frequent from early times. So frequent, indeed, had they become in the

beginning of the fifth century, that a Pope had to condemn them most sternly. But even in the fourth century the same disturbance of family life and of conjugal relations found place in Gaul. Hilary of Poitiers was a married man. Yet he not merely led a monastic life, but also from his distant exile in the East exhorted and entreated his daughter, Abra, to reject a young man whom she loved, and to espouse, as he puts it, the celestial bridegroom by embracing celibacy. This view soon shows its influence on the Inscriptions. Religion and monasticism soon became convertible terms. Thus, in 431, nuns are called "women consecrated to God." A century later they are "the religious." We find (Le Blant, *Dissert.* 57) a marble of Lyons commemorating, A.D. 454, a certain "Primulus, a servant of God, who died in peace, aged seventy-five years, being bound in religion." Again (*Diss.* 436), another belonging to A.D. 491, discovered in the court of a convent at Vienne, celebrates one "Severianus, who undertook the obligation of religion with a fervent mind;" while another of the year 552 (*Diss.* 47), describes one Maria as "venerable in religion." Indeed, the monks were held in such high repute in Gaul at the beginning of the fifth century, that bishops began to use their distinctive vestments of a cloak and girdle. Thus we find Pope Celestine writing on July 25, 428, to the Bishops of Vienne and Narbonne, reproving them for affecting such a dress when they were not monks. In this letter he uses words which seem clearly to imply (as the Benedictine Ceillier, "*Ant. Eccles.*," viii. 129, says), that even in the celebration of Divine offices the bishops and clergy of his time wore no distinctive vestments, but merely the finest and best of their ordinary garments. "Why change (he writes) the custom of the Gallic churches practised so many years by such great prelates? we should be distinguished from the people by doctrine, not by vestments; by conversation, not by dress; by purity of mind, not by externals: the faithful should be taught, not amused; neither should their eyes be imposed upon, but rather their minds interested." Indeed, even in the next century, Fulgentius, a celebrated Bishop of Ruspe in Northern Africa, refused, A.D. 508, to wear any special episcopal vestments in the celebration even of the Mysteries; using merely his ordinary monastic costume, a white or black cloak, a linen scarf round his neck, and a leathern girdle round his loins, saying that the heart and not the clothes needed changing. A consideration of these facts might have tended to moderate the violence of some modern controversies. The social life of the early Christians receives many another illustration from these inscriptions. We find, for instance, traces in them of early liturgical forms. Thus at Vercelli, at Naples, at Rimini, Le Blant (*Dissert.* 392) finds Job xix. 25 used as it is still alike in the Reformed and Roman funeral services. Practices and customs, too, still lingering among us are seen from these inscriptions to be derived from the Roman empire. Dean Stanley, for instance, in his book on Westminster Abbey, points out that the Treasury of England has ever been connected

with that ancient sanctuary. To this day the pyx or legal standard for our coinage is kept there, and is regularly inspected by the Treasury officials. On the door, too, of the Treasure House can still be seen fragments of the skin of some unhappy monks convicted of plundering the royal treasures.* We have already noticed that the mint at Rome was connected with the temple of Saturn and the statues of the *Dii Consentes*. Upon the conversion of the empire the function of the temples was in this respect naturally enough transferred to the churches. Valentinian, striving to restrain the exactions of the revenue officials, ordained that stone and bronze measures and weights should be placed in the towns and villages, that every one might see what they ought to pay; while Justinian still further ordered that these standards should be kept for safety in the most sacred church of every city. This custom explains the meaning of the following inscription on a bronze vase in the library of Strasbourg:—"Septimius Theodotus, Corrector of Venetia and Istria: *exact.*" This vase was one of those standard and exact measures.†

Communion, again, in one kind was not the law of the Gallic Church in the fifth century, when S. Remigius placed the following inscription upon a chalice so large and valuable that it sufficed to ransom captives from the plundering Normans: "Hence let the people drink life from the Sacred Blood which the Eternal Christ poured from his wounds." We have already noted that Greek rapidly became a dead language in Rome during the fourth century, just as, in turn, Latin, in Jerome's time, was rapidly dying out in Palestine. He excuses himself, for instance, writing from Bethlehem to Augustine, for not complying with a literary request on account of the grievous want of clerks skilled in the Latin language. The unity impressed on the East by Rome was rapidly perishing beneath the disintegrating influence of Constantinople. The Gallic inscriptions show, on the other hand, that Greek studies lingered much longer in Gaul. Le Blant (*Diss.* xxxviii.) quotes a Latin inscription at Lyons, spelt with Greek letters, evidently cut by the hand of a Greek sculptor, and that so late as the middle of the sixth century. He gives (*Diss.* 248) a Greek inscription from Treves belonging to the year 409; and in *Dissert.* 98, a Latin one, in which Germanus, of Paris, uses the rare Greek cipher *Episemon*‡ so late as the year 557. Lenormant suggests that this was

* The connection between the Abbey and the king's treasury may also have arisen from the fact that Pope Nicolas II., in his Bull, granted A.D. 1061 for the foundation of the Abbey, while exempting it from all episcopal jurisdiction, placed it specially under royal protection. This Bull was modelled on one granted two years earlier to the Abbey of S. Felicitas at Florence. (Oeiller, "*Hist. des Aut. Eccles.*," xiii. 246.)

† May not the use of the royal arms in churches be a relic of the old Roman practice of erecting the pictures and statues of the emperors in churches? Thus we find in "*Ado's Chronicle*," under date A.D. 712, the Roman people determining "that the effigy of the heretical Emperor Philip should not be introduced into churches, nor his name mentioned in the Mass." This custom in turn was probably a survival from the pagan dedication of the emperors.

‡ On this Greek cipher (*ἐπισήμων*) see a learned article by Dr. Salmon in "*Dictionary of Christian Biography*," t. ii. p. 161. The name *Episemon* in this application is unknown to all Greek Lexicons, ancient and modern. It would seem to be the invention of Scaliger.

due to his education in the schools of Autun, where Hellenic traditions still lingered. The study of Greek, thus witnessed by the Latin inscriptions, had always been a favourite one in Gaul. Caligula instituted prizes for excellence therein at Lyons. At Autun a great Greek school was founded by Menius, an Athenian, at the end of the second century. It was revived by Constantine the Great, under the direction of Eumenius, grandson of the original founder. The oration delivered by this latter on the occasion of its re-opening is still extant, and from it many interesting particulars of school life among the Romans may be gleaned.*

The mixture of languages testified by the Latin inscriptions as prevalent in Gaul towards the close of the sixth century is well described by Gregory of Tours, when he tells us that, as Gontran entered Orleans, "the praises of the sovereign were chanted at once in Latin, Hebrew, and Syriac;" while at Arles, again, the Psalms were sung in Greek, as well as Latin, till the close of the sixth century. Here, indeed, we might dwell, did space permit, upon the philological view of the inscriptions. Many a doubtful derivation, many a strange spelling, would be explained by a careful study thereof. We can now, however, only refer to Le Blant's preface to his second volume, pp. cxviii.-xix., where he points out and illustrates their important bearing in this aspect. In them, indeed, we behold modern languages in process of making.

Before closing this article, we must briefly notice two other points which may help to direct the attention of some student to questions which need investigation. The influence of the East and Eastern cults upon the West can be clearly traced in the Latin inscriptions. Some have resolved all Christianity into this influence. But then, we may ask, if Christianity at Rome is merely the natural outcome of these deeper, more spiritual, more mystic Oriental beliefs when brought into contact with Stoicism, why did it not spring up before the time of Christ and his apostles? Why did it not arise one hundred years earlier? The cults were all flourishing and powerful at Rome long before the Christian era; why did they not produce their natural result? They did, we believe, produce their natural results, but they were not such as men usually regard as the most beautiful or most praiseworthy. They produced the age which could tolerate and condone the excesses of a Messalina, a Poppea, and a Nero. They produced such a state of spiritual and moral paralysis as led even a mere worldling like Augustus to set on foot a religious reformation which developed itself steadily, *pari passu*, with Christianity, till it reached its climax in the days of Marcus Aurelius; a point which Boissier's "Religion des Romains d'Auguste aux Antonins" ably discusses. Natural religion indeed took the opportunity of relighting its faded taper at the lamp of revelation, but never acknowledged the source of its illumination. The Latin inscriptions witness abundantly

* Thus he mentions that maps of the empire were depicted all round the walls. They probably were copies of a great public map which existed at Rome.

to the opportunity which these Eastern Mysteries had, did they only possess the power, to regenerate society. If the reader will take up the copious indexes which he will find at the end of the different volumes of Mommsen's "*Corpus*," and turn to such words as Isis, Serapis, Mithras, Taurobolium, Sabazius, and the like, he will find hundreds of inscriptions, some of them even permitting him to gaze upon those secret rites and graduated orders which were rigidly shrouded from the gaze of their contemporaries. But let him investigate the matter further, and he will find that licentious impurity, magic, and human sacrifices form an essential part of all such cults. In none of them could exhortations like St. Paul's, to personal purity, charity, and self-denial, find so prominent a place as in Christianity. In none of them, certainly, did they bring forth such results.

Once more, the very absence of Latin inscriptions has been made to tell its own tale by those great investigators, De Rossi and Le Blant. De Rossi, in his work on the "*Christian Inscriptions of Rome*," p. 250 (which it must be observed is quite a distinct work from his "*Roma Sotteranea*"), points out how the complete gap in these inscriptions presented by the year 410 witnesses to the dreadful scenes which accompanied, to the utter desolation which followed, the taking of Rome by Alaric. Jerome's words, written in distant Palestine, whither some of the fugitives had fled for safety, show the impression produced by that event on contemporaries. In the "*Prolegomena to Ezechiel*" he laments for "the quenching of that clearest light of the world, for the destruction of the head of the Roman Empire;" and sums up by saying, "that in one city the whole world has perished." Perhaps for us a more vivid illustration of the paralysis of all life and action produced thereby is found in the absence of any inscriptions relating to that year. In that awful calamity even the voice of affection is mute, and personal grief is silent in presence of such a national sorrow. Le Blant has noticed and illustrated a similar gap in the inscriptions of Treves, which occurs at the end of the fifth century, through the invasion of the barbarians. The very absence then of our inscriptions testifies to the political and social changes which these centuries, so eventful for all time, were rapidly bringing to pass. Lord Macaulay is said to have owed his power of vivid and life-like presentation of the past to his habit of reading the ephemeral literature, the ballads, broadsides, novels of the times he was discussing. Taught by him we have learned that we must go back, in English history at least, to the sources, if we are to get at the lives led by the men of the past. And these inscriptions stand to Church history, and to Roman and mediæval history, in just the same relation as the manuscripts of the Record Office do to the history of our past, as the files of *The Times* will stand to the historian of the nineteenth century. The inscriptions were the newspapers of the past; for they are not limited to funeral records—they deal with every topic. They record grants of lands, poor law projects, hospital endowments, temple and

church restorations, religious and convivial meetings: these last finding their best illustration in the monuments of the Arval Brothers discussed by Marini in the last century, and of late by Mommsen in *Hermes* and in his "Corpus." In a diligent and sympathetic study of those brief but most significant memorials of the past lies much of our hope for the truer and profounder Church history of the future.

It is now nearly twenty years since Professor Piper of Berlin called attention to the importance of this study in conjunction with the kindred studies of art and archæology. On this subject he read a paper at the Congress of German Scholars, in 1864, which was followed by another on the same topic in that of 1865. Whatever progress may have been made in this direction in Germany, we have not yet done much in England. With us it is still possible to obtain the highest classical honours in our Universities, and be as completely ignorant of the real life of the Greeks and Romans as if we had been studying Chinese, instead of Latin or Greek. If there is a great and popular outcry against the study of the Classics the teachers have themselves to thank for it. This age, with all its faults, is intensely practical. It demands a *raison d'être* for everything, and it cannot see the use of the precious years spent upon Latin or Greek verses and minute verbal criticism, which, at the same time, leave men unable to interpret an inscription, explain a monument, expound a coin, or realise the conditions under which the ancients lived. Let Latin and Greek be used and studied, not as ends in themselves, but as means to a higher end, the knowledge of man's development. Let the classics be taught as a branch of history embracing the rise, the progress, the wondrous organization of the Empire as well as the campaigns of the Republic, and then indeed will men recognize the "Humanities" as the best basis for an enlightened education, in political, philosophical, and religious history.

GEORGE T. STOKES.

MR. HODGSON'S ARTICLE "PROFESSOR GREEN AS A CRITIC."

MR. HODGSON'S criticism of the articles which three years ago I contributed to *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* on certain points of Mr. Spencer's philosophy, is of a kind which, though much averse to polemics, I can scarcely pass over in silence. It amounts to a prolonged charge of unfair dealing with those passages from Mr. Spencer's "Psychology" on which I commented. If the articles to which this charge relates had appeared recently, I might have presumed that the substance of them would still be in the mind of such persons as might read the charge, and have trusted to their candid judgment to take it for what it may be worth. But after so long an interval I must confess to having retained myself but a very slight recollection of what I had written, and my readers, if I had any, probably retained still less. Thus, when my eyes first fell on Mr. Hodgson's pages, I experienced a good deal more than a bad quarter of an hour. For some little time I feared that I might have been guilty of some of the misrepresentations and misstatements ascribed to me. Only a careful reading of my articles, and of the chapters from Mr. Spencer to which they relate, reassured me to the contrary. If that was the effect of Mr. Hodgson's accusation upon myself, I must expect a permanent suspicion of the same kind to remain with others who have not opportunity of reverting to my articles, unless I make some reply. I have, therefore, unwillingly asked leave to do so, which the editor of *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* has kindly granted me.

In making my defence I hope to avoid using any expressions which Mr. Hodgson may find offensive. I have no fault to find with him except for the long period he has allowed to elapse before bringing his indictment, and for thus having compelled me to return to a forgotten controversy when I was otherwise, and perhaps better employed. He

occasionally, indeed, as it seems to me, falls a little short of the courtesies of controversy, but this I readily ascribe to a generous warmth on behalf of an eminent writer whom he thinks unfairly attacked. Sometimes too he misunderstands my argument in a manner which naturally strikes me as strange; but I reflect that every writer finds his own arguments clearer than others can be expected to do; and I am too well aware how easy a retort is suggested by the complaint of being misunderstood to make such a complaint on my own account. When I am obliged to show, in order to clear myself of the charge of misrepresentation, that Mr. Hodgson has missed my point, I shall not lay the blame upon him.

The purpose of my articles, as appeared from their very title, was not to make a complete examination of Mr. Spencer's "*Psychology*," still less to estimate the general value of his philosophy, which in many respects I humbly recognize, but to consider the truth of his doctrine on a particular point—his doctrine of the independence and externality of the object. On behalf of idealism—though not such idealism as Mr. Spencer occasionally refutes—I dispute this doctrine in the sense in which Mr. Spencer holds or states it. I do not admit that the relation of object to subject is truly described by saying that the object or non-ego is independent of, or external to, the subject or ego. I hold that the object has no real existence apart from the subject any more than the subject apart from the object. In consequence, I call in question Mr. Spencer's whole theory of the origin of intelligent consciousness as arising ultimately from the operation of the object, unknown in itself, upon a subject to which it stands in this relation of independence and externality.

Having come to the conclusion for my own part that this view of the relation between object and subject did not admit of being coherently thought out, or, as I ventured in my article perhaps too presumptuously to say, that "the existence of a real world beyond consciousness" is an unmeaning phrase, I set myself the task of inquiring whether a writer, so able as Mr. Spencer, had succeeded in making out a consistent justification of it. Naturally, having stated—fairly and sufficiently, as I thought—what the doctrine in question, according to Mr. Spencer's account of it, was, I did not feel bound to refer at length to all the passages, and all the various forms, in which it is set forth. Yet the main burden of Mr. Hodgson's indictment is that I have ignored some of them. A candid reader of my articles would admit, I think, that the purport of them all was kept constantly in view. It was not my business, however, to be always restating the doctrine while examining the sufficiency of the justification of it. I revert to it often enough, I think, to keep it in view of the intelligent reader, but the passages on which I chiefly dwell are certainly those which illustrate, as it seems to me, the impossibility of coherently thinking or stating it. The effect of these might have been the more striking, though the article would

have been considerably lengthened, if I had printed the assertions of "Realism," which Mr. Hodgson condemns me for ignoring, at the beginning and end of every paragraph.

In some of the passages which I quote the incoherence noticed takes the form, as I point out, of an apparent acceptance of that sort of idealism which may be named after either Berkeley or Hume—the doctrine which identifies the *esse* with the *percipi*. Thereupon Mr. Hodgson gravely complains that I "suppose Mr. Spencer to accept Berkeley's doctrine," whereas "by no writer has the existence of an external reality, apart from perception, been insisted on with greater rigour" (I should prefer to write "vigour") "than by Mr. Spencer." The whole point of my charge against Mr. Spencer would be gone if I supposed anything of the sort. I call particular attention to his denunciation of the Berkeleyan idealism, but I point out also that in the process of "establishing beyond question" (to use Mr. Hodgson's expression) the doctrine, on the strength of which he denounces this idealism, he *in words* accepts it. Nor is it merely Berkeley's doctrine that according to my critic I suppose Mr. Spencer to accept. I even "imply that he holds the same view as myself concerning external objective existence,"—a view which throughout the articles in question was carefully distinguished from Berkeley's, though, probably from defects in my own power of exposition, I do not seem to have made the distinction apparent to Mr. Hodgson. It is accordingly thought to be to the purpose, to bring up against me Mr. Spencer's assertion of the independence and externality of the object, which forms, so to speak, the very text of my articles, but which I try to show that he fails, not from lack of power, but from the inherent impossibility of the task, in consistently maintaining. My purpose being to point out an incoherence between Mr. Spencer's particular form of realism and the process by which he "establishes" it, I am found fault with for not having dwelt at greater length on the passages where this realism is asserted. But to have done so would obviously have been merely to repeat and prolong my statement of what I conceive to be his inconsistencies on this particular point—a statement which readers more sympathetic than Mr. Hodgson must, I fear, have thought quite long enough, as it was.

So much for the general tenour of Mr. Hodgson's objections. I come now to particular points. The first misinterpretation, or group of misinterpretations, with which I am charged, relates to the following passage which I quote from Mr. Spencer ("Psychology," § 448):—"Mysterious as seems the consciousness of something which is yet out of consciousness, the inquirer finds that he alleges the reality of this something in virtue of the ultimate law—he is obliged to think it. There is an indissoluble cohesion between each of those vivid and definite states of consciousness known as a sensation, and an indefinable consciousness which stands for a mode of being beyond sensation and separate from himself."

In order to meet Mr. Hodgson's remarks on my discussion on this passage, I must ask leave to repeat that discussion in full. I am sorry to trespass so far on the pages of *THE CONTEMPORARY*, but when my critical honour, so to speak, is at stake, I cannot afford to be compendious. My remarks on the passages quoted were as follows:—

"Here it appears that the very ground asserted for the 'reality of something out of consciousness' implies that this 'something' is not 'out of consciousness,' and that the very proposition which is intended to state its outsideness to consciousness in fact states the contrary. The 'something out of consciousness' is 'something we are obliged to think,' and is pronounced 'real' on account of this obligation. It does not appear, indeed, whether the 'obligation' is taken to constitute its reality, or merely to be an evidence of it as something extraneous; but this can only make a difference between the greater or less directness of the contradiction involved in the statement. It is a direct contradiction to call that 'out of consciousness,' of which the reality lies in the obligation to think it, but the other interpretation of Mr. Spencer's meaning only puts the difficulty a step farther back. It is clear that the 'something we are obliged to think' is something we do think, and therefore is not 'out of consciousness.' Nay, according to Mr. Spencer, the sole account to be given of it is that it is a necessity of consciousness. If, then, its 'reality' is 'out of consciousness,' we have something determined solely as being that which its reality is determined solely as not being. Of the 'something' we can only say that it is found in consciousness; of its 'reality,' we can only say that it is 'out of consciousness.' We look anxiously to the next sentence for an explanation of the paradox, but only find it stated more at large. The obligation to think the 'something' now appears as its 'indissoluble cohesion with each sensation,' and, as was to be expected, the 'something' thus cohering, is now admitted to be itself a 'consciousness.' Its distinction is that it is 'indefinable,' and that it 'stands for a mode of being beyond sensation.' This 'mode of being beyond sensation' might, indeed, be understood in a way which leads to a true conception of the object, but with Mr. Spencer it is merely equivalent to the 'something out of consciousness' of the previous sentence. The only difference, then, which this further statement makes is, that the something out of consciousness which we are obliged to think is now explicitly broken into an 'indefinable consciousness' on the one hand, and 'a mode of being beyond consciousness' for which it stands on the other. Now, an indefinable consciousness means a consciousness of which no account can be given, but simply that it is a consciousness. The result, then, is that the 'object,' about which Mr. Spencer undertakes to set the idealists right, is, according to him, something of which we can only say that it is consciousness, 'standing for' something of which we can only say that it is not consciousness. In corresponding passages elsewhere, instead of 'stands for,' Mr. Spencer writes 'symbolizes,' but what becomes of the symbolical relation when of the symbol nothing can be said but that it is not the thing symbolized, and of this nothing but that it is not the symbol?"*

Now what are the errors of statement or conception of which according to Mr. Hodgson I am here guilty? In the first place I suggest and doubt whether in Mr. Spencer's mind the "obligation to think" the reality of something out of consciousness may not be taken to *constitute* its reality, rather than to be merely evidence of its reality as of something extraneous. I do this although "the passage quoted from the 'Psychology' occurs towards the end of a long systematic discussion as to the nature of this 'obligation,' a discussion which Professor Green

* *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, December, 1877, pp. 23 and 239.

thinks proper entirely to ignore, and from which he arbitrarily severs the passage he deems it advisable to criticise." It would be more charitable on Mr. Hodgson's part to believe that I may have read the author whom he justly admires with other eyes than his, yet without the malice preposse which he seems here to ascribe to me. The reader will observe that I only suggest the objectionable interpretation, with a line and a half of comment, as an alternative to another not seriously differing from that which Mr. Hodgson (if I understand him rightly) takes to be the true one, and which I immediately proceed to discuss more at large. After reading afresh, however, the "systematic discussion" which I am said to have ignored, I am still not convinced that Mr. Spencer has in fact any other notion of the reality of the "something out of consciousness" than that it consists in our obligation to think it. Of course I never supposed, nor could any intelligent reader imagine me to have supposed, that if Mr. Spencer were asked—Do you mean by the reality of the object or non-ego no more than that we are obliged to think it?—he would answer, Yes. But what after all does he mean by its reality? He cannot consistently ascribe to it any qualification which a consciousness is necessary to constitute. After abstraction, however, of all such qualification, there *seems* to remain something, "absolutely unknown," to which all the work of consciousness is due. This unknown something, this Thing-in-itself independent of all relation to consciousness, which is supposed (to use an expression of Locke's) "to force itself upon us whether we will or no," is what, so far as I can gather, Mr. Spencer takes the object to be when he keeps most closely to his doctrine that it is independent of consciousness. But if challenged to say in what the reality of the object, thus conceived, consists, I do not know what answer he could consistently give, but either that the question is unanswerable, or that the reality of this Unknown consists in its forcing itself upon us whether we will or no; in other words, in our being obliged to think it.

It is true, however, that in the discussion preceding the passages I have quoted, Mr. Spencer pays so little heed to his own doctrine of the "independence" of objective existence as to take his examples of it from the ordinary objects of our experience, such as "this book"—objects which, though I think him wrong in calling them elsewhere "clusters of vivid states of consciousness" (see clusters of sensations), are clearly dependent for being what they are on relations to consciousness and between states of consciousness. So long as the object is taken to be represented by things of this sort the difficulty of saying in what its reality consists of course does not arise; as it does arise when the doctrine of the independence of the object—its independence of relations to consciousness—is insisted on. It may have been inopportune, therefore, in this connection to suggest the doubt whether or no the obligation to think the reality of something out of consciousness was taken to constitute its reality. On the most hostile construction, however, it scarcely

amounts to a misinterpretation, seeing that in almost the next line I proceed to give, and to found my argument upon, an interpretation of the sentence in question which Mr. Hodgson does not seem to dispute. I there take it as meaning that the *evidence* of the reality of something out of consciousness is the obligation to think that it is real. It is true that in regard to the words "we are obliged to think it," I was not quite sure whether the "*it*" should be taken as referring to the "*something*" of the previous clause or to "the *reality* of this something." Is it profane to inquire whether Mr. Spencer himself had this distinction in view when he wrote the words? Accordingly I say, "it is clear that the 'something we are obliged to think' is something we do think," when perhaps I should rather have said that the something of which we are obliged to think *the reality* is something we do think. The alteration however, would not affect my argument; which is, that the attempt to establish the real existence of *something out of consciousness* on a necessity of thinking that such a something is really existing—from the nature of the case, not from any fault in Mr. Spencer's way of putting it—involves a contradiction. The argument may be sound or unsound. That is a point which it would be out of place here to discuss. But I cannot see that it involves any misinterpretation of Mr. Spencer.

The next "misinterpretation" relates to the second sentence of the passage quoted by me from the "Psychology" (§ 418), and re-quoted above. I took it, I must frankly confess, to be an explanatory enlargement of the sentence immediately preceding. According to Mr. Hodgson, I ought to have seen that the first sentence "represents the necessity of the Realistic conclusion under its logical aspect," while "the second represents it under its psychological aspect." With every willingness to confess an error which seems to me to have no bearing on the argument, I am still of opinion, after reading the whole context afresh, that my original view of the connection between the two sentences under discussion was correct, and that both were understood by Mr. Spencer, when he wrote them, to relate to what he considers the psychological aspect of the question. He turns to this from the "logical aspect," as he expressly announces, in the chapter preceding that from which the quotation is taken, and I find no indication in the interval that he anywhere considers himself to return to the logical aspect.

"The result of Prof. Green's sifting," proceeds Mr. Hodgson, "... appears to be the charge that Mr. Spencer holds the object to be a consciousness." There is no "charge" in the matter at all, but Mr. Hodgson might as well have stated correctly the result at which I represent Mr. Spencer as arriving. I say that "the object, according to him, is something of which we can only say that it is consciousness, 'standing for' something of which we can only say that it is not consciousness." This statement is founded on examination of a passage in which Mr. Spencer apparently sums up an argument which he himself calls a "positive justification of realism." It is in no way affected by

the fact that he here expressly "limits his attention to states of consciousness." According to his own account, he had no alternative but to do so, since to exhibit "cohesions between states of consciousness" was his only possible method. To call attention to this declaration would have been to the purpose if I had been "charging" Mr. Spencer with "holding the object to be a consciousness." It was not to the purpose when my point was to show that, while he expressly states the object to be "out of consciousness," he cannot justify the statement without taking "an indefinable consciousness" to "stand for" the object.

The next group of misinterpretations which Mr. Hodgson detects in my criticism relates to Mr. Spencer's description of that psychological process by which, in his own language, he "accounts for the deliverance of consciousness," in which he supposes the reality of "something out of consciousness" to be given. My point here was two-fold,—to show (1) that the account given of the experience supposed to yield this deliverance is in itself untrue; (2) that if the experience were such as Mr. Spencer tells us that it is, it could not yield the supposed deliverance. If I had made any attempt to show that Mr. Spencer believes the object to be no more than an aggregate of vivid states of consciousness, Mr. Hodgson's complaint, that I ignore certain passages in which a contrary persuasion is stated, would have been to the purpose. But there is scarcely a page of my article in which Mr. Spencer's conviction of the externality and independence of the object, in the various forms in which it is stated by him, is not referred to. When these references are specially explicit, Mr. Hodgson's way is to describe them as "glimpses which I have at last obtained" into Mr. Spencer's meaning. I might easily have enlarged them, with the effect of bringing into stronger relief the incoherence between his account of the experience by which he supposes the conception of the relation between subject and object to be generated, and his account of that relation. At the same time I should have needlessly prolonged an argument which it was my wish to condense as much as possible.

It is true that in summarizing the results of my first article at the beginning of the second, I say in words which Mr. Hodgson emphatically contradicts, that Mr. Spencer, in the seventh part of his "Psychology," "identifies the object with a certain aggregate of vivid states of consciousness, which he makes out to be independent of another aggregate, consisting of faint states, and identified with the subject." Similar language is repeated elsewhere. In the sense in which I should suppose that it would be understood by any one who had read the first article and apprehended its drift, I adhere to the statement and appeal for its justification, in particular, to what I have said and quoted on pp. 40 and 41 of my first article.* It is throughout made perfectly clear† that the

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, December, 1877.

† *Ibid.*, p. 48, and the same REVIEW for March, 1878, p. 760.

identification is not imputed to Mr. Spencer as an opinion which he would deliberately accept, but as the effect of statements which he makes in certain chapters of his "Psychology," where he professes to account for what he understands to be "the deliverance of consciousness," as to something beyond itself. Mr. Hodgson, however, considers that I ought to have read these statements in another sense than that which on the face of them they bear, because, before entering on the inquiry "whether there are any absolute cohesions by which the elements of consciousness are aggregated into two antithetical halves, standing respectively for subject and object," Mr. Spencer gives the following warning: "Though in every illustration taken we shall have tacitly to posit an external existence, and in every reference to states of consciousness we shall have to posit an internal existence which has these states; yet, as before, we must ignore these implications." Notwithstanding this proviso, I "actually venture to write (p. 41), 'All that we have to notice for the present is, that Mr. Spencer makes no pretence of treating the elements of the "vivid aggregate" as other than states of consciousness.'" So I wrote, and so, in the sense which the context gives to the passage, I should venture to write again. When Mr. Spencer speaks of making "the set of visual states, which he knows as his umbrella, move across the sets of visual states, which he knows as the shingle and the sea," the meaning of his words is not altered by the warning previously given that in speaking of such states he always "posits external existence." The description of the umbrella or any other sensible object as a set of visual states (which is not an *obiter dictum* of Mr. Spencer, but is in keeping with the characteristic language and thought of the chapters under review), if it is a wrong description, as I hold it to be, is not made right by merely "positing an external existence," implied in the states. Nor if, as would seem to be the case, the experience, thus described, is being considered by Mr. Spencer as part of a process by which the conception of the independent existence of the object comes to be generated, was it logically open to him to treat the experience as already involving that conception. If he does so, it is an instance of that illogical procedure which I noticed in my second article* as occasionally appearing in his "Psychogenesis." My impression was that he intended, as according to his profession he was bound to do, to avoid assuming the deliverance of consciousness in question when describing the experience by which its genesis was to be accounted for. And the point of my criticism was to show that this experience, as he describes it, in the absence of such an assumption, is not of a kind to yield the final deliverance as he describes it.

If I had succeeded in making this point apparent to Mr. Hodgson—as with greater power of exposition I no doubt should have done—he would have seen that his exclamations are inappropriate. Under the impression apparently that the drift of my argument was to convict

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, March, 1878, p. 768.

Mr. Spencer of admissions concerning the objective world in the sense of Berkeleyan idealism, he charges me with confining my view to the chapter (16) entitled "Partial Differentiation of Subject and Object;" with treating this as if it contained the whole of Mr. Spencer's case; and ignoring the chapters (17 and 18), entitled respectively, "Completed Differentiation of Subject," and "Developed Conception of the Object," as well as an important passage which he quotes from "First Principles" p. 154. Upon this I must remark that, as a matter of fact, the main theses of the "Completed Differentiation" are discussed by me on pp. 42-45; those of the "Developed Conception" on pp. 46 and 47, of my first article. I have not indeed dwelt on that "most definite statement" from p. 481 of the "Psychology," by which Mr. Hodgson seems to think that my cavilling should be utterly silenced:—"Just in the same way that the object is the unknown permanent *nexus* which is never itself a phenomenon but is that which holds phenomena together; so is the subject the unknown permanent *nexus* which is never itself a state of consciousness but which holds states of consciousness together." Mr. Hodgson sets such store by this passage, that it reappears as my final *quietus* at the end of his article. I too set some store by it, for while it furnishes an excellent account of the "something else" than states of consciousness implied in all our thinking and knowing, it furnishes also an admirable instance of the involuntary identification of subject and object on the part of a writer most vehement in asserting their antithesis. At this distance of time I cannot pretend to say why I did not quote it, but I can suggest a reason. My purpose being to show the insufficiency of the experience described by Mr. Spencer to account for a deliverance of consciousness in which the object is supposed to be given as something absolutely antithetical to, and independent of, the subject, I probably did not care to quote a definition of subject and object in which the antithesis virtually disappears. After a division of "states of consciousness" into faint and vivid aggregates has been taken as the basis of the distinction between subject and object,—after an account of experience in which phenomena are virtually identified with vivid states of consciousness,—in which at any rate no distinction between them appears, but the distinction between vivid states by themselves, and vivid states referred to an unknown object,—it is clearly no account of the antithesis between subject and object to tell us that it consists in the one being a *nexus* of states of consciousness, the other a *nexus* of phenomena.

As for the passage from "First Principles," p. 154, which I am said to have ignored, it forms part of that version of the theory under review which, as given in "First Principles," I discussed at length in my second article.

Having so far vindicated myself against the charge of misrepresentation, I readily allow that in three places, noticed by Mr. Hodgson, I

have used expressions to which some exception may fairly be taken, though their inappropriateness does not affect the tenor of my argument. On p. 40, after quoting the passage in which Mr. Spencer announces his intention of "examining the cohesions among the elements of consciousness," in order to see whether there are "any absolute cohesions by which its elements are aggregated into two antithetical halves, standing respectively for subject and object," I introduce another passage, from § 462 of the "Psychology," as representing "the result of the examination." I ought to have written "the result of the *first stage* of the examination;" for, as it occurs in the original, the passage represents the "partial" not the "completed" differentiation of subject and object. It gathers up Mr. Spencer's account of the experience which he supposes to result in "a division of the totality of consciousness into a faint aggregate which I call my mind, and a vivid aggregate of which a part is called my body, cohering with this in various ways; while the other part has no such coherence with the vivid aggregate." He afterwards proceeds to give an account of other experiences—those of muscular tension and resistance—which he supposes to "give concreteness" to these distinctions and "comparative solidity to the conceptions of self and not-self" (§ 463). Thus, if my quotation from § 462, with the discussion of it, had stood alone; if it had not been followed in almost the immediate sequel by a discussion of the further experience which, according to Mr. Spencer, completes "the differentiation of subject and object;" I might have been fairly chargeable with an incorrect representation of his doctrine. As it is, though I have used an expression which calls for the correction stated above, I do not see that I am so chargeable. If the reader will refer to my criticism of the passage quoted from § 462, he will see that it is unaffected by my having deferred for a page or two the consideration of the view set forth in § 463.

There are two other cases where I have used language which, to a very hasty reader, might cause misapprehension. On p. 43 I say that "Mr. Spencer's account of the experience of resistance, taken as it stands, fails to prove the existence of a real world beyond consciousness."* On p. 47 I say that in regard to the independence of matter, "Mr. Spencer's premisses and conclusion do not tally. The conclusion is that matter is 'something beyond consciousness, which is absolutely independent of consciousness,' but in the premisses the independence of matter merely means that the 'vivid aggregate' of conscious states is independent of the 'faint'". Taken by themselves, these passages might be understood to imply that I took Mr. Spencer, in the chapters specially under review, to be trying to *prove* the existence of something beyond consciousness which is absolutely independent of it, whereas he tells us that he is

* In the immediate sequel to this passage (p. 43, last line but two) there is an error of the press which I should like to notice. After "yields the consciousness," add "of a real world." On the same page, line 20, for "were faint forms," read "where faint forms."

merely accounting for the "deliverance of consciousness" which announces such existence. Accordingly Mr. Hodgson supposes me to have been "unable to see" this not very subtle distinction. My criticism, however, of this part of the "Psychology" opens with a quotation of the words in which Mr. Spencer states the object which he here proposes to himself: "While it is impossible by reasoning either to verify or to falsify this deliverance of consciousness, it is possible to account for it. . . . This imperative consciousness which we have of objective existence must itself result from the way in which our states of consciousness hang together."^{*} And the whole tenor of the criticism is plainly directed against Mr. Spencer's theory, as ostensibly a theory of the experience by which the supposed deliverance of consciousness as to objective existence is arrived at. But Mr. Spencer himself treats this theory—this account of the "processes by which the realistic conception is built up," as "a positive justification of realism;" i.e., according to him, a positive justification of the belief in the existence of a real world beyond consciousness. When I remark that Mr. Spencer's account of the experience of resistance "fails to prove the existence of a real world beyond consciousness," the words do not in themselves imply a supposition that he himself intended to attempt any logical proof in the matter. But should they ever be republished, they shall be altered into "fails positively to justify," &c.

In the other passage I have been equally guilty of using terms not strictly appropriate: for "premisses and conclusion" point to a logical process, such as Mr. Spencer in his "justification of realism" disclaims attempting. I may be partly excused, however, when it is considered that Mr. Spencer, in the chapter (vii. 18) which I had before me when writing the objectionable words (a chapter which Mr. Hodgson supposes me to have ignored), himself speaks of the justified belief as "a conclusion." Notwithstanding this, being (*pace* Mr. Hodgson) something of a precisionist in the use of terms, I undertake, if ever I have a chance, to substitute for "premisses and conclusion," in the passage referred to, "positive justification" and "justified belief." I shall then not be chargeable with describing Mr. Spencer's opinion in any terms but his own.

The passage, however, in which I fell into a misappropriate use of the terms "premisses" and "conclusion" is according to Mr. Hodgson more seriously at fault. It amounts to a "gross misstatement." He applies this hard name to it, because he imagines what I call the "premisses" to refer merely to chapter 16,† where subject and object are only beginning to be distinguished, while "the conclusion" is that stated in chap. 18. Over the whole of chap. 17, in which the "differentiation of subject and object," left "partial" in chap. 17, is "completed," I am supposed to "take one mighty leap." How Mr. Hodgson comes

* "Psychology," § 468, sub. init.

† "Principles of Psychology," Part vii.

by this supposition I am honestly at a loss to understand. In that part of my article which precedes the "gross misstatement," I have given fuller consideration to chap. 17 than I have to any other. My criticism of it may be worthless, but certainly I have not overlooked it. I point out that the account there given of the experience of resistance is ostensibly an account of certain changes which certain "aggregates of states of consciousness" initiate in each other, and that although in the conclusion it is stated to be an explanation of a process by which the "conception of an independent source of activity is formed," the leap from states of consciousness to what is beyond consciousness is nowhere really justified. The only independence which Mr. Spencer *himself describes* either in the "partial" or the "completed differentiation of subject and object" is a relation in the way of independence between one aggregate of states of consciousness and another.* But in chap. 18 this independence is suddenly and without justification transferred to something "implied in the vivid aggregate of states of consciousness," but which is other than any or all of them—something which "persists" while they pass, which "keeps them together or binds them into a group" but is not them. When Mr. Spencer thus speaks of the object, no less than when he speaks in practically indistinguishable terms of the subject, I am heartily at one with him; though I may doubt the consistency of the description with language elsewhere used by him. The question between us is, whether a relation of independence between the vivid or faint aggregates of states of consciousness is a sufficient ground—and no other ground, I must still maintain, is alleged by Mr. Spencer—for asserting the object which he thus describes to be independent of the subject which he describes in virtually identical terms. For the discussion of this question, if the reader has any curiosity about it, I must refer him to the latter portion of my second article.†

The next misstatement ascribed to me is the following: "The account given of the perception of an individual object by the school to which Mr. Spencer belongs, and which there is reason to suppose that he accepts, is that it consists in the suggestion by a sensation of certain known possibilities of sensation, of which through past experience the given sensation has become symbolical." This statement is founded on a passage in the "Psychology," § 315, where Mr. Spencer writes thus: "All psychologists concur in the doctrine that most of the elements, contained in the cognition of an observed object, are not known immediately through the senses, but are mediately known by instantaneous ratiocination." I can find nothing in the doctrine which I have fathered upon Mr. Spencer (and in which I happen to concur) that is not borne out by this passage, to which the reader was duly referred in a note to my article. Mr. Hodgson, however, sees the phrase "possibi-

* For a summary view of the theory of experience in question, given by Mr. Spencer himself, from which the reader may judge of the appropriateness of my remarks, I may refer to "Principles of Psychology," § 468.

† CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, March, 1872.

lities of sensation," and, apparently without waiting to read the whole of the sentence in which it occurs, flies off into some sarcasms which, from a literary point of view, I rather admire, but which are quite irrelevant to any statement of mine. He seems to imagine that I ascribe to Mr. Spencer the doctrine of Mill, according to which the objects of sensation are "groups of permanent possibilities of sensation," and that I do this from a motive, of which the suggestion, I must say, is unworthy of a serious writer. To show that Mr. Spencer rejects what he calls "the doctrine of possibilities of sensation," he quotes a passage from the "Psychology" (§ 404), to which I have myself referred in my second article (p. 747), where Mr. Spencer "affirms that the thing primarily known is not that a sensation has been experienced, but that there exists an outer object." But the "doctrine of possibilities of sensation" is a phrase of indeterminate meaning, which I at least am not guilty of using. If it means an opinion that the object of sensation is *no more* than a group of permanent possibilities of sensation—the opinion, apparently, of Mr. Mill—I do not ascribe it to Mr. Spencer. I find him, indeed, asserting, if words have meaning, that sensible objects are groups of sensations, but that is quite another thing, and, in my judgment, far less rational than saying that they are groups of possibilities of sensation; nor have I ever supposed his statements to that effect to express his real mind on the matter. In the passage quoted, however, I am not referring to this lapse of thought, as I take it to be, on Mr. Spencer's part, nor am I writing of the individual object as it may be supposed to exist apart from consciousness, but of "*the perception of the individual object.*" And with all the statements of Mr. Spencer before me to which Mr. Hodgson refers, as well as those to which I referred in my article, I can see no reason to doubt that Mr. Spencer does in essence (which is all that is implied) accept the doctrine of perception stated in the passage with which Mr. Hodgson finds fault. It would have been safer, however, with a view to such readers, if I had avoided altogether the phrase "possibilities of sensation" (which I learn for the first time has a "dyslogistic connotation"), and had written, instead of "consists in the suggestion, &c.," "contains elements not known immediately through the senses, but mediately by instantaneous ratiocination." I should then have been using Mr. Spencer's own words, and the purpose of my argument, in this connection, would have been equally well served.

That argument is that, upon this view of perception, memory and inference, which, according to Mr. Spencer's dichotomy of consciousness must be considered successions of its *faint* states, are as necessary to any perception of objects as is the succession of *vivid* states called sensation; that accordingly, if we are to admit that objects, as perceived, consist of states of consciousness at all (which it is needless to say that I do not admit), we must admit that "faint" states enter into them no less than "vivid" ones, and that the vivid ones enter into them only as qualified by the faint. Now, Mr. Spencer, in his account of the

differentiation of subject and object, does undoubtedly speak of the ordinary objects of perception—his umbrella, the shingle, the sea, &c.—as clusters of states of consciousness. According to him they are clusters of *vivid* states, but I demur to this restriction. “If,” I argue (p. 51), “vivid states contribute to form objects at all, they do so as determined by faint ones; and if the ‘vivid aggregate’ is to be identified with the objective world, we must say that only qualification by the ‘faint aggregate’ or subject renders it such a world at all.” But an object so qualified by the subject cannot be independent of the subject, as Mr. Spencer says that it is.

I must have failed to make the drift of this argument plain to Mr. Hodgson (for which I readily take the blame to myself), since he meets it with the following negations, of which, as he proceeds to explain them, only one is to the purpose. “Mr. Spencer does *not* suppose ‘sensible objects’ to be vivid states of consciousness or clusters of them; he does *not*, in the discussion criticized, lose sight of the fact that our perceptions are acquired perceptions; he not only does *not* deny, but he expressly mentions, that faint states do cohere with the vivid; and the ‘independence of the faint aggregate’ is *not* the independence which Professor Green interprets it to be.” If emphasis of negation could settle the question, this would settle it; but the question must be understood, or the negations are of little avail. The first of the above negations would certainly be to the purpose if for “does not *suppose*” we wrote “does not *say*,” but then I should dispute its correctness. As has been said more than once, I never imagined, and made it abundantly clear that I did not imagine, that if Mr. Spencer were asked whether he supposed a “sensible object” to be merely a cluster of vivid states of consciousness, he would allow that he did. But to any one who will read his account of the experience by which he supposes the differentiation of subject and object, as he understands it, to arise, it must be perfectly clear not only that he does in words expressly identify sensible objects with “clusters of vivid states of consciousness,” but that, if he did not, the whole account would lose its point. The observation of the manner in which “our states of consciousness segregate themselves into two independent aggregates,” the vivid and the faint, would no longer appear to generate the conception of object and subject as separate and independent existences. To urge that the aggregates of states of consciousness, and the several clusters which compose them, are throughout understood by Mr. Spencer to imply something else unknown, does not affect my argument. I demur equally to the doctrine that his umbrella is a cluster of vivid states and to the doctrine that it is a cluster of vivid states *as implying something else unknown*, on the double ground that vivid states do not enter into the composition of the sensible object at all, and that, if they are to be held to enter into it, they must be held to do so only as qualified by “faint” ones.

The first of the above denials, then, according to any meaning in

which it would affect my argument, seems to me for the reasons stated inadmissible. The rest have no bearing on it. If Mr. Spencer "does not in the discussion criticized lose sight of the fact that our perceptions are acquired perceptions;" if, in this context, he admits that memory and inference are necessary to the perception of objects, this merely strengthens my case. If I had noticed in these chapters a passage implying such an admission (which I confess that I have not yet done), I need not have gone so far back as the previous § 313 to find one. It is, further, quite true that Mr. Spencer (as I have more than once noticed) "not only does not deny, but expressly mentions that faint states cohere with the vivid," in the sense of being "always dragged along by them." But this, again, does not affect my argument, unless this cohesion is understood to mean that the constituents of the vivid aggregate, in any sense in which they can be taken to be constituents of perceived objects, are qualified by constituents of the faint aggregate. And, if it is so understood, how can "observation of the segregation of the two aggregates" justify, partially or completely, the belief that the object is independent of the subject?

Finally, "the independence of the faint aggregate" (on the part of the vivid) "is not the independence which Professor Green interprets it to be." But Mr. Hodgson does not say what I interpret it to be. According to him this "independence" means that "the vivid states drag along the faint, but the faint have no effect on the vivid." I say nothing incompatible with this interpretation of the independence which Mr. Spencer ascribes to the vivid aggregate. On the contrary, I take due notice of it (p. 51), and explain in what sense I conceive that the "vivid aggregate" must be understood if such independence is to be ascribed to it. Sensations "drag after them" ideas of memory and imagination, but these ideas do not "drag after them" sensations. Independence, therefore, may be ascribed in the above sense to the vivid aggregate if this aggregate is understood simply as succession of sensations, and it is in no way to the purpose of my argument to deny or ignore this. But if "an observation of the segregation of the two aggregates" is with any plausibility to explain the growth of a conviction that the object is independent of the subject, the vivid aggregate must be understood as something else than the succession of sensations. It must be understood, consistently with Mr. Spencer's illustrations, as an aggregate of *perceived objects*. My point was to show that it cannot be so understood without the implication of states, as entering into and qualifying it, which, according to his "division of the totality of consciousness," fall to the *faint* aggregate; and that this implication is fatal to that interpretation of our experience, as composed of mutually exclusive aggregates of states, on which Mr. Spencer founds his justification of Realism—his justification of the doctrine that the object is external to, and independent of, the subject. There may be much to say against this argument, but Mr. Hodgson has not said it.

I have now traversed, one by one, the specific charges of misconception and misinterpretation which Mr. Hodgson brings against my first article, so far as they relate to the main thesis of that article and to passages which I quote from the "Principles of Psychology." There are two other misapprehensions of a more general nature, which he alleges against me at the outset of his article, but which cannot be here examined without exceeding my limits of time and space. I do not admit myself to be guilty of either, but, as I am not accused in reference to them of unfair dealing with Mr. Spencer's statements, their consideration may be deferred to a more convenient season. Nor am I concerned to inquire how far the doctrines which I venture to state on my own account in my second article coincide, as Mr. Hodgson says they do, with those adopted by Mr. Spencer in other parts of his "Psychology." So far as this coincidence exists, it would have enabled me to illustrate more fully the inconsistency between Mr. Spencer's doctrine of the independence and externality of the object and other theories which he holds. But to trace this inconsistency soon became a weary task, and as my project was to examine the intrinsic value of his doctrine on this particular point, I thought it better, having quoted him sufficiently to show what the doctrine was, to criticize it from my own point of view rather than to compare it with other opinions elsewhere advanced by him. If I had been undertaking a general estimate of Mr. Spencer's work as a psychologist, it would have been my business to examine thoroughly his opinions on those points on which I express my own; and in doing this, I should frequently have had occasion to express admiration for the felicitous statement of judgments which I believe to be important and true. With the special object before me which I had set myself, and which I announced, I do not conceive that it would have been to the purpose to do so.

T. H. GREEN.

THE DEATH OF ANAXAGORAS.

"Lampsacum postea profectus, illic diem suum obiit; ubi rogantibus eum principibus civitatis, Numquid fieri mandaret, jussisse ferunt ut pueri quotannis quo mens defecisset ludere permitterentur, servarique et hodie consuetudinem.—DIOG. LAERT., De Vita Philosoph.; Anaxagoras.

CLEON of Lampsacus to Pericles:—
Of him she banished now let Athens boast;
Let now th' Athenians raise to him they stoned
A statue;—*Anaxagoras is dead!*

To you who mourn the Master, called him friend,
Beat back th' Athenian wolves who fanged his throat,
And risked your own to save him,—Pericles—
I now unfold the manner of his end.

The aged man, who found in sixty years
Scant cause for laughter, laughed before he died
And died still smiling:—Athens vexed him not!
Not he, but your Athenians, he would say,
Were banished in his exile!

When the dawn
First glimmers white o'er Lesser Asia,
And little birds are twittering in the grass,
And all the sea lies hollow and grey with mist,
And in the streets the ancient watchmen doze,
The Master woke with cold. His feet were chill
And reft of sense; and we who watched him knew
The fever had not wholly left his brain,
For he was wandering, seeking nests of birds—
An urchin from the green Ionian town
Where he was born. We chafed his clay-cold limbs;
And so he dozed, nor dreamed, until the sun
Laughed out—broad day—and flushed the garden gods
Who bless our fruits and vines in Lampsacus.

Feeble, but sane and cheerful, he awoke
 And took our hands and asked to feel the sun ;
 And where the ilex spreads a gracious shade
 We placed him, wrapped and pillowed ; and he heard
 The charm of birds, the social whisper of vines,
 The ripple of the blue Propontic sea.
 Placid and pleased he lay ;—but we were sad
 To see the snowy hair and silver beard
 Like withering mosses on a fallen oak,
 And feel that he, whose vast philosophy
 Had cast such sacred branches o'er the fields
 Where Athens pastures her dull sheep, lay fallen
 And never more should know the Spring !

Confess,

You too had grieved to see it, Pericles !

But Anaxagoras owned no sense of wrong ;
 And when we called the plagues of all your gods
 On your ungrateful city, he but smiled :
 " Be patient, children ! Where would be the gain
 Of wisdom and divine astronomy,
 Could we not school our fretful minds to bear
 The ills all life inherits ! I can smile
 To think of Athens ! Were they much to blame ?
 Had I not slain Apollo ? Plucked the beard
 Of Jove himself ? Poor rabble, who have yet
 Outgrown so little the green grasshoppers
 From whom they boast descent,—are they to blame ?
 How could they dream,—or how believe when taught—
 The sun a red-hot iron ball, in bulk
 Not less than Peloponnesus ? How believe
 The moon, no silver goddess girt for chace,
 But earth and stones, with caverns, hills and vales ?
 Poor grasshoppers ! who deem the gods absorbed
 In all their babble, shrilling in the grass,
 What wonder if they rage, should one but hint
 That thunder and lightning, born of clashing clouds,
 Might happen even with Jove in pleasant mood,—
 Not thinking of Athenians at all !"

He paused ; and blowing softly from the sea,
 The fresh wind stirred the ilex, shaking down
 Through chinks of sunny leaves blue gems of sky ;
 And lying in the shadow, all his mind
 O'ershadowed by our grief, once more he spoke :—

"Let not your hearts be troubled! All my days
 Hath all my care been fixed on this vast blue
 So still above us; now my days are done,
 Let it have care of me! Be patient; meek;
 Not puffed with doctrine! Nothing can be known;
 Nought grasped for certain; sense is circumscribed;
 The intellect is weak; and life is short!"

He ceased and mused a little, while we wept.
 "And yet be nowise downcast; seek, pursue;
 The lover's rapture and the sage's gain
 Less in attainment lie than in approach.
 Look forward to the time which is to come!
 All things are mutable; and change alone
 Unchangeable. But knowledge grows! The gods
 Are drifting from the earth like morning mist;
 The days are surely at the doors when men
 Shall see but human actions in the world!
 Yea, even these hills of Lampsacus shall be
 The isles of some new sea, if time not fail!"

And now the reverend fathers of our town
 Had heard the Master's end was very near,
 And came to do him homage at the close,
 And ask what wish of his they might fulfil.
 But he, divining that they thought his heart
 Might yearn to Athens for a resting-place,
 Said gently: "Nay, from everywhere the way
 "To that dark land you wot of is the same.
 "I feel no care; I have no wish. The Greeks
 Will never quite forget my Pericles,
 And when they think of him will say of me,
 '*Twas Anaxagoras taught him!*'"

Loath to go,
 No kindly office done, yet once again
 The reverend fathers pressed him for a wish.
 Then laughed the Master: "Nay, if still you urge,
 And since 'twere churlish to reject goodwill,
 I pray you, every year when time brings back
 The day on which I left you, let the boys—
 All boys and girls in this your happy town—
 Be free of task and school for that one day."

He lay back smiling, and the reverend men
 Departed, heavy at heart. He spoke no more,

But haply musing on his truant days,
Passed from us, and was smiling when he died.

Thus wrote to Pericles from Lampsacus
The poet Cleon ; and the Master's words,
Wherein he spoke of change unchangeable,
Hold good for great things but hold ill for small ;
For lo ! six hundred fateful years have sped
And Greece is but a Roman province now,
Whereas through those six centuries, year by year
When summer and the sun brought back the day,
The lads and lasses, free of task and school,
Have held their revelry in Lampsacus,—
A fact so ripe with grave moralities,
That I, Diogenes, have deemed it fit
To note in my "DE VITA ET MORIBUS."

WILLIAM CANTON.

YOUNG IRELAND.

Young Ireland: a Fragment of Irish History, 1840-1850.
By Sir CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, K.C.M.G. London
Cassell & Co. 1890.

THE Duke of Wellington is said to have declared that Wolfe Tone's Memoirs were the most interesting book he ever read. The praise was perhaps somewhat too liberal; and yet even at this day the reader of that book feels himself under a spell as he glides over its pages—the spell which genius, when combined with rare self-sacrifice and a gaiety of spirit which no misfortune can kill, never fails to exercise. Wolfe Tone was the founder of the United Irishmen. Himself a Protestant, it was his aim to unite the Protestants and Roman Catholics of Ireland in a confederacy for the purpose of recovering the independence of that country. And his success, considering the obstacles in his way, was extraordinary. He won the confidence alike of the Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters. The latter indeed were distinguished all through the eighteenth century by a patriotism which, disdaining all exclusive privileges and party aims, put the just claims of their enslaved Roman Catholic fellow-subjects in the forefront of their demands on England. They formed the flower of the famous Volunteers who, availing themselves of England's struggle with the American colonists, extorted from the English Government the restoration of Ireland's legislative independence. And the first use they made of freedom was to demand for the Irish Roman Catholics the ordinary rights of citizenship, nearly all of which were at the time denied them. Wolfe Tone is well within the frontier of historic truth when he affirms that “there was no injustice, no disgrace, no disqualification, moral, political, or religious, civil or military, that was not heaped upon them. . . . This horrible system, pursued for above a century with unrelenting acrimony and perseverance, had wrought its full effect, and had in fact reduced the great body of the Catholic peasantry of Ireland to a situation, morally and physically speaking, below that of the beasts of the field. The

spirit of their few remaining gentry was broken, and their mind degraded; and it was only in a class of their merchants and traders, and a few members of the medical profession, who had smuggled an education in spite of the penal code, that anything like political sensation existed." So broken indeed was at that time the spirit of the Roman Catholic gentry of Ireland that their amiable leader, Lord Kenmare, dreading the consequences of the generous intervention of the Ulster Protestant Dissenters on their behalf, was induced by Government, though not without remonstrance from his co-religionists, to publish in the name of the Roman Catholics a solemn disavowal of any wish to be restored to their almost forgotten rights.

The first English edition of Wolfe Tone's Memoirs was published in London in 1828, in the throes of the agitation for the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, and the following passage from the Editor's Preface forms so apposite an introduction to Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's most interesting volume that I shall make no apology for quoting it. After touching lightly on the great qualities, moral and mental, of Wolfe Tone, the Editor proceeds:—

"Yet this man, and many more of kindred qualities, were led into attempts to separate their country from its connection with Great Britain, and to live and die devoted martyrs to the purpose and principle which cited them to action. At a time when the country, the fate of which they aspired to modify, is labouring under excessive agitation from a portion of the same negative and positive endurance which stimulated exortions so equivocal, it surely cannot be wholly useless to investigate the facts and inferences which have led persons whose patriotism and disinterestedness, however mistaken, it is difficult to doubt, into efforts so strenuous, persevering, and dangerous. It is useless for a certain tribe of politicians, in the spirit of a weak theory and worse practice, to exclaim 'traitor' and 'rebel,' and dismiss the subject. All history forms a practical satire upon the silly doctrine of passive obedience by which they affect to be guided; and in estimating the motives to political resistance every unsophisticated human heart forms a plea of mitigation for even the erring victims of an attempt to escape unjustifiable thralldom or put down national oppression. Such being the case, we know not of anything which, at a crisis like the present, merits consideration more than a characteristic narrative of conduct and adventure of a nature to show what designs vicious and partial government may secretly engender amidst a disordered and irritated population—what passions it may arouse, what energies awaken, what talents misdirect. Of all the baleful results of harsh and unequal rule, none possibly exists more truly revolting than that which turns the loftiest and best human aspirations into an uncongenial current, and transforms into 'archangels ruined' men intended by nature to act elevated and honourable parts. It is not, indeed, the judicial condemnation or legally pronounced sentence alone which can effect debasement; but so many are the snares and temptations that beset conspiracy, even in its most defensible form, that the highest spirits are in danger of involvement, and generally have reason to rue, like Hamlet, that disjointed times should render the call of conscience imperative."

Such is the *apologia* which the anonymous Editor of Wolfe Tone's Memoirs (Mr. Shiel I believe) offered to the British public on behalf of Tone and his confederates thirty years after Tone had escaped the

gallows by dying in a felon's cell from a wound inflicted by his own hand.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, the author of the volume before us, narrowly escaped the fate which Wolfe Tone avoided by suicide. Thirty years ago he was arraigned as a rebel. The charge of high treason, on which it was at one time proposed to try him, was abandoned, and he was, instead, tried twice for the recently formulated crime of treason-felony, and at last discharged because the jury could not agree. Penal servitude in Van Dieman's Land would have been his doom had he been found guilty; and so assured did the authorities feel of their verdict that the vessel was at anchor in Dublin Bay which was chartered to bear the prisoner to his dreary destination.

Soon afterwards Sir Charles Duffy became a member of the British House of Commons, which, however, he soon quitted for the life of a colonist in Victoria. In his new home his ability soon pushed him to the front. He was elected a Member of the Victorian Parliament, and after occupying subordinate posts in the Government of the colony, he has twice filled the office of Prime Minister and once that of Speaker of the Assembly. The rebel of thirty years ago is now one of Her Majesty's most loyal subjects, and has retired from the service of the Crown with a well-earned pension, and the star of an order of knighthood founded by the Sovereign against whose rule in Ireland he once conspired.

It is a curious and suggestive career. Here is a man of distinguished parts, sterling integrity, and unstained patriotism, put on trial as a felon in Ireland, and then suddenly turning up as Prime Minister of one of the most flourishing of our colonies. Nor is Sir Charles Duffy a solitary example of such a political paradox. Others might be quoted in abundance, and notably one of that brilliant band of Young Irelanders of whom Sir Charles Duffy was himself the literary chief. Mr. D'Arcy McGee, implicated like Sir Charles Duffy in Smith O'Brien's abortive rising, settled afterwards in Canada, where he became Prime Minister, and was in a manner the author of the policy of confederation. He died prematurely from the bullet of a Fenian assassin, fired in revenge for McGee's fierce denunciation of the contemplated Fenian raid into Canada. In that manifesto McGee assured the Fenians that the first bullets which should greet them on crossing the frontier would be fired from rifles grasped by loyal Irishmen. The times must indeed have been out of joint in Ireland when a man like this could meditate rebellion against his Sovereign.

Sir Charles Duffy's volume throws much light on this perplexing phenomenon. "It contains," says the author in his preface, "a memoir of the public affairs of Ireland during a period of abnormal activity; a period to which may be traced, as to their fountain-head, many of the opinions now universally current among the Irish people." His "first aim," he says, "was to make a new generation familiar with the truth-

fulness, simplicity, and real moderation of the Young Ireland party." "Another aim, if I may venture to say so, was to appeal to the conscience of the best class of Englishmen. If they should think proper to study with reasonable pains the brief period embraced in this narrative, they will have no difficulty, I am persuaded, in understanding a problem which has sometimes perplexed them—why Irishmen, not deficient in public spirit or probity, were eager to break away from the Union and from all connection with England. At present they see with amazement and dismay a whole people who profess to have no confidence in their equity, who proclaim that they do not expect fair play from them, and who fall into ecstasies of triumph over some disaster abroad or embarrassment at home which endangers or humiliates the Empire; and they will not take the obvious means of comprehending this phenomenon. For whoever desires to understand why Ireland is distressed and discontented, while England is prosperous and loyal, must assuredly seek the causes in history: to-day is the child and heir of yesterday. It is easy to comprehend the loathing sensitive Englishmen feel in descending into the catacombs of the past, and handling the skeletons and cerements of historic crimes; but I invite them to look at transactions which are not remote or ghastly, which happened in their own day, for which they cannot altogether evade a personal responsibility; and to consider how far these transactions account for the state of Ireland at present."

The book, we are told by the author, was "written in the intervals of a busy life." I believe the whole of it was in manuscript before Mr. Parnell became a political personage. But stray passages here and there—for example, Sir Charles Duffy's description of O'Connell's parliamentary followers—are so applicable to contemporary events that they look like touches added to the picture at the last moment.

Sir Charles Duffy has a good right to be the historian of the Young Ireland party, for he was its founder. In the year 1841 he started the *Nation* newspaper, and soon gathered round him a band of brilliant and enthusiastic young men, most of them connected with Trinity College, Dublin. Some eighteen months previously O'Connell had made a fresh starting-point in his agitation by raising the cry of Repeal. But the cry fell on heedless ears, and the indomitable pluck and perseverance with which the great Tribune pursued his theme in weekly speeches and exhaustive reports bore scarcely any visible fruit. This was due partly to the inevitable ebb of that great wave of popular enthusiasm which had carried him over all obstacles into the House of Commons; partly to his acquiescence in the compromise which made tithe a rent-charge on property—a compromise which compelled Roman Catholic landlords to become tithe proctors for the clergy of the Established Church; but most of all, probably, to O'Connell's method of conducting his campaign. In reading the digest of some of his speeches and reports in the pages of Sir Charles Duffy one is reminded of some of the best written consular despatches on the condition of the Christian

population of Turkey. According to O'Connell's description—and, unfortunately, the description is far from being a fiction—the rule of the Turk did not more thoroughly blight the fair lands which fell under his sway than English rule had blighted the prosperity of Ireland:—

"Before the Union Ireland was the seat of flourishing woollen and silk manufactures. The woollen trade had taken root prior to the Revolution of 1688; but on the demand of the English Parliament that he would suppress this dangerous rivalry, the Deliverer had so effectually discouraged it, though it was in the hands of Protestants, that it nearly disappeared. A hundred years later, when Grattan established legislative independence, the trade sprang up under the care of a free Parliament; and at the period of the Union the cloth loom was at work in Dublin, Kilkenny, Limerick, Carrick-on-Suir, Roserea, and several smaller towns. The population of Ireland was then only four millions, of whom one hundred and fifty thousand persons were employed in silk and woollen manufacture. In 1841 the population is between eight and nine millions; but instead of the number of artisans in these trades having increased to three hundred thousand, they have shrunk to a mere handful; they are fewer than eight thousand persons. The mills in the provincial towns are all closed. In Dublin, where ninety master manufacturers had given employment to five thousand artisans, the number of manufacturers has diminished to twelve, the workmen under seven hundred. The fate of the remainder, as far as they survive, may be learned from the reports of the Mendicity Society; some are breaking stones for ninepence a day; some are starving for want of that miserable resource."

This, it must be confessed, was a damaging style of indictment against the Union, and O'Connell elaborated it week after week with unflagging punctuality. And yet it fell flat on the Irish mind; and for the reason, that it failed either to stir the imagination of the people or to suggest a practical remedy. As a statement to a jury the case was unanswerable. But a jury is a practical body, whose verdict gives coercive effect to its convictions. O'Connell's jury was the great body of the people of Ireland. They were convinced even without his statistics, but they had no means of giving effect to their convictions, and O'Connell's rhetoric and statistics, however admirable in themselves, would never repeal the Union. Subsequent events showed that the people were ready enough to attempt their independence by an appeal to arms, if only O'Connell would give the signal. But it is clear from Sir Charles Duffy's narrative that O'Connell, in spite of some ambiguous words of defiance, never contemplated any appeal to physical force for the attainment of his purpose.

Failing this, there was another way, as the event proved, by which O'Connell might have revived the enthusiasm of his followers. "It is not in defence of their material interests," as Sir Charles Duffy observes, "still less to adjust an amount of profit and loss, that a people make supreme efforts." "Give me the making of a people's songs," said Fletcher of Saltoun, "and I care not who makes their laws." Of this truth O'Connell was too negligent. In the hands of the Young Ireland party it became a potent spell. The *Nation* delighted its readers not merely with vigorous political articles, but with essays in biography, literature, art, and philosophy, and with a weekly contribution in verse.

Many of these poems were of a high order of merit. Ingram's "Who fears to speak of '98?" for example, is one of the finest clarion peals in lyric poetry, and there were other poems quite worthy of fellowship with Ingram's. Macaulay, no mean judge of ballad poetry, wrote to tell Sir Charles Duffy that he was "much struck by the energy and beauty" of the songs published in the *Nation*, and afterwards republished in a volume entitled "The Spirit of the Nation," which ran through some scores of editions. The energy and literary fecundity of the Young Irelanders were indeed wonderful, considering their circumstances. There has been nothing like it in this country in modern times except the upheaval of the Tractarian movement. In erudition and weight of intellectual metal it would of course be absurd to compare the two movements. But they resembled each other in fervour of conviction, in self-sacrificing labour for their cause, and in an extraordinary display of literary activity. And the Young Ireland party were under one special disadvantage: they were for the most part poor men, who had to live by their pens, and had therefore but little leisure for unremunerative pursuits. Under the auspices of the Editor of the *Nation* they started the publication of a series of shilling volumes to be called "The Library of Ireland," and consisting chiefly of biography, poetry, political and historical essays, criticism in literature and art, and works of fiction illustrative of Irish life and manners. Some of Carleton's most popular novels were the offspring of this enterprise. In point of learning and intellectual power Davis was, according to Sir Charles Duffy, by far the most eminent of the Young Ireland party. When he died, suddenly and prematurely, he was engaged on a *Life of Wolfe Tone*, to whom in mind and character he bore no slight resemblance, as well as in the additional fact of their both being Protestants striving with unwearied toil to banish or mitigate sectarian prejudices, and to unite the Protestants and Roman Catholics of Ireland in the bonds of a common patriotism. Davis would cheerfully have risked his own life in the cause which he had at heart; but he would loathe the dastardly policy of advancing that cause by the safe device of assassination by proxy. He wrote to Mr. Smith O'Brien—

"Either you or I or some one should compile a short account of the geography, history, and statistics of Ireland, to be printed in fifty or sixty pages of a report, accompanied by a map, and circulated extensively. We must do more to educate the people. That is the only moral force in which I have any faith. Mere agitation is either bullying or preparation for war. I condemn the former; others condemn the latter. But we all agree in the policy of education."

O'Connell, however, was jealous of the Young Ireland party from the very first, and never worked cordially with them. Genial and generous as he was in private life, he could not in public brook any kind of influence that came into competition with his own.

"In former agitations," says Sir Charles Duffy, "whenever he had reason to distrust the fidelity of a colleague, or feared his rival too acutely, he cashiered him without mercy, and the people invariably acquiesced. If a journal of his party offended him, it was promptly punished by public censure, and if it did not make its

peace by public submission, generally died under his displeasure or was driven to support itself by a disgraceful alliance with the Castle. Even bishops, commonly regarded by the people with a veneration which precluded criticism, lost their prestige if they fell under the habitual censure of the Corn Exchange.*

In this way O'Connell succeeded in surrounding himself with a set of sycophants who were prepared to say "ditto, ditto," to whatever the Agitator proposed or suggested. Sir Charles Duffy is very severe on this phase of O'Connell's career, and some of his criticism may appropriately be quoted at this time as an illustration of the way in which history is wont to repeat itself. After comparing the bulk of O'Connell's parliamentary following to a crew of "Iascars," who "are content with small pay and yield implicit obedience in quiet times, but at a moment when courage or devotion is required fly to the long-boats and hencoops," the author proceeds :—

"That a man of the practical sagacity of O'Connell should be indifferent to the character of his adherents is only to be accounted for in one way. What he wanted was implicit obedience, and implicit obedience is a virtue which ordinarily lives alone. The system no doubt answered his immediate purpose. Followed into the House of Commons by a retinue of foolish and often disreputable persons, he was a conspicuous figure in public life and a powerful factor in affairs; but it was at the complete sacrifice of a more important purpose. The character of Irish representatives was fatally lowered. The assembly which they were sent to persuade or defy came to regard them as the equivalent in politics to Grub Street in letters.

"To these slaves and sycophants," says Sir Charles Duffy, "the unstained lives of the Young Irelanders were a constant reproach, and they tried to stir up popular odium against them. Because they were a mixed company of Protestants and Roman Catholics working harmoniously for one political end, it was industriously whispered about that they were freethinkers. Because they refused to be mere echoes of O'Connell, they were accused of being jealous, and consequently enemies, of the Liberator." "The staff of professional agitators, the veterans who were receiving salaries for nominal services, and the ill-used gentlemen whose sinecures had been threatened, swelled the chorus."

O'Connell was not above the meanness of passively countenancing, if not actively encouraging, these intrigues against the Young Irelanders. On one occasion he betrayed his pique at a public meeting by expressing his surprise that Mr. Isaac Butt had condescended to entertain his audience with "the poor rhymed dulness of the *Nation*"—the rhymes, that is, which had extorted the admiration of Macaulay for their "energy and beauty." The feud came to a head on the question of what was called the "godless colleges." "The Whigs had jeeringly recommended Peel to try concession instead of coercion, and the whisper grew that he would improve on their hint" and endeavour to "take Ireland out of the hands of the Repealers" by the offer of some substantial gifts. The *Nation* frankly declared that it would not look a gift horse in the mouth, but on the contrary would welcome with thanks any real boon which the English Government might offer. "If Peel hoped to denationalise the Irish people by making them prosperous and

* The place where O'Connell held his meetings.

contented let him try, and he should have thanks and applause for every good measure, whatever was his motive in proposing it." The *Nation* was true to its promise when Parliament met and Peel disclosed his intentions, which consisted of a large increase of the Maynooth grant,* and the creation of educational establishments, under the name of Queen's Colleges, for the Roman Catholic middle class. "The *Nation*," says its then editor, "gave the promised reforms a frank welcome. The men whom it represented were not afraid of prosperity. It is not a prosperous people, they said, who bend their knees to subjection. On the contrary, out of wealth and leisure come the longings of nationality and the ambition to rule." This was all the more generous from the fact that the editor of the *Nation* had just escaped with O'Connell from an imprisonment (the result of a prosecution instituted by Sir R. Peel's Government) through the intervention of the House of Lords, which quashed the sentence on the ground of illegality. The *Morning Chronicle* of that day did full justice to this exhibition of magnanimity on the part of the editor of the *Nation*.

"We have noticed with satisfaction," it said, "that on general questions of policy connected with the material and moral improvement of Ireland this influential journal is fully as earnest as on Repeal itself. It shows no sneaking kindness for special grievances for the sake of their reaction on political discontent, and would, we do cheerfully believe, relinquish the finest grievance in the world without a thought of the political capital into which it might be improved. . . . Young Ireland is prepared to hope all things and thankfully accept any really good things, even from the Cabinet that wrongfully imprisoned Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Duffy."

O'Connell met the measures of the Government in a very different temper. He denounced them in strong language, and denounced at the same time the *Nation* and the Young Ireland party for giving them even a qualified support.

"The section of politicians," he said, "styling themselves the Young Ireland party,† anxious to rule the destinies of this country, start up and support this measure. There is no such party as that styled 'Young Ireland.' There may be a few individuals who take that denomination on themselves. I am for Old Ireland! 'Tis time that this delusion should be put an end to. Young Ireland may play what pranks they please. I do not envy them the name they rejoice in. I shall stand by Old Ireland, and I have some slight notion that Old Ireland will stand by me."

This was an open declaration of war flung publicly in the face of Young Ireland. But the self-control of that party, and their determination to sink themselves in their cause, prevented actual rupture, but could not prevent a veiled estrangement. The bullet was extracted, but the wound remained. It is worth while to quote Sir Charles Duffy's

* It is interesting to note in passing that Mr. Gladstone resigned Cabinet office on this occasion, on the ground that he could not honourably support in office a policy which he had previously opposed in public. He claimed the right to change his mind, but to announce the change under conditions which should be untainted by any suspicion of an interested conversion. He supported accordingly the increased grant to Maynooth in the character of an independent Member out of office.

† Sir Charles Duffy explains that this name was fixed on the party as a nickname by their enemies, and was only afterwards adopted by themselves.

own account of the matter, premising, by way of explanation, that the speech in which O'Connell denounced Young Ireland was made in reply to a speech from Mr. Davis, one of the staff of the *Nation*, in support of the Queen's Colleges :—

"The reflex action of that encounter on O'Connell's influence was seriously detrimental at the moment, and perhaps finally destructive [to the cause of Repeal]. A burning sense of wrong was excited by the foul blow struck at Davis. It made men more suspicious of the justice of O'Connell's criticism, and readier to canvass his motives. The more thoughtful knew that, of the two combatants, Ireland could least spare the one of whom she knew next to nothing. The popular organization was mainly the work of O'Connell; but the growth of national opinion among the middle class, the passionate adherence of the new generation to its aims, the respect which it had gained among opponents for breadth and sincerity, the practical projects on which it was employed, and the Protestant recruits it had won, were attributable in a far larger degree to Davis. They were persuaded that another O'Connell, distant as might be his coming, would arise before another Davis. One was a leader credited by the world not only with the prodigious work which he actually performed, but with much that was done by others. He was living in the midst of his private friends; his nearest relatives were his agents and associates. He received an income from the people far beyond the official salary of the President of the American Republic, or of the Prime Minister of any Constitutional kingdom in Europe; and he controlled an expenditure which approximated to the civil list of some European sovereigns. In his youth he had tasted the supreme joy of self-sacrifice for the cause he loved; but he had long been an uncrowned king in authority and inviolability, and had come to regard the interest of his dynasty and the interest of the nation as necessarily identical, and to treat dissent as treason. The other, in becoming a Repealer, had separated in action from his family and from many of his familiar friends, and had relinquished the chances of success in his profession [that of barrister]. He employed his splendid abilities in the public cause without reward and almost without recognition. He had never accepted so much as a postage stamp from the Repeal funds or from any other public source, except the legitimate payment of his work as a journalist. While O'Connell's reputation was like a great river, fed by many streams which were lost in the current they helped to swell. Davis was only known, outside the circle of his friends, by adversaries who industriously disparaged him. He was content to be nothing in the common view, to see other men credited with his work; and he would have applauded and blessed any human being, friend or enemy, who could have carried the Irish cause to success."

Other influences also were at work to undermine the rule of O'Connell. We have already seen what a feeble interest the people generally took for a considerable time in his Repeal movement. Eventually their interest was aroused to fever heat under a threefold stimulus. The literary propaganda of the Young Ireland party first succeeded in putting the nation into an attitude of attention. Then came the great debate in the Dublin Corporation on the question of Repeal. It was opened by O'Connell in a masterly speech in support of a motion for Repeal. The debate lasted three days, and excited an immense interest throughout Ireland. It was conducted with great ability, great moderation, and great courtesy on both sides; and, on a division, O'Connell's motion was carried by a majority of three to one. This unexpected result seemed to bring the question of Repeal within the

range of practical politics. The year was 1843, and Sir Charles Duffy affirms that "within three weeks more men of social or political mark joined the organization than in the three preceding years." The Roman Catholic clergy, headed by their bishops, enlisted in multitudes. The contagion spread and embraced men of mark amongst the nobility and gentry of Ireland, including some Protestants of rank and influence. O'Connell was again on the crest of a great popular wave, and he was not slow to avail himself of his coign of vantage. He announced his intention to hold a succession of public meetings in every county in Ireland, and set immediately about the execution of his design. Protestant ascendancy took the alarm, and began to question whether Sir Robert Peel was not again about to betray Protestantism, as in the case of Catholic Emancipation. Whether these suspicions influenced the Minister it is hard to say, but the result was that he used language in the House of Commons which inflamed the agitation in Ireland, and made O'Connell more powerful than he had ever been before. "Her Majesty's Government," the Premier said, "in this country and in Ireland are fully alive to the evils which arise from the existing agitation; and there is no influence, no power, no authority which the prerogatives of the Crown and the existing law give to the Government which shall not be exercised for the purpose of maintaining the Union; the dissolution of which would involve not merely the repeal of an Act of Parliament, but the dismemberment of this great Empire." He would trust as long as possible, he said, to the existing law, but would not hesitate to ask new powers from Parliament if it became necessary. The sting of the speech, however, was in its tail. "I am prepared," the Minister concluded, "to make the declaration which was made, and nobly made, by my predecessor Lord Althorp, that deprecating as I do all war, but above all civil war, yet there is no alternative which I do not think preferable to the dismemberment of the Empire."

Is this doctrine constitutionally defensible? Tested by its application to any other country than England I suppose no one would dream of upholding it. Certainly the sympathies of Englishmen universally were on the side of the Hungarians while they were struggling for legislative independence; and the Austrian Government would have been execrated from Land's End to John o' Groats' had it attempted to put down by force public meetings convened and peacefully conducted for such a purpose. Yet nothing less than this seemed to be implied in the menacing language of Sir Robert Peel. O'Connell was too astute not to avail himself of the advantage which the Prime Minister's threat had given him. He complained that the British Government had "put Ireland outside the Constitution." The head of the Government "had in terms announced that if the nation became convinced that every article in the treaty of Union was violated, that the connection between the two countries, as Byron had said, resembled that between the shark and his prey, still they were to have no voice in determining

its duration. If the Union proved injurious or inconvenient even to England, would its repeal be a forbidden question?" O'Connell concluded by taking up the Minister's challenge in the following defiant language:—"I belong to a nation of eight millions, and there is besides a million of Irishmen in England. If Sir Robert Peel has the audacity to cause a contest to take place between the two countries, we will put him in the wrong, for we will begin no rebellion. But I tell him from this place that he dare not begin the strife against Ireland."

Brave words! And they were followed by braver, all culminating at last in what has come to be known as "the Mallow defiance." "Are we to be trampled under foot? Oh, they shall never trample me at least. I say they may trample me, but it will be my dead body they will trample on, not the living man." This was understood throughout Ireland as a pledge on the part of the Liberator that, in the event of any forcible attempt to suppress the freedom of public meeting, he would oppose force to force; and the people made it evident that they were prepared to support him.

Meanwhile the Government began to depose wholesale from the magistracy all persons who publicly identified themselves, by attending meetings or in other ways, with O'Connell's agitation. The effect of this policy was to create a reaction in favour of O'Connell and to drive fresh and important recruits into his camp. Nor was sympathy for the cause of which he was for the moment the champion—the right of public meeting—confined to Ireland. Large sections of American society were scarcely less excited. Monster meetings were held, in which some of the leading statesmen of America—Mr. Seward, Mr. Horace Greeley, General Cass, and others—took part, and in which it was declared that if England suppressed by force the agitation of O'Connell in favour of Repeal it should be "with the assured loss of Canada by American arms." The President of the United States, while declining to preside at one of these public meetings, sent his son as the bearer of a message of sympathy for O'Connell and his followers. "I am," said the President, "the decided friend of the Repeal of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland. I ardently and anxiously hope that it may take place, and I have the utmost confidence that Ireland will have her own Parliament in her own capital in a very short time. On this great question I am no half-way man." In France, too, meetings were held and subscriptions raised for the Repeal Association, with promises of military help in case of need. These promises counted, of course, for very little, though, in the strained relations then existing between the two countries, it is probable that France contemplated the prospect of civil war in Ireland with considerable satisfaction. Sir Charles Duffy, indeed, asserts that "three years earlier M. Thiers had had a conference with General Corbet, a distinguished Irish soldier, on the feasibility of a military expedition to Ireland."

In connection with this part of his subject Sir Charles Duffy incidentally raises a question on which, I believe, his judgment is not that of the majority of the English people. "The submission of England in the Alabama Arbitration," he says, "nearly a quarter of a century after the Clontarf meeting was suppressed, was another of its remote consequences; for it was in effect a precaution against the wrath of Irishmen in America." And he talks elsewhere of the humble part which England has since that period played in Continental politics. I am disposed to think that Sir Charles Duffy is here in error both as to his facts and inferences. And, first, as to the Alabama Arbitration. Whatever use may be made of that event in political controversy, "submission," in the sense in which Sir Charles Duffy employs the word, is not a phrase that represents either the fact or the general sentiment in this country respecting it. The facts are brief and simple. So long as the American Government and people took up an attitude of menace towards England, they were met in the spirit which demanded and obtained, almost at the point of the sword, the surrender of the Confederate Commissioners captured on board the Trent. When the United States Government proposed to submit the question in dispute to the arbitration of neutral European Powers, does Sir Charles Duffy mean that it would have been right on the part of England to have refused this pacific offer, even if Irishmen throughout the world had been as loyal as Scotchmen? Certainly no party in England held that opinion. The first offer of referring the controversy to arbitration was submitted to and accepted by a Conservative Government presided over by the late Lord Derby; and although the Treaty of Washington was made under the auspices of a Liberal Government, one of its framers was the present leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons.

What the great mass of the British public feel, I believe, is that the American negotiators displayed considerable sharp practice and that the damages awarded were excessive. Undoubtedly they felt indignant at the time at having been, as they considered, somewhat "done" by Yankee 'cuteness. But to feel that one has been overreached in a bargain by superior acuteness is a very different feeling from "submission" induced by fear. And beneath John Bull's annoyance, moreover, there was an under-current of self-complacent satisfaction that it was better to be the victim than the perpetrator of "dirty tricks," and that the famous "three rules" laid down by the Treaty of Washington would in the future be more advantageous to England than to America.

And as to the alleged diminution of English influence in Continental politics as the consequence of Irish disaffection, it may be asked, first, Is it a fact? And, secondly, is Irish disaffection the only possible explanation?

I see no evidence at all that the influence of England in Continental politics has been on the wane since 1843. The Crimean War, whatever

may be thought of its policy on other grounds, showed no decline of English influence, and there is not an Italian, whatever his politics, who will not affirm that English influence was the most potent factor outside of Italy in the formation of the Italian kingdom. England's influence abroad will always depend on the estimation in which foreign States hold the power of England. And that power rests on two foundations: England's credit and England's capacity to fight. Anything that cripples our credit or our fighting power will in that degree diminish our influence abroad. Annexations which scatter our troops and enterprises which derange our finances will doubtless weaken our influence in the councils of Europe. But our influence will not be diminished by an atom through abstention from a feverish intervention in Continental affairs. America hardly ever interferes in European politics, and has no army or navy to speak of in comparison with the armaments of Continental Powers. But an American citizen holds his head as high as any in the capitals of Europe; and there is no Government in the world, probably, with which even Prince Bismarck would be less inclined to quarrel than the Government of the United States. When the Franco-German war broke out England was, of all countries, the one that the two belligerents were most anxious to conciliate. When France lay prostrate at the feet of her conqueror it was to the British Government that she turned for aid to mitigate the terms imposed upon her; and it was in deference to a British remonstrance that Prince Bismarck sulkily reduced his indemnity by (I think) one-fourth. Even the last few months have exhibited England in the attitude of leading the international policy of Europe.

It is, of course, sadly true that the disaffection of the Irish weakens the power, and so far the influence, of England abroad. But England is more influential abroad now, and the Irish are less influential, than at the period from which Sir Charles Duffy dates the decline of British prestige. Now, as then, Ireland is the scene of an agitation which alarms and bewilders public opinion and tasks the statesmanship of a British Cabinet; but neither in America, nor in France, nor elsewhere, is heard a whisper of sympathy with Mr. Parnell and the Land League. The truth is, Sir Charles Duffy's book was written in Australia, and he derives his opinion of English influence abroad, not from his own observation, but from the too hasty inferences of superficial or prejudiced critics.

As O'Connell's bold speeches culminated in the Mallow defiance, so his "monster meetings," as they were called, were to have reached their climax in the great meeting advertised to be held at Clontarf. The climax, however, became an anti-climax. On the day before that announced for the meeting the Government issued a prohibition against it, and took measures to enforce obedience to its command. The Mallow defiance was now put to the proof. Would the Liberator stand

in the breach with his followers behind him, and only yield when "his body, not the living man," was trampled under the hoofs of British cavalry? O'Connell did not take long to decide. He abruptly countermanded the meeting and used all diligence to prevent a collision between a force of drilled soldiers and an undisciplined multitude. And he acted wisely as well as humanely; but his authority received a blow from which it never recovered. It is clear, from Sir Charles Duffy's narrative—and Sir Charles himself is of that opinion—that O'Connell never really intended to resort to physical force under any circumstances. That being so, it was not less a crime than a blunder to fling out challenges which would have to be ignominiously withdrawn if the crisis should ever arrive to which they pointed. Sir Charles Duffy was at the time evidently in favour of resisting by force the Government's attempt to prevent the Clontarf meeting; and he is right, as a faithful chronicler of facts, to put that circumstance on record. It is hardly possible, however, that he can be of that opinion now, as he looks back on those events through the mellowing vista of retrospective reflection, and it is therefore a pity that he has not made it clear that the error of his youthful enthusiasm is disowned by the riper judgment of experienced age. The sanguinary collision in which Sir Charles Duffy would have bravely taken part thirty-seven years ago would have had no other result than a useless butchery and one more addition to a harvest of bitter memories already too abundant.

The Government followed up the prohibition of the Clontarf meeting by a prosecution of O'Connell and some other leading members of the Repeal movement, Sir Charles Duffy among them. After some weeks' incarceration, which, according to Sir Charles Duffy's description, consisted of detention in very pleasant quarters, where the prisoners were allowed to see their friends and live in common as much as they pleased, the House of Lords quashed the sentence, and the prisoners regained their liberty. This was a clear triumph over the Government and a set-off against the Clontarf fiasco. The question now was how O'Connell would utilise his victory. Would he resume the policy of "monster meetings"? After a short pause he announced that he would not; but he would have Ministers impeached for their unconstitutional conduct, and he proposed to deliver a series of speeches in different parts of England for that purpose. His friends did not consider this a very hopeful or a very practical enterprise, and nothing came of it. O'Connell's next step was to dissolve the Council of Three Hundred—the most efficient instrument in his organization. By-and-by he proposed to abandon the policy of Repeal in favour of that of Federalism, which Mr. Isaac Butt afterwards revived under the name of Home Rule. Finding that the bulk of his followers could not keep pace with him in this retrograde movement, and that, in fact, there were mutterings of a mutiny among them, he abandoned Federalism as jauntily as he had taken it up, and fell back upon Repeal.

This vacillation, and what looked so like infirmity of purpose, disconcerted his party and eventually disorganized it. The quarrel with the Young Irelanders, already referred to, may have precipitated the catastrophe, but the process of decomposition had already set in. Sir Charles Duffy accounts for this phase in the Liberator's life, and doubtless with justice, by the disease of the brain which carried him off a little later, and which had him already in its grasp, though his friends knew it not.

The suppression of O'Connell's public meetings, and the prosecution of himself and the most conspicuous of the Repealers, were not the only measures of coercion to which the Government of Sir Robert Peel had recourse. An Arms Act, which enabled the Executive to search for arms, was about to expire, and the Government proposed to renew it with fresh and stringent additions. The parliamentary history of that measure may be read with profit at this moment. The previous general election had been disastrous to O'Connell's followers. Only a dozen of them found their way back to the House of Commons. But the Irish Liberal members in a body made common cause with the Repealers against the Arms Bill, and they were reinforced by a good contingent of English Radicals. Mr. Disraeli was leading what was then the Fourth Party, and was firing off his philippics against "that organized hypocrisy, a Conservative Government." He was therefore in no humour to help Sir Robert Peel, and the opponents of the Arms Bill accordingly reaped the benefit of his sarcastic eloquence. The result was that the Bill did not emerge from the arena of debate in the Commons till three months after its introduction. Yet the art of obstruction, as compared with its recent developments, was then only in a state of rudimentary and inchoate existence. "Lord Palmerston, with the instinct of a veteran strategist," as Sir Charles Duffy truly remarks, "recognized an occult consequence involved in this protracted struggle: it had broken the sword of coercion." Writing in the following year to his brother, Sir William Temple, about the prospects of the Government, he says:—

"The experience they had about the Irish Arms Bill last year must have shown them that a compact body of opponents, though few in number, may, by debating every sentence and word of a Bill, and by dividing upon every debate, so obstruct its progress through Parliament, that a whole session may scarcely be long enough for carrying through one measure; and of course the Irish members on our side, and all the English and Scotch Radicals, would sit from morn till eve, and from eve till dewy morn, to prevent any more stringent law being enacted."

Palmerston himself, though not formally opposing the Government on that occasion, made a speech in favour of a policy of conciliation, and in the course of his argument threw out a sentiment which, if Mr. Gladstone were now to utter it, would stamp him at once in the opinion of many as a secret confederate of Mr. Parnell. Lord Palmerston "reminded the House that Lord Stanley had recently declared

that it was not worth while maintaining the connection with Canada unless her confidence and affection could be won ; and he begged them to reflect how much truer was this sentiment with respect to Ireland." In truth, the opponents of a coercive policy numbered in its ranks some of the ablest and most sober-minded men in the Three Kingdoms. And this was before the prosecution of O'Connell and his friends and before the Clontarf collapse. It was at a time when the Liberator was more supreme in Ireland than Mr. Parnell is now, and when he was using language more seditious even than any that has yet fallen from the lips of the astute leader of the Home Rulers.

"They stood that day," said O'Connell in a speech at Kilkenny, "at the head of a group of men sufficient, if they understood military discipline, to conquer Europe. Wellington never had such an army. There was not at Waterloo on both sides as many brave and energetic men. However, they were not disciplined ; but tell them what to do and you would have them disciplined in an hour. They were as able to walk in order after a band as if they wore red coats. They were as able to be submissive to the Repeal Wardens, or anybody else told to take care of them, as if they were called sergeants or captains."

It is certainly remarkable that, in the face of provocations like these and in the midst of a panic which certainly seemed well founded, there should have been so many men of property and mark ranged against a policy of coercion, though hating O'Connell and his Repeal agitation. The possession of arms was apparently the one thing needed to make the Repeal movement truly formidable ; yet it was against the policy of forcibly disarming O'Connell's legions that those men of mark and property so energetically protested. And, singularly enough, one of the stoutest protesters was the Lord Leitrim who was lately assassinated. He then sat in the House of Commons as Lord Clements, and declared in the course of his speech against the Arms Bill that "he knew no people who were so easily governed as his fellow-countrymen" if they were properly managed. He compared agrarian crimes in Ireland with outrages in the manufacturing districts in England, and asked why the whole population of Ireland, any more than the whole population of England, should be punished for the crimes of a few miscreants. The following passage from this speech is worth quoting :—

"Coercion had surely had sufficient trial in Ireland. From 1789 to 1802 an Insurrection Act was in force ; from 1803 to 1805 martial law was established ; the Insurrection Act was again in force from 1807 to 1810, and from 1814 to 1818, and from 1822 to 1823, and from 1823 to 1825. There it stopped ; but then came courts-martial ; then a mitigated Coercion Act from 1834 to 1835. In addition to this litany of restrictions the Habeas Corpus Act had been suspended three times since the Union. Had these experiments been so successful that it was expedient to renew them ?"

The policy of coercion failed, as its opponents had predicted, and Sir Robert Peel candidly admitted the failure and adopted a policy of conciliation. In proposing the increase of the Maynooth Grant, he said : "You must break up the formidable conspiracy which exists against the British Government and the British connection. I do not

believe you can break it up by force; but you may break it up by acting in a spirit of kindness, forbearance, and generosity." One of the principal agents in the Minister's conversion was the pitiable story of wholesale evictions. In a speech delivered about this time he said:—

"I must say I do not think the records of any county, civilized or barbarous, ever presented such a statement as that which has been presented to the House in a letter by Captain Kennedy. This gentleman—an officer, I believe, in Her Majesty's Service, I presume of unquestionable veracity—states this fact, that in one union, at a time of famine, within one year, 15,000 persons have been driven from their homes; and that within the last month 1,200 more persons have had their houses levelled to the ground. I know not, sir, if it be possible for the law to apply a remedy to that system, but in the House of Commons, at least, it provokes the expression of our deepest indignation."

Can it be doubted that if the large-minded statesman who spoke these words had been alive last summer he would have heartily supported the Compensation for Disturbance Bill? It is probable that if those who flung that measure from them in such contumelious haste had anticipated what has happened in Ireland in the interval they would have acted differently. The Bill was in truth a measure for the protection of landlords more than of tenants. It would have protected some tenants from unjust eviction; but it would have shielded the landlords generally against the machinations of the Land League. A Government tribunal would have intervened instead of the landlord's agent, and the Land League would have been checkmated. Mr. Parnell saw this. The Bill was distasteful to him, for it would have broken the spell of his influence by making the tenants independent of the patronage of the Land League. And therefore, not daring to oppose it, he fled to the Continent to avoid the dilemma of being obliged either to support or oppose a Bill which he disliked and his clients were ready to welcome.*

But meanwhile what is to be done? It is impossible that the present reign of terror in Ireland can be endured. Nor, indeed, is there any reason to despair. The state of Ireland has often been more critical than it is now, and every measure of relief has invariably had the effect of abridging the area of disaffection and disturbance. The agitation against the payment of tithes, to take no earlier date, was more widespread than the present agitation, and it was stained by a larger catalogue of crimes. Yet that agitation vanished under just and skilful treatment. Why should not the agitation against the payment of rents have a similar issue?

In our just indignation against the cowardly and brutal tactics of the Land League—tactics which must alienate from them the respect of all

* Since this was written Mr. Parnell has publicly declared that he detested Mr. Forster's Compensation for Disturbance Bill, and would have voted against it, only that he knew the Lords would 'kick it out.' "Tithes's occupation's gone" was evidently Mr. Parnell's feeling when he read Mr. Forster's Bill. But a crowd of peers rushed over sea and land to make Mr. Parnell—little as they dreamt of such a thing—Dictator of Ireland.

honourable and humane men—let us not forget that there are two sides to the question. Sir Charles Duffy's chapter, entitled "*A Bird's-Eye View of Irish History*," casts a flood of light on the wretched state of affairs in Ireland. Those cruel wrongs belong, 'tis true, to the past; but their effects remain, and our generation is undergoing retribution for the unexpiated crimes of other days. "Every bullet has its billet," and every crime must have its retribution, however long deferred. It may be laid down as an axiom in politics, that any Government which has ruled a subject province for some centuries, and at the end of that time finds the population of that province wretched and disaffected, must bear the burden of responsibility. It is English misrule that has borne this bitter fruit in Ireland, and the present landlords of Ireland no less than their tenants are, for the most part, the innocent victims of that misrule. Not they alone, but England generally, should bear whatever self-sacrifice may be necessary to readjust on an equitable basis the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland.

Let us hope that when the Government have produced their remedial measure the reign of lawlessness which now prevails in Ireland will cease. But if it do not, even kindness to the deluded people themselves, to say nothing of other considerations, demands that anarchy shall be suppressed at any cost. The reckless and criminal use of firearms will justify the Government in compelling, under a stern penalty, the surrender of arms on the part of all persons not specially licensed to bear them. The chief culprit is undoubtedly Mr. Parnell. A word from him would have put a stop to barbarous outrages on man and beast; and that word he has not uttered even in rebuke of the felonious suggestions of some of his hearers. Nor do the Irish priesthood show to advantage. They may find, when too late, that they have been aiding a movement which will prove as fatal to their influence as to that of the landlords. It is seldom that the ministers of religion can play the part of Frankenstein without sharing Frankenstein's fate.

The publication of Sir Charles Duffy's volume is opportune, and the rapid sale of the first edition proves the interest which it has excited. There is much interesting matter in it to which it was impossible to make even a passing allusion in the preceding pages; but I cannot dismiss the volume without bearing witness to Sir Charles Duffy's scrupulously fair treatment of those—some of them no longer able to defend themselves—with whom he came into conflict. He is eminently fair to O'Connell, and finds excuses for him even when he is obliged to condemn him. He relates two anecdotes of him, one of which is new to me and probably to most of Sir Charles Duffy's readers. "During the whole period of his imprisonment O'Connell was an unsuccessful wooer. He was labouring under the most distracting influence that can possess a man of his years—a passionate love for a gifted young girl who might have been his grand-daughter," and who differed from himself "in race and in religion." His suit was persistently pressed and as persistently

rejected ; a result which, as Sir Charles Duffy naïvely remarks, " was not calculated to restore the composure of O'Connell."

The other anecdote is an instance of O'Connell's humour. The authorities sent short-hand writers on some occasions to take down his speeches, with a view to the possibility of proceedings being taken against him. The people were extremely indignant at this, and at a meeting at Skibbereen the short-hand writers were likely to be roughly handled. O'Connell, observing this, good-humouredly shielded the reporters, but contrived at the same time to revenge himself upon them after a humorous fashion. "He insisted that they should be treated with the utmost courtesy ; and when they were duly seated and had their note-books and pencils in hand he advanced to the front of the platform and began to address the people in Irish !"

It only remains to add that Sir Charles Duffy's book is written in a bright picturesque style, which carries the reader buoyantly over its pages. It brings the narrative of the Young Ireland party down to the end of 1845, and is to be followed by another volume which will complete it, and tell the story of Smith O'Brien's abortive insurrection, in which Sir Charles Duffy himself was also an actor, and, as already mentioned, narrowly escaped penal servitude.

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

FOREIGN OPINION ON IRELAND.

WHAT can foreigners teach us about Ireland? How can they know anything about it? What does their opinion matter? And how can it afford us any guidance? Such are the questions likely to be aroused by the title of this article.

But though it may be admitted that it is more difficult for a foreigner than for any one else to form a fair judgment of the policy of another country, more difficult for him to have an equal command of facts; yet at the same time if he sees events from a greater distance, he also sees them from a cooler point of view; and we may at least expect that his opinions will come to us untainted with any suspicion of interestedness, and unbiassed altogether by the cries and fears that often affect a nearer vision.

For these reasons it is always worth while to attend to foreign opinion. The foreign critic serves the function which, according to Adam Smith, is essential to the formation of all our moral ideas, of the "indifferent and impartial spectator," by reference to whose judgment the danger of partiality, in matters of self-judgment, can alone be averted or controlled. Yet by foreign opinion let us be careful not to mean, as our daily newspapers so love to make it mean, an extract from this or that journal, or the spleen or fancy of this or that journalist, but the deliberate judgment of foreigners who have either seen Ireland with their own eyes, or have laboriously studied the subject, before presuming to give the world their opinion. In this respect at least Ireland has been fortunate, for she has been visited, observed, and described by travellers and publicists of European reputation, whose names alone are a sufficient guarantee for impartial criticism and honest investigation.

First of all comes Gustave de Beaumont, who visited Ireland in 1835 and 1837, and whose work on Ireland is a standard work, even

for English students of the modern history of that country. De Tocqueville also has left published his impressions of a visit to Ireland in the same year. Sismondi, the economist, also devoted much attention to Ireland. Then comes Friedrich von Raumer, Professor of History at Berlin, who included his journey to Ireland in his account of England in 1835, and again in 1841. Kohl, too, the distinguished European traveller, wrote his impressions of Ireland in 1844, about which time also Amedée Pichot, the French writer, found his way there. In later times, the Abbé Perraud wrote a learned work on Ireland, after a visit to the country in 1860. Count Cavour published two articles on Ireland in 1843 and 1844;* and several writers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* such as M. Lemoigne, M. de Carné, M. de Lavergne, and M. de Lasteyrie, may be mentioned as completing the list of our foreign critics, whose opinions on the subject of Ireland deserve more than ordinary respect and attention.

It will be best, therefore, to consider their remarks from three points of view: first, from the impression produced on them by the social aspect of Ireland; secondly, from the reforms that seemed to them most essential to the prosperity of Ireland; and thirdly, from the opinion entertained by them with respect to Repeal, as either possible or as likely to be advantageous or the contrary to Ireland.

I. It is instructive to compare the impression which Ireland has produced on foreign visitors at different times, in order to see it as we really should see it, were our observation unbiassed by social fears or political partisanship. For the misfortune is, that, though some of this evidence is more than forty years old, it still remains the evidence of to-day, there being no country of the world where, in spite of all that has been done, the main features of the social picture have remained so unchanged for so long as in Ireland. And first let us take the testimony of Gustave de Beaumont, the celebrated French publicist, who visited Ireland in 1835 and 1837, in order to verify for himself the facts related by a Parliamentary Commission, that there were in Ireland nearly three millions of people exposed every year to the peril of absolute want, people not only poor but actually indigent. Having seen it, he writes: "I have seen the Indian in his forests and the negro in his chains, and I thought that I beheld the lowest term of human misery, but I did not then know the lot of Ireland. . . . Irish misery forms a type by itself, of which there exists nowhere else either model or imitation. In seeing it, one recognizes that no theoretical limits can be assigned to the misfortunes of nations."† He does not hesitate to pronounce the condition of the population worse than that of the mediæval serfs. He finds it difficult to say whether the dwellings inhabited or the dwellings deserted form the saddest sight. The condition, he says, which in Ireland is above poverty would be among other people frightful

* In the "Bibliothèque Universelle de Geneva" for December, 1843, and January, 1844.

† "L'Irlande," i. p. 224.

distress, and the miserable classes which in France are justly pitied, would form in Ireland a privileged class.

Von Raumer visited Ireland the same year as De Beaumont, and returned with his mind filled with one thought, the indescribable misery of so many thousands of people. The days he spent there he counted as the saddest of his life. In England he had looked in vain for misery, and found the reports of it exaggerated; but of Ireland no words could express the frightful truth that everywhere met the eye. There the sun must testify that Europe, too, had its pariahs—yet not Europe, but Ireland alone.

A few years later, Kohl, the distinguished German traveller, wrote still more strongly of what is still to this day the condition of a large part of Ireland. He had pitied the Letts of Livonia for living in huts built of unhewn logs of trees, with the crevices stopped up with moss; but having seen the west of Ireland he regarded the Letts, Esthonians, and Finlanders as living in a state of comparative comfort. He doubted whether, in the whole world, a nation could be found subjected to the physical privations of the peasantry in some parts of Ireland. A Russian peasant was a slave, but he was housed and fed to his contentment; the Hungarians were not the best used people in the world, but even the humblest had good wheaten bread and wine for his daily fare; in Servia and Bosnia, if the people were badly housed, they were well clad; the Tartars of the Crimea were poor and barbarous, but they looked at least like human beings; in short, nowhere but in Ireland could be found human creatures living from year's end to year's end on the same root, berry, or weed. There were animals, indeed, that did so, but human beings nowhere save in Ireland.

That, then, has been the effect produced by Irish distress on foreign travellers, on men who went to Ireland with no political bias, such as might lead us to mistrust an English Conservative who should see no evil at all there, or his Liberal companion who should see nothing else. Yet it is still a common belief that such a picture is overdrawn or a fiction altogether, an engine brought out for political ends; and the belief is proof against famines that recur with a periodicity scarcely less regular than the returns of a comet, and satisfies itself with stories of Irish farmers rolling in money who yet, for some mysterious reason, prefer rags and tatters to decent clothing, and love weeds or potatoes above wholesome bread. But English travellers have not spoken less graphically than foreigners of the real state of parts of Ireland, from the time of Spenser the poet down to the recent account of Mr. Tuke, in 1880. "It is undeniable," said Inglis, after his visit to Ireland in 1834, "that the condition of the Irish poor is immeasurably worse than that of the West Indian slave;" and Barrow, after a tour in Ireland in 1835, writes: "No picture drawn by the pencil, none by the pen, can possibly convey an idea of the sad reality. . . . There is no other country on the face of the earth where such extreme misery prevails as in Ireland." There is, indeed, a chain of evidence, English as well as foreign, a chain of evidence

which knows no break, that in the condition of the great majority of the Irish nation no improvement is ever really made, nor the distance from starvation ever appreciably diminished. The Abbé Perraud, since then Bishop of Autun, after visiting Irish cabins in Kerry, Mayo, and Donegal, in 1860, expressed his surprise at finding things not a whit better than when De Beaumont had exposed the state of Ireland to Europe twenty years before. "How great," he says, "was my astonishment more than twenty years after the second journey of De Beaumont to come upon the very destitution so eloquently described by him in 1839." After living long in a Department considered as one of the poorest and most backward in France, Perraud undertook to say (and his evidence is important with respect to the success of the modern French land system) that the lot of the poorest peasant in France could not compare with the misery of a large part of Ireland.*

Yet, in spite of all this testimony, and in spite of the testimony of Commission after Commission and Blue-book upon Blue-book, there has never yet been a time when the improvement of Ireland was not zealously asserted in Parliament and proved by statistics.† Did not the increase of her produce prove an increase of prosperity? By no means, if the increase of her produce has been always accompanied with a constant state of famine for more than half her population. In the year 1822, which was one of Ireland's worst famine years, Cobbett asserted that thousands of quarters of corn were every week imported into England; nor have foreign observers been slow to recognize the force of the contrast. Amedée Pichot noticed the remarkable fact that a population should die of hunger, inhabit nothing better than mud cabins, and at the same time raise produce to the extent of £16,000,000 annually for exportation to England.‡ And Von Raumer remarked the same thing: "Only the industry of the tenants raises the rich harvest; but in the midst of an abundance which does not belong to them they perish from misery and famine."

Does not this point to the real source of the evil? Namely, to so unequal a division of the produce of the soil between the land-owner and the land-cultivator, that the latter can barely subsist? The prosperity of the peasantry of a country depends not on the total produce of the soil, but on the share of it reserved to itself, by agreement or custom, after payment of the share due as rent to the land-owner. If the circumstances of a country are such that the latter class, in letting their land, can stipulate for so much of the produce as will just leave enough for the tenants to live on it and no more, the latter will always be liable to live at the lowest point that is just short of actual starvation. Where com-

* "L'Irlande," ii. p. 136.

† In the debate about the Union in 1834, the prosperity of Ireland was illustrated by reference, among other things, to the flourishing state of the cloth and carpet factories at Kilkenny. Inglis happened to visit Kilkenny shortly after the facts had been quoted, and found 2,000 persons totally without employment, men like spectres moving about the mills, and great destitution pervading the town. "Ireland in 1834," i. pp. 91, 92.

‡ "L'Irlande et le pays des Galles," ii. p. 469.

petition ends in such a state of things, it is evident that freedom of contract has reached a limit that calls for the interposition of the legislature, since it is not for the interest of any nation, as Sismondi the economist long since pointed out, that only a section of its population should grow in wealth at the cost of general misery and mortality.*

Hence the failure, as De Beaumont predicted, of the once popular remedies of emigration and the consolidation of farms. Hence the fallacy of the theory of over-population. Political economy preached loud and long that a diminution in the number of tenants competing for farms, or of labourers for work, would result in lower rents and higher wages, though it was notorious that Irish distress had been as great when the population was one million or four millions as when it had reached eight. When Sir William Petty estimated the population in the seventeenth century at 1,100,000, there were even then, according to him, out of 200,000 houses, 160,000 cabins worse even than those of the savages of America.† Whence is it, asked De Beaumont, that the produce of Ireland seems insufficient for its population? Is it that the country does not produce enough for eight millions? Yet every one knows that so fertile a country could easily nourish twenty-five millions. Why then does a third of that number live in misery? And his answer is: Because, before asking of the soil what they require to live on, they have first to take from it what will pay the land-owner the rent of their farms. So that the simple result of any decrease of population would be that the increased facility of living would enable the landlord to ask higher rents, and after millions of people had disappeared from Ireland, the lot of the remainder would be no better than before.

So De Beaumont argued in 1839 on *à priori* grounds, and Von Raumer too predicted the inefficacy of emigration, pointing out at the same time that complaints of a surplus population had been just as common fifty years before, when the nation was less by half than it was at that moment. In this they both reasoned better than Sismondi, who pressed the claims of emigration, as one measure of relief, on the usual grounds. In 1862 De Beaumont published a seventh edition of his book, wherein he described only too fatally the disastrous verification of his prediction. More than a million Irish had been swept away by famine, two more millions had emigrated; but had the number of poor diminished in corresponding proportion? Had Ireland become more prosperous? Was she safe from the dread of famine? Were agrarian outrages less common? By no means. For undeniable as it was that the competition for labour and for farms had diminished by some three million people, wages were still insufficient and irregular, the potato was still the daily food, and the rents for farms still as exorbitant as the competition for them was keen and fatal.

II. It is remarkable that most of our foreign critics should have gone

* Sismondi, "Nouveau Principes d'Economie Politique," i. pp. 231 and 196.

† "Political Anatomy of Ireland."

straight to the point in discovering that in the relation between landlord and tenant lay, the real source of Irish distress, and that all other reforms, such as commutation of tithes, the institution of poor-laws, the establishment of the national schools, even the disestablishment of the Church, could only serve as palliatives, not as remedies, of the evil. Count Cavour, for instance, recognized as the two chief vices of the Irish system, the supremacy of a religion odious to the majority of the people, and the deplorable condition of the agricultural population owing to a faulty distribution of property. No reform, said Pichot, after many reforms had been tried, is ever likely to satisfy Ireland, unless as a first step the condition of government itself and of property are regulated.* The question is always the same, wrote Jules de Lasteyrie in 1853, before and after the poor-law, before and after the famine, before and after the emigration, and before and after the institution of the Encumbered Estates Court.† Perraud, when still more had been done for Ireland, asked, in 1862, what Ireland still complained of, and fervent Catholic though he was, he put the land grievance before that of the Church. She complains, he said, of having a system of land tenure unique in Europe, the details of which seem to have been combined for the purpose of perpetuating a fatal antagonism between the different classes of society, of imposing extraordinary sufferings upon the agricultural classes, and of being to the whole country a permanent cause of disquiet and misery.‡

Even the Land Act of 1870 has left the tenancies-at-will, the rack-rents, the evictions, untouched; it is still possible to raise rents in proportion to the expenditure of a tenant's labour and capital, and to recover by such means more than any possible loss incurred by compensation for eviction. Von Raumer's statement, therefore, still holds good, that, compared with a tenant-at-will, even an ancient vassal was a lord, that there was a season when hares, stags, and deer could be hunted by no one, but tenants-at-will were and might be hunted all the year round, and if they defended their homes, as badgers and foxes might, it was called rebellion. Count Cavour did not hesitate to write, that in the matter of land tenure even Russia was in a more satisfactory state than Ireland: the serf no doubt was legally dependent on his master, his rights were fewer, and he was subject to greater and more arbitrary violence; but at least there subsisted between him and the higher classes of society numberless moral ties of which in Ireland there was no trace.

It was inevitable, therefore, that with the problem thus clearly set before them, our foreign critics should have seen, in an alteration in the conditions of land tenure, the only effective remedy for Irish grievances. In all the reforms they proposed, the disestablishment of the Church filled a prominent place, but not the chief one, the reform of the land system being the most essential. Thus Von Raumer said in

* ii. p. 445.

† *Revue des Deux Mondes*, July, 1853.

‡ ii. p. 359.

1841, that the laws and practices relating to land were still the chief cause of the miseries of Ireland.* When he visited Ireland in 1838, five reforms seemed to him desirable: an equal provision for the churches and schools of both Catholics and Protestants out of the Church property; the total abolition of tithes, not a mere change in the mode of raising them (as was the plan adopted in the Tithe Act of 1838); the institution of poor-laws; a law obliging absentees to pay a higher poor-tax than resident proprietors; and, above all, a complete abolition of tenants-at-will, and their conversion into peasant proprietors. This last reform he emphasized as the most essential of all, without which all the others were but palliative remedies, that would leave untouched the heart of the disease.

The unanimity with which nearly all foreign writers on Ireland recommend peasant proprietorship as the object to be aimed at, is a fact worth noticing amid the many other contending schemes of reform. They may differ as to the means of effecting the change, but they agree as to the end. Sismondi, De Beaumont, Von Raumer, Kohl, and Pichot, are on this point united.

Von Raumer and Kohl would have peasant proprietors created as they have been in Prussia during this century. Kohl suggested such reforms as should lead tenants-at-will and leaseholders generally to convert their tenures into freeholds; and he argued, that if Prussia and other German States forced proprietors to give up privileges that were injurious to the community, and to accept a moderate indemnity, much more would the Irish Government be justified in doing so in consideration of the far greater uncertainty that attached to Irish than to German titles.†

De Beaumont proposed to arrive at the same end gradually, by abolishing entails, and enacting a law that in the event of intestacy landed property should follow the rule of equal division among children. This, he thought, would in time bring about the subdivision of estates and a better distribution of property. But he was unhesitating about the aim of legislation; and he advocated the small-farm system on the ground of its social and political benefits, irrespective of the question of relative productiveness. "It is of all things necessary," he says, "that the population shall find on the soil a happier lot, or resign itself to remain eternally miserable; but since it is professedly miserable as farmers, is not the only chance left it to become proprietors?" Even in 1862 he retained the opinion expressed in 1839: "If in France the acquisition of the soil has been so great an improvement for the people, of what benefits it would be the source for the Irish people! In becoming proprietors, the lower classes of France have passed from a tolerable situation to a better one; those of Ireland would cross at once all the space that separates a happy lot from the most miserable condition. The more one considers Ireland, her needs

* England in 1841," i. p. 160.

† ii. p. 135.

and difficulties of all sorts, the more one is inclined to think that a change in the state of her agricultural population would be the real remedy for her evils."

Sismondi's opinion is of importance on this subject, because, although a political economist of the first rank, he disputes the advantages of the large-farm system as compared with those of small peasant holdings, when weighed in the measure of the greatest possible social happiness. The point of view of the national prosperity stands really quite apart from the point of view of the greatest possible produce; and, as Sismondi says, "the nation is only the sum-total of all the individuals which compose it, and the progress of wealth is illusory if obtained at the price of the general misery."^{*} From this first principle of political economy, from this recognition of its object, as not consisting in the greatest accumulation of wealth, but in its most beneficial distribution, flows the interest and therefore the right of society, to prevent, by legal intervention, the poorer classes which compose it from falling by sheer competition for existence into a state of helpless destitution and wretchedness. Sismondi therefore does not hesitate to say, that, in the interest of the Irish tenant, and in order that his lot may not be infinitely worse than it was in the worst times of feudalism, it is necessary, not merely to make poor-laws, to build hospitals and schools and savings-banks, but to alter the relations between the proprietors and cultivators of the soil, and to interfere on behalf of the feeblest party in a contract based on unequal conditions.[†] The English legislature so interfered with freedom of contract, when, on behalf of those whom such freedom injured, it enacted the age and hours of lawful factory labour; and it is only in virtue of such interference that actual slavery is no longer possible in English law nor existent in English colonies. No less a political economist than Mr. Mill agreed with Sismondi on the necessity of interfering with freedom of contract to limit the rents of Irish cottier tenants; and since the sacredness of such contract, is so often quoted as a primary axiom of political economy, it is well to study his words: "Rent paid by a capitalist who farms for profit and not for bread, may safely be left to competition; rent paid by labourers cannot. . . . Peasant rents ought never to be arbitrary, never at the discretion of the landlord: either by custom or by law, it is imperatively necessary that they should be fixed."[‡]

Sismondi, therefore, seeing Ireland through the description of Inglis in 1834, considered that the law was justified in dealing severely with any so-called rights of property that had brought the country to so miserable a condition. It is worth quoting the language he imagines the sovereign power addressing to the Irish landowners, because it is virtually the same language that was used in 1847, under the irritation of the famine,

^{*} "Nouveaux Principes d'Economie Politique," i. p. 231.

[†] "Études sur l'Economie Politique," i. pp. 191-232, &c.

[‡] Book ii. chap. x. p. 1.

when even a paper like *The Times* accused Irish landlords of exercising their rights with a hand of iron, and disregarding their duties with a forehead of brass.*

"You have endangered," he supposes the State to say, "the whole British empire, in driving more than a quarter of its population to a distress which but for our intervention could only have finished by a rebellion. You have shaken the foundation of society itself, by rendering the laws of property hateful. . . . The first right of property is that of the cultivator to live on the fruit of his labour, and that right you have violated; we shall interfere henceforth without fear or scruple to guarantee it to him in its entirety. We demand that upon the rich soil of Ireland, in the midst of all its luxuriant vegetation, the Irish peasant shall live at least as well as the peasant of the Prussian sands or of the frozen climate of Russia; that he shall not be worse off than they are for lodging, clothing, food, or firing; that he shall enjoy as much rest and as much security for the future as they do. It is only after having ensured to him his share that we shall recognize your right to what remains and shall trouble to ensure it also."

This line of argument Sismondi presupposed as a preface to the plan he suggested of compelling the landlords to suffer the State to reclaim their waste lands against a quit rent to be paid in perpetuity by tenants established on them. Placing the cost of reclaiming the bogs at £7 an acre, he argued (leaving out of consideration the building of decent houses) that it would cost £70 to set up a single family on a farm of ten acres; and that a perpetual rent of £5, or ten shillings an acre, would in time repay capital and interest, together with the expenses of administration. Sismondi argued that a tenant who thus paid a fixed unvarying rent that could not be raised, and who was capable of transmitting his land to his children, was really as much its proprietor as its real owner; and he referred, by way of precedent, to the example of Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, who compelled all ecclesiastical corporations in his States, all hospitals, and pious foundations to part with their lands for a fixed perpetual rent; a measure, which raised the class of the *contadini livellari* to a state of the greatest prosperity, and saved the foundations themselves from ruin.† The rent itself to be paid for the lands thus compulsorily alienated, he would have fixed by public authority, and fixed much lower than the rate the vendors would ask or the purchasers be ready to pay; since the State was justified in insisting that the labouring class should be comfortably maintained by its labour, and without such supervision on its part, labour could always be obtained at a lower price than was compatible with social well-being.

The idea of Sismondi's scheme, which he urged, together with emigration, for the relief of Ireland, was actually advocated in Parliament by Lord John Russell in 1847, and if the scale of the measure was smaller than that suggested by Sismondi, at least there was the same avowed intention of producing a class of peasant proprietors. A million pounds were to be devoted by Government to the reclamation of some of the four million acres of waste land in Ireland; and if a landowner

* Feb. 25, 1847.

† "Etudes," i. pp. 197, 253.

refused to improve his lands by money to be lent by the State or out of his own resources, or if he refused to sell them, a compulsory power was to belong to the Commissioner of Woods and Forests, to take and reclaim such lands below the value of half-a-crown an acre; and such lands, having been divided into lots of between 25 and 30 acres, were to be sold, or if let for a term of years, to be sold at the end of the term. Lord J. Russell's words are remarkable: "I expect that a great number of persons who have hitherto been driven to despair, and many of them into crime, by the great demand for land, will be able to earn a comfortable living by the produce of their labour; . . . and I expect that we shall thus raise a class of small proprietors who by their industry and independence will form a valuable link in the future social condition of Ireland."* Unfortunately, however, circumstances led to the abandonment of this measure, which seemed more than any other calculated to improve the permanent condition of Ireland, with the least interference with customary rights of property, and to the advantage of both landlord and tenant.

III. But if most foreign observers of Ireland are unanimous in recognizing in the creation of a class of peasant proprietors the best chance for the future prosperity of Ireland, the unanimity which they show in rejecting the notion of a repeal of the Union is equally noticeable, and is deserving of some weight in the formation of opinion about it. Even Perraud, whose criticism of the English government in Ireland is the bitterest of all, goes no further in countenancing repeal than to hold it out as a menace against further misrule. "The three kingdoms," says Von Raumer, "may and ought to live in union like sisters; but if Ireland is treated like a step-sister, do not be surprised at the cry of distress your injustice extorts from her." He admits that, without having seen Ireland, theoretical objections against a Repeal seem strong; but having himself seen it, he excuses the demand, though he personally fails to approve of it.

Cavour's opinion, as that of a practical statesman, deserves all the more notice for having been written in the midst of O'Connell's Repeal agitation, and at a time when he quotes it as the general opinion of Europe that the legislative independence of Ireland was the only effectual remedy for her condition. Meaning by Repeal what O'Connell always professed to mean, legislative not political independence—that is, an Irish and an English Parliament under the same executive, as in the days before the Union—he lays stress on the difficulty of regulating the relations between the executive and the two legislatures, especially in matters relating to foreign and colonial policy. A Minister obliged to please at the same time an English and Irish majority would be an impossible being. And as to the plan, which then found some favour, of an Anglo-Hibernian federation, wherein a third assembly, above the two Parliaments, should exercise the control of external and colonia

* "Hansard," vol. lxxxix., p. 442, Jan. 25, 1847.

affairs, the difficulties were no fewer, for there were obvious differences between a federation of two nations, of which one was much stronger than the other, and a federation of a large number of States, as in America, where no one State was stronger than all the rest combined.

But Cavour's chief objection to the proposal of Repeal rested on the injurious effects that he believed it would have for Ireland. He argued, as from time to time it has been argued by M. Louis de Carné, M. John Lemoine, and M. Jules de Lasteyrie, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*,* that such a measure would be more injurious to Ireland than even to England. In the first place, Ireland would lose financially, and an increase of taxation would necessarily be one of the first measures of a Dublin Parliament. Then on many questions more good was to be expected from an English than from an Irish Parliament. The Church, for instance, was likely to be reformed by the Liberal party in England with less violence and injustice than might be shown in Ireland, though Cavour acknowledged that were such reform only possible through repeal, he should agree in the wish to see the repeal carried. The land laws in the same way, whose reform was to be sought for, he thought, in the abolition of entails and primogeniture, and in facilitating the proceedings for the sale and division of landed property, would be reformed with greater regard to justice in England than in Ireland. And in other ways Ireland would suffer by separation. It would be a misfortune to her if the national schools established by Lord Melbourne's Government were to fall into the sole charge of the Catholic clergy, for, much as the latter deserved respect for their charity and devotion to their duties, yet their ignorance, prejudices, and exaggerated political principles made them ill-suited as masters of primary schools. Neither would repeal of the Union create the capital and raw material which were necessary for the growth of manufactures in Ireland; and it would be still harder for her to borrow gold from London for great public works than it was even at present, were a democratic Parliament sitting in Dublin.

But the great argument against Repeal is with Cavour, as with De Beaumont or Lemoine, based on its actual impossibility—on the impossibility either of England's consenting to such division or of Ireland's achieving such division by force. To propose such a separation in the House of Commons, says Lemoine, would be like proposing in the French Chamber of Deputies a Bill for the re-establishment of the kingdom of Provence or of the estates of Brittany. It would be to ask of England an act of suicide; as indeed was shown in 1834, when O'Connell brought forward in Parliament his famous motion on the Repeal of the Union. De Beaumont expressed the same opinion as Lemoine or Cavour, when he said that if any convulsion of the globe could submerge Ireland under the sea, England would perhaps be only strengthened by the loss; but that as long as Ireland held the position in space it now occupies, the position with regard to England of an arm to its body, so

* *Revue* for Feb. and May, 1839, June 1843, April 1867.

long would she necessarily be ruled by England.* Hence, like other foreign observers, he never believed that O'Connell seriously intended Repeal, or that it meant with him anything more than a weapon of constitutional warfare for securing the attention of England, and so promoting Irish reforms. Does what he then said of Repeal in the following argument apply to-day to Home Rule? "In her struggles with England the combination of two things has been and will be necessary for Ireland—the combination of force and of right. Without force Ireland will never obtain anything from England. But her force as against England consists in agitation. For O'Connell the great instrument of agitation is Repeal. It is not by chance that he chooses this instrument; he chooses it because it is the best and surest. . . . But Ireland, to succeed in her struggle, has not only need to support her right by force; she must also, in displaying her force, never go beyond the law. Her agitation is only efficacious on condition of being constitutional. . . . She must possess always and simultaneously these two elements of power—an imposing show of force and respect for the law, agitation and legality. That is the secret of all her struggles and constitutional victories, past and to come."†

This criticism of the most intelligent foreign observer of Irish affairs, though prefixed to the edition of 1845, is still worth reading in 1881, although the Established Church, whose destruction De Beaumont considered as almost the first reform of all, exists no longer, and though the Land Act of 1870 has made so great a step in advance in the satisfaction of the just demands of the Irish people. For Irish history repeats itself with melancholy regularity, as every history does where the fundamental causes of grievance remain untouched and unhealed. We have seen that every foreign critic of Irish distress has gone straight to the system of land tenure as the root of the evil, and has pointed out the laws regulating the relations between landlord and tenant, relations which, so far from being free, tend to reduce one class to a state of absolute servility on another, and to cause famines in the midst of prosperity, as the real object calling for State supervision. It is not Repeal, nor Home Rule that is really wanted, except so far as either would effect this fundamental question. "To find," says Louis de Carné, "some means of ensuring to the Irish peasant some alternative or another between the possession of land and absolute destitution, to create for him some resource for his life when he cannot get a few acres to rent, and to prevent him attaching himself in despair to his little potato-field, in pointing out to him elsewhere a means of livelihood—such is the problem on which depends the existence of a whole people." "At the bottom of all Irish agitations," said M. Lemoine in 1843, "there are two causes, the relations between landlords and tenants, and the supremacy of the Protestant Church." M. Lemoine thought that

* ii. 230, 231, and compare Laverne: "*Economie rurale de l'Angleterre*, p. 392."

† ii. 273, 275, 278.

the latter alone could be rightfully affected by the law ; but the principle was recognized in 1847 by a statesman like Lord John Russell, and earlier still by a political economist like Sismondi, that in the interests of the nation as a whole it is permissible for the State to step in between landlord and tenant, and to compel the former either to sell his land once for all, or to agree to accept for it a perpetual rent, to be fixed by the State, and a rent incapable of being raised. Such a solution of the difficulty is undoubtedly an interference with freedom of contract, and with the strictly legal rights of property ; but it is an interference justified by the abuse of such rights, by the ruthless exercise in many cases of the right of eviction, with no compensation for the cabin that has been built by the tenant, or the land that has been cultivated by him, where circumstances have been so adverse as to render the payment of his rent impossible. Until such a right is controlled by law, and until the agricultural classes of Ireland are protected by the law, are endowed with a closer proprietary interest in the lands they cultivate, and entitled to a fairer proportion of the harvest they raise, the state of Ireland is likely to continue one of agitation and trouble, to say nothing of what it must cost this country, not only in funds to prevent famine, but in the loss of her best legislative time, and the enfeeblement of her national policy abroad.

J. A. FARRER.

THE THREE F's.

THE proposal summed up in the phrase, "the three F's," is not a compromise, yet it is attacked from as many sides and on as many grounds as if it had been carefully designed to give the small modicum of satisfaction to contending parties which is all the success that compromise can hope to attain even in England, the land of its birth. Though, however, the scheme has been assailed in different quarters, I believe it has really a stronger hold on the minds of reasonable men of all parties and classes in Ireland than any of its rivals.

The general belief, that a large body of the evidence given to Lord Bessborough's Land Commission has favoured such a solution, is borne out by the evidence that has been published from time to time by individual witnesses in the newspapers; and it is remarkable that the support given to it has originated in Ireland, while the repugnance to such ideas, which is instinctive in most Englishmen, has been gradually giving way before the practical convictions and sober utterances of those who know where the shoe pinches.

I propose shortly to investigate the chief objections and criticisms of the scheme which I have met with in print or conversation.

And first, it may very naturally be objected by critics on one side to those landlords who now advocate such legislation, that they are deserting their colours, and basely trying to compound with their opponents for their own personal advantage; while on the other side their motives may be open to a different suspicion from those who held that reform has long been urgently needed, and that it is but with a bad grace that landlords come forward at the eleventh hour to support measures which are now inevitable, whether they wish or not.

The attitude of the Liberal landlords is, however, quite different.

It is true many among them would not until lately have supported such reform, because they experienced no difficulties or unpleasantness in dealing with their properties; and they did not believe in the necessity for further interference by the State between landlord and tenants, because in their own cases there were no differences to be appeased. Many among them would now be on exactly the same cordial terms (and I do not mean for a moment to say that such relations are confined to one political party) but for the agitation. They had voted for the Land Act of 1870, not only because they knew it would do them no harm, but because they believed it would do their country good; and Conservative leaders have practically admitted, and even asserted, during last session, that such belief was well founded. But the weak points of the Land Act were not revealed until the lean years, culminating in 1879, dissolved the youthful visions of a golden age, which the preceding fat years had raised in the minds of the peasantry. Rents had risen considerably in some places since 1870, which had not always come down again in the bad years. But it is not unnatural or reprehensible that those who had not raised their rents should have failed to recognize the need for reform, or to realize that the unlimited power of raising rent may be a grave social danger, as is now tolerably manifest. I have adverted to the criticism, though it is of a general character, because the peculiar nature (to English ears) of the proposals I am considering (the mere statement of which seems to be above the comprehension of Sir Stafford Northcote) may seem to give special point to this criticism in the present case, when it is remembered that the three F's have been more or less before the public for years before this agitation began, during which time the scheme received little or no support from landlords of any party.

Coming now to consider the specific objections to the scheme itself. These may be considered separately, either under the three heads of Fixity of Tenure, Free Sale, and Fair Rents; or, according to the side from which they come, landlords, or Land League, or political economist. As the advisability of arriving at a Fair Rent is admitted on all hands, while the other two F's are more called in question, and as the three are closely bound up together, it appears more convenient to discuss them according to the point from which they emanate, rather than the points attacked.

The objections then come chiefly, as might be expected, from the landlords, but also, as might be expected, from the leaders of the Land League; while strict economists and land reformers have also their criticisms, some of which have been eagerly adopted (strange association!) by the party opposed to all Land Reform.

Dealing first with the landlords' objections, the most prominent, if not the most plausible, is the cry of "confiscation." The ablest exposition I have seen of the policy (if so that can be called which is the mere negation of a policy) of extreme conservatism is the pamphlet issued by the Land Committee entitled, "*Contract v. Confiscation*;"

and the "Short Statement of the Confiscation of Improvements," by a "Working Landowner" (of Kerry), puts most fairly and most powerfully the case of the improving landlord. Even those who disagree with him, and certainly all who know him either personally or by repute, must respect his motives and admire his energy and devotion; and had there been many like him, Ireland would, be a very different country from what it is. Both these authorities agree in denouncing "Free Sale" as a confiscation of part of the landlord's property. The argument is this: A lets a farm to B at £50 a year, which is decided by the court, or otherwise, to be the fair rent. B sells his interest or tenant-right to C, for 5 years' rent, or £250. It is clear that if A had put up the farm to competition, C could have paid him £250 fine down, and £50 a year rent. The landlord is robbed of £250, which is the difference between fair rent and rack-rent, and which goes into B's pocket. Now in the first place the *presumption* is that, in Ireland, the present full market value of the farm—say £1,250, $25 \times r$ —cannot equitably be claimed by the landlord. And for this reason: the greater part or the whole of the expenditure necessary to fit the land for cultivation has been usually made by the tenant, and the cases are certainly extremely rare in which, as in England, or as with the Kerry landlord, the whole has been done by the landlord.

The testimony of the Devon Commission is most clear and conclusive on this point, up to the time of their inquiry, and has been so often quoted of late (it is given at length by Mr. Murrough O'Brien, in the October number of the *Fortnightly Review*), that it is unnecessary to do more than refer to it.

And though no doubt a sincere effort was made after the famine to introduce the English system, and though I can point to no authoritative evidence since that time, I know of hardly any landlord who has completely carried it out, except the gentleman I have referred to above; while on the majority of properties with which I am acquainted the landlord has done little or nothing. I am confident that Lord Bessborough's Commission will bear me out in this opinion. Under the present state of the law there is practically nothing (except in the case of very large farms, for which the market is limited and the competition slow) to prevent the landlord from exacting the rack-rents based on the tenant's improvements. This point would require some little space to elucidate it thoroughly, but the mere fact of such rack-rents existing proves it.

But supposing that the market value, the rack-rent, belongs absolutely both in law and equity to the landlord? Obviously then, it will be said, Free Sale will rob him, if he have not the power of raising his rent to the competition pitch. In such case, or as far as it is the case, the landlord's expenditure should of course be taken into account in determining the rent; and where the tenant has made no improvement, and has no hereditary or pecuniary claim, he has no right to demand

Free Sale, or at any rate the landlord's right to raise the rent to the full value cannot fairly be taken from him without compensation. And yet this competitive method of fixing rents, which prevailed generally before the famine, was condemned by the Devon Commission, and discarded from those times onward by all good landlords, who acted as a kind of buffer between the tenantry and competition. When the buffer is removed, disagreeable jolts and jars may be the consequence. But the social danger of having your buffer turned into a battering ram (as happens when a landlord rack-rents in Ireland, taking advantage of competition instead of protecting the tenant from it) is so great, that, except within very strict limits, I should not allow the landlord to raise rents uncontrolled; and I think it would be unwise in landlords to stand out for such a right. Good landlords, such as "a Working Landowner," say they do not want to extract the rack-rent, but wish to exclude "Free Sale," which they conscientiously believe will be bad for the country. To that I answer, if their rents are secure and they suffer no pecuniary loss, their ideas or predilections as to what is best for the country cannot be allowed to stand in the way of reform. In a word, if the landlord says his property in improvements is transferred to the tenant by "Free Sale," the answer is, "Raise your rents." If he declines to exercise his right of raising his rents, he suffers no loss that can be put down in black and white. He may be entitled to sympathy, but not to compensation.

It is also said, you are robbing the landlord in order to endow all the extravagant or lazy vagabonds in this country, who, when they are ruined by their own fault, actually get paid to give up what does not belong to them.

The reply is, that this "natural selection" for getting rid of bad tenants is just the best part of the scheme. It may be a question how the right of Free Sale is to be instituted, and whether the tenants should be made to pay for it when they have not now got it. But unless the landlord retains and makes use of the absolute power of getting rid of a bad tenant without compensation, which most landlords are now averse from exercising (quite apart from land agitation), even for non-payment of rent, and which I believe to be a power not for the real advantage of the class, the country will remain burdened, as it now is, with the drones and the drunkards.

The next objection is, that "Free Sale" swallows "Fair Rent," and introduces competition at a different point; and that the purchaser beggars himself and has no working capital left for land. The first half of this is theoretically perfectly true. The second half is certainly not true in many cases within my own knowledge, and if it were it would work its own cure.

In the first place, however, though it is theoretically true that Free Sale swallows Fair Rent, it must be remembered, (1), that this is only

when sale takes place, which would be a gradual healthy operation quite unlike the raising the rental of a whole property; and (2) that the money thus invested by a purchaser in the interest of a farm is often lying idle on deposit receipt in a bank, at perhaps 2 per cent. Who would not forego something for the luxury of independence and the liberty to work? No Irish tenant-farmer would think more of the interest thus lost, if lost it is, than any rich man would think of the interest on the price of a hunter or a picture, the cost of his house or the adornment of his demesne. Why should the farmer alone be expected to figure as the ideal "capitalist" of political economy, employing all his money in remunerative investments?

But, even if the epigram were practically true, I should still support the scheme, for the reason I have indicated above. The danger in Ireland at present is not a matter of political economy, it is a grave social danger. However much the tenant rack-rents himself, no social danger can result, such as comes of rack-rents imposed by the landlord. The Devon Commission pointed out that it required but few cases of such a kind to produce general insecurity in the country; and insecurity has in these later days given birth to fierce indignation and burning sense of wrong. The competition produced by Free Sale will most certainly in many cases be excessive, and the purchaser may sometimes beggar himself, but the landlord might well congratulate himself if he were free from all complicity and odium. I said that the purchaser does not always beggar himself. In my experience the purchaser is generally a man of enterprise and some capital, and sets about improving at once, and I have heard the same asserted by those who know Ulster. But if competition does run high, and ridiculous prices are paid, the people must learn by experience that they are overreaching themselves. Moreover, if Free Sale were general the competition would not be so keen. I believe it will be found, when Lord Bessborough's Commission reports, that what has broken down tenant-right in Ulster is not the competition of purchasers, but the gradual increase of rent by the landlord, which eats away the tenant's interest.

Then it is said that interference with contract is a retrograde step; that Sir Henry Maine has defined the movement of progressive societies to be from status to contract; that Ireland having set her hand to the plough should not look back, and that she should follow the example of England and Scotland,—free contract, fair field, and no favour. It is not altogether certain that English and Scotch farmers are satisfied with the system they have got; and it is well known that landlords, in England at any rate, find it rather an expensive amusement maintaining their farms in full working order. I have said above that I believe this system has rarely been carried out in its entirety in Ireland; nor, unless under very exceptional circumstances (such as a "Working Landowner" devoting all his time, great energy, ability, special knowledge, and last, but

not least, very unusual sympathy with the people), could it possibly be remunerative. Improvements as a luxury few Irish landlords can afford. But it is only on the supposition of the landlord doing all improvements that free contract can in Ireland be free from danger. We have constantly been the victims of English theories, the legitimate outcome of English progress and experience being imposed on us before we were ready for them. This is often maintained in the case of trial by jury and representative institutions, but it is not always remembered that the same has been done again and again with the Land Laws of Ireland until 1870; and even that Act cast many regretful glances to pure economic principles, and held out fond, but also vain, hopes of converting the irrational Celt. Sir H. Maine has shown with his usual clearness and force, in a later work on the "Early History of Institutions," the unfortunate consequences of suspending the natural development of tribal law into a system based on private property and primogeniture, which seems to have been taking place in Ireland, and of imposing the feudal system for which Ireland was not then ripe. The Landlord and Tenant Act of 1860 proceeded in a similar manner to abolish by a stroke of the pen all status tenancies and assume implicit contract in all cases, whether there were any express contract or not. Now the sad truth must be told, humiliating as it may sound, that we are not yet fit for contract pure and simple, and that the attempt to force the growth unnaturally, instead of encouraging it to spring of itself, has weakened rather than strengthened the bonds of society. The best chance I can see of a firm and stable system of contract arising, is by contracts in relation to land developing themselves among the peasantry themselves. When contracts between man and man in that class are secure, there will be a better chance of contracts between class and class obtaining a footing. It is sometimes argued that, because the small peasantry of Belgium and France are not protected from the rigours of contracts in the hiring of land, therefore contract should reign supreme in Ireland. But it is highly probable that contract is secure in those countries, and rack-rents, in many cases, paid without demur, because there peasant is letting land to peasant, and there are landlords, tenants, and peasant proprietors, all belonging to the same class and living side by side. Contract let us aim at by all means; but let us not expect a blossom without root, cut from a foreign tree and stuck in the ground, to spring up and bear fruit.

Again, it is maintained that the landlords will be reduced to the position of mere rent-chargers on their properties,—that they will have no further interest in the country, which will thus be deprived of the services of its leisure, intelligence, and wealth. If I thought this, I certainly should not have a word to say for the three F's; for if that were the object, if the landlords' pockets alone had to be considered, they would unite to a man in supporting the cry for expropriation, claiming from

the British Government (what, moreover, must in justice be conceded to them) full compensation, if necessary, at the expense of the British taxpayer, whose honour is pledged to protecting their interests. But I altogether refuse to regard the landlord as a mere rent receiver, and I do not propose to put him in that position; for I do not advocate either fixed rents or universal and periodic valuation of rents. What I support is, the establishment of a court to which either landlord or tenant can appeal, to decide all cases in dispute, including rent. I believe this would affect good landlords but little, who would have an honourable pride in keeping out of the court, and would remain, in the discharge of public duties and in the diffusion of private benefits, to be of service to their country. If landlords were in the beginning brought into court by vexatious and ill-founded claims, very few decisions would suffice to check such a tendency, and both parties would find it their interest to settle their differences quietly between themselves. Even if the landlords were reduced to the position of rent-chargers, by some such scheme as Mr. Charles Russell's, giving the tenant a right to claim a perpetuity, I agree with Mr. Russell that there are many inducements to keep them in the country; indeed, I believe, many would much more gladly live there, if they were relieved from the difficult and disagreeable task of looking for money from those who are not as rich as themselves. But that is not the scheme I am now considering, though I shall have a word to say on it by-and-by. The question now is whether, under the three F's, the landlord's position would be more or less disagreeable than it is now, and I believe that in the enormous majority of cases it would be immensely improved. But here I must admit that it is highly probable that a real "working landlord," even though Free Sale were not forced upon him, would find his occupation gone, or his sphere of action much circumscribed. And in some few cases the loss to the country would be serious. But it is a system of paternal Government, which can only under very exceptional circumstances be successful or beneficial in Ireland in these latter days. If twenty-five properties could be shown (out of Leinster) on which during the last thirty years the landlords have made all the permanent improvements, without getting rid of the native population, I should admit that the loss to the country of the practical talents of such landlords was perhaps appreciable. I do not believe there could be found five.

Some landlords, or their advocates, maintain that there is no necessity proved for any change at all. With such persons I will not argue. It is impossible to *prove* that black is not white. And I entirely decline to listen to, or recognize, the indictment which it is sought to draw, their great countryman Edmund Burke notwithstanding, against the whole people of Ireland.

I come now to consider the objections of the Land League. So far as I have seen, they practically resolve themselves into three.

- (1.) That "landlordism" is not hereby rooted out of the land.
- (2.) That no confidence could be placed in the court, which would be constituted and selected in the interest of the landlord.
- (3.) That the lawyers and other professional men connected with the court would reap the chief benefit.¹

As to the first objection, if "landlordism" means the bad aspects and arbitrary powers of the landlord, I believe such landlordism would be got rid of, for the landlord would not have the power either of ejecting or of rack-renting, and the tenant would be particularly independent so long as he paid a fair rent. But if "landlordism" means the existence of a class who receive rent, the scheme I advocate certainly would not get rid of them; nay, it is specially intended to preserve them and keep them in the country: and, what is more, nothing short of a complete communistic system (which has not been avowed as the object of this agitation) can bring about the abolition of rent.

Then the court, it is said, could not be trusted. All human institutions must have their failings, and even the eminent men who win their way to high station are not free from the failings and errors to which all men are liable. But if one thing is specially remarkable amid the distraction of parties and the division of classes in our unfortunate country, it is the impartiality and discretion which, on the whole, characterize the Irish Bench. Justice is highly respected and appreciated in Ireland, except in time of violent popular excitement, perhaps partly because the national character is too apt to run into extremes itself. And I have heard county court judges say that their decisions as land judges, under the Act of 1870, were received with remarkable confidence and loyalty. Those courts had, in the opinion of many well qualified to decide, too heavy a burden laid upon them, and it is pretty generally maintained now, that these courts were too numerous and not sufficiently strong to administer a law where so much discretion was left to the court. But the Act has failed, not so much through the inadequacy of the court, as from the insufficient protection it afforded to the occupiers, especially the smaller ones. No doubt a court might be created, which would do "more than justice" to the tenant—for instance, a jury of farmers. This has not been formally demanded by the Land League, and if justice is all they seek, I have not the smallest doubt that a Central Ambulatory Court, strong, independent, and duly instructed, can be constituted, which would give confidence to all parties. I should not *desire* to have an Irish landlord upon it, but neither should I *object* to having a tenant-farmer.

The third objection is almost too frivolous to notice, were it not that the peasantry of Ireland might with reason complain of the wiles of the legal profession in tempting the ignorant to go to law. Of course all possible care should be taken to bring justice within reach of the poorest peasant, and to put rich and poor, landlord and tenant, on a per-

fectly equal footing. Perhaps something might be done in this direction by making the court free of cost, except in cases of frivolous and vexatious suits, costs being desposited by the complainant in court, and recoverable by him unless the court directed otherwise. But the ideal of justice without law, or law without lawyers, may be relegated to Utopia or the debating societies of Christian Young Men's Associations.

And now I come to what may be called the scientific objections. On certain points, such as interference with contract and economic laws, I have already dealt with what are really scientific objections, which have been adopted by the landlord advocates.

But there are certain other criticisms that spring direct from the radical source of Land Law Reform. The advocates of "Free Land" aim not only at the abolition of primogeniture and entail, but also at the simplification of titles and transfer, and the sweeping away of all obstacles to the acquisition of land in absolute property in any proportion that may suit individual tastes, agricultural, or other requirements. They object to the multiplication of interests and estates in the land, and repudiate all notions of copartnership, between landlord and tenant as likely to introduce complication and to impede Free Trade. The system, they say, now sought to be established would be analogous to the copyhold system which grew up in England, but which was found to be so troublesome and inconvenient that strong measures were at last taken to get rid of it. This is no doubt to some extent true, and I should strongly deprecate any measure being passed affecting the relations of landlord and tenant, which would operate against general Land Reform. No Land Bill would be satisfactory without a considerable extension of the Bright clauses for facilitating the purchase of their holdings by the tenants; and to secure the permanence of the good results expected from their operation, it would undoubtedly be necessary to make titles easy of registration (and probably even to make registration compulsory), and transfer expeditious and cheap. But everyone acquainted with the country knows that no such facilities (unless the tenant is to have a large bonus conferred on him out of the pocket either of the Irish landlord or of the British tax-payer) can have any large application immediately, and therefore it is that for the enormous majority—who will surely be outside the Bright clauses—the most practical means of protection must be found, involving the least violent change. And though very far from being an ideal system, the three F's appear to me to afford such a solution. Copyhold tenure was an advance upon villeinage, and I should hope that a provision might be contained in the Land Bill for the gradual acquisition by the tenant holding under the three F's, of the absolute fee-simple of his holding, which would free the land from all complications of title.

The uncertainty attending the revising of rent is another objection

which is theoretically strong. It is the chief reason advanced by Mr. Charles Russell for the main point of his scheme, the fixing the rent once and for ever. This idea doubtless has considerable attraction, and has also been advocated for many years by an extensive Irish landowner, Mr. Edward O'Brien, and a distinguished Irish Queen's Counsel, Mr. John O'Hagan, who was for some years a county court judge administering the Land Act of 1870. These two gentlemen fairly face the question of "unearned increment," and propose that the tenant should pay for the possible "unearned increment" a fine of three or four years' rent. But Mr. Russell, though he alludes to the possibility of a rise in value of the land, does not very clearly explain whether the landlord is to be paid for this in all cases; and one rather gathers that his notion is that where an increment can be *proved to be likely* the fixed rent should be increased, but that where it is only a vague possibility, founded on history and theories of political economy, the rent should be fixed for ever at the present fair value, without the landlord getting any fine. Such a proposal is hardly likely to find favour even with the Lower House of Parliament. If it were proposed by Government, it would scarcely be a matter for surprise if the landlords fairly joined in Mr. Parnell's cry for expropriation, insisting, however, on the full value of their property. If the tenant were either to pay a fine, or, still more, if he had, under Mr. Russell's scheme, to pay an increased rent for a fee-farm grant, I doubt if the offer would be accepted to any extent, unless part of the fine were advanced by Government, as has been proposed by some; otherwise the Bright clauses would probably attract many more of the thrifty men. I confess, however, that there is one objection to a fixed rent, unless it is fixed down to considerably below the present value, which is to my mind very serious. It is the possibility of a fall in the value of land. American competition has seriously affected the value of wheat land in England of late—it is by no means certain that a permanent reduction may not be the result. Foreign competition may affect in like manner the price of butter and beef. And it is quite impossible to say what may be the resultant value of land produced by the forces of science, agricultural skill, and movements of population in the Old World and the New. In the face of such possibilities it appears desirable to retain elasticity where possible, as "certainty" may be dangerous to society, if it becomes certainty of ruin to a large class of the community.

Lastly, I come to what is really the kernel of the whole question—the difficulty of defining what is a "fair rent," and of ascertaining it in particular cases. Of the art of the valuer I have no sort of knowledge, and I shall not therefore attempt to discuss at length the *pros* and *cons*. But many arts on which society is dependent are utterly mysterious to the outside public. I am aware that it is often asserted, and by high authorities, that the cursory inspection of a professional valuer from a

a much more serious aspect; that a Labour League is now in existence and strongly supported, though as yet inarticulate; that as far as deserves the labourers may compare favourably with any class in the country and that on prudential grounds alone it would be far from safe to overlook their interests.

In fact, a question of such vast importance to the whole country cannot be considered in the interest of one class alone, or to the exclusion of one class. It is only by a statesmanlike measure of truly national breadth, depth, and height that the distracted land can be saved from still more grievous consequences.

MONTEAGLE.

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF GEORGE ELIOT.

THERE is, in one of the letters of Sir Walter Scott, a fine passage on the death of Napoleon, in which he compares his feelings on receiving the intelligence to the effect produced by the launch of a three-decker. The space suddenly left vacant, he says, had in each case impressed his imagination more than the object by which it had previously been filled. In truth, the remark might be applied to the blanks left by those who filled no extensive space in the minds, perhaps not even in the hearts, of their contemporaries. We are surprised to find when they are gone how large it is. And possibly, indeed, this may be felt more true of ordinary beings than of the "large-brained woman and large-hearted man" (to adopt Mrs. Browning's description of the only woman who seems to us entirely her intellectual equal) whose departure has recalled the simile. We do not believe any genius ever received more contemporaneous recognition. Still it is true that Death in her case, as in so many others, reveals to us the large space she occupied in our attention. She has left no successor. Except in the sense that every source of interest tends to replace every other, there is no one to take up any part of her inheritance. What other writer of fiction, for instance, could have been cited by a lecturer on ethics, as she was by Mr. Maurice at Cambridge? Imagine Lovelace the object of that kind of analysis which, on the occasion we refer to, a professor of moral philosophy applied to Tito! Yet "Clarissa" is quite as seriously moral a work as "Romola." It is no mean genius which is thus thrown into the shade by the side of Tito's creator. When such a spirit passes from among us, the attempt to estimate our loss—or, from another point of view, our gain, never so distinctly perceived as in the

moment of loss—may be made from many sides. What rank in the great hierarchy will be assigned to George Eliot by those whose opinion, sifted from all that is ephemeral, will remain the unassailable verdict of humanity, it is not the object of the present essay to inquire. We would make an attempt which is at once more important and less difficult,—we would endeavour to give some contribution towards a judgment on her moral influence. Unquestionably she was one who largely moulded the aspirations of her readers. What shape did she give them? In what respects is it different with them from what it would have been if she had never written a line?

The critic cannot flatter himself that he opens an original line of thought in putting these questions. Ever since she began to write, the reviews and magazines have been full of attempts to answer them, and it happens that the only criticism which we have heard mentioned as giving her pleasure was a little posthumous essay, published by Messrs. Blackwood, which was altogether devoted to this problem. She seems to us, indeed, a standing refutation of a very *banal* judgment (repeated, however, since her death) on the moral element in literature. It is often said, and perhaps still oftener assumed, that a work of art must stand the lower for a serious moral purpose. We are all familiar with the illustrations of such an argument. To speak of the moral element in Shakspeare would be like speaking of the moral element in life itself. You will find it here and there,—a moral might be attached to some of his plays almost as readily as to a fable of *Æsop*. But there are parts of actual life of which we might say the same. There are glimpses of moral purpose in all history and all individual experience; but we shall find at least as much in both of what bewilders the moral sense as of what enlightens it. Think, for instance, how a writer with a moral purpose would have concluded the history of Sulla. History alone could have dared to tell us of a peaceful end to such a life as his, and History again and again repeats the defiance to our moral sense. Biography, too, if it could be perfectly unreserved, would do likewise, on its small scale. It is impossible to avoid recognizing, in a large part of life, not only a series of *events* which, taken alone, would have no guidance for the moral sense, but even a series of *feelings*. We have striven long and dutifully in a particular direction, and the result has been utter failure there, and some mistake elsewhere, for to work hard in one part of life means generally to let something slip in another region. We have made a great sacrifice, and it seems utterly wasted. Or the perplexity may be the other way. We have clutched some good lawlessly, and found it abidingly precious. We have done a mean thing, and sucked strength out of it. We suppose there is no one who has not often had to remind himself, in reviewing his own life or that of others, of those profound words, "Let the wheat and the tares grow together until the harvest." So far as history

or fiction is a record of this kind of experience it cannot be called moral. And unquestionably the unmoral world claims a large half of literature. Shakspeare and Scott, though they do not ever, we think, mirror the bewildering problems of history (for these, we feel, are hardly dramatic subjects, and such a drama as Shelley's "Cenci" seems to us an illustration, not a confutation of the fact), yet are full of a like impartiality between good and evil. For instance, Henry V. is painted as a fine chivalrous character, full of noble impulse, the ideal of a soldier. And it is incidentally mentioned to us, just as it would be in reality, that he has left an old friend—guilty, indeed, of license and immorality, but not of anything criminal, or of anything in which his royal master had not shared—to die of a broken heart. Does Shakspeare mean this as a great blemish on the character of his kingly hero? The question is idle. For our own part, we do not believe a nature strongly imbued with moral sympathy could have painted this without giving some sign of disapprobation. But we readily confess that, in looking at it in this way, we quit the right point of view for judging of Shakspeare. Such actions as this are conceived, not as either moral or immoral, but as *natural*. And, so far as such a spirit as this predominates in any writings, the writer can hardly be said to exert a moral influence. The influence by which sympathy is widened and varied may be called moral in a certain sense, but this use of the word is an instance of that tendency to make an epithet descriptive of one good thing describe all good things, which seems to us one of the commonest sources of intellectual confusion. A great writer may be entirely moral in this sense, he may take the reader into a healthy moral atmosphere without stimulating, perhaps even while somewhat deadening, the judgment of right and wrong. This might be said of Scott. His influence is moral only as the influence of Nature is moral. It refreshes the spirit as a lonely stroll by the sea-shore, as a gallop on a spirited horse, as a laugh from a child. Everything healthful is encouraged by it, but it holds in solution no distinctly moral truth. It cannot be denied that there is a certain refreshment, a certain repose, in literature, which is in this sense unmoral. No faculty more needs rest than that which takes cognizance of the distinction between right and wrong; and the literature which provides exercise for the remainder of our being is helpful and valuable, not only to the part of the nature exercised by it but to the moral judgment itself. So much we would concede to the ordinary depreciation of moral purpose in literature. It does not characterize some of the greatest literary creators, and the literature which it does not characterize has a charm of its own.

So much we would concede, but no more. A distinctly moral purpose is to be found in some works that share the immortality of "Hamlet" and of "Macbeth." It seems to us true of the great memorials of the Attic stage. Of course we do not mean that

the lesson of Sophocles and Æschylus can be distilled into a neat motto; but they are moral in this sense, that the events and characters depicted by them present to the reader's mind thoughts which stand in close relation to the conscience, and affect the reader (or rather, to take the true point of view, the spectator) as an expression of sympathy or of disapproval on the part of their author. And they do not only present this element as it is in Shakspeare, interrupted and checkered by a sort of careless impartiality,—as in the way Henry's desertion of Falstaff is told,—but they give it pure. They make us feel that every step they follow has a certain *moral direction*. We are, at every development in the drama, led nearer to a moral goal. There is no mere play of life and character. And the same may be said of many poets who, though standing lower in the scale, yet occupy no mean place in it. Byron owes a large part of his force to being distinctively the poet of the conscience. Shelley is, above all, a protestant against tyranny. If we quitted the heights of literature we could add many names to the list of those who have given us their best from the point of view of the artist, and whose works are yet filled with a moral atmosphere. In literature, as elsewhere, many are called and few chosen; and not a few failures may be reckoned here, as elsewhere, but the failure is not in the aim.

That the great name of George Eliot must be added to the list will not, we presume, be disputed by any one. There is nothing impartial about her genius. It is the claim of her countless admirers, and the indictment of her few mere critics, that she is a moral teacher, not merely as every true artist is a moral teacher, but as are those whose delineations are coloured by sympathy, and shadowed by disapproval. Indeed, a large part of her immense popularity is traceable to the didactic element in her works. It is a mistake, though a very common one, to suppose that preaching is a form of utterance unpopular with the hearer. We believe a good actor does not acquire an audience so readily as a good preacher. Didactic fiction we consider the most popular form of literature; and that a first-rate genius should take it in hand in our day has been a piece of extraordinary good fortune for that mass of intelligent mediocrity which supplies the staple of ordinary readers. In reading her books, that numerous class which hankers after originality found two of the strongest literary tastes gratified at once—the liveliest fiction held in solution by the most eloquent preaching. The latter element can be ignored by no one. No preacher of our day, we believe, has done so much to mould the moral aspirations of her contemporaries as she has, for none other had both the opportunity and the power. In losing her we have lost the common interest of the intellectual ranks most widely separated. She had a voice to reach the many and words to arrest the few. She afforded the liveliest entertainment to the ordinary novel-reader and the deepest speculation to

many who never looked into another novel. Her influence was as wide as it was profound.

This attempt at an appreciation of her influence is made by one in whom, to the influence felt by the many, was added the enlightening power of such an acquaintance as any of them might have gained, had chance thrown it in their way; and the criticism which follows embodies reminiscences, which as they were not associated with the gratifying mark of peculiar confidence, so they are not entangled by anything that has to be sifted away before they can be shared by the public. So much the more are they characteristic of what was best in George Eliot. For in reviewing the whole impression thus made on the mind, and seeking out first, as is fitting and natural, its legacy of gratitude, we would fix on the wonderful degree to which she has lighted up the life of commonplace, unheroic humanity. If to any of her admirers we seem to lower her place in literature by representing it as something that all could appreciate, such a feeling would have found no sympathy from her. There was no taint of intellectual aristocracy in her sympathies. She once said, in referring to Mendelssohn's visit to England, that the musician's power to move the crowd with a visible thrill of enthusiasm would have been the object of her aspiration, had she been allowed her choice of the form her genius might have taken. The yearning seemed an expression of that respectfulness for ordinary mankind which embodied itself in portraiture that all could appreciate. Nothing recurs more emphatically to the memory which seeks to gather up its records of her, than her vehement recoil from that spirit which identifies what is excellent with what is exceptional. The sacredness of humdrum work was one of the strongest convictions, bearing on practical life, which she ever thus expressed, and it must have been a large deduction from the happiness of her fame that it so often imposed on her (in common, we presume, with all persons of genius) the duty of checking the aspirations of that large mass of average mankind that seeks an escape from the vocation which she felt so lofty a one. This spirit finds fuller expression in her works, we believe, than in those of any other great writer of fiction. Almost all her most loving creations are of those men and women who would not, in actual life, be marked off from the crowd by any commanding gifts of intellect or character. She seems to us either never to have attempted to portray such an exceptional being or to have failed in doing so. No sketch of hers seems to us so shadowy, so unrememberable, as that of the ideal Jew who is supposed to be the most impressive person in the fiction where he figures, and next in dimness and lifelessness we should place that portrait which ought to have occupied the very focus of her artistic power—Savonarola. The world, perhaps, has not lost so much by her failure to carry out a plan once named to the writer—to give the world an ideal portrait of an actual character in history, whom she did not name, but to whom

she alluded as an object of possible reverence unmingled with disappointment—as by some possible successor of Mrs. Poyser or Caleb Garth. The sketch of Zorca seems to us, it is true, one of her very finest creations, and unquestionably it is that of an exceptional and aspiring being. Still, her brightest colouring, on the whole, is kept for the simple homely beings who seek to get honestly through the day's work and make those they love happy. Her genius is always most characteristically exercised in discovering the pathos and grandeur that lie hid in average humanity. The writer once felt vividly how, even among her peers, what she most valued was that which they shared with average humanity, on hearing her say of one of her few contemporaries whose genius was equal to her own, "*I always think of him as the husband of the dead wife.*" The distinction of eminent powers paled in her eyes before that of a faithful love—profound, indeed, and deathless, but not in this respect superior to many a one that lurks behind the curtain of utter dumbness, or even of trite words and humdrum reflections. In many ways the speech recurs as especially characteristic of her, but most of all for the precedence which it gives the ordinary human bonds beyond all that is given to the *élite* of mankind. We can recall no other writer who, with the needful power, has taken so little pains to depict the life of genius. Both the sister spirits we should place by her side, for instance, have spent their most elaborate efforts in depicting a woman of genius, but "*Aurora Leigh*" and "*Consuelo*" have no pendant in the gallery of George Eliot (for the exquisite sketch of "*Armstrong*" seems to us too slight to be called one). We do not name this as any deficiency in her works; it seems to us, indeed, that art is not altogether a favourable subject for itself. But we note it neither for praise nor blame from a literary point of view, but as an important indication of the nature of her moral sympathies. They were rich and various, and no defining limits could be pointed out which would not probably suggest many exceptions; we have mentioned one, but on the whole they appear to us to embody all that is best, all that is pure, in the ideal of Democracy.

We pay a great tribute to any writer of such powers as hers, in saying that her teaching impresses on the mind the excellence of patient work, of simple duty, of cheerful unselfishness. So great that we can allow that she failed to inspire equal sympathy with aspiration, that she painted reverence—sometimes consciously and sometimes, it seems to us, without intending it—as generally mistaken, and still feel our debt of gratitude to her immense. In a world where restless vanity is so active, and where we are all, more or less, tempted into the scramble for pre-eminence, we owe much to one who taught us, in unforgettable words, to prize the lowly path of obscure duty. In words, we are obliged to say, for, in recalling her life, the recollection of what looks like a claim either to exceptional immunity from the laws that bind ordinary human beings, or else to an exceptional right to form a judgment on their scope, forces itself on the memory. But no plodding moralist could have

more abhorred such a claim than she did. On one occasion she expressed, almost with indignation, her sense of the evil of a doctrine which compounded for moral deficiency in consideration of intellectual wealth; and her hearer failed to make her concede even that amount of truth in it which surely no deliberate view of human difficulties and limitations could ultimately withhold, and which seems to us illustrated by her own life. She was no doubt responsible for the fact that English public opinion, in its idolatry of her, left in abeyance some of its most cherished principles; but her reverence for human bonds and her abhorrence of a self-pleasing choice as against a dutiful loyalty have been set forth with such eloquent conviction and varied force of illustration in her books that we believe the testimony has outweighed even the counteraction of what was adverse to it in her own career. She was one of the few whose words are mightier than their actions.

And how much in her demeanour, her personal aspect, repeated the lesson of her books! Not quite all, but almost all that one memory, at all events, can gather up from the past. From one point of view she appeared as the humblest of human beings. "Do not, pray, think that I would dream of comparing myself to ——," she once said, with unquestionable earnestness, mentioning an author whom most people would consider as infinitely her inferior. And the slow careful articulation and low voice suggested, at times, something almost like diffidence. Nevertheless, mingled with this diffidence was a great consciousness of power, and one sometimes felt with her as if in the presence of royalty, while of course there were moments when one felt that exalted genius has some temptations in common with exalted rank. But they were only moments. How strong was the current of her sympathy in the direction of all humble effort, how reluctantly she checked presumption! Possibly she may sometimes have had to reproach herself with failing to check it. Surely the most ordinary and uninteresting of her friends must feel that had they known nothing of her but her rapid insight into and quick response to their inmost feelings she would still have been a memorable personality to them. This sympathy was extended to the sorrows most unlike anything she could ever by any possibility have known—the failures of life obtained as large a share of her compassion as its sorrows. A writer in the *Spectator* has noted, as a sign of the greatness of her dramatic genius, that she portrayed the characters most unlike her own with the utmost intellectual sympathy. We should hardly have singled out this power for special notice—it surely takes the minimum of dramatic power to bring out the enjoyment that all feel in characters unlike their own—but certainly the remark sets one on the trace of what was felt remarkable in personal intercourse with her. It was not only those whose experience contained some germ of instruction for the dramatic painter who felt the full glow of her sympathy. It was granted in

unstinted measure to those who could not give in return even the contribution by which an imagination is enriched. Doubtless she was beset by many appeals for encouragement and guidance, and her response was necessarily brief. But it was not contemptuous or impatient, even where it must have been reluctant. Her inherent respect for average humanity made itself felt, perhaps somewhat exaggerated, where it was the only respect she could feel. Few know how much is meant in saying this. There are not many from whom we could bear the humiliation of confronting mere respect for the humanity in each one of us, apart from all that is personal. We say almost as much of her heart as has ever been said of her genius when we say that this was possible with her.

Her aspirations to become a permanent source of joy and peace to mankind have been set forth in lines which, although they seem to us rather fine rhetoric than poetry, have already become almost classic. The wish to console and cheer was indeed rooted in the most vital part of her nature. The writer remembers her asking a person whose society gave her no pleasure, and who was not unlikely to have abused the position thus accorded, to come to her at any time that her society might be felt as consolatory, at a time of trouble. It was about the same time that she spoke of the sense of a load of possible achievement threatened by the shortening span of life with a deep sadness which, in recalling the conversation, seems like a prophecy. Any one who knows the wonderful unselfishness in the offer will feel that we could hardly give a more convincing example of her strong impulse towards "binding up the broken in heart." And yet none of these recollections recurs to the present writer with such a rush of pathos as a few words that any one might have spoken, describing what she felt in disregarding an appeal for alms in the street. She was much distressed, and (if the writer may judge from very slight indications) much surprised to hear her works called depressing. She almost invariably, we believe, avoided reading any notices of them; but her rule could not have been quite invariable, for we recall a quaint and pathetic little outburst of disappointment that the result of perusing her works should produce on some critic or other "a tendency towards black despair" (or some such expression, which, if our memory serves, she quoted with a touch of humorous exaggeration). Perhaps we shall appear merely to echo the judgment of this critic when we give it as a record of the impression she produced that one of the greatest duties of life was that of resignation. Nothing in the intercourse here recalled was more impressive, as exhibiting the power of feelings to survive the convictions which gave them birth, than the earnestness with which she dwelt on this as the great and real remedy for all the ills of life. One instance in which she appeared to apply it to herself, in speaking of the short span of life that lay before her, and the large amount of achievement that must

be laid aside as impossible to compress into it, has been mentioned—and the sad gentle tones in which the word *resignation* was on that occasion uttered, still vibrate on the ear. Strange, that it should be thought possible to transfer all that belongs to allegiance to the Will that ordains our fate except a belief in the existence of such a Will! Still more wonderful that the imagination of genius did actually achieve this transference to some extent. The prudent husbandry of desire, the self-control that guards all openings for the escape of that moral energy which wastes itself in regret, may be as complete as the obedience of spirit that bows before a holy Will. We believe, indeed, that this acceptance of the inevitable may be far more complete than resignation, for it is hard to creatures such as we are to conceive of Will that is at once loving and inexorable; but to call these two things by the same name because they both prevent useless wishes, seems to us as irrational as it would be to confuse frost and fire because they are both foes to moisture. We regret the attempts made by some of the admirers of this noble woman to conceal, from themselves or others, the vacuum at the centre of her faith. There is this excuse for such confusion, that her works, more than any others of our day, though it is true of so many, embody the morality that centres in the faith of Christ, apart from this centre. She once said to the writer that in conversation with the narrowest and least cultivated Evangelical she could feel more sympathy than divergence; and it was impossible to doubt the fulness of meaning in her words. But there is no reason that those who revered her should try to veil or dilute her convictions. She made no secret of them, though the glow of feelings, always hitherto associated with their opposites, may have confused their outline to many of her disciples. She was, we believe, the greatest opponent to all belief in the true source of strength and elevation for the lowly that literature ever elicited, but among the multitude of her admirers there were many (as a critic in the *Edinburgh Review* has well shown) who never penetrated into the region where this opposition was manifest, and there was nothing wanting to her appreciation of the faith of the humble and the poor but a sense of its reasonableness. At least that was her account of the matter, and doubtless it was as true of her as it is of any one. "Deism," she once said, "seems to me the most incoherent of all systems, but to Christianity I feel no objection but its want of evidence." Doubtless the writer who conveyed to so many unthinking minds the poetic beauty that lies in the faith of a Dinah impressed on one here and there the force which was transmitted by her glowing sympathies, and to which her keen intellect was an absolute non-conductor. But it is idle, and worse than idle, it is pernicious, to confuse sympathy with conviction. This is the temptation of genius; let it be left to those who take the gain with the loss. And let it not be thought that those who honestly

mistake the sympathies for the convictions which they seem to imply are therefore sheltered from the influence of those convictions which they do imply. As water must carry with it whatever it holds in solution, so must influence.

To the present writer this influence appears to tell on her art. She sympathizes with the love of man to man, we should say, in proportion as it is unlike the love of man to God. There was much in her writings—there must be much in the utterance of all lofty and imaginative spirits—which tells against this description. In the relation of the human spirit to the Father of spirits lies hid the germ of every human relation; there is none which does not, dimly and feebly, foreshadow that which lies at the root of all. And least inadequately, least vaguely is this foreshadowed in that love which gathers up the whole being—that love which, while it is felt in some sense by the whole animal creation, is yet that which, in its highest form, most opens to man the true meaning of a spiritual world. The love of man to woman, and woman to man, is the one profound and agitating emotion which is known to ordinary human hearts, and its portraiture, therefore, attempted by a thousand ineffectual chroniclers, is the most trite and commonplace of all themes of fiction. But when a writer arises who can hold up a mirror to this part of our being, he or she opens to us something of the infinite; for the most shallow and *borné* nature, so far as it has partaken in this great human experience, has a window whence it may gaze towards all that is eternal. And it must always seem false to speak of one who has the power of recalling an emotion in which man is lifted above and beyond the limits of his individual being as wanting in sympathy with that impulse which lifts him above those limits most completely. This reservation we would make most fully, but the very gradation of interest in George Eliot's painting of human love seems to us explained and completed by that vacuum which it surrounds. There is no grade of this emotion that she has not touched more or less slightly—the strange stirrings of heart at a first glimpse of the goal; the wondrous sudden flooding of life with joy that comes of its certainty; the quiet conjugal repose of two hearts that have added long familiarity to the first vivid love without dimming it; the irresistible rush of a guilty passion and the strange delights that are hidden in its horror—all these she has so painted that her imagination has interpreted to many a loving heart its own experience. But we think most of her readers will agree with us in the conclusion that, with few exceptions, human love is interesting in her pages in inverse proportion as it bears the impress of what is divine. We linger over the relation between a heartless and shallow girl and an enthusiastic student of science whose life she spoils, with absorbing interest, and we yawn over the courtship of a shadowy hero and heroine who seem each to have been intended as a type of all that is worthy of reverence. We are riveted by the description of a wife's anguish as she recognizes the false heart behind the fair face, or the

cold heart behind the seeming profundity of thought, but we find the love of the graceful maiden for the virtuous Radical not greatly above the level of ordinary circulating library interest. Almost always where love looks *downwards*, whether for good or for evil, her power is at its highest. Where it looks upwards, with few exceptions, her power seems to ebb, and sometimes (so we at least feel in the love of Deronda and Myra) altogether to depart. With few exceptions we have said, we mean in fact with one exception, but that is certainly a significant one. If there is an emotion which brings the heart into close neighbourhood with that region where man finds intercourse with God, it is that which unites man and woman by a love that lacks nothing of passion but its exclusiveness. This love is a commoner thing than is supposed, but its delineation is rarer, we believe, than itself, and two passages in George Eliot's novels contain more adequate suggestion of what some have found the most elevating of human communion than we know in the whole of fiction besides. One of these is the description of the last conversation between Gwendoline and Deronda, the other is the intercourse between the broken-hearted heroine and the consumptive clergyman, in "Janet's Repentance." Still on the whole we may say (and even these pictures are not altogether exceptions to the rule) that something of mistake mixes in most upward-looking devotion as George Eliot paints it. That devotion of which all such is a feeble prophecy and type, must therefore take the very centre and focus of error.

Must one who feels this severance of love of man from faith in God, the great misfortune of our time, yet allow that the thing that is left acquires, for the moment, a sudden influx of new energy by the very fact of its severance? It would not be looking facts fairly in the face to deny that the genius of George Eliot seems to show such a result. Nor is there any real difficulty in making the concession. A bud may open more quickly in water in a warm room than on its parent stem, although thus the seed will never ripen. We may transfer conviction to a more genial atmosphere at the very moment we sever it from its root, and we must wait long to discover that the life that is quickened in it is also threatened. The love of God has often seemed opposed to the love of man. There is no love that may not oppose any or every other for a time. We all see conjugal set itself against filial affection; a new passion drain off the energy from old and familiar attachments. Such of us as are wise are prepared for the inevitable loss in all change, even if the change is gain on the whole; such of us as are schooled by long experience know that the loss is only temporary.

"The love of one, from which there doth not spring
The love of all, is but a worthless thing,"

sang the only Englishwoman who could be compared to George Eliot in genius, and who in the love of which she sings was more fortunate. The mother who bends over the cradle for the first time

feels all other love chilled for the moment by the sudden rush towards this mighty magnet, but the seed of a deeper love than she has ever yet known for those who bent over hers lies hid in that which seems to crush it. But a seed takes long to develop. What we feel most at the moment, perhaps—at all events if we are the losers by it—is the “expulsive power of a new affection.” And conversely what may be most apparent *at the moment* that faith in God expires may be the sudden release of a mystic fervour which has all to be employed in the service of man. This, we believe, is what was felt, oftenest unconsciously, in the writings of George Eliot. “What I look to,” she once said, “is a time when the impulse to help our fellows shall be as immediate and as irresistible as that which I feel to grasp something firm if I am falling;” and the eloquent gesture with which she grasped the mantelpiece as she spoke, remains in the memory as the expression of a sort of transmuted prayer. And now the look and the tones recur not only as one of the most valued passages in a valued chapter of memory, but as a sort of gathering up, in a noble but mutilated aspiration, of the ideal given by a lofty genius to the world. What the many felt in her writings was the glow of this desire, what they missed was its mutilation. We have often wished that the latter had been more distinct. Her detaching influence from the true anchorage of humanity would have been less potent, we think, had it been received consciously. There was no lack of distinctness in it, at all events, to her hearers. Perhaps there may be some to whom these works have brought nothing but the glow of an emotion to which their own mind supplied the hidden belief which to them could alone justify it. But on the whole we cannot doubt that her convictions cut through this sheath of emotion, and made their keen edge felt on many a mind and many a heart.

Can genius be indeed the barren and desolate eminence which we must consider it if they alone to whom it is granted have no object for reverence? Can it be that the ordinary mass of average mankind—the stupid, animal, indolent crowd—have exercise for this elevating faculty whenever they lift their eyes, and that all who soar into a purer region must look downward when they would find anything to love? We know well how George Eliot would have answered the question with her lips. But with her life, and still more in her death, she gives us a different answer. They who occupy the mountain peaks of human thought may preach to us that these mountain peaks are all, and then, in their potent imagination, make the immensity of the plain below a substitute for the superior heights that they alone lack. But all our instincts tell us that goodness and power would become misfortunes if they lifted man into a region where he had nothing above him. The bereavement which we feel as one and another depart from us cannot be the abiding portion of those who have enriched their kind. “Fame

promises in gold and pays in silver," said George Eliot once to the present writer. Not fame alone, but that lofty hope, that inspirer of ardent effort, which confers the power to despise fame—though it often also confers fame itself—would, if we must accept some parts of her creed, have promised in gold and paid in lead.

But we cannot bid her farewell with words of divergence. She has quickened life as much as any of those who have rendered it more turbid; she has purified it as much as many who have arrested or slackened its flow. It is a solemn thought that such an one has passed away—so solemn that the debt of a large individual gratitude seems to disappear in the common emotion which it but intensifies and typifies. Her death unites us as her life did, perhaps even more, for we listened to her voice with various feelings, and there is only one with which we learn that it has ceased for ever.

ONE WHO KNEW HER.

THE UNITY OF NATURE.

VI.

ON THE MORAL CHARACTER OF MAN, CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF THE UNITY OF NATURE.

THE consciousness of unworthiness in respect to moral character is a fact as fundamental, and as universal in the human mind as the consciousness of limitation in respect to intellectual power. Both of them may exist in a form so rudimentary as to be hardly recognizable. The limits of our intelligence may be felt only in a dim sense of unsatisfied curiosity. The faultiness of our character may be recognized only in the vaguest emotions of occasional self-reproach. But as the knowledge of mankind extends, and as the cultivation of their moral faculties improves, both these great elements of consciousness become more and more prominent, and occupy a larger and larger place in the horizon of their thoughts. It is always the men who know most who feel most how limited their knowledge is. And so likewise it is always the loftiest spirits who are most conscious of the infirmities which beset them.

But although these two great facts in human consciousness are parallel facts, there is a profound difference between them; and to the nature and bearing of this difference very careful attention must be paid.

We have seen in regard to all living things what the relation is between the physical powers which they possess and the ability which they have to use them. It is a relation of close and perfect correspondence. Everything requisite to be done for the unfolding and upholding of their life they have impulses universally disposing them to do, and faculties fully enabling them to accomplish. We have seen that in the case of some animals this correspondence is already perfect from the infancy of the creature, and that even in the case of those which are born comparatively helpless, there is always given to them just so much of impulse and of power as is requisite for the attainment

of their own maturity. It may be nothing more than the mere impulse and power of opening the mouth for food, as in the case of the chicks of many birds; or it may be the much more active impulse and the much more complicated power by which the young mammalia seek and secure their nourishment; or it may be such wonderful special instincts as that by which the newly hatched Cuckoo, although blind and otherwise helpless, is yet enabled to expel its rivals from the nest, and thus secure that undivided supply of food without which it could not survive. But whatever the impulse or the power may be, it is always just enough for the work which is to be done. We have seen, too, that the amount of prevision which is involved in those instinctive dispositions and actions of animals is often greatest in those which are low in the scale of life, so that the results for which they work, and which they do actually attain, must be completely out of sight to them. In the wonderful metamorphoses of insect life, the imperfect creature is guided with certainty to the choice and enjoyment of the conditions which are necessary to its own development; and when the time comes it selects the position, and constructs the cell in which its own mysterious transformations are accomplished.

All this is in conformity with an absolute and universal law in virtue of which there is established a perfect unity between these three things:—first, the physical powers and structure of all living creatures; secondly, those dispositions and instinctive appetites which are seated in that structure to impel and guide its powers; and thirdly, the external conditions in which the creature's life is passed, and in which its faculties find an appropriate field of exercise.

If Man has any place in the unity of Nature, this law must prevail with him. There must be the same correspondence between his powers and the instincts which incite and direct him in their use. Accordingly it is in this law that we find the explanation and the meaning of his sense of ignorance. For without a sense of ignorance there could be no desire of knowledge, and without his desire of knowledge Man would not be Man. His whole place in Nature depends upon it. His curiosity, and his wonder, and his admiration, and his awe—these are all but the adjuncts and subsidiary allies of that supreme affection which incites him to inquire and know. Nor is this desire capable of being resolved into his tendency to seek for an increased command over the comforts and conveniences of life. It is wholly independent of that kind of value which consists in the physical utility of things. The application of knowledge comes after the acquisition of it, and is not the only, or even the most powerful, inducement to its pursuit. The real incitement is an innate appetite of the mind—conscious in various degrees of the mystery, and of the beauty, and of the majesty of the system in which it lives and moves; conscious, too, that its own relations to that system are but dimly seen and very imperfectly understood. In a former chapter we have seen that this appetite of knowledge is never satisfied, even by the highest and most successful

exertion of those faculties which are, nevertheless, our only instruments of research. We have seen, too, what is the meaning and significance of that great Reserve of Power which must exist within us, seeing that it remains unexhausted and inexhaustible by the proudest successes of discovery. In this sense it is literally true that the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. Every new advance has its new horizon. Every answered question brings into view another question unanswered, and perhaps unanswerable, lying close behind it. And so we come to see that this sense of ignorance is not only part of our nature, but one of its highest parts—necessary to its development, and indicative of those unknown and indefinite prospects of attainment which are at once the glory and the burden of humanity.

It is impossible to mistake, then, the place which is occupied among the unities of Nature by that sense of ignorance which is universal among men. It belongs to the number of those primary mental conditions which impel all living things to do that which it is their special work to do and in the doing of which the highest law of their being is fulfilled. In the case of the lower animals, this law, as to the part they have to play and the ends they have to serve in the economy of the world, is simple, definite, and always perfectly attained. No advance is with them possible, no capacity of improvement, no dormant or undeveloped powers leading up to wider and wider spheres of action. With Man, on the contrary, the law of his being is a law which demands progress, which endows him with faculties enabling him to make it, and fills him with aspirations which cause him to desire it. Among the lowest savages there is some curiosity and some sense of wonder, else even the rude inventions they have achieved would never have been made, and their degraded superstitions would not have kept their hold. Man's sense of ignorance is the greatest of his gifts, for it is the secret of his wish to know. The whole structure and the whole furniture of his mind is adapted to this condition. The highest law of his being is to advance in wisdom and knowledge: and his sense of the presence and of the power of things which he can only partially understand is an abiding witness of this law, and an abiding incentive to its fulfilment.

In all these aspects there is an absolute contrast between our sense of limitation in respect to intellectual power (or knowledge) and our sense of unworthiness in respect to moral character. It is not of ignorance, but of knowledge, that we are conscious here,—even the knowledge of the distinction between good and evil, and of that special sense which in our nature is associated with it, namely, the sense of moral obligation. Now it is a universal fact of consciousness as regards ourselves, and of observation in regard to others, that, knowing evil to be evil, men are nevertheless prone to do it, and that, having this sense of moral obligation, they are nevertheless prone to disobey it. This fact is entirely independent of the particular standard by which men in different stages of society have judged certain things to be good and

other things to be evil. It is entirely independent of the infinite variety of rules according to which they recognize the doing of particular acts, and the abstention from other acts, to be obligatory upon them. Under every variety of circumstance in regard to these rules, under every diversity of custom, of law, or of religion by which they are established, the general fact remains the same—that what men themselves recognize as duty they continually disobey, and what according to their own standard they acknowledge to be wrong they continually do.

There is unquestionably much difficulty in finding any place for this fact among the unities of Nature. It falls therefore in the way of this inquiry to investigate how this difficulty arises, and wherein it consists.

And here we at once encounter those old fundamental questions on the nature, the origin, and the authority of the Moral Sense which have exercised the human mind for more than two thousand years; and on which an eminent writer of our own time has said that no sensible progress has been made. This result may well suggest that the direction which inquiry has taken is a direction in which progress is impossible. If men will try to analyze something which is incapable of analysis, a perpetual consciousness of abortive effort will be their only and their inevitable reward.

For just as in the physical world there are bodies or substances which are (to us) elementary, so in the spiritual world there are perceptions, feelings, or emotions, which are equally elementary—that is to say, which resist all attempts to resolve them into a combination of other and simpler affections of the mind. And of this kind is the idea, or the conception, or the sentiment of obligation. That which we mean when we say, "I ought," is a meaning which is incapable of reduction. It is a meaning which enters as an element into many other conceptions, and into the import of many other forms of expression, but it is itself uncompounded. All attempts to explain it do one or other of these two things—either they assume and include the idea of obligation in the very circumlocutions by which they profess to explain its origin; or else they build up a structure which, when completed, remains as destitute of the idea of obligation as the separate materials of which it is composed. In the one case, they first put in the gold, and then they think that by some alchemy they have made it; in the other case, they do not indeed first put in the gold, but neither in the end do they ever get it. No combination of other things will give the idea of obligation, unless with and among these things there is some concealed or unconscious admission of itself. But in this, as in other cases with which we have already dealt, the ambiguities of language afford an easy means or an abundant source of self-deception. One common phrase is enough to serve the purpose—the "association of ideas." Under this vague and indefinite form of words all mental operations and all mental affections may be classed. Consequently those which are elementary

may be included, without being expressly named. This is one way of putting in the gold and then of pretending to find it as a result. Take one of the simplest cases in which the idea of obligation arises, even in the rudest minds—namely, the case of gratitude to those who have done us good. Beyond all question, this simple form of the sense of obligation is one which involves the association of many ideas. It involves the idea of Self as a moral agent and the recipient of good. It involves the idea of other human beings as likewise moral agents, and as related to us by a common nature, as well as, perhaps, by still more special ties. It involves the idea of things good for them, and of our having power to confer these things upon them. All these ideas are “associated” in the sense of gratitude towards those who have conferred upon us any kind of favour. But the mere word “association” throws no light whatever upon the nature of the connection. “Association” means nothing but grouping or contiguity of any kind. It may be the grouping of mere accident—the associations of things which happen to lie together, but which have no other likeness, relation, or connection. But this, obviously, is not the kind of association which connects together the different ideas which are involved in the conception of gratitude to those who have done us good. What then is the associating tie? What is the link which binds them together, and constitutes the particular kind or principle of association? It is the sense of obligation. The associating or grouping power lies in this sense. It is the centre round which the other perceptions aggregate. It is the seat of that force which holds them together, which keeps them in a definite and fixed relation, and gives its mental character to the combination as a whole.

If we examine closely the language of those who have attempted to analyze the Moral Sense, or, in other words, the sense of obligation, we shall always detect the same fallacy—namely, the use of words so vague that under cover of them the idea of obligation is assumed as the explanation of itself. Sometimes this fallacy is so transparent in the very forms of expression which are used, that we wonder how men of even ordinary intelligence, far more men of the highest intellectual power, can have failed to see and feel the confusion of their thoughts. Thus, for example, we find Mr. Grote expressing himself as follows:—“This idea of the judgment of others upon our conduct and feeling as agents, or the idea of our own judgment as spectators in concurrence with others upon our own conduct as agents, is the main basis of what is properly called Ethical sentiment.”* In this passage the word “judgment” can only mean moral judgment, which is an exercise of the Moral Sense; and this exercise is gravely represented as the “basis” of itself.

Two things, however, ought to be carefully considered and remembered in respect to this elementary character of the Moral Sense. The first is, that we must clearly define to ourselves what the idea is of which, and of which alone, we can affirm that it is elementary; and secondly,

* “Fragments on Ethical Subjects,” pp. 9, 10.

that we must define to ourselves as clearly, if it be possible to do so, in what sense it is that any faculty whatever of the mind can really be contemplated as separable from, or as uncombined with, others.

As regards the first of these two things to be defined, namely, the idea which we affirm to be simple or elementary, it must be clearly understood that this elementary character, this incapability of being reduced by analysis, belongs to the bare sense or feeling of obligation, and not at all, or not generally, to the processes of thought by which that feeling may be guided in its exercise. The distinction is immense and obvious. The sense of rightness and of wrongness is one thing; the way in which we come to attach the idea of right or wrong to the doing of certain acts, or to the abstention from certain other acts, is another and a very different thing. This is a distinction which applies equally to many other simple or elementary affections of the mind. The liking or disliking of certain tastes or affections of the palate is universal and elementary. But the particular tastes which are the objects of liking or of aversion are for the most part determined by habits and education. There may be tastes which all men are so constituted as necessarily to feel disgusting; and in like manner there may be certain acts which all men everywhere must feel to be contrary to their sense of obligation. Indeed we shall see good reason to believe that this not only may be so, but must be so. But this is a separate subject of inquiry. The distinction in principle is manifest between the sense itself and the laws by which its particular applications are determined.

The second of the two things to be defined—namely, the sense in which any faculty whatever of the mind can really be regarded singly, or as uncombined with others—is a matter so important that we must stop to consider it with greater care.

The analogy is not complete, but only partial, between the analysis of Mind and the analysis of Matter. In the analysis of Matter we reach elements which can be wholly separated from each other, so that each of them can exist and can be handled by itself. In the analysis of Mind we are dealing with one organic whole; and the operation by which we break it up into separate faculties or powers is an operation purely ideal, since there is not one of these faculties which can exist alone, or which can exert its special functions without the help of others. When we speak, therefore, of a Moral Sense or of Conscience, we do not speak of it as a separate entity any more than when we speak of Reason or of Imagination. Strictly speaking, no faculty of the mind is elementary in the same sense in which the elements of Matter are (supposed to be) absolutely simple or uncombined. Perhaps there is no faculty of the mind which presents itself so distinctly and is so easily separable from others as the faculty of Memory. And yet Memory cannot always reproduce its treasures without an effort of the Will, nor, sometimes, without many artificial expedients of Reason to help it in retracing the old familiar lines. Neither is there any faculty more absolutely necessary

than Memory to the working of every other. Without Memory there could not be any Reason, nor any Reflection, nor any Conscience. In this respect all the higher faculties of the human mind are much more inseparably blended and united in their operation than those lower faculties which are connected with bodily sensation. These lower faculties are indeed also parts of one whole, are connected with a common centre, and can all be paralyzed when that centre is affected. But in their ordinary activities their spheres of action seem widely different, and each of them can be, and often is, seen in apparently solitary and independent action. Sight and taste and touch and hearing are all very different from each other—so separate indeed that the language of the one can hardly be translated into the language of the other. But when from these lower faculties, which are connected with separate and visible organs of the body, and which we possess in common with the brutes, we ascend to the great central group of higher and more spiritual faculties which are peculiar to Man, we soon find that their unity is more absolute, and their interdependence more visibly complete. Ideally we can distinguish them, and we can range them in an ascending order. We can separate between different elements and different processes of thought, and in accordance with these distinctions we can assign to each of them a separate faculty of the mind. We think of these separate faculties as being each specially apprehensive of one kind of idea, or specially conducting one kind of operation. Thus the reasoning faculty works out the process of logical sequence, and apprehends one truth as the necessary consequence of another. Thus the faculty of Reflection passes in review the previous apprehensions of the Intellect, or the fleeting suggestions of Memory and of Desire, looks at them in different aspects, and submits them now to the tests of reasoning, and now to the appreciations of the Moral Sense. Thus, again, the supreme faculty of Will determines the subject of investigation, or the direction of thought, or the course of conduct. But although all these faculties may be, and indeed must sometimes be, conceived and regarded as separate, they all more or less involve each other; and in the great hierarchy of powers, the highest and noblest seem always to be built upon the foundations of those which stand below. Memory is the indispensable servant of them all. Reflection is ever turning the mind inwards on itself. The logical faculty is ever rushing to its own conclusions as necessary consequences of the elementary axioms from which it starts, and which are to it the objects of direct and intuitive apprehension. The Moral Sense is ever passing its judgments upon the conduct of others and of ourselves; whilst the Will is ever present to set each and all to their proper work. And the proper work of every faculty is to see some special kind of relation or some special quality in things which other faculties have not been formed to see. But although these qualities in things are in themselves separate and distinct, it does not at all follow that the separate organs of the mind, by which they are severally apprehended, can ever work without

each other's help. The sense of logical necessity is clearly different from the sense of moral obligation. But yet as Reason cannot work without the help of Memory, so neither can the Moral Sense work without the help of Reason. And the elements which Reason has to work on in presenting different actions to the judgment of the Moral Sense may be, and often are, of very great variety. It is these elements, many and various in their character, and contributed through the help and concurrence of many different faculties of the mind, that men are really distinguishing and dissecting when they think they are analyzing the Moral Sense itself. What they do analyze with more or less success is not the Moral Sense, but the conditions under which that sense comes to attach its special judgments of approval or of condemnation to particular acts or to particular motives.

And this analysis of the conditions under which the Moral Sense performs its work, although it is not the kind of analysis which it often pretends to be, is nevertheless in the highest degree important, for although the sense of obligation, or, as it is usually called, the Moral Sense, may be in itself simple, elementary, and incapable of reduction, it is quite possible to reach conclusions of the most vital interest concerning its nature and its functions by examining the circumstances which do actually determine its exercise, especially those circumstances which are necessary and universal facts in the experience of mankind.

There is, in the first place, one question respecting the Moral Sense which meets us at the threshold of every inquiry respecting it, and to which a clear and definite answer can be given. This question is—What is the subject-matter of the Moral Sense? or, in other words, what is the kind of thing of which alone it takes any cognisance, and in which alone it recognizes the qualities of right and wrong?

To this fundamental question one answer, and one answer only, can be given. The things, and the only things, of which the Moral Sense takes cognisance are the actions of men. It can take no cognisance of the actions of machines, nor of the actions of the inanimate forces of Nature, nor of the actions of beasts, except in so far as a few of these may be supposed to possess in a low and elementary degree some of the characteristic powers of Man. Human conduct is the only subject-matter in respect of which the perceptions of the Moral Sense arise. They are perceptions of the mind which have no relation to anything whatever except to the activities of another mind constituted like itself. For, as no moral judgment can be formed, and no moral perception can be felt, except by a moral agent, so neither can it be formed in respect to the conduct of any other agent which has not, or is not assumed to have, a nature like our own—moral, rational and free.

And this last condition of freedom, which is an essential one to the very idea of an agency having any moral character, will carry us a long way on towards a farther definition of the subject-matter on which the Moral Sense is exercised. It is, as we have seen, human conduct.

But it is not human conduct in its mere outward manifestations, for the only moral element in human conduct is its actuating motive. If any human action is determined not by any motive whatever, but simply by external or physical compulsion, then no moral element is present at all, and no perception of the Moral Sense can arise respecting it. Freedom, therefore, in the sense of exemption from such compulsion, must be assumed as a condition of human action absolutely essential to its possessing any moral character whatever. There can be no moral character in any action, so far as the individual actor is concerned, apart from the meaning and intention of the actor. The very same deed may be good, or, on the contrary, devilishly bad, according to the inspiring motive of him who does it. The giving of a cup of cold water to assuage suffering, and the giving it to prolong life in order that greater suffering may be endured, are the same outward deeds, but are exactly opposite in moral character. In like manner, the killing of a man in battle and the killing of a man for robbery or revenge, are the same actions; but the one may be often right, whilst the other must be always wrong, because of the different motives which incite the deed. Illustrations of the same general truth might be given as infinite in variety as the varying circumstances and conditions of human conduct. It is a truth perfectly consistent with the doctrine of an Independent Morality. Every action of a voluntary agent has, and must have, its own moral character, and yet this character may be separate and apart from its relation to the responsibility of the individual man who does it. That is to say, every act must be either permitted, or forbidden, or enjoined, by legitimate authority, although the man who does it may be ignorant of the authority or of its commands. And the same proposition holds good if we look upon the ultimate standard of morality from the Utilitarian point of view. Every act must have its own relation to the future. Every act must be either innocent, or beneficent, or hurtful in its ultimate tendencies and results. Or, if we like to put it in another form, every act must be according to the harmony of Nature or at variance with that harmony, and therefore an element of disorder and disturbance. In all these senses, therefore, we speak, and we are right in speaking, of actions as in themselves good or bad, because we so speak of them according to our own knowledge of the relation in which they stand to those great standards of morality, which are facts, and not mere assumptions or even mere beliefs. But we are quite able to separate this judgment of the act from the judgment which can justly be applied to the individual agent. As regards him, the act is right or wrong, not according to our knowledge, but according to his own. And this great distinction is universally recognized in the language and (however unconsciously) in the thoughts sanctioned, moreover, by Supreme Authority. The
 ever uttered upon earth was a prayer for the ~~most~~ ^{for}
 most enormous wickedness, and the ground ~~of~~ ^{ad of}

the petition was specially declared to be that those who committed it "knew not what they did." The same principle which avails to diminish blame, avails also to diminish or to extinguish merit. We may justly say of many actions that they are good in themselves, assuming, as we naturally do, that those who do such actions do them under the influence of the appropriate motive. But if this assumption fails in any particular case, we cannot and we do not, credit the actor with the goodness of his deed. If he has done a thing which in itself is good in order to compass an evil end, then, so far as he is concerned, the deed is not good, but bad. It may indeed be worse in moral character than many other kinds of evil deeds, and this just because of the goodness usually attaching to it. For this goodness may very probably involve the double guilt of some special treachery, or some special hypocrisy; and both treachery and hypocrisy are in the highest degree immoral. It is clear that no action, however apparently benevolent, if done from some selfish or cruel motive, can be a good or a moral action.

It may seem, however, as if the converse of this proposition cannot be laid down as broadly and as decidedly. There are deeds of cruelty in abundance which have been done, ostensibly at least, and sometimes, perhaps, really from motives comparatively good, and yet from which an enlightened Moral Sense can never detach the character of wickedness and wrong. These may seem to be cases in which the motive does not determine the moral character of the action, and in which our Moral Sense persists in condemning the thing done in spite of the motive. But if we examine closely the grounds on which we pass judgment in such cases, we shall not, I think, find them exceptions to the rule or law that the purpose or intention of a free and voluntary agent is the only thing in which any moral goodness can exist, or to which any moral judgment can be applied. In the first place, we may justly think that the actors in such deeds are to a large extent themselves responsible for the failure in knowledge, and for the defective Moral Sense which blind them to the evil of their conduct, and which lead them to a wrong application of some motive which may in itself be good. And in the second place, we may have a just misgiving as to the singleness and purity of the alleged purpose which is good. We know that the motives of men are so various and so mixed, that they are not always themselves conscious of that motive which really prevails, and we may have often good reasons for our convictions that bad motives unavowed have really determined conduct for which good motives only have been alleged. Thus, in the case of religious persecution, we may be sure that the lust of power and the passion of resentment against those who resist its ungovernable desires, have very often been the impelling motive, where nothing but the love of truth has been acknowledged. And this at least may be said, that in the universal judgment of mankind, actions which they regard as wrong have not the whole of that wrongfulness charged against the doers of them, in proportion as

we really believe the agents to have been guided purely and honestly by their own sense of moral obligation.

On the whole, then, we can determine or define with great clearness and precision the field within which the Moral Sense can alone find the possibilities of exercise,—and that field is the conduct of men;—by which is meant not their actions only, but the purpose, motive, or intention by which the doing of these actions is determined. This conclusion, resting on the firm ground of observation and experience, is truthfully expressed in the well-known lines of Burns:—

“The heart’s aye the part aye
Which makes us right or wrang.”

And now it is possible to approach more closely to the great central question of all ethical inquiry:—Are there any motives which all men under all circumstances recognize as good? Are there any other motives which, on the contrary, all men under all circumstances recognize as evil? Are there any fundamental perceptions of the Moral Sense upon which the standard of right and wrong is planted at the first, and round which it gathers to itself, by the help of every faculty through which the mind can work, higher and higher conceptions of the course of duty?

In dealing with this question, it is a comfort to remember that we are in possession of analogies deeply seated in the constitution and in the course of Nature. It is quite possible to assign to Intuition or to Instinct the place and rank which really belongs to it, and to assign also to what is called Experience the functions which are unquestionably its own. There is no sense or faculty of the mind which does not gain by education—not one which is independent of those processes of development which result from its contact with the external world. But neither is there any sense or faculty of the mind which starts unfurnished with some one or more of those intuitive perceptions with which all education and all development must begin. Just as every exercise of reason must be founded on certain axioms which are self-evident to the logical faculty, so all other exercises of the mind must start from the direct perception of some rudimentary truths. It would be strange indeed if the moral faculty were any exception to this fundamental law. This faculty in its higher conditions, such as we see it in the best men in the most highly civilized communities, may stand at an incalculable distance from its earliest and simplest condition, and still more from its lowest condition, such as we see it in the most degraded races of mankind. But this distance has been reached from some starting-point, and at that starting-point there must have been some simple acts or dispositions to which the sense of obligation was instinctively attached. And beyond all question this is the fact. All men do instinctively know what gives pleasure to themselves, and therefore also what gives pleasure to others. To a very large extent, the things which give them pleasure are the things which are the necessities of life and the acquisition of useful knowledge, and the pursuit of the well-being of others.

or even to the very existence of the race. And as Man is a social animal by nature, with social instincts at least as innate as those of the Ant or the Beaver or the Bee, we may be sure that there were and are born with him all those intuitive perceptions and desires which are necessary to the growth and unfolding of his powers. And this we know to be the fact, not only as a doctrine founded on the unities of Nature, but as a matter of universal observation and experience. We know that without the Moral Sense Man could not fulfil the part which belongs to him in the world. It is as necessary in the earliest stages of the Family and of the Tribe, as it is in the latest developments of the State and of the Church. It is an element without which nothing can be done—without which no man could trust another, and, indeed, no man could trust himself. There is no bond of union among men—even the lowest and the worst—which does not involve and depend upon the sense of obligation. There is no kind of brotherhood or association for any purpose which could stand without it. As a matter of fact, therefore, and not at all as a matter of speculation, we know that the Moral Sense holds a high place as one of the necessary conditions in the development of Man's nature, in the improvement of his condition, and in the attainment of that place which may yet lie before him in the future of the world. There are other sentiments and desires which, being as needful, are equally instinctive. Thus, the desire of communicating pleasure to others is one of the instincts which is as universal in Man as the desire of communicating knowledge. Both are indeed branches of the same stem—offshoots from the same root. The acquisition of knowledge, to which we are stimulated by the instinctive affections of curiosity and of wonder, is one of the greatest of human pleasures, and the desire we have to communicate our knowledge to others is the great motive-force on which its progress and accumulation depend. The pleasure which all men take, when their dispositions are good, in sharing with others their own enjoyments, is another feature quite as marked and quite as innate in the character of Man. And if there is any course of action to which we do instinctively attach the sentiment of moral approbation, it is that course of action which assumes that our own desires, and our own estimates of good, are the standard by which we ought to judge of what is due to and is desired by others. The social instincts of our nature must, therefore, naturally and intuitively indicate benevolence as a virtuous, and malevolence as a vicious disposition; and, again, our knowledge of what is benevolent and of what is malevolent is involved in our own instinctive sense of what to us is good, and of what to us is evil. It is quite true that this sense may be comparatively low or high, and consequently that the standard of obligation which is founded upon it may be elementary and nothing more. Those whose own desires are few and rude, and whose own estimates of good are very limited, must of course form an estimate correspondingly poor and scant of what is good for, and of what is desired by, others. But this exactly corresponds with the facts of human nature.

This is precisely the variety in unity which its phenomena present. There are no men of sane mind in whom the Moral Sense does not exist; that is to say, there are no men who do not attach to some actions or other the sentiment of approval, and to some other actions the opposite sentiment of condemnation. On the other hand, the selection of the particular actions to which these different sentiments are severally attached is a selection immensely various; there being, however, this one common element in all,—that the course of action to which men do by instinct attach the feeling of moral obligation, is that course of action which is animated by the feeling that their own desires and their own estimate of good is the standard by which they must judge of what is due by them to others, and by others to themselves.

And here we stand at the common point of departure from which diverge the two great antagonistic schools of ethical philosophy. On the one hand in the intuitive and elementary character which we have assigned to the sentiment of obligation, considered in itself, we have the fundamental position of that school which asserts an independent basis of morality; whilst, on the other hand, in the elementary truths which we have assigned to the Moral Sense as its self-evident apprehensions, we have a rule which corresponds, in one aspect at least, to the fundamental conception of the Utilitarian school. For the rule which connects the idea of obligation with conduct tending to the good of others, as tested by our own estimate of what is good for ourselves, is a rule which clearly brings the basis of morality into very close connection with the practical results of conduct. Accordingly, one of the ablest modern advocates of the Utilitarian system has declared that “in the golden rule of Jesus of Nazareth we read the complete spirit of the ethics of Utility. To do as you would be done by, and to love your neighbour as yourself, constitute the ideal perfection of Utilitarian morals.”*

This may well seem a strange and almost a paradoxical result to those who have been accustomed to consider the Utilitarian theory not so much a low standard of morals, as an idea which is devoid altogether of that element in which the very essence of morality consists. But it is a result due to these two causes—first, that under the fire of controversy Utilitarians have been obliged to import into the meaning of their words much that does not really belong to them; and secondly, to the fact, that when this essential alteration has been made, then the theory, or rather the portion of it which remains, does represent one very important aspect of a very complex truth.

It will be well to examine a little more closely the different ways in which these two causes operate.

In the first place, as regards the ambiguities of language, a moment's consideration will convince us that the word “utility” has, in its proper and primary signification, nothing whatever of the ethical meaning which is attached to it in the Utilitarian theory of morals. In its

* J. S. Mill: “Utilitarianism,” pp. 24, 25.

elementary signification the useful is simply the serviceable. It is curious to observe that this last word has no ethical savour about it. On the contrary, it is associated rather with the lower uses than with the higher of conduct. If this be objected to as preventing the two words from being really the equivalent of each other, then at least let it be recognized that utility must be divested of its ethical associations before it can be set up as an ethical test. If utility is first assumed to be the equivalent of goodness, it becomes of course a mere play on words to represent usefulness as the criterion of virtue. If we are to conduct our analysis correctly, we must expel from utility every adventitious element of meaning. The usefulness of a thing means nothing more than its conduciveness to some purpose. But it may be any purpose,—morally good, or morally bad, or morally indifferent. The boot-jack, the thumb-screw, and the rack are all useful machines for the purpose of producing torture on the victim, and for the purpose, too, of giving to the torturers that pleasure or satisfaction which wicked men find in tyranny or revenge. The words "good" and "bad" are themselves often used in a secondary and derivative sense, which, like "useful," may be destitute of any ethical meaning. A good thumb-screw would mean an implement well adapted to produce the most exquisite pain. A good torture may mean a torture well calculated to gratify the savage sentiment of revenge. In like manner, although not to the same extent, the words "right" and "wrong" are often used with no ethical element of meaning. The right way for a man who wishes to commit suicide would be the way to a precipice over which he desires to throw himself. But the same way is the wrong way for him, if he wishes to avoid the danger of falling. In this way we may speak of the right way of doing the most wicked things. One most eminent expounder of the Utilitarian theory has taken advantage of this common use of the words "good" and "bad," and of "right" and "wrong," to represent utility and inutility to be the essential idea of all goodness and of all badness respectively.* Thus the unavoidable ambiguities of speech are employed to give a scientific aspect to the confounding and obliteration of the profoundest distinctions which exist in knowledge. By the double process of expelling from goodness the idea of virtue, and of inserting into utility the idea of beneficence, the fallacies of language become complete. Because subserviency to purpose of any kind is the meaning of "good," when applied equally to an instrument of torture and to an instrument for the relief of suffering, therefore, it is argued, the same meaning must be the essential one when we speak of a good man. And so indeed it may be, if we know or assume beforehand what the highest purpose is to which Man can be made subservient. There is a well-known Catechism of one of the Reformed Churches which opens with the question, "What is the chief end of Man?" The answer is perhaps one of the noblest in the whole compass of theology. "Man's chief end is to glorify God and

* Herbert Spencer: "Data of Ethics," chap. iii.

to enjoy Him for ever."* Given certain further beliefs as to the character of the Divine Being, and the methods of His government, then indeed it would be true that this is a conception of the purpose of Man's existence which would erect mere serviceableness or utility into a perfect rule of conduct. Perhaps even a lower or less perfect conception of the great aim of Man's life would be almost enough. If virtue and beneficence are first assumed to be the highest purpose of his being, then subserviency to that purpose may be all that is meant by goodness. But, without this assumption as to the "chief end of Man," there would be no ethical meaning whatever in the phrase of "a good man." It might mean a good thief, or a good torturer, or a good murderer. Utility, that is to say, mere subserviency to any purpose, is undoubtedly a good in itself, and of this kind is the goodness of a machine which is invented for a bad or evil purpose. But this utility in the machine is, so far as the machine is concerned, destitute of any moral character whatever, and, so far as those who employ it are concerned, the utility is not virtuous, but, on the contrary, it is vicious. It is clear, therefore, that when the word "utility" is used as meaning moral or even physical good, and still more when it is identified with virtue, or when it is declared to be the standard of that which is right or virtuous in conduct, the word is used not in its own proper sense, but in a special or adventitious sense, in which it is confined to one special kind of usefulness, namely, that which conduces to good ends, and good aims, and good purposes. That is to say, the sense in which utility is spoken of as the test or standard of virtue is a sense which assumes that goodness and virtue are independently known, or, in other words, that they are determined and recognized by some other test and some other standard.

It is, however, clear that when by this other test and standard, whatever it may be, we have already felt or apprehended that it is right and virtuous to do good to others, then the usefulness of any action or of any course of conduct, in the production of such good, does become a real test and indication of that which we ought to do. It is a test or indication of the particular things which it is right to do, but not at all a test of the moral obligation which lies upon us to do them. This obligation must be assumed, and is assumed, in every argument on the moral utility of things. It is by confounding these two very distinct ideas that the Utilitarian theory of the ultimate basis of moral obligation has so long maintained a precarious existence, borrowing from the misuse of words a strength which is not its own. But the moment this distinction is clearly apprehended, then, although we set aside the bare idea of usefulness, apart from the good or bad purpose towards which that usefulness conduces, as affording any explanation whatever of the ultimate nature and source of duty, we may well, nevertheless, be ready to adopt all that the Utilitarian theory can show us of that inseparable

* "The Shorter Catechism, presented by the Westminster Assembly of Divines to both Houses of Parliament, and by them approved."

word "utility," it becomes less and less available as a test or as a rule of conduct. So long as the simple and natural meaning was put upon utility, and the good was identified with the pleasurable, the Utilitarian theory of morals did indicate at least some rule of life, however low that rule might be. But now that the apostles of that theory have been driven to put upon utility a transcendental meaning, and the pleasurable is interpreted to refer not merely to the immediate and visible effects of conduct on ourselves or others, but to its remotest effects upon all living beings, both now and for all future time, the Utilitarian theory in this very process of sublimation becomes lifted out of the sphere of human judgment. If it be true "that there can be no correct idea of a part without a correct idea of the correlative whole," and if human conduct in its tendencies and effects is only "a part of universal conduct," *—that is to say, of the whole system of the universe in its past, its present, and its future—then, as this whole is beyond all our means of knowledge and comprehension, it follows that utility, in this sense, can be no guide to us. If indeed this system of the universe has over it or in it one Supreme Authority, and if we knew on that authority the things which do make, not only for our own everlasting peace, but for the perfect accomplishment of the highest purposes of creation to all living things, then indeed the rule of utility is resolved into the simple rule of obedience to legitimate Authority. And this is consistent with all we know of the Unity of Nature, and with all that we can conceive of the central and ultimate Authority on which its order rests. All intuitive perceptions come to us from that Authority. All instincts which are the result of organization come to us from that Authority. All the data of reason come to us from that Authority. All these in their own several spheres of operation may well guide us to what is right, and may give us also the conviction that what is right is also what is best, "at last, far off, at last to all."

Thus far a clear and consistent answer can be given to one of the greatest questions of ethical inquiry, namely, the nature of the relation between those elements in conduct which make it useful, and those elements in conduct which make it virtuous. The usefulness of conduct in promoting ends and purposes which are good is, in proportion to the nature and extent of that good, a test and an index of its virtue. But the usefulness of conduct in promoting ends and purposes which are not good is a mark and index, not of virtue, but of vice. It follows from this that utility in itself has no moral character whatever apart from the particular aim which it tends to accomplish, and that the moral goodness of that aim is presupposed when we speak or think of the utility of conduct as indicative of its virtue. But this character of goodness must be matter of independent and instinctive recognition, because it is the one distinction between the kind of usefulness which is virtuous and the many kinds of usefulness which are vicious. Accord-

* Herbert Spencer: "Data of Ethics," chap. i. pp. 1-6.

ingly we find in the last resort that our recognition of goodness in the conduct of other men towards ourselves is inseparable from our own consciousness of the needs and wants of our own life, and of the tendency of that conduct to supply them. This estimate of goodness seated in the very nature of our bodies and of our minds becomes necessarily, also, a standard of obligation as regards our conduct to others; for the unity of our nature with that of our kind and fellows is a fact seen and felt intuitively in the sound of every voice and in the glance of every eye around us.

But this great elementary truth of morals, that we ought to do to others as we know we should wish them to do to us, is not the only truth which is intuitively perceived by the Moral Sense. There is, at least, one other among the rudiments of duty which is quite as self-evident, quite as important, quite as far-reaching in its consequences, and quite as early recognised. Obedience to the will of legitimate Authority is necessarily the first of all motives with which the sense of obligation is inseparably associated; whilst its opposite, or rebellion against the commands of legitimate Authority, is the spirit and the motive upon which the Moral Sense pronounces its earliest sentence of disapproval and of condemnation. At first sight it may seem as if the legitimacy of any Authority is a previous question requiring itself to be determined by the Moral Sense, seeing that it is not until this character of legitimacy or rightfulness has been recognized as belonging to some particular Authority, that obedience to its commands comes in consequence to be recognized as wrong. A moment's consideration, however, will remind us that there is at least one Authority the rightfulness of which is not a question but a fact. All men are born of parents. All men, moreover, are born in a condition of utter helplessness and of absolute dependence. As a matter of fact, therefore, and not at all as a matter of question or of doubt, our first conception of duty, or of moral obligation, is necessarily and universally attached to such acts as are in conformity with the injunctions of this first and most indisputable of all Authorities.

Standing, then, on this firm ground of universal and necessary experience, we are able to affirm with absolute conviction that our earliest conceptions of duty—our earliest exercises of the Moral Sense—are not determined by any considerations of utility, or by any conclusions of the judgment on the results or on the tendencies of conduct.

But the same reasoning, founded on the same principle of simply investigating and ascertaining facts, will carry us a great way farther on. As we grow up from infancy, we find that our parents are themselves also subject to Authority, owing and owning the duty of obedience to other persons or to other powers. This higher Authority may be nothing but the rules and customs of a rude tribe; or it may be the will of an absolute sovereign; or it may be the accumulated and accepted traditions of a race; or it may be the laws of a great civilized community; or it may be the Authority, still higher, of that Power

which is known or believed to be supreme in Nature. But in all and in each of these cases, the sense of obligation is inseparably attached to obedience to some Authority, the legitimacy or rightfulness of which is not itself a question but a fact.

It is true, indeed, that these rightful Authorities, which are enthroned in Nature, are fortified by power to enforce their commands, and to punish violations of the duty of obedience. It is true, therefore, that from the first moments of our existence the sense of obligation is reinforced by the fear of punishment. And yet we know, both as a matter of internal consciousness, and as a matter of familiar observation in others, that this sense of obligation is not only separable from the fear of punishment, but is even sharply contra-distinguished from it. Not only is the sense of obligation powerful in cases where the fear of punishment is impossible, but in direct proportion as the fear of punishment mixes or prevails, the moral character of an act otherwise good is diminished or destroyed. The fear of punishment and the hope of reward are, indeed, auxiliary forces which cannot be dispensed with in society. But we feel that complete goodness and perfect virtue would dispense with them altogether; or rather, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, that the hope of reward would be merged and lost as a separate motive in that highest condition of mind in which the performance of duty becomes its own reward, because of the satisfaction it gives to the Moral Sense, and because of the love borne to that Authority whom we feel it our duty to obey.

The place occupied by this instinctive sentiment in the equipment of our nature is as obvious as it is important. The helplessness of infancy and of childhood is not greater than would be the helplessness of the race if the disposition to accept and to obey Authority were wanting in us. It is implanted in our nature only because it is one of the first necessities of our life, and a fundamental condition of the development of our powers. All Nature breathes the spirit of Authority, and is full of the exercise of command. "Thou shalt," or "Thou shalt not," are words continually on her lips, and all her injunctions and all her prohibitions are backed by the most tremendous sanctions. Moreover, the most tremendous of these sanctions are often those which are not audibly proclaimed, but those which come upon us most gradually, most imperceptibly, and after the longest lapse of time. Some of the most terrible diseases which afflict humanity are known to be the results of vice, and what has long been known of some of these diseases is more and more reasonably suspected of many others. The truth is, that we are born into a system of things in which every act carries with it, by indissoluble ties, a long train of consequences reaching to the most distant future, and which for the whole course of time affect our own condition, the condition of other men, and even the conditions of external nature. And yet we cannot see those consequences beyond the shortest way, and very often those which lie nearest are in the highest degree deceptive as an index

to ultimate results. Neither pain nor pleasure can be accepted as a guide. With the lower animals, indeed, these, for the most part, tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Appetite is all that the creature has, and in the gratification of it the highest law of the animal being is fulfilled. In Man, too, appetite has its own indispensable function to discharge. But it is a lower function, and amounts to nothing more than that of furnishing to Reason a few of the primary data on which it has to work—a few, and a few only. Physical pain is indeed one of the threatenings of natural Authority; and physical pleasure is one of its rewards. But neither the one nor the other forms more than a mere fraction of that awful and imperial code under which we live. It is the code of an everlasting Kingdom, and of a jurisprudence which endures throughout all generations. It is a code which continually imposes on Man the abandonment of pleasure, and the endurance of pain, whenever and wherever the higher purposes of its law demand of him the sacrifice. Nor has this spirit of Authority ever been without its witness in the human Spirit, or its response in the human Will. On the contrary, in all ages of the world, dark and distorted as have been his understandings of Authority, Man has been prone to acknowledge it, and to admit it as the basis of obligation and the rule of duty. This, at all events, is one side of his character, and it is universally recognized as the best.

There is no difficulty, then, in seeing the place which this instinct holds in the unity of Nature. It belongs to that class of gifts, universal in the world, which enable all living things to fulfil their part in the order of Nature, and to discharge the functions which belong to it. It is when we pass from a review of those instincts and powers with which Man has been endowed, to a review of their actual working and results, that we for the first time encounter facts which are wholly exceptional, and which it is, accordingly, most difficult to reconcile with the unities of Nature. This difficulty does not lie in the mere existence of a Being with powers which require for their perfection a long process of development. There is no singularity in this. On the contrary, it is according to the usual course and the universal analogy of Nature. Development in different forms, through a great variety of stages, and at different rates of progress, is the most familiar of all facts in creation. In the case of some of the lower animals, and especially in the case of many among the lowest, the process of development is carried to an extent which may almost be said to make the work of creation visible. There are numberless creatures which pass through separate stages of existence having no likeness whatever to each other. In passing through these stages, the same organism differs from itself in form, in structure, in the food on which it subsists, and even in the very element in which it breathes and lives. Physiologists tell us that changes having a mysterious and obscure analogy with these pass over the embryo of all higher animals before their birth. But after birth the development of every individual

among the higher orders of creation is limited to those changes which belong to growth, to maturity, and decay. Man shares in these changes, but in addition to these he undergoes a development which affects him not merely as an individual, but as a species and a race. This is purely a development of mind, of character, and of knowledge, giving by accumulation from generation to generation increased command over the resources of Nature, and a higher understanding of the enjoyments and of the aims of life.

It is true, indeed, that this is a kind of development which is itself exceptional—that is to say, it is a kind of development of which none of the lower animals are susceptible, and which therefore separates widely between them and Man. But although it is exceptional with reference to the lower orders of creation, it is very important to observe that it constitutes no anomaly when it is regarded in connection with creation as a whole. On the contrary, it is the natural and necessary result of the gift of reason and of all those mental powers which are its servants or allies. But all Nature is full of these—so full, that every little bit and fragment of its vast domain overflows with matter of inexhaustible interest to that one only Being who has the impulse of inquiry and the desire to know. This power or capacity in every department of Nature of fixing the attention and of engrossing the interest of Man, depends on the close correspondence between his own faculties and those which are reflected in creation, and on his power of recognizing that correspondence as the highest result of investigation. The lower animals do reasonable things without the gift of reason, and things, as we have seen, often involving a very distant foresight, without having themselves any knowledge of the future. They work for that which is to be, without seeing or feeling anything beyond that which is. They enjoy, but they cannot understand. Reason is, as it were, brooding over them and working through them, whilst at the same time it is wanting in them. Between the faculties they possess, therefore, and the governing principles of the system in which they live and under which they serve, there is, as it were, a vacant space. It is no anomaly that this space should be occupied by a Being with higher powers. On the contrary, it would be the greatest of all anomalies if it were really vacant. It would be strange indeed if there were no link connecting, more closely than any of the lower animals can connect, the Mind that is in creation with the mind that is in the creature. This is the place occupied by Man's Reason—Reason not outside of, but in the creature—working not only through him, but also in him—Reason conscious of itself, and conscious of the relation in which it stands to that measureless Intelligence of which the Universe is full. In occupying this place, Man fills up, in some measure at least, what would otherwise be wanting to the continuity of things; and in proportion as he is capable of development—in proportion as his faculties are expanded—he does fill up this place more and more.

There is nothing, then, really anomalous or at variance with the unity of Nature, either in the special elevation of the powers which belong to Man, or in the fact that they start from small beginnings and are capable of being developed to an extent which, though certainly not infinite, is at least indefinite. That which is rarely exceptional, and indeed absolutely singular in Man, is the persistent tendency of his development to take a wrong direction. In all other creatures it is a process which follows a certain and determined law, going straight to a definite, consistent, and intelligible end. In Man alone it is a process which is prone to take a perverted course, tending not merely to arrest his progress, but to lead him back along descending paths to results of utter degradation and decay. I am not now affirming that this has been the actual course of Man as a species or as a race when that course is considered as a whole. But that it is often the course of individual men, and that it has been the course of particular races and generations of men in the history of the world, is a fact which cannot be denied. The general law may be a law of progress; but it is certain that this law is liable not only to arrest but to reversal. In truth it is never allowed to operate unopposed, or without heavy deductions from its work. For there is another law ever present, and ever working in the reverse direction. Running alongside, as it were, of the tendency to progress, there is the other tendency to retrogression. Between these two there is a war which never ceases,—sometimes the one, sometimes the other, seeming to prevail. And even when the better and higher tendency is in the ascendant, its victory is qualified and abated by its great opponent. For just as in physics the joint operation of two forces upon any moving body results in a departure from the course it would have taken if it had been subject to one alone, so in the moral world almost every step in the progress of mankind deviates more or less from the right direction. And every such deviation must and does increase, until much that had been gained is again lost, in new developments of corruption and of vice. The recognition of this fact does not depend on any particular theory as to the nature or origin of moral distinctions. It is equally clear, whether we judge according to the crudest standard of the Utilitarian scheme, or according to the higher estimates of an Independent Morality. Viewed under either system, the course of development in Man cannot be reconciled with the ordinary course of Nature, or with the general law under which all other creatures fulfil the conditions of their being.

It is no mere failure to realize aspirations which are vague and imaginary that constitutes this exceptional element in the history and in the actual condition of mankind. That which constitutes the terrible anomaly of his case admits of perfectly clear and specific definition. Man has been and still is a constant prey to appetites which are morbid—to opinions which are irrational, to imaginations which are horrible, and to practices which are destructive. The prevalence and the power

of these in a great variety of forms and of degrees is a fact with which we are familiar—so familiar, indeed, that we fail to be duly impressed with the strangeness and the mystery which really belong to it. Among savage races are bowed and bent under the yoke of their own perverted instincts—instincts which generally in their root and origin have an obvious utility, but which in their actual development are the source of miseries without number and without end. Some of the most horrible perversions which are prevalent among savages have no counterpart among any other created beings, and when judged by the barest standard of utility, place Man immeasurably below the level of the beasts. We are accustomed to say of many of the habits of savage life that they are “brutal.” But this is entirely to misrepresent the place which they really occupy in the system of Nature. None of the brutes have any such perverted dispositions; none of them are ever subject to the destructive operation of such habits as are common among men. And this contrast is all the more remarkable when we consider that the very worst of these habits affect conditions of life which the lower animals share with us, and in which any departure from those natural laws which they universally obey, must necessarily produce, and do actually produce, consequences so destructive as to endanger the very existence of the race. Such are all those conditions of life affecting the relation of the sexes which are common to all creatures, and in which Man alone exhibits the widest and most hopeless divergence from the order of Nature.

It fell in the way of Malthus in his celebrated work on Population to search in the accounts of travellers for those causes which operate, in different countries of the world, to check the progress, and to limit the numbers of Mankind. Foremost among these is vice, and foremost among the vices is that most unnatural one, of the cruel treatment of women. “In every part of the world,” says Malthus, “one of the most general characteristics of the savage is to despise and degrade the female sex. Among most of the tribes in America, their condition is so peculiarly grievous, that servitude is a name too mild to describe their wretched state. A wife is no better than a beast of burden. While the man passes his days in idleness or amusement, the woman is condemned to incessant toil. Tasks are imposed upon her without mercy, and services are received without complacence or gratitude. There are some districts in America where this state of degradation has been so severely felt that mothers have destroyed their female infants, to deliver them at once from a life in which they were doomed to such a miserable slavery.”* It is impossible to find for this most vicious tendency any place among the unities of Nature. There is nothing like it among the beasts. With them the equality of the sexes, as regards all the enjoyments as well as all the work of life, is the universal rule. And among those of them in which social instincts have been specially implanted,

* Malthus, 6th Edition, vol. i. p. 39.

and whose systems of polity are like the most civilized polities of men, the females of the race are treated with a strange mixture of love, of loyalty, and of devotion. If, indeed, we consider the necessary and inevitable results of the habit prevalent among savage men to maltreat and degrade their women,—its effects upon the constitution, and character, and endurance of children, we cannot fail to see how grossly unnatural it is, how it must tend to the greater and greater degradation of the race, and how recovery from this downward path must become more and more difficult or impossible. But, vicious, destructive, unnatural as this habit is, it is not the only one or the worst of similar character which prevail among savage men. A horrid catalogue comes to our remembrance when we think of them—polyandry, infanticide, cannibalism, deliberate cruelty, systematic slaughter connected with warlike passions or with religious customs. Nor are these vices, or the evils resulting from them, peculiar to the savage state. Some of them, indeed, more or less changed and modified in form, attain a rank luxuriance in civilized communities, corrupt the very bones and marrow of society, and have brought powerful nations to decay and death.

It is, indeed, impossible to look abroad either upon the past history or the existing condition of mankind, whether savage or civilized, without seeing that it presents phenomena which are strange and monstrous—incapable of being reduced within the harmony of things or reconciled with the unity of Nature. The contrasts which it presents to the general laws and course of Nature cannot be stated too broadly. There is nothing like it in the world. It is an element of confusion amidst universal order. Powers exceptionally high spending themselves in activities exceptionally base; the desire and the faculty of acquiring knowledge coupled with the desire and the faculty of turning it to the worst account; instincts immeasurably superior to those of other creatures, alongside of conduct and of habits very much below the level of the beasts—such are the combinations with which we have to deal as unquestionable facts when we contemplate the actual condition of Mankind. And they are combinations in the highest degree unnatural; there is nothing to account for, or to explain them in any apparent natural necessity.

The question then arises, as one of the greatest of all mysteries,—how it is and why it is that the higher gifts of Man's nature should not have been associated with corresponding dispositions to lead as straight and as unerringly to the crown and consummation of his course, as the dispositions of other creatures do lead them to the perfect development of their powers and the perfect discharge of their functions in the economy of Nature?

It is as if weapons had been placed in the hands of Man which he has not the strength, nor the knowledge, nor the rectitude of will to wield aright. It is in this contrast that he stands alone. In the light of this contrast we see that the corruption of human nature is not a mere

dogma of theology, but a fact of science. The nature of man is seen to be corrupt not merely as compared with some imaginary standard which is supposed to have existed at some former time, but as compared with a standard which prevails in every other department of Nature at the present day. We see, too, that the analogies of creation are adverse to the supposition that this condition of things was original. It looks as if something exceptional must have happened. The rule throughout all the rest of Nature is, that every creature does handle the gifts which have been given to it with a skill as wonderful as it is complete, for the highest purposes of its being, and for the fulfilment of its part in the unity of creation. In Man alone we have a Being in whom this adjustment is imperfect,—in whom this faculty is so defective as often to miss its aim. Instead of unity of law with certainty and harmony of result, we have antagonism of laws, with results at the best of much shortcoming and often of hopeless failure. And the anomaly is all the greater when we consider that this failure affects chiefly that portion of Man's nature which has the direction of the rest—on which the whole result depends, as regards his conduct, his happiness, and his destiny. The general fact is this—first, that Man is prone to set up and to invent standards of obligation which are low, false, mischievous, and even ruinous; and secondly, that when he has become possessed of standards of obligation which are high, and true, and beneficent, he is prone, first, to fall short in the observance of them, and next, to suffer them, through various processes of decay, to be obscured and lost.

ARGYLL.

THE QUEEN'S PRINTERS' VARIORUM BIBLE AND THE WESTMINSTER REVISION.

The Sunday School Centenary Bible. Edited by Rev. T. K. CHEYNE, S. R. DRIVER, Rev. R. L. CLARK, ALFRED GOODWIN, and Rev. W. SANDAY; and Aids to the Student. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1880.

IT is now nearer three than two centuries since the Authorized Version of the Bible was published. In that long period many scholars have laboured with success to make the text clearer than it was to our illustrious English translators. Criticism has advanced ; fresh materials have been obtained. Yet until now no general summary of what has been done towards a new version has been printed in the pages of the old. He who would know what progress has been made was forced to keep a costly critical library, or to be content with the partial and not always unbiassed works of the commentators, combined with a constant reference to dictionaries. He found no one commentary complete or satisfactory for his purpose. The Speaker's, with its great merits, is not always up to the level of scholarship, inasmuch as a leading contributor ignores the results of Assyrian discovery. Smith's " Dictionary of the Bible," excellent for the time, requires rewriting in all the articles dealing with Egypt and Assyria. Many of the best books of reference demand in the reader a knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, and presuppose an acquaintance with the relative value of the evidence of manuscripts of different ages, and of the ancient versions. No one of these presents a view of the bearing of critical research on the whole text in a form available for immediate reference by the ordinary English reader, though even this would be an inferior aid to the printing of the new renderings side by side with the old.

It is, therefore, not surprising to witness among educated people a general ignorance of the state of verbal criticism which, unhappily, is not confined to the laity. Matters hard to be understood, even those which are wholly unintelligible or contradictory, and difficulties denied by no one, remain in the text, and are left unexplained by the pulpit. The splendid sound of the utterances of the prophets presented in

rhythmical English, where Saxon and Latin words are harmonized with rare felicity, silences at first the hesitation of any but the most thoughtful. As in a magnificent picture the lover of art, displeased by the critic who points out a defect or an injury, is unwilling to inquire whether a stain may not be removed or a blemish repaired, so the reader is annoyed by the remark that an obscure passage interrupts an eloquent chapter. Yet in the end the finer sense governs the less acute, and a general dissatisfaction grows until the critic who was first repelled is at last welcomed.

The Revision of the Authorized Version in some measure meets the general demand, but something more is needed, and, indeed, specially called for by the promised new edition of the Revisers. A clear statement of the chief various readings and various renderings is necessary, not alone for the right understanding of the text, but also that every one may have the means of measuring the degree in which the Revision fairly represents the results of research, and the judgment with which it has selected the better of alternative translations.

The scholars who have undertaken the new edition of the English Bible, produced by the Queen's Printers, have exactly met the want of the time. Thoroughly acquainted with the Hebrew and Greek text as well as the ancient versions, and with the position of criticism, they have combined in the most concise form the leading results of research. Commentary they have not given beyond the occasional short explanation of a phrase or word, for they have judged rightly that a work of the kind to be lasting should leave each reader to be his own commentator. Thus the edition has no tincture of theological opinion. It belongs to no school nor even to any Church. Every one may draw his own deductions. Here are simply the first elements. It may be added that the results of criticism, as here fairly presented, dissipate instead of causing difficulty, and strengthen faith instead of suggesting doubt, so that the least learned reader who knows enough to master a statement in English wins the flower of long study without the thorns of controversy, which have torn many in the search.

Yet the editors felt rightly that something more was needed to make the results of criticism accessible. When the student has framed his text, he can read, but he cannot always understand. A multitude of words will remain mere hieroglyphics to him; a multitude of names will convey no definite meaning. Since the days of James I. the English language has changed. Some words have passed out of use, others have altered in sense. Which of us understands "thought" to mean "anxiety," or remembers that "very" was, and should remain, an adjective? Still more have we any distinct idea of a shekel or a talent? Do we know the extent and situation of the great monarchies and empires of the ancient East? Can we place Ur of the Chaldees? All these matters call for such a small cyclopædia as the editors have wisely added, choosing thus to separate the facts from the opinions of

criticism. The textual labour will receive additions, principally in the Old Testament; the cyclopædia, good as it is, will in the course of twenty years need to be in part rewritten.

The student will do well to read carefully the Editors' Preface before attempting to use the work. It must be here summarized, for it explains the whole scheme of the enterprise, and shows the degree of success which has been attained.

"The object of the notes in the present edition of the Bible is to put the reader in possession of the main facts relative to the text of the Authorized Version. They are designed not merely to correct some of the more important mistranslations, but to supply the means of estimating the authority by which the proposed corrections are supported. They appeal at once to the ordinary Bible reader, whose chief difficulties they endeavour to meet, and to the special or professional student, who will find, it is hoped, particularly in the Old Testament, a more careful selection of critical data and authorities than is elsewhere accessible. It is this twofold character which constitutes the special feature of the present work, and distinguishes it from the larger revision now in progress at Westminster. The editors of the Old Testament particularly desire that the two undertakings may be understood to be quite independent. Although they have for some time past taken part in the larger revision, they have been careful to keep the two works distinct; indeed, they had practically finished much, if not most, of their preparation for this volume before becoming members of the Company of Revisers."

It is therefore obvious that each student is left to his own private judgment in revising the text for himself or criticizing the new Revision. He has the materials before him in the order the editors consider best, but nothing beyond the correction of a mistranslation is told him authoritatively.

Variations of rendering are given where the Authorized Version is not held to represent the original fairly; variations of reading where there seems reason to correct the original used by our translators. No renderings are given on the authority of the editors except when a grammatical form has not been accurately represented, or our version is not literal enough. Thus, a various rendering without a name appended to it is one which has the general verdict of scholars in its favour, although the agreement may be rather characterized as substantial than as exact.

The various readings in the New Testament are the result of the critical study of manuscripts. The text used by the translators of our Version was that published by Erasmus in 1516, "an edition based upon not more than five MSS., and those chosen almost at random without any regard for their intrinsic value." That the "received text" should have lasted even thus long is a convincing proof of the defective criticism of former times. The discovery of very ancient manuscripts, and the systematic collation of all, has proved the faultiness of this text, and there is now a general consent as to the more necessary new readings.

The Hebrew text presents a far more difficult problem. It has been guarded unchanged by the Jews for many centuries, yet its disagreements show that in a previous age alterations were allowed to creep in.

The ancient versions belong to this earlier period, and soberly used afford materials for discovering the original text, where the present one is involved in confusion. When this aid fails there is no resource but critical emendation. Reluctant as the editors are to use conjecture, they argue in favour of its exceptional application on the ground of the long interval between the composition of most of the Books and the earliest date to which we can trace them, and the nature of the Hebrew characters liable to be confounded in each phase through which the alphabet has passed. Changes of the vowel-points are occasionally of service, but they are not conjectural in the same sense, for the vowel-points represent a valuable post-Christian exegetical tradition, and are no part of the original text.

The "List of Abbreviations" which follows the Preface shows the extent of the labours there modestly set forth, and enables us to form some idea of the representative character of the work. For the Old Testament there is a list of seventy-three leading commentators from St. Jerome to the Hebraists of the day, the great majority being our contemporaries, and most of those, again, being now alive. Others are less frequently cited. Thirteen ancient versions or translations, &c., are next enumerated. Some of these are cited from manuscripts differing in the particular referred to from the ordinary text. The variations of the Hebrew text are also noted from the Hebrew manuscripts. For the New Testament fifty-four modern commentators are cited and six ancient versions. In this case, however, as we should expect, the weight of evidence is that of the manuscripts. No less than twenty-three are separately indicated by letters, one letter it may be remarked frequently denoting more than one manuscript, in relation, however, to a different portion of the text. Thus, D for the Gospels and Acts refers to the famous "Codex Bezae" at Cambridge, but for the Epistles to the "Codex Claromontanus" at Paris. Ten critical editions complete this tremendous list. Of course it will not be supposed that much of the work had not been done before. The good editions of the Greek Testament give the various readings of the manuscripts. Yet this was preliminary labour. The present editors had to sift the authorities and omit those not worthy of citation in a representative work. On the other hand they did not limit themselves to published materials. With a generosity for which scholars cannot be too thankful, Canon Westcott and Dr. Hort have allowed the editors to collate throughout their unpublished edition of the New Testament, thus giving the present work at once their aid and their countenance. It is much to be wished that other scholars would communicate for future editions the results of their labours. It would be possible to mention some whose notes would be of the greatest value for neglected versions and obscure subjects.

From this rapid survey of authorities it is evident that the critical apparatus for the study of the text of the Old Testament and that of the New is not alone different, but that the Hebrew original of the one

copies were probably incomplete, merely lectionaries to be used in the churches, and written out currently with no calligraphic intention. It is known that an earlier cursive hand than that which followed the uncial was in use parallel with that character and before its oldest examples. This is the cursive of the Egyptian potsherds. The British Museum possesses an Egyptian manuscript in this hand, to which I drew attention when I visited Alexandria to examine the Harria Collection. Research in Egypt may lead to the recovery of lectionaries in this cursive, written on papyrus, of the age before Constantine. These and possibly a complete text of the Curetonian Syriac, if it is the most ancient version in that language, might decide some points of interest, but it may be doubted whether they would materially affect the text.

The case of the Old Testament is far different. Unless, like the Russians in the Crimea, we should happily discover in the thickness of the wall of some ancient synagogue the disused copies of the sacred rolls, there reverently hidden to preserve them from profane hands, we cannot hope to carry our Hebrew text earlier than the sixth century of our era. This is almost a thousand years after the date of Malachi, almost two thousand after the Exodus. There is, however, good evidence that the scrupulous accuracy of the Hebrew was in full vigour in the first century of the Christian era. Before that date obscurities must have been allowed to creep into the text. These happily were left untouched by emendation. Even the certainty that the founder of the idolatrous worship of Dan could not possibly have been the grandson of the great lawgiver did not allow more than the insertion of the "suspended nun" (*n*) above the name of Moses, changing it to Manasseh, so that the passage "Jonathan, the son of Gershom, the son of Manasseh" (Judges xviii. 30), presents in the unpointed text the double reading Moses or Manasseh, according as you admit or exclude the suspended nun

N
(M SHH). This curious emendation is anterior to the vowel-points, which would have forbidden the addition of the letter nun, which has remained in its strange position these twelve centuries at least, a witness to the respect of the Hebrew for the accuracy of the text and his attachment to the memory of Moses. The Septuagint boldly reads 'Manasse,' probably from a marginal conjecture.

Since, therefore, the obscurities of the Hebrew text are not likely to be cleared by the discovery of still earlier manuscripts than any known, our attention is turned to the aid of the ancient versions. Years of labour are needed before their evidence can be put in a fair position. The Septuagint has never received the attention it merits. Its original text may be in fact restored by the aid of the yet more neglected versions made from it, the two principal being the Coptic and the Ethiopic. But laborious study is demanded for the construction of a good text of these versions. If we must fall back on conjecture, the last resort of sound criticism, a mere knowledge of Hebrew will not suffice. Of Biblical Hebrew we have nothing more than the Bible. The whole

vocabulary is there. We can no more use the Rabbinical Hebrew of the Mishnah for its illustration, than we can use the Church Latin to aid us in reading Cicero. Our proper course is to acquire a comparative knowledge of the Semitic languages, and to fix our attention on the richest of them, the classical Arabic. When Hebrew gives us a form or two of a root with so many leading meanings, Arabic gives a complete series of forms and meanings spreading from a central idea often not otherwise traceable in Hebrew. No doubt Arabic may be carelessly used by those who turn over the pages of the Lexicon with no definite idea beyond the discovery of a suitable meaning, but this by no means proves that it is valueless when used in a scholarly manner. Had we nothing but the works of Dante in Italian how gladly should we welcome the aid of Spanish.

The careful use of Arabic here suggested is a work of the future. Every one who has consulted Gesenius's Thesaurus and Lexicon will know how largely he has used this aid. But, unhappily, his materials were inaccurate, and precisely in the quality most important for him. All Lane's predecessors failed to reproduce the evidence of the Arab lexicographers, or to summarize their statements. He has preserved these native authorities, citing each one for every statement. By this vast labour he has enabled every Hebraist to trace the original meaning and varying forms of a root which reappears in Hebrew. All that Gesenius has done for Hebrew lexicography must now be tested, and what he has not done must be attempted. Each Hebrew root which has an Arabic correspondent must be placed side by side with it, and the respective derivatives of the two compared. It will be a scandal to our Hebraists if this work is not thoroughly carried out.

The study of other Semitic languages must not be neglected. In course of time Assyrian will acquire a great value, and every new fragment of Phœnician must find its way into the apparatus of Hebrew lexicography. It must not be forgotten that when we have a full Dictionary of the second phase of Egyptian, the 'New Egyptian' which began about the time of the Exodus, its abundant list of borrowed Semitic words will prove of great service, especially for the Pentateuch.

It will be evident from these remarks as to the present position of Biblical criticism, that the two great divisions of the Bible as here presented are very different in the completeness of the critical apparatus. In the case of the New Testament much is done, and we can expect little more; in that of the Old Testament something is done, and we hope for much more.

It may be well to point out in more detail the degree of change which has been achieved, if, as we must, we accept most of the new renderings and readings which have the support of the generality of scholars. In one respect there is a consistent advance throughout the work. It shows a thorough acquaintance with the principles of Hebrew and Greek grammar. Competent Greek grammatical knowledge we expected, but it may be doubted if the corresponding qualification on the

Hebrew side would have been found had not Mr. Driver been one of the editors. This is said in no disparagement of his brilliant colleague Mr. Cheyne; and it may be well to explain to those who are not familiar with Semitic scholarship, that a thorough grammatical knowledge of the niceties of Hebrew grammar, and especially of the tenses, which are Mr. Driver's special subject, is not usual even in good Hebrew scholars. Nothing is harder than to grasp the precise meaning of those varying forms which obey rules quite different from those which govern the precise definition of time in the Aryan verb. Again, the reader will be surprised to find the grammatical corrections larger in the New Testament than in the Old. This is due to the advance in the knowledge of Greek grammar since the date of the Authorized Version, which now makes it possible to translate with a nicety, which it is not conceivable that Hebrew grammar will ever admit. But here a caution must be given. There can be no doubt that the greater part of the Gospels, and practically the Revelation, represent a Syriac original speech. The discourses of the Gospels were no doubt spoken in Syriac, the Revelation is Semitic thought turned immediately into Greek language. Consequently we must go back to a Syriac original if we would understand the grammatical force of those portions, and much of the Greek definiteness will then disappear. Hence the value of a translation strictly following the niceties of Greek grammar is far greater in the Epistles than in the Gospels; greater in the narrative part of the Gospels than in the discourses.

The questions of the dates and authorship of the books are left untouched. We are not told anything as to the possible combination of the writings of two or more prophets under a single name. There is no hint of change except in the noting of such passages in the New Testament as are considered doubtful. This is done in the most cautious manner; and after examining them the student is surprised at the few considerable omissions for which there is a general or large support derived from manuscripts.

The most valuable characteristic of the work is the clearing away, instead of the raising of difficulties. Any one who has carefully read the poetical books must be aware of many passages which are hard to understand or wholly unintelligible in the Authorized Version. These are made clearer, either by a very brief explanation or by a statement of the new rendering or reading founded on authority, and at the last resource by conjectural emendation. It is precisely in these cases that this edition affords the ready means already alluded to of testing the forthcoming Revision, the new renderings of which will be here found with the sources from which they are taken. This is especially important where one or more alternatives have been proposed, of which, of course, the Revisers must definitely choose but one.

Any student may test the practical value of the work by taking a difficult chapter or section of the Bible, and seeing how the obscurities are

almost always cleared away one by one. Let him once do this and he will never be without this valuable aid. He may refer from it to the critical editions of the Hebrew and the Greek, but he will always find research in those far easier when he first goes to this admirable index to their contents. In very many instances he will need no more than a simple reference to the work.

The "Aids to the Student," which form a necessary supplement to the notes, are, on the whole, well-considered, and by competent scholars. The division of labour has caused a degree of contradiction which is not found in the body of the work. Mr. Sayce very properly computes his dates according to the Assyrian canon, which requires the reckoning founded on the numbers in the Hebrew text to be modified, but the authors of the chronological portions of the compendium adhere to the older system in two slightly different forms. Thus, we have practically at least two chronologies. This should have been avoided, as tending greatly to perplex the untrained student. On the other hand, Dr. Lumby's "Glossary of Bible Words" leaves nothing to be desired. The "Concordance and Index of Names and Subjects," with all the machinery for reference, are admirably condensed and thoroughly practical. The whole of this portion of the work is far better than the "Helps" of the Oxford University Press; but it will require constant revision in subsequent editions, and must be reduced to uniformity in the important particular of the statement of dates.

In thus noticing the best summary of verbal criticism of the Biblical text it has been necessary to point out what remains to be achieved. It is to be hoped that the fields that are as yet scarcely touched will attract English students. What they need is encouragement and direction. The current system of education offers neither one nor the other. The boys sent up to Oxford by Merchant Taylors' School do not fulfil their early promise. The Semitic tripos does not attract competition. At neither of our rich Universities does study for the mere love of knowledge flourish. Thus the Semitic scholar, who is usually trained late in life or self-taught, wastes his energy in labour that can only be fruitless.

To remedy an evil which is admitted, some plain reforms are needed. The proper recognition of the study of the Semitic languages at our Universities. A setting apart of fellowships for the endowment of Semitic research. A school at Cairo or Beyroot for the training of selected scholars. A well-devised scheme of the work to be done in the Biblical text, drawn up by the leading authorities. Perhaps then we should be able to point to more than one learned man in England engaged in such a work as the publication of the Masorah, or again in the collation of the Coptic Version, and should no longer lament neglected treasures in manuscript, catalogued and laid on the shelf to be taken down alone for some patient foreigner.

REGINALD STUART POOLE.

THE BOERS AND THE TRANSVAAL.

WE are again engaged in war in South Africa. Events in that part of the world would appear to move in a vicious circle of permanent political disquietude. One year it is hostility on the Kei River, the next it is on the Tugela—to-day it is on the Vaal, and to-morrow it may be on the Limpopo or the Pongola.

African rivers have not the character of yielding a continuous water supply to the countries in which they lie. They would appear, however, to atone for deficiency in that respect by giving us a never-failing outflow of bloodshed, and are of as much strategical importance in a military sense as they are useless in their commercial and agricultural aspects. In fact, it would seem that by some mysterious means there had been established, six thousand miles away, in the Southern Ocean, another and a larger Ireland; a region in which conflict had become chronic, opposition a habit, friction a necessity—a region blessed with all, or nearly all, the productions of soil and the attributes of climate that can give prosperity and health to human beings, but a region, nevertheless, in which man, working by some strange destiny, or under some fatal influence, would appear able only to evolve chaos, conflict, and misfortune.

Of old, when events moved in slower courses, when the secretaries at the centre and the lieutenants at the circumference had time to gradually develop and execute certain lines of policy, the outside world was better enabled to follow the workings of the system and to trace the continuous thread of consequence through the changes of time; but in the swift recurring struggles which have marked, during late years, the progress of our rule in South Africa, appearing upon theatres far apart from each other and among tribes and nationalities differing in race, language, and colour, the links of sequence are liable to be lost to view.

And yet the war on the Kei in 1878, that on the Tugela in 1879, and the conflict now being waged in the Transvaal, are all the natural outcome of certain lines of policy which have been pursued in South Africa, lines which, differing in detail, have been alike characterized by one ruling idea,—viz., the prosecution of an active or aggressive policy in our dealings with the natives generally, and with the Dutch inhabitants of the Transvaal territory.

That aggression should produce resistance and conflict is nothing new in the history of the world, and perhaps, on the whole, it is well for the world that such has been the rule.

In the ensuing pages we shall endeavour to trace this latest and most deplorable phase of South African conflict through a long series of years, believing that it is only by doing so that anything approaching to a clear understanding of the Boer question can be arrived at.

In the years 1835–6 there began a movement among the Dutch inhabitants of the Cape Colony which has been productive of greater results to South Africa than any other event in the history of that portion of the world. It was the emigration or “trek” of a very large number of Dutch farmers over the then recognized boundary of British dominion, into the vast unoccupied tract of high-lying land which spread north from the Orange river into unexplored regions.

The men who thus voluntarily expatriated themselves from country and kinsmen were no lawless restless race of beings—they were, on the contrary, staid, sober, God-fearing people. Even their enemies could not allege against them greater crimes than stupidity, sentiment, and love of freedom.

They had disposed of their farms and homes in the old colony for whatever sum could be realized, and, converting all property into oxen, horses, sheep, and waggons, they moved off from the older-settled districts, as well as from the frontier provinces, in long lines of waggons, to come together in still larger numbers on the borders of the wilderness. Arrived at the boundary, the leaders of the movement issued a parting address, setting forth the reasons that had induced the emigration and the objects of the emigrants. This document, though plain and straightforward, is not without the dignity and eloquence that lie in determination strongly held, and in a firm conviction of motives resting upon truth. Its words should bear significance to-day :—

“We quit this colony under the full assurance that the English Government has nothing more to require of us, and will allow us to govern ourselves without its interference in future. We propose, in the course of our journey and upon arriving at the country in which we shall permanently reside, to make known to the native tribes our intentions and our desire to live in peace and friendly intercourse with them. We are resolved, wherever we go, that we will uphold the first principles of liberty; and, whilst we will take care that no one shall be held in a state of slavery, it is our determination to maintain such regulations as may suppress crime and preserve proper relations between master and servant.”

Before the emigrants crossed the Orange River the legal question involved in their abrogation of British citizenship was raised, and the Attorney-General of the Cape Colony had thus summed up the question:

"The class of persons under consideration evidently mean to seek their fortunes in another land, and to consider themselves no longer British subjects so far as the colony of the Cape of Good Hope is concerned. Would it, therefore, be prudent or just, even if it were possible, to prevent persons discontented with their condition from trying to better themselves in whatever part of the world they please? The same sort of removal takes place every day from Great Britain to the United States. Is there any effectual means of arresting persons determined to run away short of shooting them as they pass the boundary line? I apprehend not, and if so the remedy is worse than the disease. The Government, therefore, if I am correct in my conclusions, is, and must ever remain, without the power of preventing the evil—if evil it be."

So the "Great Trek" passed away over the Orange River in long lines of lumbering waggons, disappearing into those breezy uplands which then lay in vast horizons measureless and unknown. Two years passed away—the slow-moving columns had been exposed to many hardships, their flocks and herds had suffered from the ravages of lions, the fierce Matabele tribe had frequently carried death into the "laagers," and drought and exposure had lessened their worldly possessions; but all had failed to change the resolution of the wanderers. Ever filled with the idea that they would be rewarded by the possession of a fair and fertile land where want and hardship would disappear in peace and pastoral plenty, they held steadily and doggedly on their course, the Bible their only study, the "roer" gun, the hardy Cape horse, the laagered waggon their sole protection.

At length, the long and slowly-ascending plateau over which they travelled towards the sunrise rose before them in a stronger-defined outline. The mounted men of the columns had pushed to the front of the lumbering waggons, and now they stood on the vantage point of this crest, while beneath them, to the east, lay a vast and striking landscape. It was yet the winter season in the country over which they had travelled and which now lay behind them to the west; but it was mid-spring in the region that stretched beneath the lofty stand-point of the Drakensberg, until it faded into the blue boundaries of the horizon. On one side a wilderness destitute of trees spread into bare brown distance; on the other the soft green of young grasses, the leaves of the protea, the tree fern, and the yellow wood; the alternations of vale, hill, and meadow; the sheen of rivers and streams seen along reaches, or faintly caught at the curves and shallows of their courses—all carried the eye through a long succession of pastoral beauty until it rested upon the soft vapours of the distant Indian Sea.

As the eyes of the wanderers gazed upon the glorious country it was little wonder that they believed they beheld in it the termination of their pilgrimage, the home where their toil and travail was to cease, or that the long-pent enthusiasm of their strong but simple faith should

find expression in a loud burst of prayer to God who had led them thus to the verge of their Promised Land. In the southern summer of 1838 the long lines of waggons moved down the steep face of the Drakensberg and took possession of this green and silent country, for with all its beauty it was tenantless. Here and there the mouldering remains of native habitations were to be seen. Great herds of wild animals and troops of ostriches gambolled upon the plains, or craned their heads over the ridge tops, but man was only visible at long intervals and in feeble and scattered numbers. But the emigrants were not to obtain this fertile region as their home without long and severe struggles. Their leader, Pieter Retief, and seventy of his best men were treacherously slain at the king's kraal in Zululand, whither they had gone to arrange the cession of the country. Months of conflict followed this attack. The Zulu hordes swept down upon the waggon laagers; the Boers moved in turn into Zululand. Again the Zulus invaded Natal and finally the Dutch, by a last mighty effort, broke the Zulu power in a great battle by the Black Umvolosi, and destroyed the king's kraal, the victory being the signal for the whole army to cry with one voice, "Thanks to the great God who by His grace hath given us victory!"

It was now at this moment of final triumph that the Governor of the Cape Colony stepped in. He had stood by through all the troubles of the exodus. There had been no movement when Retief and his followers had been struck down—no move when the Zulus had stormed the laagers of Weenen and had killed 500 of the emigrants in one fearful morning—no move when the Dutch had sent their forces into the heart of Zululand and had suffered defeat in the valley of the White Umvolosi—no move when the Zulus had again invaded Natal and pushed their "Impis" up to the Bay of Durban—no move when the Dutch had again tried the fortune of war in the heart of Zululand, and from their laager on the Black Umvolosi had beaten back, with a slaughter of 3,000 Zulus, the attack of the whole Zulu army. But now, when all troubles were over, when foreign enemies had been vanquished, when the "Promised Land" had been allotted, the towns laid out, the Volksraad established, a proclamation was issued declaring that it was necessary to protect everybody—the Zulus from the Boers and the Boers from the Zulus. This proclamation was followed by the movement of 100 regular troops and one field gun from the Cape to Natal. The officer who commanded this small detachment charged with such a large measure of protection has left us a picture of the spirit of the Dutch emigrants under misfortune, and after their manifold troubles, which is worthy of being read to-day. The Boers had built themselves huts (where Durban now stands). "A few of them were tolerably comfortable, but generally speaking there existed every indication of squalid poverty and wretchedness, and it was deplorable to see many families who, but a short time previously, had been living in ease and comfort in the colony, now reduced to poverty and misery.

"They bore up against these calamities with wonderful firmness, however, and, with a very few exceptions, showed no inclination to return."

"They considered themselves unjustly and harshly treated by the Colonial Government whilst under its jurisdiction, and all they now desired from it was to leave them to their own resources and not again molest them."

"This spirit of dislike to English sway was remarkably dominant among the women. Many of those who formerly had lived in affluence, but were now in comparative want, and subject to all the inconveniences accompanying the insecure state in which they were existing; having lost, moreover, their husbands and brothers by the savages, still rejected with scorn the idea of returning to the Colony (Cape). If any of the men began to droop or to lose courage, they urged them on to fresh exertions and kept alive the spirit of resistance within them."

After the lapse of a few months the protecting detachment was withdrawn and the Boers were left in quiet occupation of their promised land. They laid out their seat of government with considerable beauty, brought rills of water along the streets, planted oak trees by the pathways, named the town "Pieter Maritzburg," after their lost leader, Pieter Retief, and his companion, Gert Maritz, and spread themselves out in occupation of the land.

And now it is time to ask the question "Who are the Boers?"

Two hundred years ago four ships sailed from Holland, carrying to regions that then lay at the uttermost bounds of the known world certain French Huguenots exiled by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Those vessels carried altogether about 150 men, women, and children, all French citizens. Among them there were many good names, names which little more than a century later were figuring high in that long roll of marshals and generals of France which the Revolution and its great soldier gave to fame. Hugo, Joubert, Jourdain, Retief, Arnold, de Villiers, Bertrand, Fouchè, du Plessy, Mouncey, Serrurier, Victor, and many other names appear in the list of those who selected the distant Dutch colony of South Africa as their future home. These exiles brought to the little colony strength and mental power of a new kind. Fifty years later the French language had died out, the second and third generation had intermarried among the Dutch, and the all-conquering mother-tongue had had its usual triumph. But these 150 French Huguenots made a mark upon the colonial community that has never been effaced from the national character.

It was a Retief who led the "Great Trek" into the northern wilds. It was a de Marais who headed a few hundred followers against the hosts of the Matabele king in 1837. It was a Cellier who read the service in the laager on the Black Umvolosi on the Sunday morning when the Zulu army, in that "chest and horn formation," so familiar to us years later, moved to the attack of the Dutch camp. It was a Joubert who

covered the beaten wreck of the Boer "commando" after the disaster on the White Umvolosi, and to-day another Joubert is the moving spirit in the Transvaal revolt.

These French Huguenots, and the much larger number of Dutch *employés* of the old East India Company, were the ancestors of the people whom to-day we call Boers—a people slow to think, but not easily to be turned from their thought when once they have found it; slow to embark in any movement, but certain to follow it to its extreme end when it has once been begun. A homely, sober, virtuous, quiet, dull race of beings, as full of faith in God and of fair dealing between man and man as this world holds human sample of.

But to return to the Dutch whom we left settled in Pieter Maritzburg in 1839 in the belief that they were at last at rest in their "promised land." Three years passed away. "The Republic of Natalia," as they called their land, was beginning to put forth the first shoots of progress; peace reigned around the frontiers; the homesteads were numerous from the Drakensberg to the Indian Sea. All at once the clouds gathered and the storm broke. In the year 1842 a body of regular troops appeared at Port Natal, overland, and took possession of that place in the Queen's name. The Boers at once rose in arms and besieged the troops in a hastily-constructed fort near the present town of Durban. Reinforcements came from the Cape; the beleaguered garrison was relieved; and the Boers, finding resistance hopeless, once more turned their farms into flocks, "inspained" their oxen, and set their faces towards the bleak wilderness again. Before, however, finally quitting their Promised Land they determined to try the effect of appealing direct to the Governor of the Cape Colony. For this purpose they despatched as their representative their ablest man, Mr. Pretorius. It was the wet season of the year; the rivers were wide and deep, the tracks narrow and difficult. Pretorius made his journey on horseback to lay the accumulated complaints of the Boers before the High Commissioner. He reached his destination, after a ride of 900 miles, only to find an audience refused to him. Her Majesty's High Commissioner was only approachable through the medium of pen, ink, and paper; a personal interview he would not grant. There is an old story of a Roman emperor riding through a gate of Rome and refusing to listen to the complaint of a mendicant woman who sat crouching in the Archway.

"Thou who canst not stop to hear the story of even a beggar dost not deserve to reign," cried the woman. The tyrant stopped his horse and listened to the complaint.

Perhaps the High Commissioner had not heard the story or had forgotten its moral; anyhow he persisted in his refusal to see Mr. Pretorius, whose views now found vent in the following words:—

"Where was the Government with its protecting power when, surrounded with misery and bloodshed, we found ourselves suddenly in the midst of cruel barbarians. True, it was our own choice, and had the emigrant farmers been

left to themselves they never would have regretted that choice, as they would have chosen for themselves a protector with whom the word protection has a veritable meaning. How is it that since the arrival of the British soldiers in Natal our numbers have not been increased by a single Dutch Boer, although the country invited them by its bountiful fields and fertile soil? Think of the discomforts they must suffer in the wilderness, and then ask what is the reason. It is because Her Majesty has extended her gracious protection to Natal, and that protection, by the great majority who have had experience in the old colony, is interpreted alienation, oppression, extermination. I resume my journey to Natal to-morrow with a heavy heart. The object for which I braved every difficulty and left my wife and family almost unprotected I have not attained. I have thus performed a long journey to no purpose, and I go back to my constituents to inform them that I have not seen or spoken to the Lion of the Colony—Sir Henry Pottinger."

Pretorius rode back as he had come, and the Boer farmers, hearing from him his fruitless mission, immediately began to "trek" from the Promised Land into the bleak wilds of the Vaal and Orange Rivers. The misery of their second exodus is thus described by Sir Harry Smith, who met them on their road:—"These families," he writes, "were exposed to a state of misery which I never before saw equalled, except in Massena's invasion of Portugal, when the whole of the population of that part of the seat of war abandoned their homes. The scene now was truly heartrending." They crossed the Drakensberg, saw Natal vanish behind, and the bare brown landscape spread before them again. But even here they were not to be left alone. In 1848 another proclamation appeared, declaring the land lying between the Orange and Vaal Rivers to be British territory. The Boers were now fairly desperate, they had fled from the old colony to Natal, and from Natal to the wilderness, but wherever they had gone proclamations and annexation under the guise of protection had followed them. They had, in fact, reached that state of passion when slight provocation is sufficient to cause open conflict. This was soon given; the extension of British authority to the high country lying between the Upper Caledon and the Vaal seemed to be the last straw. In the month of July, 1849, they rose in insurrection. It was a wild hopeless attempt, but the men were desperate. During eleven years they had undergone terrible sufferings, they had carried their waggons across deserts and over mountains, they had fought with savage beasts and men more savage still, they had subdued their enemies, tasted the sweets of rest and comfort, and now, after eleven years, they were back again in the wilderness only to find it British territory.

That they rose in revolt can be matter of surprise only to those to whom faith is fiction and belief in the justice of a cause is foolishness.

At a place called Boomplatz, a British force consisting of about 700 men and two guns, encountered the insurgents strongly posted in a rocky "koppie." It has been customary to represent this fight as a volley and a stampede, but Sir Harry Smith, who had seen war in Spain, Portugal, Flanders, and on the Sutlej, and who had no reason.

therefore, to magnify the importance of any engagement, declared it to be "one of the most severe skirmishes ever witnessed." Nor did he stand alone in this opinion. An officer who had been through the thickest of the fight at Inkermann, spoke of Boomplatz to the writer of these pages "as the heaviest fire he had ever been exposed to." The Boers were greatly outnumbered; they were armed only with the old "roer" gun, but they stood their ground during three hours, and succeeded in inflicting a loss of 10 per cent. in killed and wounded upon their assailants.

This skirmish ended the rebellion. The Boers fled north over the Vaal River, and British authority was supreme in the Orange River sovereignty.

Another three years passed. In the country north of the Vaal river the Boers had found partial rest. Little settlements began to spring up in these remote wilds, bearing names that told plainly enough the temper of the men by whom they were founded. Pretorius, Kruger, Standers, de Lange, Prinsloo, Potiegter—all prominent characters in the late revolt—had towns and settlements named after them. A British proclamation had been issued declaring all territory lying south of the 25th parallel of south latitude to be British soil. It was shortly afterwards annulled, but it had the immediate effect of sending another wave of Boers away into regions still more remote, where, by the feverish tributaries of the Limpopo and the Crocodile Rivers, numbers perished from the malaria of that semi-tropical clime. As the eye now strays over the map of the Northern Transvaal many names, such as Pilgrim's Rest, Potiegter's Rest, are noticed. The fugitives from British rule dreaded fever and malaria less than a proclamation and a tax collector.

At length peace seemed to dawn upon these unhappy people. In 1852, two British commissioners met a deputation from the northern Boers at the Sand River, in the Orange Free State of to-day.

Here a convention was signed, sealed, and delivered with all the formalities of articles, stipulations, and guarantees which are supposed to render such documents impervious to change. The first article of this convention ran thus:—

"The Assistant-Commissioners guarantee in the fullest manner, on the part of the British Government, to the emigrant farmers beyond the Vaal River, the right to manage their own affairs, and to govern themselves according to their own laws, without any interference on the part of the British Government, and that no encroachment shall be made by the said Government on the territory beyond, to the north of the Vaal River; with the further assurance that the warmest wish of the British Government is to promote peace, free-trade, and friendly intercourse with the emigrant farmers now inhabiting, or who may hereafter inhabit that country."

Alas for the value of such protestations! A quarter of a century after the date of this Convention this expression of the "warmest wish of the British Government to promote peace, free-trade, and friendly

intercourse with the emigrant farmers," is the very first reason alleged in the proclamation annexing the Transvaal, for the abrogation of the Sand River Convention. The Convention was writ in water and not in sand.

The Convention, duly ratified by the High Commissioner, Sir George Cathcart, became law, and two years later the Orange River State, after full and mature deliberation, was transferred with similar guarantees of independence to the Dutch farmers inhabiting it.

Let us see how fared it with the Transvaal during the quarter of a century that followed its independence. The wild country had gradually risen to importance. It had a white population of between 30,000 and 40,000 souls. It had produced gold, copper, cobalt, coal, and iron. In a single year 12,000 ounces of gold had been dug out by the miner's pickaxe. The revenue had rapidly risen. In 1872, it was £40,988, the expenditure being £35,714. In 1875, the revenue was a fraction under £70,000, and the expenditure something less. In 1877, the Transvaal Republic had ceased to exist. What had happened?

The Transvaal had been annexed. It had become of too much importance. All this finding of gold and valuable mineral had brought into the country the needy and greedy ones of South Africa and of yet more distant regions. These men were not colonists in the real sense of the term; they were speculators, storekeepers, saloon men; people for the most part who would move away as quickly as they had come if there had been a discovery of gold or precious stones in the Cape Colony or elsewhere. They dwelt chiefly in small village settlements, or at cross roads where a few stores and saloons had taken root. Travellers passing along the waggon tracks of the country might readily fall into the error of supposing that these floating citizens represented a majority of the inhabitants. In the shops, saloons and houses of refreshment they certainly preponderated, but in the real strength and solid opinion of the country they did not form one in four. To these people in their garrulous habit, and in the relation in which they stood to the Boer farmers, the words of Burke might well have been applied: "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chirp while many great cattle repose under the shadow of the trees, chew the cud, and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field." That the chirp was mistaken for solid opinion is now only too apparent, for no sooner have the heavy Dutch farmers risen from their rest, than the babble of the wayside becomes silent, and not only is the authority which had four years to consolidate itself and three regiments to support it overthrown in forty-eight hours from one end of the country to the other, but the entire movable machinery of the administration and supply of the land is shown to be in the hands of the Dutch population. This is, however, anticipating.

We have said that as the Transvaal grew in wealth and importance,

hungry eyes were turned to it as a field for profitable enterprise. Wider considerations of commercial cupidity became also involved in it.

The President, Mr. Burgers, was an ambitious man. He wished to possess an outlet to the sea which would render the Transvaal independent of the long route through Natal to Durban. For this purpose he visited Europe in 1875, raised a loan for the construction of a railway from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria, and concluded a treaty with the Portuguese Government, granting certain privileges to the line. The award of Marshal McMahon giving Delagoa Bay to Portugal had just been made public. If the Transvaal obtained its railway and its port, Natal might lose a considerable portion of its trade. When things reach the condition that a mercantile community perceives, or fancies it perceives, its influence likely to be impaired, or the area of its operations curtailed by the action of a neighbouring weak State, measures which may even involve the annexation or the conquest of that neighbouring State will not want able advocacy for their furtherance.

In cases of this nature there is no need to have recourse to the rough methods of the filibuster. Nothing is more feasible than the education of what is called "public opinion" up to the required standard of acquisition or annexation. If it is the possession of a native State that is required, the morals of the king, the age at which his subjects are permitted to marry, or the necessity of affording them protection from the rapacity of their ruler, are all excellent arguments for transferring the territories of ruler and subjects into other hands.

If on the other hand the desired acquisition is in possession of Dutch Boers, the natives living within its territory, or dwelling on its borders, become the object of anxious solicitude; a vague and shadowy misfortune is apprehended, or it is clearly shown that the introduction of British Rule would spread the light of civilization and Christianity into the most remote parts of the interior continent.

But it may be said that our system of government affords checks upon the exercise of a spirit of acquisition on the part of colonies or communities, and that although the wish might be entertained, the power of realizing that wish would be effectually kept in bounds. This is only true up to a certain point. The process of education before alluded to can be carried out in home circles as well as in colonial ones, and it must not be forgotten that the very large section of society which makes its guiding motive the well-being of the aboriginal races, affords a powerful lever for the dissemination of the doctrine of protection.

With regard to the application of these principles to the annexation of the Transvaal in 1877, little need here be said. The proclamation annexing the territory can easily be studied, in the light, too, of the four years that have followed it—years which have been fatal to its logic, at variance with its facts, opposite to its conclusions. The

principal reasons given in the proclamation of annexation were as follows:—"The hopes of peace and friendly intercourse among the inhabitants of the Transvaal had not been fulfilled, the State was not self-supporting, and it had not been made a point from which Christianity and civilization might rapidly spread towards Central Africa."

"The Boer Government was weak and paralysed, the natives were aggressive, Secocoeni's mountain had not been captured in the first attempt made upon it. Other European communities were, therefore, placed in danger, and the duty of shielding 'enfeebled civilization' from the assaults of barbarism and inhumanity had devolved upon us."

"The people were divided among themselves, and the election of a new President would probably be the occasion of a civil war."

It is almost painful to read this proclamation by the light of the time that has elapsed since it was proclaimed.

Do "peace and friendly intercourse" exist to-day in the Transvaal? Is the State self-supporting? Have Christianity and civilization spread towards Central Africa?

Is there any indication of the Boers being weak and paralysed, and is "feebleness" shown in the present condition of the Dutch in the Transvaal? Are the natives at peace or have they been protected? Was Secocoeni's mountain captured by us at our first attempt? Did he not sit secure in his caves for nearly three years after the annexation? Is not "civil war" rampant in the Transvaal? and are we not at the present moment engaged, according to the latest newspaper reports received, in repressing and subjecting "barbarism and inhumanity" by burning the American ploughs and hacking down the standing corn of the Basutos, our friends and allies of two years ago?

Wave after wave of conflict has followed the act of annexation of the Transvaal.

Before its consummation, less than two regiments of infantry sufficed to garrison the quarter of a million square miles which formed our vast empire in South Africa. Natal held only five companies of infantry within its wide and native-encircled boundaries. Since the annexation, the garrison of South Africa has been quadrupled. An army corps has been dispatched to Natal, brought away again, and now a division is proceeding to the same destination.

But these palpable evidences of active resistance are only the smallest part of the evils that have followed the annexation. Not only have more natives been annihilated, in the pursuance of a policy which avowed protection to the native to be one of its special claims to public estimation, than had fallen in half a century previous, but there has been created in the mind of the whole Dutch community inhabiting South Africa, a spirit of deep and angry hostility towards our rule. The old animosities which had fallen asleep during the quarter century of quiet, have been aroused to bitter wakefulness, and a blow has been struck against the possibility of fusion between English and Dutch, or even of

friendship and political confederation, which will take more time to efface than the present generation has before it.

The Boers of the Transvaal and of the Orange Free State are not a section of the Dutch people of South Africa; they represent, and possess the sympathy of nine-tenths of the whole Dutch inhabitants. If we wish to know what kind of men they are, we need only go back two years to the fatal day at Zlobane Mountain in Zululand. Between Piet Uys and a thousand nameless Boers there is indeed a difference, but it is only the difference of the grave.

W. F. BUTLER.

NOTE.—The writer has derived his authority for the facts stated in this paper chiefly from Mr. Noble's work, "South Africa, Past and Present."—The descriptive portion is the result of personal acquaintance with the country and its people.

THE SOCIALISTS OF THE CHAIR.

THE Socialists of the Chair have done themselves injustice and sown their course with embarrassing misconceptions by adopting too hastily an infelicitous name. It is more descriptive than most political nicknames, and therefore more liable to mislead. It was first used in 1872 in a pamphlet by Oppenheim, then one of the leaders of the National Liberals, to ridicule a group of young professors of political economy who had begun to show a certain undefined sympathy with the Socialist agitations of Lassalle and Von Schweitzer, and to write of the wrongs of the labouring classes and the evils of the existing industrial system with a flow of emotion which was thought to befit their years better than their position. A few months later these young professors called together at Eisenach a Congress of all who shared their general attitude towards that class of questions. In opening this Congress—which was attended by almost every economist of note in Germany, and by a number of the weightiest and most distinguished Liberal politicians—Professor Schmoller employed the name “Socialists of the Chair” to describe himself and those present, without adding a single qualifying remark, just as if it had been their natural and chosen designation. The nickname was no doubt accepted so readily, partly from a desire to take the edge off the sneer it was meant to convey, but partly also from the nobler feeling which makes men stand by a truth which is out of favour. Not that they approved of the contentions of Social Democracy out and out, but they believed there was more base of truth in them than persons in authority were inclined to allow, and besides that the truth they contained was of special and even pressing importance. They held, as Schmoller said, that “Social Democracy was itself a consequence of the sins of modern Liberalism.” They went entirely with the Social Democrats in maintaining both that a grave social crisis had

arisen, and that it had been largely brought about by an irrational devotion on the part of the Liberals to the economical doctrine of *laissez-faire*. But they went further with them. They believed that the salvation of modern society was to come, not indeed from the particular scheme of reconstruction advocated by the Social Democrats, but still from applications in one form or another of their fundamental principle, the principle of association. And it was for that reason—it was for the purpose of marking the value they set upon the associative principle as the chief source of healing for the existing ills of the nations—that they chose to risk misunderstanding and obloquy by accepting the nickname put upon them by their adversaries. The late Professor Held, who claims as a merit that he was the first to do so, explains very clearly what he means by calling himself a Socialist. Socialism may signify many different things, but, as he uses the word, it denotes not any definite system of opinions or any particular plan of social reform, but only a general method which may guide various systems, and may be employed more or less according to circumstances in directing many different reforms. He is a Socialist because he would give much more place than obtains at present to the associative principle in the arrangements of economical life, and because he cannot share in the admiration many economists express for the purely individualistic basis on which these arrangements had come to stand. A Socialist is simply the opposite of an Individualist. The Individualist considers that the perfection of an industrial economy consists in giving to the principles of self-interest, private property, and free competition, on which the present order of things is founded, the amplest scope they are capable of receiving, and that all existing economical evils are due, not to the operation of these principles but only to their obstruction, and will gradually disappear when self-interest comes to be better understood, when competition is facilitated by easier inter-communication, and when the law has ceased from troubling and left industry at rest. The Socialist, in Held's sense, is, on the other hand, one who rejects the comfortable theory of the natural harmony of individual interests, and instead of deploring the obstructions which embarrass the operations of the principles of competition, self-interest, and private property, thinks that it is precisely in consequence of these obstructions that industrial society contrives to exist at all. Strip these principles, he argues, of the restraints put upon them now by custom, by conscience, by public opinion, by a sense of fairness and kind feeling, and the inequalities of wealth would be immensely aggravated and the labouring classes would be unavoidably ground to misery. Industrial society would fall into general anarchy, into a *bellum omnium contra omnes*, in which they that have would have more abundantly, and they that have not would lose even what they have. Held declines to join in the admiration bestowed by many scientific economists upon this state of war, in which the battle is always to the rich. He counts it neither the state of Nature nor the state of

perfection of economical society, but simply an unhappy play of selfish and opposing forces, which it ought to be one of the distinct aims of political economy to mitigate and counteract. Individualism has already had too free a course, and especially in the immediate past has enjoyed too sovereign a reign. The work of the world cannot be carried on by a fortuitous concourse of hostile atoms, moving continually in a strained state of suspended social war, and therefore, for the very safety of industrial society, we must needs now change our tack, give up our individualism, and sail in the line of the more positive and constructive tendencies of Socialism. To Held's thinking accordingly, Socialism and Individualism are merely two contrary general principles, ideals, or methods, which may be employed to regulate the constitution of economical society, and he declares himself a Socialist because he believes that society suffers at present from an excessive application of the individualistic principle, and can only be cured by an extensive employment of the Socialistic one.

This is all clear enough, but it is simply giving to the word Socialism another new meaning, and creating a fresh source of ambiguity. That term has already contracted definite associations which it is impossible to dispel by mere word of mouth, and which constitute a refracting medium through which the principles of the Socialists of the Chair cannot fail to be presented in a very misleading form. These writers assume a special position in two relations—first as theoretical economists, and second as practical politicians or social reformers; and in both respects alike the term Socialism is peculiarly inappropriate to describe their views. In regard to the first point, by adopting that name they have done what they could to "Nicodemus" themselves into a sect, whereas they might with more justice have claimed, if they chose, to be better exponents of the catholic tradition of the science than those who found fault with them. This is a claim, however, which they would be shocked indeed to think of presenting. With a natural partiality for their own opinions, they exaggerated immensely the extent and also the value of their divergence from the traditional or, as it is sometimes called, the classical economy. In the energy of their recoil from the dogmatism which had for a generation usurped an excessive sway over economical science, they were carried too far in the opposite direction, but they had in their own minds the sensation that they were carried a great deal farther than they really were. They liked to think of their historical method as constituting a new epoch, and effecting a complete revolution in political economy, but, as will subsequently appear, that method, when reduced to its real worth, amounts to no more than an application, with somewhat distincter purpose and wider reach, of the method which Smith himself followed. Of this they are in some degree conscious. Brentano, who belongs to the extreme right of the school, says that Smith would have been a Socialist of the Chair to-day if he were alive; and Santer, who

belongs to the extreme left, though he is doubtful regarding Smith, has no hesitation in claiming Mill, whom he looks upon as standing more outside than inside the school of Smith. Their position is, therefore, not the new departure which many of them would fain represent it to be. They are really as natural and as legitimate a line of descent from Adam Smith as their adversaries the German Manchester Party who claimed the authority of his name. Perhaps they are even more so, for in science the true succession lies with those who carry the principles of the master to a more fruitful development, and not with those who embalm them as sacred but sterile simulacra.

But it is as practical reformers that the Socialists of the Chair suffer most injustice from their name. Since the word Socialism was first used by Reybaud fifty years ago, it has always been connected with utopian or revolutionary ideas. Now the Socialists of the Chair are the very opposite of revolutionaries both by creed and practice. None of the various parties which occupy themselves with the social problem in Germany is so eminently and advisedly practical. Their very historical method, apart from anything else, makes them so. It gives them a special aversion to political and social experiments, for it requires as the first essential of any project of reform that it shall issue naturally and easily out of—or at least be harmonious with—the historical conditions of the time and place to which it is to be applied. Roscher, who may be regarded as the founder of the school, says that reformers ought to take for their model Time, whose reforms are the surest and most irresistible of all, but yet so gradual that they cannot be observed at any given moment. They make therefore on the whole a very sparing use of the Socialistic principle they invoke. Certainly the world in their eyes, is largely out of joint, but its restoration is to proceed gently, like Solomon's temple, without sound of hammer. Some of them of course go farther than others, but they would all still leave us rent, wages, and profit, the three main stems of individualism. They struck the idea of taxing speculative profits out of their programme, and so far from having any Socialistic thought of abolishing inheritance, none of them except Von Scheel would even tax it exceptionally. Samter stands alone in urging the nationalization of the land; and Wagner stands alone in desiring the abolition of private property in ground-rent in towns; the other members cannot agree even about the expediency of nationalizing the railways. They work of set purpose for a better distribution of wealth—for what Schmoller calls a progressive equalization of the excessive and even dangerous differences of culture that exist at present—but they recoil from all suggestion of schemes of repartition, and they have no fault to find with inequality in itself. On the contrary they regard inequality as being not merely an unavoidable result of men's natural endowments, but an indispensable instrument of their progress and civilization. Schmoller explains that their political principles are those of Radical Toryism, as

portrayed in Lord Beaconsfield's novels; and he means that they rest on the same active sympathy with the ripening aspirations of the labouring classes, and the same zealous confidence in the authority of the State, and in these respects are distinguished from modern Liberalism, whose governing sympathies are with the interests and ideas of the *bourgeoisie*, and which entertains a positive jealousy of the action of the State. The actual reforms which the Socialists of the Chair have hitherto promoted, have been in the main copied from our own English legislation—our factory acts, our legalization of Trades Unions, our Savings Banks, our registration of Friendly Societies, our Sanitary Legislation, &c. &c.—measures which have been passed, with the concurrence of men of opposite shades of opinion, out of no social theory, but from a plain regard to the simple necessities of the hour. So that we have been virtually Socialists of the Chair for a generation without knowing it, doing from a happy political instinct the works which they deduce out of an elaborate theory of economical politics. Part of their theory, however, is, that in practical questions they are not to go by theory, and the consequence is that while they sometimes lay down general principles in which Communism might steal a shelter, they control these principles so much in their application by considerations of expediency, that the measures they end in proposing differ little from such as commend themselves to the common sense and public spirit of middle-class Englishmen.

Their general theory had been taught in Germany for twenty years before it was forced into importance by the policy it suggested and the controversies it excited in connection with the Socialist movement which began in 1863. Wilhelm Roscher, Professor of Political Economy in Leipzig, first propounded the historical method in his "*Grundriss zu Vorlesungen über die Staatswirthschaft nach geschichtlicher Methode*," published in 1843, though it deserves to be noticed that in this work he spoke of the historical method as being the ordinary inductive method of scientific economists, and distinguished it from the idealistic method, proceeding by deduction from preconceived ideas, which he said was the method of the Socialists. He had no thought as yet of representing his method as diverging from that of his predecessors, even in detail, much less as being essentially different in principle. Then the late Bruno Hildebrand, Professor of Political Science at Jena, in his work on the "*National Economy of the Present and the Future*," published in 1847, proclaimed the historical method as the harbinger and instrument of a new era in the science, but he speaks of it only as a restoration of the method of diligent observation which Adam Smith practised, but which his disciples deserted for pure abstractions. In 1853, a more elaborate defence and exposition of the historical method appeared in a work on "*Political Economy from the Standpoint of the Historical Method*" by Carl G. A. Knies, Professor of National Economy at Heidelberg. But it was never dreamt that the ideas broached in these works had spread

beyond the few solitary thinkers who issued them. The Free Traders were still seen ruling everything in the high places of the land in the name of political economy, and they were everywhere apparently accepted as authorized interpreters of the mysteries of that, to the ordinary public, somewhat occult science. They preached the freedom of exchange like a religion which contained at once all they were required to believe in economical matters, and all they were required to do. There was ground for Lassalle's well known taunt: "Get a starling, Herr Schultze, teach it to pronounce the word 'exchange,' 'exchange,' 'exchange,' and you have produced a very good modern economist." The German Manchester Party certainly gave to the principle of *laissez-faire*, *laissez-aller*, a much more unconditional and universal application than any party in this country thought of according to it. They looked on it as a kind of orthodoxy which it had come to be almost impious to challenge. It had been hallowed by the consensus of the primitive fathers of the science, and it seemed now to be confirmed beyond question experimentally by the success of the practical legislation in which it had been exemplified during the previous quarter of a century. The adherents of the new school never raised a murmur against all this up till the eventful time of the Socialist agitation and the formation of the new German Empire, and the reason is very plain. On the economical questions which came up before that period, they were entirely at one with the Free Traders, and gave a hearty support to their energetic lead. They were, for example, as strenuously opposed to protective duties and to restrictions upon liberty of migration, settlement, and trading, as Manchester itself. But with the Socialist agitation of 1863, a new class of economical questions came to the front—questions respecting the condition of the working classes, the relations of capital and labour, the distribution of national wealth, and the like—and on these new questions they could not join the Free Traders in saying "hands off." They did not believe with the Manchester School that the existing distribution of wealth was the best of all possible distributions, because it was the distribution which Nature herself produced. They thought, on the contrary, that Nature had little to do with the matter, but even if it had more, there was only too good cause for applying strong corrections by art. They said it was vain for the Manchester Party to deny that a social question existed, and to maintain that the working classes were as well off as it was practicable for economical arrangements to make them. They declared there was much truth in the charges which Socialists were bringing against the existing order of things, and that there was a decided call upon all the powers of society, and, among others, especially upon the State, to intervene with some remedial measures. A good opportunity for concerted and successful action seemed to be afforded when the German Empire was established, and this led to the convening of the Eisenach Congress in 1872, and the organization of the Society for Social Politics in the following year.

Men of all shades of opinion were invited to that Congress, provided they agreed on two points, which were expressly mentioned in the invitation: 1st, In entertaining an earnest sense of the gravity of the social crisis which existed; and 2nd, In renouncing the principle of *laissez-faire* and all its works. The Congress was attended by 150 members, including many leading politicians and most of the Professors of Political Economy at the Universities. Roscher, Knies, and Hildebrand were there, with their younger disciples Schmoller, Professor at Strasburg and author of a "History of the Small Industries;" Lujo Brentano, Professor at Breslau, well-known in this country by his book on "English Gilds" and his larger work on "English Trade Unions;" Professors A. Wagner of Berlin and Schönberg of Tübingen. Then there were men like Max Hirsch and Duncker the publisher, both members of the Imperial Diet, and the founders of the Hirsch-Duncker Trades Unions; Dr. Engel, Director of the Statistical Bureau at Berlin; Professor von Holtzendorff, the criminal jurist; and Professor Gneist, historian of the English Constitution, who was chosen to preside. After an opening address by Schmoller, three papers were read and amply discussed, one on Factory Legislation by Brentano, a second on Trades Unions and Strikes by Schmoller, and a third on Labourers' Dwellings by Engel. This Congress first gave the German public an idea of the strength of the new movement; and the Free Trade Party were completely, and somewhat bitterly, disenchanted, when they found themselves deserted, not as they fancied merely by a few effusive young men, but by almost every economist of established reputation in the country. A sharp controversy ensued. The newspapers, with scarcely an exception, attacked the Socialists of the Chair tooth and nail, and leading members of the Manchester Party, such as Treitschke the historian, Bamberger the Liberal politician, and others, rushed eagerly into the fray. They were met with spirit by Schmoller, Held, Von Scheel, Brentano, and other spokesmen of the Eisenach position, and one result of the polemic is, that some of the misunderstandings which naturally enough clouded that position at the beginning have been cleared away, and it is now admitted by both sides that they are really much nearer one another than either at first supposed. The Socialists of the Chair did not confine their labours to controversial pamphlets. They published newspapers, periodicals, elaborate works of economical investigation; they held meetings, promoted trades unions, insurance societies, savings banks; they brought the hours of labour, the workmen's houses, the effects of speculation and crises, all within the sphere of legislative consideration. The moderation of their proposals of change has conciliated to a great extent their Manchester opponents. Even Oppenheim, the inventor of their nickname, laid aside his scoffing, and seconded some of their measures energetically. Indeed, their chief adversaries now are the Socialists, who cannot forgive them for going one mile with them and yet refusing to go twain—for adopting their

diagnosis and yet rejecting their prescription. Brentano, who is one of the most moderate, as well as one of the ablest of them, takes nearly as grave a view of the state of modern industrial society as the Socialists themselves do; and he says that if the evils from which it suffers could not be removed otherwise, it would be impossible to avoid much longer a Socialistic experiment. But then he maintains that they can be removed otherwise, and one of the chief motives of himself and his allies in their practical work is to put an end to Socialistic agitation by curing the ills which have excited it.

The key to the position of the Socialists of the Chair lies in their historical method. This method has nothing to do with the question sometimes discussed whether the proper method of political economy is the inductive or the deductive. On that question the historical school of economists are entirely agreed with the classical school. Roscher, for example, adopts Mill's description of Political Economy as a concrete deductive science, whose *à priori* conclusions, based on laws of human nature, must be tested by experience, and says that an economical fact can be said to have received a scientific explanation only when its inductive and deductive explanations have met and agreed. He makes, indeed, two qualifying remarks. One is, that it ought to be remembered that even the deductive explanation is based on observation, on the self-observation of the person who offers it. This will be admitted by all. The other is, that every explanation is only provisional, and liable to be superseded in the course of the progress of knowledge, and of the historical growth of social and economical structure. This will also be admitted, and it is no peculiarity of political economy. There is no science whose conclusions are not modified by the advance of knowledge; and there are many sciences besides political economy whose phenomena change their type in lapse of time. Roscher's proviso, therefore, amounts to nothing more than a caution to economical investigators to build their explanations scrupulously on the facts, the whole facts, and nothing but the facts, and to be specially on their guard against applying to the circumstances of one period or nation explanations and recommendations which are only just regarding another. The same disease may have different symptoms in a child from what it has in a man, and a somewhat different type at the present day from what it had some centuries ago; and it may therefore require a quite different treatment. That is a very sound principle and a very self-evident one, and it contains the whole essence of the historical method, which, so far as it is a method of investigation at all, is simply that of other economists applied under a more dominating sense of the complexity and diversity of the phenomena which are subjected to it. There is consequently with the historical school more rigour of observation and less rigour of theory, and this peculiarity leads to practical results of considerable importance, but it has no just pretensions to assume the dignity of a new economical method, and it is made to

appear much bigger than it is by looming through the scholastic distinctions in which it is usually set forth.

The historical school sometimes call their method the *realistic* and *ethical* method, to distinguish it from what they are pleased to term the *idealistic*, and *selfish* or *materialistic* method of the earlier economists. They are *realists* because they cannot agree with the majority of economists who have gone before them in believing there is one, and only one, ideal of the best economical system. There are, says Roscher, as many different ideals as there are different types of peoples, and he completely casts aside the notion, which had generally prevailed before him, that there is a single normal system of economical arrangements, which is built on the natural laws of economical life, and to which all nations may at all times with advantage conform. It is against this notion that the historical school has revolted with so much energy that they wish to make their opposition to it the flag and symbol of a schism. They deny that there are any natural laws in political economy; they deny that there is any economical solution absolutely valid, or capable of answering in one economical situation because it has answered in another. Roscher, Knies, and the older members of the school make most of the latter point; but Hildebrand, Schönberg, Schmoller, Brentano, and the younger spirits among them, direct against the former some of their keenest attacks. They declare it to be a survival from the exploded metaphysics of the much-abused *Aufklärung* of last century. They argue that just as the economists of that period took self-interest to be the only economical motive, because the then dominant psychology—that of the selfish or sensual school—represented it as the only real motive of human action, of which the others were merely modifications; so did they come to count the reciprocal action and reaction of the self-interest of different individuals to be a system of natural forces, working according to natural laws, because they found the whole intellectual air they breathed at the time filled with the idea that all error in poetry, art, ethics, and therefore also economics, had come through departing from Nature, and that the true course in everything lay in giving the supremacy to the nature of things. We need not stop to discuss this historical question as to the origin of the idea; it is enough here to say that the Socialists of the Chair maintain that in economical affairs it is impossible to make any such distinction between what is natural and what is not so. Everything results from Nature, and everything results from positive institution too. There is in economics either no nature of things at all, or there is nothing else. Human will effects or affects all; and human will is itself influenced, of course, by human nature and human condition. Roscher says that it is a mistake to speak of industry being forced into “unnatural” courses by priests or tyrants, for the priests and tyrants are part and parcel of the people themselves, deriving all their resources from the people, and in no respect Archimedes standing outside of their own world. The action of the State in

economical affairs is just as natural as the action of the farmer or the manufacturer; and the latter is as much matter of positive institution as the former. But while Roscher condemns this distinction, he does not go the length his disciples have gone, and reject the whole idea of natural law in the sphere of political economy. On the contrary, he actually makes use of the expression, "the natural laws of political economy," and asserts that, when they are once sufficiently known, all that is then needed to guide economical politics is to obtain exact and reliable statistics of the situation to which they are to be applied. Now that statement is exactly the position of the classical school on the subject. Economical politics is, of course, like all other politics, an affair of times and nations; but economical science belongs to mankind, and contains principles which may be accurately enough termed, as Roscher terms them, natural laws, and which may be applied, as he would apply them, to the improvement of particular economical situations, on condition that sufficiently complete and correct statistics are obtained beforehand of the whole actual circumstances. Economical laws are, of course, of the nature of ethical laws, and not of physical; but they are none the less on that account natural laws, and the polemic instituted by the Socialists of the Chair to expel the notion of natural law from the entire territory of political economy, is unjustifiable. Phenomena which are the result of human action will always exhibit regularities while human character remains the same; and, moreover, they often exhibit undesigned regularities which, not being imposed upon them by man, must be imposed upon them by Nature. While, therefore, the Socialists of the Chair have made a certain point against the older economists by showing the futility and mischief of distinguishing between what is natural in economics and what is not, they have erred in seeking to convert that point into an argument against the validity of economical principles and the existence of economical laws. At the same time their position constitutes a wholesome protest against the tendency to exaggerate the completeness or finality of current doctrines, and gives economical investigation a beneficial direction by setting it upon a more thorough and all-sided observation of facts.

But when they complain of the earlier economists being so wedded to abstractions, the fault they chiefly mean to censure is the habit of solving practical economical problems by the unconditional application of certain abstract principles. It is the "absolutism of solutions" they condemn. They think economists were used to act like doctors who had learnt the principles of medicine by rote and applied them without the least discrimination of the peculiarities of individual constitutions. With them the individual peculiarities are everything, and the principles are too much thrown into the shade. Economical phenomena, they hold, constitute only one phase of the general life of the particular nations in which they appear. They are part and parcel of a special concrete social organism. They are influenced—they are to a great

extent made what they are—by the whole *ethos* of the people they pertain to, by their natural character, their stage of culture, their habits, customs, laws. Economical problems are consequently always of necessity problems of the time, and can only be solved for the period that raises them. Their very nature alters under other skies and in other ages. They neither appear everywhere in the same shape, nor admit everywhere of the same answer. They must therefore be treated historically and empirically, and political economy is always an affair for the nation and never for the world. The historical school inveighs against the *cosmopolitanism* of the current economical theories, and declares warmly in favour of *nationalism*; according to which every nation has its own political economy just as it has its own constitution and its own character. Now here they are right in what they affirm, wrong in what they deny. They are right in affirming that economical politics is national, wrong in denying that economical science is cosmopolitan. In German the word economy denotes the concrete industrial system as well as the abstract science of industrial systems, and one therefore readily falls into the error of applying to the latter what is only true of the former. There may be general principles of engineering, though every particular project can only be successfully accomplished by a close regard to its particular conditions. In claiming a cosmopolitan validity for their principles, economists do not overlook their essential relativity. On the contrary, they describe their economical laws as being in reality nothing more than tendencies, which are not even strictly true as scientific explanations, and are never for a moment contemplated as unconditional solutions for practical situations. Moreover, Roscher, in defining his task as an economist, virtually takes up the cosmopolitan standpoint and virtually rejects the national. He says a political economist has to explain what is or has been, and not to show what ought to be; he quotes the saying of Dunoyer, *Je n'impose rien, je ne propose même rien, j'expose*; and states that what he has to do is to unfold the anatomy and physiology of social and national economy. He is a scientific man, and not an economical politician, and naturally assumes the position of science, which is cosmopolitan, and not that of politics, which is national and even opportunist.

I pass now to a perhaps more important point, from which it will be seen that the Socialists of the Chair are far from thinking that political economy has nothing to do with what ought to be. Next to the *realistic* school, the name they prefer to describe themselves by is the *ethical* school. By this they mean two things, and some of them lay the stress on the one and some on the other. They mean, first, to repudiate the idea of self-interest being the sole economical motive or force. They do not deny it to be a leading motive in industrial transactions, and they do not, like some of the earlier Socialists, aim at its extinction or replacement by a social or generous principle of action. But they maintain that the course of industry never has been and never will be left

to its guidance alone. Many other social forces, national character, ideas, customs—the whole inherited *ethos* of the people—individual peculiarities, love of power, sense of fair dealing, public opinion, conscience, local ties, family connections, civil legislation—all exercise upon industrial affairs as real an influence as personal interest, and, furthermore, they exercise an influence of precisely the same kind. They all operate ethically, through human will, judgment, motives, and in this respect one of them has no advantage over another. It cannot be said, except in a very limited sense, that self-interest is an essential and abiding economical force and the others only accidental and passing. For while customs perish, custom remains; opinions come and go, but opinion abides; and though any particular act of the State's intervention may be abolished, State intervention itself cannot possibly be dispensed with. It is all a matter of more or less, of here or there. The State is not the intruder in industry it is represented to be. It is planted in the heart of the industrial organism from the beginning, and constitutes in fact part of the nature of things from which it is sought to distinguish it. It is not unnatural for us to wear clothes because we happen to be born naked, for Nature has given us a principle which guides us to adapt our dress to our climate and circumstances. Reason is as natural as passion, and the economists who repel the State's intrusion and think they are thus leaving industry to take its natural course, commit the same absurdity as the moralist who recommends men to live according to Nature, and explains living according to Nature to mean the gratification as much as possible of his desires and the abandonment as much as possible of rational and, as he conceives, artificial plan. The State cannot observe an absolute neutrality if it would. Non-intervention is only a particular kind of intervention. There must be laws of property, succession, and the like, and the influence of these spreads over the whole industrial system, and affects both the character of its production and the incidence of its distribution of wealth.

But, second, by calling their method the *ethical* method, the historical school desire to repudiate the idea that in dealing with economical phenomena they are dealing with things which are morally indifferent, like the phenomena of physics, and that science has nothing to do with them but to explain them. They have certainly reason to complain that the operation of the laws of economy is sometimes represented as if it were morally as neutral as the operation of the law of gravitation, and it is in this conception that they think the materialism of the dominant economical school to be practically most offensively exhibited. Economical phenomena are not morally indifferent; they are ethical in their very being, and ought to be treated as such. Take, for example, the labour contract. To treat it as a simple exchange between equals is absurd. The labourer must sell his labour or starve, and may be obliged to take such terms for it as leave him without the means of enjoying the rights which society awards him, and discharging

the duties which society claims from him. Look on him as a ware, if you will, but remember, he is a ware that has life, that has connections, responsibilities, expectations, domestic, social, political. To get his bread he might sell his freedom, but society will not permit him; he may sell his health, he may sell his character, for society permits that; he may go to sea in rotten ships, and be sent to work in unwholesome workshops; he may be herded in farm bothies where the commonest decencies of life cannot be observed; and he may suck the strength out of posterity by putting his children to premature toil to eke out his precarious living. Transactions which have such direct bearings on freedom, on health, or morals, on the permanent well-being of the nation, can never be morally indifferent. They are necessarily within the sphere of ends and ideals. Their ethical side is one of their most important ones, and the science that deals with them is therefore ethical. For the same reason they come within the province of the State, which is the normal guardian of the general and permanent interests, moral and economical, of the community. The State does not stand to industry like a watchman who guards from the outside property in which he has himself no personal concern. It has a positive industrial office. It is, says Schmoller, the great educational institute of the human race, and there is no sense in suspiciously seeking to reduce its action in industrial affairs to a minimum. His theory of the State is that of the *Cultur-Staat*, in distinction from the *Polizei-Staat*, and the *Rechts-Staat*. The State can no longer be regarded as merely an omnipotent instrument for the maintenance of tranquillity and order in the name of Heaven; nor even as a constitutional organ of the collective national authority for securing to all individuals and classes in the nation, without exception, the rights and privileges which they are legally recognized to possess; but it must be henceforth looked upon as a positive agency for the spread of universal culture within its geographical territory.

With these views, the Socialists of the Chair could not fail to take an active concern with the class of topics thrown up by the Socialist movement, and exciting still so much attention in Germany under the name of the Social Question. They neither state that question nor answer it like the Socialists, but their first offence, and the fountain of all their subsequent offending, in the judgment of their Manchester antagonists, consisted in their acknowledgment that there was a Social Question at all. Not that the Manchester party denied the existence of evils in the present state of industry, but they looked upon these evils as resulting from obstructions to the freedom of competition which time, and time alone, would eventually remove, and from moral causes with which economists had no proper business. The Socialists of the Chair, however, could not dismiss their responsibility for those evils so easily. They owned at once that a social crisis had arisen or was near at hand. The effect of the general adoption of the large system of production had

been to diminish the numbers of the middle classes, to reduce the great bulk of the lower classes permanently to the position of wage-labourers, and to introduce some grave elements of peril and distress into the condition of the wage-labourers themselves. They are doubtless better fed, better lodged, better clad, than they were say in the middle and end of last century, when not one in a hundred of them had shoes to his feet, when seven out of eight on the Continent were still bondsmen, and when three out of every four in England had to eke out their wages by parochial relief. But, in spite of these advantages, their life has now less hope and less security than it had then. Industry on the great scale has multiplied the vicissitudes of trade, and rendered the labourer much more liable to be thrown out of work. It has diminished the avenues to comparative independence and dignity which were open to the journeyman under the régime of the small industries. And while thus condemned to live by wages alone all his days, he could entertain no reasonable hope—at least before the formation of trades unions—that his wages could be kept up within reach of the measure of his wants, as these wants were being progressively expanded by the general advance of culture. Moreover, the twinge of the case lies here, that while the course which industrial development is taking seems to be banishing hope and security more and more from the labourer's life, the progress of general civilization is making these benefits more and more imperatively demanded. The working classes have been growing steadily in the scale of moral being. They have acquired complete personal freedom, legal equality, political rights, general education, a class consciousness; and they have come to cherish a very natural and legitimate aspiration that they shall go on progressively sharing in the increasing blessings of civilization. Brentano says that modern public opinion concedes this claim of the working man as a right to which he is entitled, but that modern industrial conditions have been unable as yet to secure him in the possession of it; hence the Social Question. Now some persons may be ready enough to admit this claim as a thing which it is eminently desirable to see realized, who will yet demur to the representation of it as a right, which puts society under a corresponding obligation. But this idea is a peculiarity belonging to the whole way of thinking of the Socialists of the Chair upon these subjects. Some of them indeed take even higher ground. Schmoller, for example, declares that the working classes suffer positive wrong in the present distribution of national wealth, considered from the standpoint of distributive justice; but his associates as a rule do not agree with him in applying this abstract standard to the case. Wagner also stands somewhat out of the ranks of his fellows in throwing the responsibility of the existing evils directly and definitely upon the State. According to his view, there can never be anything which may be legitimately called a Social Question, unless the evils complained of are clearly the consequences of existing legislation, but he holds that that is so in the

present case. He considers that a mischievous turn has been given to the distribution of wealth by legalizing industrial freedom without at the same time imposing certain restrictions upon private property, the rate of interest, and the speculations of the Stock Exchange. The State has, therefore, caused the Social Question; and the State is bound to settle it. The other Socialists of the Chair, however, do not bring the obligation so dead home to the civil authority alone. The duty rests on society, and, of course, so far on the State also, which is the chief organ of society; but it is not to State-help alone, nor to self-help alone, that the Socialists of the Chair ask working men to look; but it is to what they term the self-help of society. Society has granted to the labouring classes the rights of freedom and equality, and has, therefore, come bound to give them, as far as it legitimately can, the amplest facilities for practically enjoying these rights. To give a man an estate mortgaged above its rental is only to mock him; to confer the status of freedom upon working men merely to leave them overwhelmed in an unequal struggle with capital is to make their freedom a dead letter. Personal and civil independence require, as their indispensable accompaniment, a certain measure of economical independence likewise, and consequently to bestow the former as an inalienable right, and yet take no concern to make the latter a possibility, is only to discharge one-half of an obligation voluntarily undertaken, and to deceive expectations reasonably entertained. No doubt this independence is a thing which working men must in the main win for themselves, and day after day, by labour, by providence, by association; but it is nevertheless an important point to remember, with Brentano, that it forms an essential part of an ideal which society has already acknowledged to be legitimate, and which it is therefore bound to second every effort to realize. The Social Question, conceived in the light of these considerations, may accordingly be said to arise from the fact that a certain material or economic independence has become more necessary for the working man, and less possible. It is more necessary, because, with the sanction of modern opinion, he has awoke to a new sense of personal dignity, and it is less possible, in consequence of circumstances already mentioned, attendant upon the development of modern industry. It is not, as Lord Macaulay maintained, that the evils of man's life are the same now as formerly, and that nothing has changed but the intelligence which has become conscious of them. The new time has brought new evils and less right or disposition to submit to them. It is the conflict of these two tendencies which, in the thinking of the Socialists of the Chair, constitutes the social crisis of the present day. Some of them, indeed, describe it in somewhat too abstract formulæ, which exercise an embarrassing influence on their speculations. For example, Von Scheel says the Social Question is the effect of the felt contradiction between the ideal of personal freedom and equality which hangs before the present age, and the increasing

inequality of wealth which results from existing economical arrangements; and he proposes as the general principle of solution, that men should now abandon the exclusive devotion which modern Liberalism has paid to the principle of freedom, and substitute in its room an adhesion to freedom *plus* equality. But then equality may mean a great many different things, and Von Scheel leaves us with no precise clue to the particular scope he would give his principle in its application. He certainly seems to desire more than a mere equality of right, and to aim at some sort or degree of equality of fact, but what or how he informs us not; just as Schmoller, while propounding the dogma of distributive justice, condemns the communistic principle of distribution of wealth as being a purely animal principle, and offers us no other incorporation of his dogma. In spite of their antipathy to abstractions, many of the Socialists of the Chair indulge considerably in barren generalities, which could serve them nothing in practice, even if they did not make it a point to square their practice by the historical conditions of the hour.

Brentano strikes on the whole the most practical key-note, both in his conception of what the Social Question is and of how it is to be met. What is needed, he thinks, very much is to give to modern industry an organization as suitable to it as the old guilds were to the industry of earlier times, and this is to be done in great part by adaptations of that model. He makes comparatively little demand on the power of the State, while of course agreeing with the rest of his school in the latitude they give to the lawfulness of its intervention in industrial matters. He would ask it to bestow a legal status on trades unions and friendly societies, to appoint courts of conciliation, to regulate the hours of labour, to institute factory inspection, and to take action of some sort in the daily more urgent subject of labourers' dwellings. But the elevation of the labouring classes must be wrought mainly by their own well-guided and long-continued efforts, and the first step is gained when they have resolved earnestly to begin. The pith of the problem turns on the matter of wages, and, so far at any rate, it has already been solved almost as well as is practicable by the English trades unions, which have proved to the world that they are always able to convert the question of wages from the question how little the labourer can afford to take into the question how much the employer is able to give—i.e., from the minimum to the maximum which the state of the market allows. That is of course a very important change, and it is interesting to know that F. A. Lange, the able and distinguished historian of Materialism, who had written on the labour question with strong Socialist sympathies, stated to Brentano that his account of the English trades unions had converted him entirely from his belief that a Socialistic experiment was necessary. Brentano admits that the effect of trades unions is partial only; that they really divide the labouring class into two different strata—those who belong to the trades unions being raised to a higher

platform, and those who do not being left as they were in the gall of bitterness. But then, he observes, great gain has been made when at least a large section of the working class has been brought more securely within the pale of advancing culture, and it is only in this gradual way—section by section—that the elevation of the whole body can be eventually accomplished. The trades union has imported into the life of the working man something of the element of hope which it wanted, and a systematic scheme of working-class insurance is now needed to introduce the element of security. Brentano has published an excellent little work on that subject; and here again he asks no material help from the State. The working class must insure themselves against all the risks of their life by association, just as they must keep up the rate of their wages by association; and for the same reasons—first, because they are able to do so under existing economical conditions, and second, because it is only so the end can be gained consistently with the modern moral conditions of their life—i.e., with the maintenance of their personal freedom, equality, and independence. Brentano thinks that the sound principle of working-class insurance is that every trades union ought to become the insurance society for its trade, because every trade has its own special risks and therefore requires its own insurance premium, and because malingering, feigned sickness, claims for loss of employment through personal fault, and the like, cannot possibly be checked except by the fund being administered by the local lodges of the trade to which the subscribers belong. The insurance fund might be kept separate from the other funds of the union, but he sees no reason why it should not be combined with them, as it would only constitute a new obstacle to ill-considered strikes, and as striking in itself will, he expects, in course of time, give way to some system of arbitration. Brentano makes no suggestion regarding the mass of the working class who belong to no trades union. They cannot be dealt with in the same way, or so effectively. But this is quite in keeping with the general principle of the Socialists of the Chair—in which they differ *toto cælo* from the Socialists—that society is not to be ameliorated by rigidly applying to every bit of it the same plan, but only by a thousand modifications and remedies adapted to its thousand varieties of circumstances and situations.

JOHN RAE.

THE FAILURE OF FREE CONTRACT IN IRELAND.

IT may be said of Ireland, as Pope said of mankind in general, that she "never is, but always to be blessed." The Catholic Emancipation Act was to make Ireland contented. Then the Tithe Commutation Act was to put an end to her grievances, the Poor Law Act to her pauperism, the National Education Act to her ignorance. Surely the Irish notion is erroneous, that England has really lacked the will to promote Irish prosperity; for between 1801 and 1833 it has been computed that 114 commissions and 60 select committees sat upon Irish affairs, and that within the same period of time the said Irish affairs were the subject of no less than 4,118 public, and 197 local, Acts of Parliament.*

Other Acts have since followed, at the cost of bitter political animosity, for the welfare of Ireland, and still that welfare has vanished like a mirage. Our political economists, like our legislators, have had their way, and yet the diminution of the surplus population by 3,000,000 has left the remainder very much what they were; and Irish prosperity remains where it was, in Parliamentary reports, in Parliamentary speeches, everywhere, in fact, save in Ireland itself.†

The problem, therefore, has to be taken up afresh; the evil to be probed more thoroughly than ever; some new cause to be sought for in explanation of the phenomena before us. This cause must evidently lie in something which all previous remedies have failed to reach or attempted to touch; and if we can find that something, there is evidently some logical probability that we have found the cause we were seeking to detect.

* Wiggins, "Monster Misery of Ireland," 164.

† In the House of Lords' Commission upon Irish Land Tenure, 1867, there is considerable evidence on this subject. For the improvement of Ireland, see answers to Questions 266, 619, 955, 2,014, 2,015; against it set 1,582, 2,147, 2,682, 2,749. The Committees of 1830 and 1845 spoke as positively of the improvement of Ireland as they spoke positively of the misery of the greater part of the population.

The one thing in Ireland that has been least interfered with by law is freedom of contract between the owners and the cultivators of the soil; and the consequence has been that the two chief evils of Ireland, rack-renting and evictions, have survived every remedy that the law has applied to other parts of the social system. For these are the two strong wings of Irish distress, as yet unclipped by any effective legislation, and drawing their main sustenance from freedom of contract. "We are obliged by the evidence," said the Prime Minister, at the opening of Parliament, "to admit that the provisions of the Act (of 1870) have not prevented undue and frequent augmentations of rent which were not justified by the real value of the holding, but have been brought in in consequence of the superior strength of the position of the landlord."

It is worth, therefore, inquiring by historical and economical facts whether this freedom of contract is not the real *origo mali*, the real obstacle to all progress, the real bull's-eye of the question, however unwelcome a fact it may be for us to recognize, and however difficult it may seem to interfere with it. The question concerns a system, not those who live or have lived under it. What some landlords have done or tried to do for Ireland could be told by no writer, though he wrote till his arm ached. The generosity with which, in times of famine, they have foregone their just claims; the public spirit with which they have spent fortunes on improvements; the patience with which they have occupied an unpopular position and fulfilled unpopular duties, with no reward often but misrepresentation and condemnation,—let what might be told in volumes about these, be ungrudgingly admitted to the full.

But the higher we place the claims of Irish landlords, the greater, obviously, appears the failure of the system, and the stronger the case against it. If, in spite of so much that so many of them have done, Ireland still remains a seething mass of discontent and misery, the cause must be something beyond the goodness of individuals to counteract. The working of an economical law may perhaps afford us a clue, and to what law does the whole history of Ireland point as more likely to be the cause than the law stated by Adam Smith as follows:

"Rent, considered as the price paid for the use of land, is naturally the highest which the tenant can afford to pay in the actual circumstances of the land. In adjusting the terms of the lease, the landlord endeavours to leave him no greater share of the produce than what is sufficient to keep up the stock, from which he furnishes the feed, pays the labour, and purchases and maintains the cattle and other instruments of husbandry, together with the ordinary profits of farming stock in the neighbourhood. This is evidently the smallest share with which the tenant can content himself without being a loser, and the landlord seldom means to leave him any more."

This is the primary economical law that operates in dealings between landlord and tenant, and that in default of restraints by laws, customs or sentiments, must operate to the disadvantage of the latter. The

validity of any truth in political economy rests on the assumption, that taking society as a whole, and disregarding exceptions (which fail to influence total results), everybody in every class seeks to make the largest profit he can for himself under the circumstances in which he lives. It is no reproach, therefore, to the landowning class in Ireland that, in the absence of any law or custom to the contrary, they should, as a class and excluding exceptions, seek to make the most they can out of the demand of cultivators for the loan of their land; and that, where there are few other sources of profit to compete with the profit obtainable by farming, the ordinary profits of farming should be reduced to the lowest possible margin compatible with farming at all. It would be as much beyond the power of good landlords to effect other results over Ireland as a whole as for the kindness of individuals to affect the general rate of wages.

The operation of such an economical law, which operates as much and with the same evil results in France or Flanders as it does in Ireland, and if controllable at all by law, may stand in need of such control, whether the land belongs to peasants or nobles, is sometimes disputed. The extent of its operation, and the evil of it, is of course liable to be counteracted by other causes. One witness before the Lords' Committee in 1867 thought that competitive rents for farms had diminished since the famine, and the opening up of other employments than agriculture. Another thought that since the diminution of population the competition was rather for the better lands than for any land, and that the worse lands in consequence were being deserted. Both would be natural results; but the balance of evidence is in favour of the conclusion that Adam Smith's rule has never ceased to operate, though it operates even more fatally to the tenant, where the land is held purely for mercantile profit than where the owner has inherited it from his ancestors.

"The evils," says one witness, "which have resulted from competition rents, and the raising of rents beyond the fair rate that the landlord would charge the tenant in ordinary cases, have arisen chiefly in the cases of the recent purchases under the Landed Estates Court. In those sales persons buy small portions of property; of course their interest is to get as large a return as they can, and they think of nothing but an increase of rent."

That it operates in the same way, if to a less extent, generally, is evident from such testimony of different witnesses as, that the tenant "must take the land at almost any rent, or under almost any conditions that are imposed upon him;" that "the question with the tenant is how to get land, not how he will pay for it;" or again, that "there is no choice in Ireland; if you want land you must take it at the terms the landlord will be pleased to give it you at."*

* See House of Lords' Committee of 1867, 305-8, 522-4, 569-73, 892, 1,199, 1,503, 1,727-8; against this set the following: "Then it would be quite untrue to say that excessive rents in Ireland are paid in consequence of competition for land? Quite untrue."—1609. The truth can only be sought for in a wide comparison of evidence.

Leaving for the present then the question of the possibility or desirability of State interference with the terms of the tenure of land, let us see how, in the absence of such control, economical laws have worked themselves out in Ireland, under the cardinal principle of our political philosophy, that legislative interference with them is pernicious or impossible.

In the year 1761 the breaking out of a cattle plague in England and the Continent caused a great increase in the demand for Irish butter and beef. The great rise in their price caused tillage land to be turned into pasture; and to effect this, cottier tenants everywhere, being mere tenants-at-will, were dispossessed of their holdings by their landlords, and the lands let as grazing farms to tenants who could pay a much higher rent for them. The evicted tenants went to the towns or emigrated or died; and because no law or custom was there to protect them from starvation, their eviction was contemporaneous with the rise of the Whiteboy disturbers, who from that date to this, under various names, but by the same illegal practices, have ever sought to secure for the Irish tenant that fixity of tenure or means of living which the law decreed that it lay beyond his right to expect. For tenants in those days and for long after there was no existence in the "eye of the law." Of the disturbances that ensued and their objects Sir G. Cornewall Lewis long since made an exhaustive analysis, and concluded that, though the priests' dues or clergymen's tithes were often the object of attack, the predominant end of all such combinations was the regulation of the terms on which land was to be held, and the control of the arbitrary powers of its owners. He described it rightly as a "vast trades' union for the protection of the Irish peasantry; the object being, not to regulate the rate of wages or the hours of work, but to keep the actual occupant in possession of the land, and in general to regulate the relation of landlord and tenant for the benefit of the latter."* Had therefore the law, consistently with the rights of both parties, or had some custom such as prevails in parts of Europe, regulated in Ireland the tenure of land, not in favour of the tenant as against his landlord, but to the satisfaction and benefit of both, we may reasonably infer that the uncontrolled operation of economical laws would never have brought about in Ireland that chronic state of misery, anarchy, and disloyalty, which has for so long made her a byword among the nations, and brought reproach on the skill or the justice of the English Government.

The Irish Act of 1793, which extended the forty-shilling franchise to the Catholics, counteracted to some extent the evil effects of the consolidating system; for it supplied a motive for the increase and subdivision of farms. Tenants were often chosen not so much to farm the land, as to vote at the will of the lords who owned it. Where the landlord was an absentee, and let his lands to middlemen at long

* "Irish Disturbances," 99.

leases, the middleman of course found that the more he subdivided and sublet his farms, the greater were his profits. The war with France gave an artificial value to home produce, and therefore those long years of useless massacre and fighting were halcyon days for rent-receivers and middlemen.

Then came the peace in 1815, accompanied with a fall of prices, as soon as foreign food was once again able to compete with native produce. The sub-tenants could no longer pay war-rents; many middlemen were ruined; and though the landlords could demand of the sub-tenants both the middleman's rent and their own, many of them also felt the general distress, and tasted the calamities of the peace.

As the same causes produced more misery in Ireland than in England, so in Ireland itself the poorer classes naturally had to sustain the brunt of the distress. The year 1816 was a year of scarcity, almost of famine, and of pestilence. All these causes were the signal for a great revival of the consolidating system. In the words of the Committee of 1830:

"A change then began to take place in the system of managing lands. The great decline of agricultural produce prevented many of the middlemen as well as the occupiers from paying their rents; an anxiety began to be felt by the proprietors to improve the value of their estates, and a general impression was produced in the minds of all persons, that a pauper population spread over the country would go on increasing, and the value of the land at the same time diminishing, till the produce would become insufficient to maintain the resident population."

No blame whatever attaches to the landlords for their efforts after the Peace to consolidate their farms, or, as it was called, to clear their estates. They did as they were told by the political economists, and as the law allowed them, to do. The theory was abroad that private interest was the surest guide to the public good, and that State interference with the former was indescribably fatal to the latter. Political economy adopted the legal maxim, *De minimis non curat lex*. What did it matter, provided evictions were a benefit to the landlord and the remaining tenantry, what became of the evicted? No one asked nor cared what they cost the community. Yet the evictions were not without effect on the wealth of the country, and should have counted for something in the calculations of the economists.

"It would be impossible," said Bishop Doyle, "for language to convey an idea of the tale of distress to which the ejected tenantry have been reduced, or of the disease, misery, and even vice which they have propagated in the towns wherein they have settled. They have increased the stock of labour, . . . they have been obliged to resort to theft and all manner of vice and iniquity to procure subsistence, but what is perhaps the most painful of all, vast numbers of them have perished of want."

Let any one read the account of the Committee for the relief of the distressed districts in the famine of 1822, and he will see how economical laws work themselves out when left to themselves, and how the logical results of unrestrained contract about the land (when there are not, as in England, other sources of livelihood to turn to) means

starvation for the class which starts with nothing in the bargain and poverty for the class in position to state the terms. The Archbishop of Tuam, after visiting the famine districts, wrote: "Little could I have conceived the frightful scene of misery and wretchedness, which I had to witness. . . . In my progress from place to place, I travelled through hundreds and thousands of weak, emaciated, unfed human creatures, just kept alive and no more." Another witness described the famine as he saw it in Roscommon—"hundreds of wretches greedily seeking for watercresses, wild mustard, nettle-tops, and dandelion" to mix with a small quantity of oatmeal for their principal food. But the details of Irish famines are too well known to dwell upon, and the famine of 1822 only cost the charity of Great Britain £304,180. Yet although the potato crop had failed the previous year, it is distinctly stated that there was no real deficiency of other produce to feed the people. As one witness said, "they pined in the midst of abundance, from the want of means of buying alone." And why? Because, as another witness said, since the close of the French war, everything termed property had "been gradually sacrificed to the demands of the tithe proctor, the collectors of the county cess, and the needy and impoverished landlord." The law refused to interfere with things, nor would Parliament even inquire.

The clearance system that the free play of economical forces had thus set in motion received increased impetus from two laws, one of which had a social, and the other a political object. The first was the Subletting Act of 1826, intended to check the excessive subdivision of the soil, by prohibiting a lessee to sub-let without his landlord's consent; and the other was the Act that was meant to lessen the bitterness of the Catholic Emancipation Act—namely, the Act for disfranchising the forty-shilling freeholders, whose votes had returned O'Connell for Clare, and who were likely in future to vote for Catholic candidates, when Protestantism was no longer a necessary passport to Parliament. Hence the failure of the Emancipation Act as a conciliatory measure, and a state of agitation, outrages, and coercion bills, that rendered the epoch of Irish history that followed 1829 more lugubrious, if possible, than the epoch that preceded it.

It was the opinion of Bishop Doyle that some legislative provision should have been made for those unhappy beings whom these increased evictions turned loose upon the earth, to swell the ranks of Irish pauperism and the chorus for the Repeal of the Union. But no Poor Law Act for Ireland was passed till 1838; and it would have interfered with the whole historical tenour of English law, and with the supposed genius of the Constitution, to control at all those rights of evicting and rack-renting which the principle of freedom of contract made sacred in the eyes of the legislature.*

* The Acts 9 and 10 Vic. iii., 3, and 11 and 12 Vic., 47, can scarcely be said to have affected the right, though they sought to modify it.

It was this axiom of non-intervention that rendered impotent the labours of so many Commissions. Take, for example, the Commission of 1832 appointed to inquire into Irish disturbances; it confessed itself beaten, in reference to the removal of tenants at the end of their leases, by this obstacle of the theory of non-interference:

"The subject involved so many important considerations, such as the rights and duties of landlords, the obligation of tenants to fulfil the covenants of their leases, and the claims of tenants on humane and indulgent treatment by their landlords, that the Committee have not been able to discover any plan by which the tenants removed may be altogether protected from being exposed to severe hardship."

The same difficulty stood in the path of Lord Devon's Committee. In reference to the same evils, they agreed with the Committee of 1832:

"We feel," they said, "the impossibility of providing any directly legal enactment for the sufferings described. . . . The evil arises from the abuse of a right of which the existence is essential to the maintenance of property, but although we cannot recommend any interference by law with the right, it does not follow that we should hesitate to expose the abuse, or to point out the means which in our opinion may and ought to be adopted to mitigate the evils resulting from it."

Here the Devon Committee honestly admitted the abuse, but denied the right of the State to interfere with it, because it flowed from a right "essential to the maintenance of property." As if no such thing as property existed or was recognized in Portugal or Holland, where hereditary perpetual leases prevented the possibility of arbitrary eviction by the landlord; and as if the same argument would not have proved a fatal bar to the curtailment or control of the rights of slave-owners! As if the abuse of such right, if right it was, and not rather the greatest wrong that a community could possibly allow itself to suffer from, had not led to such evils as long since to have justified resort to the State's last and unanswerable argument, *Publica salus suprema lex!*

The argument is of course a very old one, that a State is entitled to sacrifice private rights whenever they interfere with the general welfare. It was the argument used by Spenser, author of the "Faery Queen," so long ago as the sixteenth century. So clearly did he attribute the unsettled character of the Irish peasantry to the uncertain tenure by which they held their lands, that he considered it an evil only to be remedied by legislative interference. In the nineteenth century we have still to take to heart his words. "This inconvenience," he says, "may be reason enough to ground any ordinance for the good of the commonwealth, against the private behoof or will of any landlord that shall refuse to grant any such term or estate unto his tenant as may tend to the good of the whole realm."

Clearly this standard of the good of the whole realm is the only measure by which the rights of any class can be tested; and the chief reason for its having fallen into disrepute is the teaching, not of political economy as represented by Adam Smith, but of political economists who professedly followed him, and asserted as a universally true maxim

that the public interest is always best left to the unerring instincts of private selfishness. Yet it is notorious that there is nothing of which many men are less able to be judges than of their own interest. The arguments were unanswerable, that free labour was more profitable to the employer than the labour of slaves, yet it required the interference of the law to abolish slavery; and the whole history of Ireland is the history of a system of land tenure which, from mistaken notions of personal interest, has for centuries deprived property of half its value and life certainly of more than half its pleasure.

If then the argument from the past history of Ireland is a tenable one, that what has failed has not been merely the potatoes or the goodwill of the landowners, but the system of the least possible interference on the part of the State with the affairs of individuals; if we see any reason to suspect that had the chief landlord been the State, pursuing the interest of the whole community, instead of the landlords being merely individuals, supposed to be pursuing that interest mediately through their own; if we think that through every economical change that has taken place in Ireland the falsity of the old principle may be read in its results—are we not justified in asking whether resort to the opposite principle might not possibly bring about that prosperity in Ireland which has hitherto been only a conventional assertion, and promote that Union which has hitherto only been a figure of speech and only existed in an Act of Parliament?

Supposing us agreed, however, as to the desirability of State supervision of private contracts, is it not an impossible undertaking, not only opposed to all ideas of wise legislation, but contrary to the truths of political economy?

The two last objections are the real stronghold of the free-contract system; that is to say, the position it holds in public estimation as an unassailable principle rests on two separate arguments—one political, the other economical; the first deduced from the principle, that the chief object of the State is to protect life and property, and that whatsoever it does more than this is a work of supererogation or more often of mischief; the second deduced from the principle, that freedom of contract is the life and soul of freedom of trade, and therefore essential to the existence of the latter.

As these defences are both really separate, though too often confounded, it is best to consider them separately, and therefore let us take the political argument first, quite apart from all economical considerations.

For many years several distinguished writers have advocated with great force the principle of the least possible interference on the part of the State with private concerns, on the ground that individuals know their own interests best and are entitled to any amount of freedom that does not conflict with the freedom of others. But it is surely to press the arguments of Mr. Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer to a conclusion

they would never have sanctioned, to make them the defenders of a system of free action in a case where such freedom of action is not only injurious to others than the agent, but to the whole community besides, as it is contended that in the case of the unlimited right of eviction flowing from unlimited freedom of contract it has been abundantly proved to be.

It is perfectly logical therefore to accept the excellence of the free-contract system generally, and yet to deny the excellence of its application under particular circumstances, in the dealings of particular classes, or about particular commodities. It may answer well in England, or sufficiently well in England not to justify disturbance, and yet fail in a country like Ireland. Dr. Ball, the Irish Solicitor-General, in his eloquent speech on the Land Act of 1870, rested his chief objection to the clauses, depriving a tenant of the right to contract himself out of his claims to compensation, on the ground of thus establishing an invidious distinction between Great Britain and Ireland. Was England, arrived as she had at the highest pitch of civilization and claiming to be a model for her social relations to the rest of Europe, to say that the relations between landlord and tenant were to be on the footing of contract in England but not so in Ireland? Was she going to say: "There is a positive incapacity in the Irish landlord to deal with his tenants by contract, and in the Irish tenant to take care of himself by contract?" Was the true system to be reserved as a privilege for the English and Scotch, and to be denied to *his* countrymen? And so on.

The same argument was used by another speaker on a previous occasion with reference to Lord Clanricarde's Bill which proposed to extend the principle of 1860, that the relation between landlord and tenant was to be based solely on contract, to providing that such contract should perforce be *written*. This Bill, urged Mr. Tighe Hamilton, solved the problem of the tenant's claim to unexhausted improvements

"upon the principle of that perfect freedom which is so much prized in all other affairs, but which reactionists would banish from land upon the very false idea that Irish tenants cannot take care of themselves, and that Parliament must make their bargains for them. This is an unkind slur upon the Irish. Why there are no people upon the face of the earth more sharp at a bargain, or more alive to their own material interests, though not always active to realize them. Then we must recollect that the fallacy that in Ireland rents depend on competition, has long since exploded."

Yet, if there was one thing that the Lords' Committee which had sat to inquire on this very Bill had established more certainly than another, it was the tendency of rents to be unduly raised by the competition for land. The evidence to this effect has already been quoted; and a speaker must indeed credit an English audience with a tremendous fund of innocence, who treats it as still without appreciation of the fact, that Ireland and England are no more alike and can no more be compared than the rival principles Ormazd and Ahriman.

However, if Dr. Ball had not learnt the vast difference between England and Ireland, not only in other circumstances, but in the actual law relating to landlord and tenant, the country generally, in 1870, had done so, and Parliament accordingly turned a deaf ear to the lawyer's eloquent entreaty that the poor Irishman should not be debarred from the ineffable blessings of free contract; so that there it actually stands in the statute-book, legible by all men, that certain contracts between landlord and tenant shall be legally impossible. The principle had, indeed, long before been admitted* by the legislature, but never so completely; and now the only difference of opinion for the future can regard the degree to which it is wise to extend that principle, not the abstract wisdom of the principle itself. The admission of the principle is a *fait accompli*. There is no more reason to argue about its justice, since its justice has been decreed by Parliament, than to argue about the justice of the repeal of the corn laws. The only question left is, how far we shall carry it, and to this the answer here submitted is, To whatever extent is necessary to secure a prosperous existence to Irish agriculturists consistently with economical possibilities.

This brings us to the economical argument against legislative interference with the land. Freedom of contract, such is the general line of defence, is part of the great doctrine of free trade. Both theory and experience show that the freer trade is from artificial restrictions, the more it benefits all classes and promotes the general prosperity. To tamper, therefore, with freedom of contract is to tamper with one of the fundamental axioms of national welfare; and for the State to attempt to fix the rents of lands or in anywise to interfere in the purely commercial relations between landlord and tenant, would be as futile an enterprise on its part as an attempt to fix a rate of wages for labour, and would simply result in the withdrawal of capital from agricultural investment, without which there could be no wages at all for agricultural labour, nor any profit for the farming classes.

So long ago as 1822, Mr. J. W. Croker put this argument in a very few words. He described Ireland as consisting of "landlords without friends or influence, a peasantry without an interest, almost without a livelihood, in the country—nothing to defend, nothing to love—desperate and despairing, ripe and ready for change." "In Ireland," he said (and unhappily it may be said to this day), "tenure at will is indefinite oppression—tenure by lease oppression by lease; rents are not the proportion but nearly the whole produce." Croker admitted that the evil was plain, but the remedy not so evident. Yet his words show that he rather shrank from facing the remedy than failed to see it. "The price of the use of land can—at least should—never be restrained by law; free competition is the life-blood of commerce; and the relation of landlord and tenant in the matter of rents is purely commercial."

* *E.g.* in 5 and 6 Vic. 65 sec. 103, that a tenant could not contract himself out of his right to deduct for income-tax from his rent.

But the fact is, that that is just what it is not. The landlords of Ireland have not been mere land merchants. Land in Ireland as a rule has been obtained for political and social purposes, and commercial rules have not been applied to it. "The treaty between landlord and tenant," it was said by Mr. Senior, Professor of Political Economy, in speaking of Ireland, "is not a calm bargain, in which the tenant, having offered what he thinks the land worth to him, cares little whether his offer be accepted: it is a struggle like the struggle to buy bread in a besieged town, or to buy water in an African caravan."* And where commercial rules have been applied, and land has been bought as a pecuniary investment for the profit accruing from rent, as by many of the purchasers under the Landed Estates Court, the strict application of commercial principles, and the logical following out of the free-contract principle, have led to results far more disastrous in the oppression of sub-tenants than where the land has been held by men of another class, attached to it by accident or sentiment and not by pecuniary motives.†

"The rent of land, it may be thought," says Adam Smith, "is frequently no more than a reasonable profit or interest for the stock laid out by the landlord upon its improvement. This no doubt may be partly the case upon some occasions; for it scarce can ever be more than partly the case. The landlord demands a rent even for unimproved land, and the supposed interest or profit is generally an addition to this original rent. Those improvements, besides, are not always made by the stock of the landlord, but sometimes by that of the tenant. When the lease comes to be renewed, however, the landlord commonly demands the same augmentation of rent, as if they had all been made by his own."‡

These remarks of the great economist, which are so especially true of the actual condition of Ireland, are enough to show how far we are from the region of pure economics when we once enter the maze of customs that regulate the tenure of land across the Channel. There is therefore no analogy whatever beyond a verbal one between the arguments in favour of free trade in corn and the arguments in favour of free trade with regard to the land that grows the corn; and whilst it would be idle, doubtless, for the law to fix the price of potatoes, the rent of the potato ground might perhaps be settled better by the arbitrament of the State, than by private contract between individuals. The objection that capital would be driven away from agriculture if any attempt were made to force the buyer of land to a lower rate of profit than he could reap from any other investment, rests also on the notion that land has always been regarded as a mere mercantile commodity, and leaves out of sight the consideration, that what one class of purchaser might turn away from as not yielding a sufficient rent, might be well worth the capital of an investor who looked for his profit to the produce he might

* Senior, "Ireland," i. 29.

† For evidence of this, see "House of Lords Report" 475, 1,503, 2,578, 2,587, 2,590, 2,666, 2,730: and compare the recent account by Mr. J. A. Fox of the peasantry of Mayo, p. 33. But rack rents and evictions have not first been heard of since the passing of the Encumbered Estates Act in 1848.

‡ Book I. xi. 1.

raise from it, and not to what might be paid to him for the loan of its use.

The rent of a farm being so much of its produce as remains over after providing for the farmer's support, for his outlay in production, and for his various taxes and charges, it is evident that in the natural course of things whatever is added to or taken from those items of expenditure will lower or increase the rent. This is so far an economical law with which it is impossible to contend, that, if the law removes any tax from the tenant to the landlord, it simply increases the margin for rent. We may trace this law at work in Irish history. When, in 1838, the tithe for the Established Church payable by the tenant was commuted into a rent-charge payable by the landlord, the extent of the relief to the tenant proved the extent of the additional rent to the landlord. When the Poor Law was in prospect, the idea of rates for relieving distress was very popular. "The farmer was certain it was the landlord who would pay them; the landlord with better calculation felt assured that the competition for land would fix them on the tenant, though nominally they might be charged on him."* It is evident, that in the economical tendencies of things, no law can really relieve a cultivator of any charge or tax, and that to whatever extent his margin of profit may be increased by such reduction of payment, or from a greater produce following the outlay of his capital, to that extent is it natural for his rent to rise. It is a mere matter of figures. If £1,000 be taken to represent the produce of a farm, £200 the farmer's support, £200 his outlay, and £200 his taxes, the rent will be the remaining £400, and it can rise to the exact degree that taxation is diminished, or that the tenant's capital increases productiveness. This economical tendency it is true that no law can defeat; but is it true that no law can check the tendency of rent to rise by saying definitely that such or such a share of the produce shall be all the tenant is entitled to pay?

It is notorious that this legal control of rents has been undertaken by the English Government in India by the Bengal Recovery of Rents Act of 1859. The motive of the Act was, to use its own words, to prevent "*illegal exaction and extortion in connection with demands for rent.*" This Act, indeed, only extended the principle by which the relations between landlord and tenant had been already regulated by the Permanent Settlement of 1793, which, in making the *zemindars*, or previous rent-collectors from the ryots for the State, into landlords, took care at the same time to give the same security to the ryots or tenants of the *zemindars* as to the latter against the State. The general principle was even then laid down that the Governor-General in Council, whenever he thought proper, should enact any regulations that seemed necessary on behalf of the dependent ryots; and it was settled by law that whoever had held land for twelve years before the Permanent Settlement at a uniform rent, should be entitled to hold for ever

* "Thoughts on the Poor Law," p. 5 (1837).

at that rent, and that the other tenants should only be liable to have their rents raised to the customary rate, if their holdings were below it.

In the Permanent Settlement, therefore, the relations between landlord and tenant, even in the matter of rent, were distinctly recognized as lying outside the region of free contract, and within the domain of strict law, though gradually, as English ideas of proprietary rights began to prevail, the Executive ceased to fulfil its intention of recording the rights and protecting the interests of the inferior tenants, and left everything to the judicial tribunals. The Act of 1859 reasserted the principle of the right of the State to interfere, and decreed that all ryots who since the Permanent Settlement had paid fixed rents should be entitled to hold their lands at the same rent for ever, and that every ryot who had cultivated or held land for twelve years previously to the Act, should have a right of occupancy of such land so long as he paid the rent due for it. Not only did it grant this fixity of tenure, but it laid down the circumstances which alone could justify an enhancement or abatement of the rent. If the ryot held his land at a rent lower than that for similar land in the district; if the value of the produce of his land or its productive power had been increased otherwise than by his agency or expense; if his land were proved by measurement to be less than that for which he paid rent, under those circumstances and those only was it left permissible for the landlord to raise his rent. On the other hand, if the land had diminished in extent from any cause, or the value of its produce or productive power had decreased from any cause extraneous to the tenant, then he had a legal claim to an abatement of the rent he previously paid.*

The law that in India thus regulates rents, and takes their enhancement under strict control, simply does what in many parts of Europe has long been done by custom. It is true that the tendency of modern times takes the direction of substituting full proprietary rights for the customs which in France, Italy, Holland, and Portugal, have long proved an effectual protection to the cultivator against arbitrary eviction or rack-renting by his landlord. The English system, for instance, of leases or tenure by contract is said to be gaining ground over the *métayer* system of the South of France, by which a certain fixed proportion of the produce was reserved to the landlord, and any increase of produce proved an equal benefit to both cultivator and owner. It does not follow that the tendency will ultimately prove beneficial, nor require to be checked; but whatever the results may be, the existence of a custom like the *métayer* is sufficient proof that there is no economical absurdity in seeking by law, in default of such custom, to take the settlement of the shares of the produce out of the mutual contract of the landowner and its cultivator, and transferring it to the control of the State.

* See Bengal Act in Furrell's "Unrepealed Acts of the Councils of India;" and for the law generally, Sir G. Campbell's article in the "Cobden Club Essays" on Land Tenure.

Still more strongly is this shown by such customs as confer on the tenant an hereditary lease at a fixed rent, which the landlord cannot raise. Such is the *asforamento* tenure in Portugal, to which is attributed "the excellent cultivation and the comfort of the cultivators, which distinguishes the province of Minho." Such is the Italian *contratto di livello*, still existent in Tuscany and Lombardy, by which the owner assigns land to the cultivators for payment of certain dues and at a fixed rent. Such again is the *Beklem-regt* in the Dutch province of Groningen, which is a right of occupancy, at a fixed rent, that the proprietor can never raise; a right that passes to a man's collateral heirs as well as to those in a direct line, and that can be devised, sold, let, or even mortgaged without the proprietor's consent. This form of contract, unlike the others, is said still to be spreading. Its advantages are that "the tenant can undertake the most costly improvements; he is sure to derive the full profit from them; and he is not threatened, like the ordinary tenant, with an increase of rent proportional to what he has done to increase the fertility of the land he occupies."*

The foregoing facts may serve as some help to us in deciding between the contradictory opinions expressed by two witnesses, both men of great experience and ability, during their examination by the Lords' Committee of 1867:—

2282. "Do you think that you could fix a rent by statute which would be advantageous to the landlord and to the tenant?"

"I think that it could not possibly be done, because, as everyone must know who has anything to do with the management of land, rents must vary from what one would calculate as the strict probable value, &c."

With the other witness the following conversation took place:—

1606. "Will you state what you consider the proper legislation for the security of tenure?"

"I should be in favour of an enactment that all tenants holding agricultural land should be entitled to a statutory lease, at a rent exceeding by one-fourth the amount of the poor-rate valuation, the lease to contain very stringent covenants against sub-division, and for proper cultivation; . . ."

1618. "You are quite opposed to the principle of the landlord and tenant agreeing to the amount of rent between themselves?"

"No; but something more is necessary."

1619. "Would you not interfere with such agreements if you fixed a lower rent by statute? . . ."

"The plan of mutual agreement having lamentably failed, I would try another plan."

1691. "Do you mean that landlords should be required to give to their existing tenants leases for sixty years?"

"I do."

1692. "That they should be compelled to do so?"

"Yes."

1710. "I wish to ask you whether you think that a compulsory system of very long leases, liable to be varied by a public authority when circumstances

* See De Laveleye's "Primitive Property," chap. xx., on Hereditary Leases; and the same writer's account of these tenures in the "Cobden Club Essays" on Land Tenure.

made it necessary, would be equally likely to lead to a good understanding as leaving the parties to come to agreements between themselves?"

"I think far more so."

And the gentleman who gave this evidence was no Communist, but a solicitor, and to some extent also a landowner as well as a land agent; a man, too, who had travelled in Europe and compared the tenures of France, Belgium, and England with those customary in Ireland. Read, too, what the agent of Lord Annaly said in answer to the question whether he was in favour of written contracts between landlord and tenant: "I would not call anything a written contract, because I think the misfortune is the construction which is put upon contracts in the minds of the tenants. They either look forward to there being some unpleasantness with their landlord or some litigation" (2447). And in the face of all this evidence, and much more, we are told for ever that in Ireland there is no exceptional state of things, and that the best chance for her prosperity is a still further development of the free-contract system and a still stricter application of pure commercial principles to the tenure of land. May we not rather believe that it is precisely in consequence of that freedom of contract, precisely in consequence of the tenderness of the legislature to interfere, as it interfered in Bengal, with the relations between two opposing interests, that the Irish farmer has never enjoyed that fixity of tenure and protection from rack-renting which we have already granted to the ryot of India? And is it not in consequence of such non-interference that we may still say, in the words with which the present Secretary for Ireland concluded his account of his visit to the famine districts in 1847, that "the result of our social system is, that vast numbers of our fellow-countrymen—of the peasantry of one of the richest nations the world ever saw—have not leave to live?"

If this is so, the course of legislation would seem clear: namely, to show the same resolution in interfering as has hitherto been shown in abstinence from interference, not only in dealings between landlord and tenant, but in those also between tenants and their labourers—thus spreading the ægis of a paternal care over all classes in the island. The expression "paternal government" has long been held to sound amiss in English ears, and anything savouring of it incurs righteous suspicion. But in these days, when we are taught that respect for Constitutional government and for Constitutional liberties is a political superstition, or the foolish prejudice of a mind behind its time, we need surely not flinch from examining the grounds of our dislike to State interference with freedom of contract, if such interference holds out the least hope of putting an end to a state of thought that endangers far higher interests than those of a class to press its powers to their limit. Of two evils we must choose the least; and we may well weigh the merits of a course that might possibly promote peace and plenty in Ireland, with those of a course that certainly leads us to tamper, perilously often, with

all the principles of government that our ancestors prized, to the gradual but certain decay of all belief in their value.

If, on the other hand, freedom of contract, with all its consequences, must remain a principle sacred and uncontrollable, there is nothing to prevent such freedom from operating equally among bodies of men as among individuals. That is to say, if the State has no right to step in between the landlord and his tenants nor to prevent the former from availing himself to the full of the natural advantages of his position, has it any more right to step in between the tenants and their landlord, or to prevent the former from availing themselves to the full of the artificial advantages of their position, if by their collective combination they succeed in turning the tables of future contracts to their own favour? By what principle can we say that tenants bargaining collectively with their landlords are not as much within their right as a landlord bargaining singly with his tenant? Freedom of contract, therefore, if it justifies anything, justifies the principles of the Labour League; for those very principles are its logical and legitimate consequence. It thus lands us in a dilemma from which there seems no escape, save by surrendering our attachment to the principle itself.

J. A. FARREB.

WOMAN'S CLAIM

HITHERTO, when the women to whom the larger interests of Society are dear have expressed their desire for an extension of the suffrage in their own direction they have very commonly been met by the assurance that they belonged to an insignificant minority, the sex being on the whole indifferent, if not averse to, the active assumption of citizenship. The overflowing meetings which have taken place successively at Manchester, in London, and elsewhere, must at this stage of the discussion go far to silence objections founded on a premise which every passing year is rendering more erroneous. But, whatever might be the show of hands if the issue were polled throughout the country, it is not so much the amount as the quality of adherents which determines the success of a movement, and it would not be impossible to show that the greater part of all the force of intellect and character known by public proof to exist among Englishwomen, is warmly pledged to this woman's cause.

It may be conceded then as a fact, that the desire on the part of the daughters of England to be no longer excluded from participation in one of the rights which her sons hold dear, is a genuine and increasing one; and in face of the manifest mental and moral worth of its chief advocates, the assertion—a favourite retreat of nonplussed disputants—that the “best women” are still hostile to the change, must be acknowledged to be likewise untenable. I will not darken counsel by affecting to misunderstand what is meant in this connection by the “best women.” They are the home-loving and tender creatures to whom fate has been good, and who find their highest joy—no very difficult strain, as it may be thought—in the performance of the duties of wifehood and motherhood, undeniably the most accordant to Nature of any that can plenum a woman's lot, and at the same time so bodily and spiritually engrossing.

that those who well fulfil them may be forgiven if they tend to somewhat narrow the view and contract the sympathies. But whether the outlook of these fortunate sisters may happen to be narrow or wide, it is probable that the larger-hearted advocates of women's right to make their political judgments regarded, would think little of yielding the place of honour, in the estimate of the selfish or unthinking, to the happy band from whose ranks it is possible that chance or a more fastidious taste have exiled themselves. A circle which includes a large contingent of unpaid workers who are helping forward the best interests of humanity in many fields, and whose representative woman may be taken to be Florence Nightingale, will in any case be felt to be sufficiently select.

The men whose pleasure it is to affirm that "good women" are in want of nothing, are far however from disclaiming the testimony to the same effect of beings who cannot be called "good," without putting an undue strain upon language, and who have of women neither the pitiful heart nor the helpful hand, but only the weakness and arrested development. These are the careless sisters of the millions who "work and weep," for working and weeping are only separately apportioned in a ballad, or in the quasi-poetical atmosphere which stagnates in places about masculine thought; these are the "sitters at ease," whose lives are given to self-pleasing as an end, and to flattering the humours of the men of whom they are the complement, as a means; who are callous to misery which they deem not likely to affect themselves, and have no aspiration higher than the false ideal which is the negative of manly vices. It is in the nature of such factions to be loud and prominent, and so to create a false notion of their numbers and weight; but happily for our hopes and for the prospects of humanity, those of the sex who, while neglecting their nearest ties, are utterly without what in the cant of science is now known as the "tribal conscience," are a minority, unworthy to be counted in the sum of opinion on a question of this nature and extent.

It may be taken, then, as a fact to be dealt with, and one which is presenting itself with increasing urgency, that a vast number of those who represent the noblest and tenderest womanhood among us, are dissatisfied with what has come to be the injustice of their position in view of the new social developments which have brought with them new needs. They are dissatisfied, that while they have no choice but to obey the natural law of development, the arbitrary laws under which they live remain rigid in their regard. It is no great thing that is required to put the lives of women in harmony with their altered conditions. The claim that widows and spinsters, when independent holders of property, should exercise the right of voting for Members of Parliament, carries so much of reason on its face, that it is difficult to see on what ground it could be withstood, other than that of a panic fear of results against which it might be supposed that Nature had sufficiently provided. This demand for the possession of the suffrage by widows and spinsters was the whole of the plea advanced at the meetings referred to, — a plea not

simply put forward for the nonce, as we are sometimes warned, but one which there is reason to think honestly represents the extent of the claim as made by the majority of its female advocates. That widows and spinsters, as women, and possible wives, are in a better position for judging of the wants of women, whether single or married, than men, who must always view them chiefly in relation to themselves, few I think will contest. It is not asserted that the arrangement which would restrict the suffrage to single women householders would be a perfect one, but only that it appears to be the best which the nature of things permits of, and it may be presumed that a certain intuitive sense of fitness, together with a feeling of the sacredness of ideals possessed largely by women, would help them to cut the Gordian knot of a logic more tough than that presented by the limitations which marriage would be suffered to impose upon them.

Marriage is something more than a partnership—it is ideally a union ; and if in the imperfection of all human relations, it fails in part, sometimes fails wholly, to fulfil its promise, it remains, fiction or truth, the lever which beyond all others has been effective in raising the moral nature of man to the height at which the sacrifice it enforces, can alone maintain it. Whatever may be the diversity of opinion in the domestic interior, however much the “ No,” pertinent or impertinent, may enliven the sameness of marital discourse, it will be felt I think as seemly, that while the marriage tie remains in force, no authenticated record of disagreement should go forth from the home to the world. But the sphere of a woman is so enlarged by marriage, her dignity so increased by motherhood, that it is little likely this renunciation of one of the rights of citizenship on accepting a partnership for life, would be accounted so deep a hardship as objectors would have us believe. The ear of the husband is found by most wives to be very conveniently within reach, and if the quickened interest in political questions which the change would inevitably spread among women, bond and free, should furnish another subject of possible variance, the same may be said of each one of those interests, intellectual or moral, which separate the cultivated women of our own clime and age from the odalisque and the squaw. That the too-tardily effected, and still very imperfect regulations in regard to the property of wives, imply a possible separation of interests incompatible with perfect union, is self-evident, but all our dealings are with an imperfect order of things, of which it is our difficult endeavour to make the best. This imagined union can, in Protestant countries, be openly dissevered, and the bitterest wrong has resulted in cases where the rupture of personal bonds has been confessed, while the legal tie maintaining the community of property—by which is meant its absorption by the man—has been held intact. When injustice, gross as that which can even now creep in under existing laws, has been rendered impossible, not by an invidious special act of the woman purporting to be married, or of her friends, but by the

providence of a protecting law—no more than an honest confession will have been made, that we are seeking to provide against possible flaws in work which has to be built up of doubtful material. It is no part of the duty of society, in the abstract, to enforce upon its members by external means, the undeviating cultus of its purest ideals; the piety which exalts them must be the growth of the individual conscience.

Women are still sometimes roundly told that they have no grievances, and asked what it is they can want which it lies within the competence of the suffrage to give them. Like Shylock, "I will not answer that." There is little to be gained by going over that ground of old wrongs which has often led to bitter question. I will not even more than point in passing at the burning injustice which can wrest from the woman's grasp the child who, bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, is the fruit of her labour and sorrow. It is, or ought to be, sufficient that women are awaking to a consciousness that their interests are unrepresented, and suffer in consequence; that they feel themselves aggrieved by their position—illogically maintained in the face of altered conditions—of a separate caste; and that they demand to join their judgment to the opinions of men on questions of social policy, and to add their experience to those same opinions on matters with which it is their special function to deal. To this end they seek to give weight to their views in the authorized fashion; they claim to count as an element in the constituencies with which members of the Lower House have to reckon. There are rocks ahead, no less than evils behind and abreast of us, and the dangers which threaten society in the shaking of the old faith, the loss of the old sanctions of conduct, and the overturning of the old ideals, are dangers which must press with something more than equal force upon its weaker half. If women must labour, and run risks with men, they demand to have something of their security, or at least to have free hands for the fight. They do not wish to struggle in bonds or to fall helpless into any pit which may open. They are not likely to exhibit a dangerous impatience, such as could be supposed to imperil the vessel of State, even if the share of power demanded by them were to be more than that fractional one of which there is now question. Their natural position in the scheme of things may be taken for a guarantee that the impact of their influence upon political questions would be consolidating rather than destructive. But if they presumably will not hurry on the wheels of progress, it is something that they may be expected to help in keeping them upon the rails. It is reasonably certain that the interests of marriage, for instance, would be more jealously guarded by women, single or widowed, than they would be by men; and is it too much to say that on the *maintenance of that institution rest the higher hopes of the race*? Life has this in common with Art: that the continent of a supreme law, to which voluntary obedience is rendered, is essential to its most perfect development. Time was when the praise of marriage would have been superfluous as the praise of sun-light; now it seems not

wholly irrelevant to point out in what its essence consists, and what its observance has done for us. It has its source in the highest capacities of our nature, love and faith, of which last it is on the man's side the most signal human expression. The heirs to a man's worldly possessions and to the treasure of his affections, the beings for whom he works and strives, and for whose abundance he is contented often to go bare, he takes as his own upon the trust reposed in the woman of his choice. That this sacred trust is on the whole so rarely betrayed, that the marriage bond is so widely respected as to cause the sense of risk to pass practically out of view, is a circumstance which is adding, slowly and surely as the generations succeed each other, to the sum of that faith by which man as man must live. Let the elected partnership once lose its nobly sacrificial and sacramental character, let the caprice of man or woman claim to be its own law, the discordance of habit or opinion felt on the satiety of passion its own dispensation, let the man be free to shake off a yoke that irks, and the woman be emancipated from the guardianship of herself as the shrine of his dearest hopes, and what becomes of the strength of individual will, increased by struggle and conquest, which has been lifting us higher and higher above the unregulated instincts of the brute? If the woman of the future is to be held, and rightly held, accountable primarily to herself for the preservation of her own truth, and if the notion that dishonour can come to any separate soul through other than his own act should be exploded, it can never be forgotten that the companion of man is the priestess of a temple whose desecration is his ruin. No State is known to have risen to greatness, that has not had "the family" working to its own increase, and diffusing itself as a vital organic element within it, and the family can only exist with the definition necessary to its effective action, through the state of marriage. The woman alone will not suffice for its head; without the husband the circle of family is incomplete, and without the family there can be no order in human relations, no permanence in human affections, no strength of self-restraint or forbearance—in a word, no virtue. The nomad of social institutions would spread disorder as a plague. As for love, the great regenerator, love which is

"Half dead to think that he could die,"

it is easy to conceive the sorry figure that he would be likely to make in any such time-bargain in place of marriage as that which finds advocates among certain moralists. In such a case there would be no lover's vows to move even the laughter of Jove; at which I think the earth no less than the heaven would be sadder. When the time shall come that we have cast away the marriage pledge to progress, it is presumable that we shall have commenced our downward course, and be on our way back to the ascidian, and through that to some wholly molluscous creature preparatory to the final extinction. It can hardly be doubted that the sentiment of love is deepened and exalted by the voluntary sacrifice brought to it by lovers in marriage. What is here

contended is, that a human pair, in placing this seal upon love and faith, taken in its moment of efflorescence, are unconsciously drawn into the current of that stream which sets towards progress, and are making, unknown to themselves, an offering of individual liberty in the interests of the race. That a philosopher here and there, his vital energies having chiefly run to brain, should find rest by his own fireside with the companion of his experiment in life and their offspring, proves nothing for the probable permanence of unlegalized relations among the masses, with whom erratic fancy might be expected to be rather stimulated than controlled by culture, and who would in any case not be living under the check—stronger than law itself—of a thesis to uphold.

All women must deeply feel the plague-spot on our social system, for which, according to the moralists cited, the abolition of marriage is the remedy; it is a grief and shame to the best of them; but it is too vile a thing to be cured by *dispersion*. A French writer has said: "The virtue of woman is the finest invention of man." The thing is indeed so good, and men owe so much of the firmness of their moral fibre (by inheritance) to the particular power of self-restraint which goes under the name, that they would be entitled to high credit if it were of their making. Regarding it, however, not in the light of invention but discovery, we may hope that before humanity finally deflects from its upward course, it will be found that there exists a due capacity for its evolution in men; and every social movement crediting the authority of women would naturally tend to encourage the spread of such a growth.

It is possible that the men who have so long elected to be the visible providence of the other sex, have done what they could in its behalf; but it is difficult to estimate human needs wholly from the outside, and having always been legislated for as creatures apart, our common humanity has failed our "keepers" as a serviceable guide to our requirements.

Women are dissatisfied not only with what has been done, and with what has been left undone for them, they are also dissatisfied that they, toilers and sufferers, should be left to the self-dependence of labour and sorrow without a voice in the Government to which they are accountable. Their right to labour on other fields than the barren patch into which they were until lately crowded, has been tardily conceded; they now demand to have a word to say in the making and administering of the laws by which the fruits of labour are protected. It is not well that there should be this widening breach, this growing sense of hardship.

If there is no class of men possessing to the full what they stand in need of, or with whom changing circumstances are not perpetually calling into play new requirements which demand to be met by new expedients, the conditions and necessities of women are even more fluctuating, and they feel that the time is come when light should be shed upon these intricate problems from within. They inherit faculties trained by house-

hold and educational cares, and know themselves fitted for the exercise of the function they demand to share. It is not a matter which calls for the employment of the comparative scale which men in our day seem so eager to apply to the endowments of their female companions. There is no earthly need that an intending voter should give proof of high dramatic or musical genius. It may be that the creative energy is less strong in women than in men, but that is quite beside the point at issue, and carries with it no implication that the female understanding is less proper than the male for nourishing the germs of thought, for forming a nidus for the ideas everywhere present in the air, and for presenting them clothed in shapes well fitted to act upon the material forces around us. As a matter of fact worth much theorizing, the women now employed in offices of trust, whether on the School Board or elsewhere, are proving themselves good administrators, steady workers, and as sober of judgment as their male coadjutors.

The evils of a complicated social system are great, and the difficulty of dealing with them sore. It may well be that such contingent of help as women could furnish, if they were more fully free to do so, would have a very inadequate effect in mitigating human ill. But many of those who are not called upon to bear the brunt of ills in their own persons, feel the burthen of them as pressing upon others; and it is waste of motive power, as it is pain and wrong to the modern woman, whose cultivated sympathy is often alive in every nerve to the shames and sorrows of society, to deny her right to put her untried strength to the wheel. If there be anything on which all noble-hearted human beings, whether men or women, are agreed, it is in a vast regret that the alleviation of social suffering, the purgation of social sin, is a work of such slow advance. It is folly in such a case to repudiate the help of willing workers, the folly becomes cruelty when the power to act upon circumstances is denied to those upon whom the suffering presses most hardly, and of whom the payment of sin is demanded with overwhelming interest. But while the women at the front of this movement, women who have long been fighting an unequal battle, and have had their training in a school of trouble and disappointment, are not rash enough to expect miracles from that partial possession of the suffrage by their sex for which they are contending, they are justified in looking for some appreciable result, which may increase with the growing time. If they do not conceive that the wilderness is to blossom as the rose when, in place of overt influence, they have come to the open exercise of a certain modicum of power, it is permitted reasonably to hope that feminine thought, practically directed to politics, may occasionally cast some glimpse of light on subjects which, not commending themselves to masculine attention, have heretofore remained obscure. And there is a further issue which, if more recondite, is of equally sure promise and of even deeper significance. I allude to the effect on character—on that character which the mothers and early teachers of mankind transmit to

their descendants of both sexes, which may be looked for as a result of the recognized expression of woman's thought and will—in a word, from the exercise of the human right of freedom.

Speaking once with an Oriental of high mark, on the position of the women of his people, he said to me: "In India women are all-powerful, even as they are here." I believed and do believe him. The women of India are nimble-witted and acute, or they were no match for their husbands and brothers; and, smooth and subtle as snakes, they fold the limbless strength of their degraded souls about every question, which appeals with sufficient force to their passions or interest. Held by men in a condition of abject subjection, deprived by jealous supervision of all moral self-support, the Nemesis of the virtues which have been killed within them appears in the characters of craft and subtlety which they *print upon the race*. It is not too much to say of the women of a nation, that they are the moulds in which the souls of its men are set. Their very moods are reflected in the infant that is born into the world; the young child is surrounded by the mother's mind as by an atmosphere; her judgments are his code, her example his authority. Scarcely out of school, when the passions are in a state of fusion and make the whole being plastic, the youth falls under the operation of this law of life in another shape. The woman who is loved of boy or man, unconsciously prescribes the form of her own worship, and the character of the worshipper is modified, more or less, by the result. Let it never be dreamed that emotional contact can take place between two human beings without leaving a lasting impress on both. The frail creature who is believed to be the object of little else than scorn, is a factor in the sum of circumstances which determines a man's walk, and that which he seems to see in it, to the latest hour of his life. It is thus that society suffers throughout its length and breadth from wrongs which to the superficial thinker may seem to press only upon a part of it.

It will hardly be supposed that I am confounding the condition of women in our Western World with that of their cruelly crippled sisters in the East. The illustration they have furnished to me has been used only to give point to the argument that it is essential to the dignity of human character generally, that all voluntary forces which affect human action shall be duly accredited and openly applied. Nor is it in morals alone that the frank embodiment of opinion is of sound and invigorating effect; it is good also for the sanity of the intellect, that thought and action should suffer no divorce. The mind that is coquetting with questions to which it acknowledges no external tie, is less likely to form just views, than one which knows itself in responsible relation to them. It would seem that at the point of progress we have now reached, there is special need of some new inlet of ideas, stimulating to larger and more healthy interests. In view of our yearly increasing wealth and the perpetual additions which are thereby made to the idle and luxurious

classes, every countercheck to corrupting frivolity is to be hailed as an element of salvation. It is this large amount of female energy run wild, disfranchised of the little active cares which formerly employed it, and having found no substitute for them but the daily round in the treadmill of pleasure, that is spreading a pernicious example at home, and lowering the character of our countrywomen abroad. The affairs of the world, under the name of politics, in which the withdrawal of the disqualifications of sex would give to women a more intelligent interest, may not be greatly more ennobling than those of the household, when they are viewed from the standpoint of party; but questions of wide, impersonal relation are involved in them, which could not always be shut out from the minds even of the narrowest partisans; and this widening of the mental horizon would be among the incalculable consequences of the removal of those arbitrary restrictions, which constitute an infringement of liberty. There can be no call to hymn the praises of freedom to English men or women; the former have always deemed it worthy of their struggle and sacrifice; and, for the latter, whatever virtues they possess are owing to the share they have enjoyed of it. But what was in a way freedom to women under the old order, is bondage now; and if even more women than men, standing in a position which should render them responsible, are wasting life and leisure on pursuits wholly selfish and trivial, it is that wealth has loosened the claims of former duties, before liberty has given authority to the new. It is thus clear that the continued refusal to women of their demands for a more active citizenship, is the denial to them of a sacred human right to perfect and harmonious development.

A great deal has been said, is still being said, about the alteration of the relations of the sexes which might be expected to result from any extension of the franchise in the manner demanded. I own I find it difficult to respond to these fears with becoming seriousness. If there be any one thing of which Nature is careful, she is careful of her types, and while that "likeness in unlikeness" subsists, which is at the base of physical attraction, there is little fear of sexual relations being either reversed or annulled. So long as the maternal function continues tenderly to fashion the hearts of women, so long as the voices of men retain their resonance, and until their bodies lose their superior power of action and endurance, and their capacity for food and sleep, so long will there be little doubt that the saying of our neighbours, "*La barbe impose*," will remain substantially correct. These quasi-material causes might be out of place in a system where abstract justice answered to a rigid logic, but in this world of incalculable movements, of checks and counterchecks, they present themselves as something more than the "windage" for which in all reasoning we are bound to allow. It would seem that the alarmists above-mentioned are reckoning without that great primal force which binds together men and women, and for which

the higher developments of reason are for ever forging stronger if more spiritual links. I would bid them take courage in remembering the comparative stability of the operations of Nature, judged by the shortness of the days of man; in any case, to plant a quiet hope in the largeness of those grants of time demanded for the changes she is supposed to effect. If men and women are finally either to grow into a dull resemblance or become inimical to each other, it will not presumably happen until the planet which they jointly inhabit has advanced far upon the process of cooling down; a contingency too remote for adjustment in regard to it, to come within the province of statecraft.

I am loth to accept as truly meant on the part of the men even most opposed to liberal views on this matter, the inconsiderate dictum that the possession of equal rights by those who can never be gifted with equal strength, should be held to exclude them from all chivalrous service and manly observance. If certain of those who have been the pioneers of this movement have used the rough and ready methods of speech and action which are perhaps proper to the nature of the work they have had to do in its beginnings, it affords no argument that those who enter upon tranquil possession of the good for which these others fought, would need to abandon any graces or gentlenesses which belong—let me say—to *contented* womanhood. But—

“A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.”

And, be it said, by the way, the poet who has best held the mirror to the nature he has left us to interpret for ourselves, has given us, in the play wherein these lines occur, a picture of the lying subservience resulting from acquiescence in despotism, which would furnish a keener sting than could be found in any words of mine, to some of the foregoing remarks.

Women are demanding a fair field wherein to labour, and they make no claim for favour so far; but life is not all made up of labour and sorrow, and even labour and sorrow do not exclude mutual help.

Let it never be said that the daughters of Albion have had to choose between justice and mercy; the alternative would be hard, but the election could not be long doubtful. The grace which one sex arrogates to itself the right of according to the other, while its exercise has in all time been partial and self-regarding, has become, in relation to the exigencies of modern female life, little better than a sop to Cerberus. It is justice, simple, and, as is now scarcely denied, obvious justice, which the *femme sole* of our modern society, and through her womanhood at large, in such a degree as natural laws render expedient, is seeking to secure.

There was a time when physical force ruled the world, when law was feeble, and only the strong hand could make itself respected. A woman

then who had got no man to marry her was forced to seek the refuge of the cloister; married or immured, in either case she was externally cared for and protected, as was needful in her unfitness to barbarous conditions; and in either case she gave herself wholly, and was swallowed up, whether of the Church or her liege lord, in return for shelter, suit, or service. It was an agreement, and when fulfilled according to the letter, it left no ground for complaint.

The laws which were made or redressed from time to time, were shaped in accordance with the demands of the ruling sex. That one of their chattels, which from the beginning has possessed a sad faculty of feeling, and was learning by degrees to think, was taken no heed of by the State, but left, with the rest of a man's personal property, entirely at his own discretion. And, perhaps on the whole, the possession of an object, if it happen to be of value to the holder, may be taken as a fair guarantee for its receiving a reasonable amount of care. But now a day has come when, if the "seven women" of the prophet would not "take hold on one man," some of them must be resigned to belong only to themselves, and prepared to stand up and fight the battle of life alone. That they are to a certain extent handicapped by Nature in this struggle of opposing interests is not, cannot be, denied; but no one, I think, will say that any plea for undue allowance is put forward on this account by the brave women who are already in the arena. On the contrary, their demand is only that the terms of conflict shall be something like equalized where that is possible; and this is precisely the justice that is denied them. The rate-paying, law-abiding, property-holding, professional, or working woman, is suffered to have no voice in the regulation of the taxes or the laws under which she must live or die; and if she would influence them at all, must have recourse to the nearest man—possibly her butler, coachman, gardener, or the labourer in her fields—as the stalking-horse of her own unrecognized personality. It is no wonder if the moment has at length arrived when society, having outgrown the gross appetites which placed its physically weaker half in a state of dependent tutelage, women are showing themselves impatient of the persistence of limitations which, beneficial in their time and season, have now become as oppressive as they are unmeaning, and insulting to rational intelligence.

"There is a divinity which shapes our ends."

Had it so continued that every woman in these isles could have "dropped into the jaws" of some one man, and so "ceased" as a social unit, it is highly probable that no word would have been heard among us of any further suffrage. But necessity has presented itself to the women of our generation with talons and beak more formidable than those of the eagle who drives the young one from the nest. They have not sought the shelterless strife with opposing prejudices

and interests, but have been forced into it by the incontrovertible law which pushes the tribes of men over barren continents, and out upon stormy seas. It is *Hunger*, the mighty *Maker*, which is urging our women upon new paths, and driving them upon a way which they would not, to the fulfilment of a destiny which they know not. With this force behind them it is impossible that they should turn back, impossible that those before them should resist their impulsion. They have been crowded by their own numbers out of the penfold in which their activity was enclosed, and forced to seek the equivalent of their labour in an ever-widening sphere. In making the experiment of their fitness for untried work, they have had to face odium and abundant ridicule from those whose approval they hold dear. Their efforts to train themselves for higher and more remunerative labour have encountered the opposition of a jealously-guarded monopoly; and the claim for citizenship now formulated—though enforced independence has rendered it a right—may be met, seeing that it lacks the element of material force which still enters largely into human affairs, on many sides with indifference, and on some with scorn. It would not be thus if there existed a threat behind it. Meetings of men of any class, upon the scale of the women's meetings which have lately assembled, would be held sufficiently representative of their mind and will to enforce respect for their demands. But the stream of tendency which sets in the way of women's advance is irresistible, and the vital rational principles incorporated in her claim could in the end win alone in the struggle with material resistance—

"The soul of things is strong:
A seedling's heaving heart has moved a stone."

The march of civilization is one sure, if slow, progression from the rule of the strongest to the equal right divine, and it will not stop short of its legitimate end. But with ends, as ends, we have nothing to do; our progress is step by step, our only guide the awakening conscience of humanity. It were vain to deny that seemingly moderate and wholly reasonable as is the demand now put forward, such exercise of reason would be a new and strange thing in the history of the already old world, and that some degree of faith in right is needed to enable men to commit themselves confidently to the unknown. We may win much, we must lose something, by this as by every other change; but change is a law of life, and this one has long been gathering force to make itself obeyed. Neither men nor women can finally resist the momentum of circumstances, but women at least could be made to suffer unduly by the presence of prolonged opposition.

I will not deal to my countrymen such scant measure of the justice often invoked, as to doubt that there are generous souls among them with whom the appeal of reason and feeling, gains more than it loses by

the knowledge that it emanates from a region wherein the power to enforce it brutally, has no existence. It would only be entirely worthy of the men whose fathers have fought and died for liberty on many fields, to share the precious heirloom on the basis of moral right, with companions who could never wrest it from their unwilling grasp, or, prising it however truly, baptize it with their blood in contact with such opponents. The place of a people in the scale of human development is determined by the condition of its women: it would be a ~~meek~~ crown to a long career of freedom, if the country of which it is the chosen home, should be the first among the nations to yield that which no one of them in the end may be able to withhold.

EMILY PFENNER.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND :

ITS LIMITS—WHAT THEY ARE, AND WHAT THEY OUGHT TO BE.*

FIRST, let us claim what belongs to us.

Secondly, let us ask for more.

Thirdly, let us show that the claim and the request are consistent with honour.

First, let us claim what belongs to us. How free are we? Our liberty is defined by legally-construed documents outside and inside the Prayer Book. Of those outside the Prayer Book incomparably the most important is what was called at your last meeting, that "rag and tatter" † of subscription, Act 28 & 29 Vict. c. 122.

This is the rag:—

"I, *A. B.*, do solemnly make the following declaration:

"I *assent* to the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion and to the Book of Common Prayer and of the Ordering of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons; I *believe* the Doctrine of the United Church of England and Ireland, as therein set forth, to be agreeable to the Word of God; and in Public Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments I will use the form in the said book prescribed and none other, except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority."

Some think this only a degree less binding than the old form. But that is a mistake. The old was a good round confession of belief, but this rag and tatter binds us to believe neither the *Articles* nor the *Doctrine of the United Church of England and Ireland*. The form has never been legally construed; let us construe it literally as it stands.

Look at the words. To "*assent* to the Thirty-nine Articles and to the Book of Common Prayer" is not to believe in them.

I have a child's Bible, full of pictures, where Peter, James, and John appear in blue, red, and yellow—one is tall, another stout, another

* Read before the Clergy of the Diocese of London at Sion College, January 11, 1891.

† See Dean of Westminster on "Subscription," *Macmillan's Magazine*, January, 1891.

thin. I do not believe in the colours and I do not believe in the portraits, but I agree to it all as a good method of teaching—I *assent* without a qualm.

Several M.P.'s who are avowed Republicans *assent* to the monarchy—but they do not believe in it. They believe in quite another form of government. You all *assent* to the English version of the Bible dedicated to King James—you do not believe in its accuracy. Your “assent” means that you accept it for practical purposes.

Again, you are here pledged to believe neither *doctrine* nor *doctrines*: all you are pledged to believe is that the “doctrine of the United Church,” &c., is agreeable to the *Word of God*.

I am not personally fond of confounding the whole Bible with the Word of God, but I should think that no orthodox clergyman here present would object to my assuming that the Word of God here meant the Bible, and that we are here pledged to hold that the doctrine of the Church of England is agreeable to the Bible. Alas! that is a very small thing to admit.

After seeing what the “vigour and rigour” of a professional theologian can do for the Thirty-Nine Articles out of the Bible and what rival sects have habitually done for their own tenets, there is evidently no quantity or quality of doctrine which cannot be shown, with a little judicious severity in the handling of texts, to be agreeable to the Word of God.

This solemn declaration of “I, A. B.,” therefore resolves itself into an administrative *assent*, and the *belief* in a fact of no doctrinal importance whatever.

When we come to the rubrics inside the Prayer Book which have the force of statute law, we find more restrictions upon ritual than upon doctrine; but where they bind ritual they are systematically broken, and where they bind doctrine they are commonly ignored.

The liberty given is indeed small, but the liberty taken by all parties in the Church is correspondingly large. Breaking the rubrics is our emphatic way of asking for more liberty.

We obey more or less—that is all that can be said of any of us, Bishops, Priests, or Deacons—in *discipline* as well as in *doctrine*.

It may be urged that it would be common honesty for all the Bishops, Priests, and Deacons at once to secede. So, indeed, say the Nonconformists; but this handsome advice, this cry of cheap sincerity, is the cry of a foe, not of a friend; and we must remember, whenever we use it for party purposes, we are merely feathering arrows for the enemy!

Those who wish the Church well do not seek her entire disintegration, but they ask for a *liberating rubric* which shall stand in the same relation to the present ones as the subscription of 1865 stands to its predecessors.

But all this is mere skirmishing. Subscription may be light and the

rubrics managed, but the battle means doctrine; and doctrine *will* resolve itself into *doctrines*, and those *doctrines* are contained in creeds and other formularies.

Do you believe them—or do you not?

The honourable position of the Broad Church party and every other party in the Church directly hangs on their answer to these questions.

Abolish subscription, relax the rubrics, yet, as long as the Prayer Book is assented to and used, this is the question which every clergyman has to face—Do you, or do you not, believe the creeds and formularies of the Church of England?

Granted—That no forms can be devised to which any large number of persons can agree without reservations. Still Conscience asks, *What reservations?*

That some expressions become obsolete in time. Conscience asks, *What expressions?*

That different interpretations can be put upon the same words, and that non-natural interpretations may be allowed to the Broad Church, as they have been granted wholesale to the High Church party. Still Conscience asks, *What interpretations?*

That great latitude is admissible in accepting the Bible and the Prayer Book, which is founded upon the Bible. Still Conscience asks, *What latitude?*

That doctrine is different from *doctrines*. Conscience asks, *What is the difference?*

Theoretically a clergyman's freedom of thought is defined by law, practically by the administration of the law; but *morally* by *Conscience*.

Unless we can appeal to that, we may as well give up ministering to our congregations, whatever the law *allows* or the Court *awards*.

This brings me to the heart and centre of the question:

In what sense do we believe the formularies? What freedom in doctrine do we claim?

We answer: Freedom to separate in each doctrine the *substance* from the *form*—or, in other words, freedom to *re-state the substance*.

We may all start from common ground. We all believe something in common, or we should not be where we are.

If there is no God, we cannot be His ministers.

If there is no soul, we cannot be its physicians.

If there is no truth in the Church's *doctrines*, we cannot be its teachers.

We conclude, then, in common, as clergy:

There is a God.

There is a soul.

There is truth in the Church's doctrines.

At this point the High, Low, and Broad will probably diverge. But the liberal clergy have much method in common, although their appli-

cation of the method is sure to vary. Still every school of thought has a key-note, striking its method. The liberal key-note is neither Spiritual Edification nor Sacramental Order—it is Truth.

Following their venerated teacher, Frederic Denison Maurice, they say:—No religious doctrine—no dogma, however monstrous or unreasonable in form—ever existed or gained credence without a substratum of *truth*. The error, like a parasite, lived on that. In each religion—in our own as well as in any other—in each age—in each statement—above all, in every great transition period like the present, when the old forms are passing away—it is the duty of all teachers to ask, What is the substance—the *ousia*—the hypostasis—in the old? And when the doctrine is inoperative or frozen hard up like an ice-bound ship, how can it be delivered and started again on a new career of activity?

The answer to these questions for me lies in one word, *Re-statement*. For me that must define freedom of thought (as I hope to see it claimed and conquered) in the Church of England, and that must settle the question of Creeds and Formularies.

Let us for a moment work the method with a little vigour and rigour.

No liberal clergyman ought to expect any other clergyman to agree with him in every detail of the application, but the following imaginary catechism may serve to show the nature of belief declared and the kind of freedom claimed.

Do you believe in the miraculous?

The miraculous underlies the whole Bible, the whole Church, the whole of history, sacred and profane.

By the miraculous I do not mean what happens without a cause,—nothing happens without a cause,—but what happens without *apparent* cause, or contrary to *known* causes.

Belief in a God is to me belief in the miraculous—for the cause of His existence is unknown. All spiritual communion between God and man is to me the miraculous, for it is without apparent cause, or, as *physicists* would say, contrary to known causes.

But these may be called mental, not physical phenomena, and it is possible to believe a mental miracle like Divine communion, or even inspired vision, and not a physical miracle like the loaves and fishes or the bodily resurrection. I should have great sympathy with those who resolved all *physical* miracle into misconception, or inspired vision, or even hallucination. I should not wish to exclude them from the Church of England as it ought to be, but I should not agree with them.

I hold that in all ages phenomena, mental and physical, have occurred without apparent cause and contrary to known causes. So far from observing that belief in abnormal occurrences is dying out, and that all miracle, past and present, can be readily got rid of, the reverse seems to me to be the case. After every conceivable abatement has been made for imposture and hallucination, the obstinate

tertium quid refuses to go. I think that we are as far as ever from finding out the law of miraculous phenomena. I believe, therefore, in the miraculous—in miracles in and out of the Bible. I do not believe in all the miracles in or out of the Bible.

Do you believe in the Incarnation?

I believe in the essence of the Athanasian and not the Arian doctrine concerning the Son—i.e., I believe that the human side of God—moral sympathy and love—always was, that it did not begin to be when Jesus was born or at any other time; that the Incarnation of the Son was the perfect and peculiar manifestation, under human limitations, of an eternal reality, the human side of God—that is the *substance* of the Incarnation. The miraculous conception seems to me another matter—that is the *form*.

Do you believe in the Resurrection of the Body?

I believe that in some way I shall survive the change and dispersal of physical molecules called Death; as evidence by reappearance was given to His disciples that Jesus had survived that change. On the nature of that reappearance, the more we read the varying reports, the less we shall dogmatize. I believe in Immortality—that is the *substance*. The resurrection of the body seems to me another matter—that is the *form*.

Do you believe in the Day of Judgment?

I believe in a fair and equal judgment for all men—that we shall be tried on principles intelligible, humane, and just, and by the Son of Man, God's human side—that is the *substance*. But the great assize and the coming in the clouds seem to me another matter—that is the *form*.

Do you believe in future rewards and punishments?

I believe in penalty proportioned to guilt. I believe it to be inevitable and inexorable—a fact belonging to the eternal world, here and hereafter—that is the *substance*. But eternal torment seems to me another matter—that is the *form*.

And this is the method that I would apply to all the Creeds; to all current doctrines contained in the formularies:

To the Trinity;

To the Atonement;

To the authority of the Bible;

To justification by faith.

To the Sacraments.

In each I contend for the re-assertion of *fact* behind *figure*; for the separation of the *permanent* from the *transitory*—the *substance* from the *form*.

What is *form* and what is *substance*, each age must re-discover, each theologian must re-assert,—“commending himself (with his treasure hid in an earthen vessel) to every man's conscience in the sight of God.”

And this is precisely where I would leave a very large liberty to the

pulpit. One pulpit will be fifty or a hundred years behind another, and a form of doctrine, outgrown in London and requiring re-statement, may still be current coin in Wales, and honestly taught too. Eternal Torment was an excellent statement once. I doubt whether the Gothic, Vandal, or Norse butchers could have understood anything else.

So was Verbal Inspiration at the Reformation, when an Infallible Pope had to be put down by an Infallible Book.

Neither were true, but they were the most forcible statements of what was true—at that time attainable.

Let us hope that we have finally parted with the puerile notion that some one form of words contains infallible and final statements in theology, or that some one form of ritual is alone correct and pleasing to God.

We must be left free to grapple with facts.

Not more speculation, but more history is what we want.

I must import the historical method. I must look through the eyes of the *past* upon the statements of the *past*; then I understand them; they are not statements that we can make over again, but I see they could not be other than they are; perhaps could not have been better; for in their day, like Cimabue's colouring, perspective, and design, they were the most natural way of expressing the truth of religion and life.

But how shall we face in the reading-desk the old wording?

May we go on employing certain phrases confessedly defective or obsolete?

May we speak of the resurrection of the body when we mean the immortality of the soul; or of the Bible as the Word of God when we mean God's Word in the Bible, and so forth?

I think we may if we take care to explain our meaning; falsehood is not in words but in the intention to deceive.

There must always be a time during which new opinions are growing up alongside with old forms, and the two have to bear with each other and make mutual concessions for working purposes.

If there is an admitted latitude of belief about the Bible, there may well be a latitude of belief about the Prayer Book, which is built upon the Bible.

All ancient formularies should be used with openly-declared reservations, and then nobody need be accused of telling lies, nobody need be taken in. All who take Holy Orders should declare their reservations to the *Bishop* and preach them to the *people*. The Broad Churchman should say: "My lord, by the resurrection of the body I mean the immortality of the soul; as who should say by the rising of the sun I mean the revolution of the earth."

The High Churchman should say: "By the body and blood of Christ I mean transubstantiation"—or whatever he does mean.

The Low Churchman should say: "I regard the imposition of hands and the Ordination Service as a mere form of ecclesiastical order. My

holy order is the *inner call*;" and so forth. It may be objected that no Bishops would ordain men who came to them with such open reservations. My reply is, Try them. These are days when Bishops themselves are beginning to make their open reservations. There is much more sense abroad than some people seem to think.

I know it is said people *will* believe what you *say*, not what you *mean*. On the contrary, I find that people believe what you mean more than what you say. Let us compare small things with great. In daily life every one makes reservations which most people understand. A man was *never so surprised in his life*, when he has been as much surprised scores of times. Another signs himself *your most obedient servant*, whilst refusing everything you ask. Another is *not a home*, and nods to you out of the window. Reservations which your servant can understand you can understand; and reservations which a clergyman can understand a congregation can understand, if they are properly explained. The illustration is trivial, but the principle is important.

Viewed historically and properly explained, the "I believe" placed before formularies in part obsolete is no more burdensome to the conscience than the *Thus saith the Lord* of the Old Testament—a term used to cover many a barbarous and slipshod detail of many an inspired and prophetic ministry.

Once more. We are constantly impaled on isolated passages of the Prayer Book. Most clergymen are aware that the Bible science and history are inaccurate. Is it, therefore, right to question a man's veracity when, in answer to the bishop's "Do you unfeignedly believe all the canonical scriptures of the Old and New Testament?" he replies, "I do believe them."

As a matter of fact, the question is not one which can be answered by *yes* or *no*, and *I do believe them* is no more a satisfactory reply than *I don't believe them*. It is like asking a man whether Christianity is true and every other religion is false? He knows, or ought to know, that some forms of all religions are true, and that many forms of Christianity are false. Or suppose you ask him whether he unfeignedly believes in all the British Museum? He does not believe the idols are real gods or the Nineveh bulls real bulls. He masters the contents as well as he can, and believes all that the best and wisest authorities can tell him about them. And if he reverences the Bible, he will believe his Bible in the same way.

The question is not whether in our formularies, as they are, defective and obsolete statements should be made? they are made; or misleading questions should be asked (framed in another age and atmosphere)? they are asked.

But whether, this being so, and we having to deal both in Church and State with survivals of all sorts (fittest and otherwise), we are immediately to desert the Church or be denounced as disloyal or dishonest?

We deny both charges. We are loyal to the substance of the Church's doctrine; we are honest to what we believe to be the "truth."

Still, I repeat, we do want relief. We do ask for more freedom, more open concessions; and I can imagine the following to be some of the demands of the liberal clergy at the present crisis:—

Repeal of the Act of Uniformity (which only dates from 1662, and is already widely neglected).

Abolition of subscription (unknown to the early Church, and which, under the Act of 1865, is almost a dead letter).

Relegation of certain creeds which do not stimulate devotion to manuals of instruction.

Optional use of alternative forms in both sacramental services.

Optional omissions in other services.

Optional selection of prescribed lessons.

Additional qualifying and liberating rubrics.

And lastly, that *freedom of restatement* in the pulpit which would naturally follow from these concessions.

If each clergyman would devote himself to the agitation of any one of these points, he would be doing something important for that expansion of doctrine and ritual equally essential to all parties in the Church of England.

Notice no alteration in the Prayer Book is contemplated; merely additional rubrics, optional forms, and optional omissions.

We are told that reform from within is an impossible concession and a dishonourable demand. It may be impossible for Rome, but it ought never to be impossible for England. No reform ought to be impossible to the Church of the Reformation.

The Reformation is not the last note of our Church; it is the first note. It indicates the direction in which the Reformed Church proposes to travel in accomplishing her great mission as the Mother of the people, the Church of the nation. Besides, reform has already taken place since the Reformation. It is allowed for in the Thirty-Fourth Article; and even bishops, who also break the rubrics and object to the Athanasian Creed, in view of the clergy in prison are themselves crying out for reform, or what they call "relief." Is not the Revised Lectionary a reform? Is not the relaxed subscription of 1865 a reform? Ay! and a reform fought for and won from *within*. If it be dishonest to sue for relief from within, let us sin in good company, in the present and in the past—for reform from within has been the passion and the policy of all true reformers.

I do not say that any of them found it a bed of roses!

Isaiah was for reforming the priests and ritual from within. He was Hezekiah's Prime Minister as well as his Spiritual adviser; but in the next reign he was sawn asunder.

Our Lord Himself was for fulfilling, not destroying, the Law. He stood not outside, but inside, the synagogue and the Temple, until He was thrust outside and crucified.

Paul at one time most seriously compromised the liberty of the Gospel in his perilous attempts to keep in with the Jews, but they cut him off and hunted him from city to city until he had finished his course.

Luther would have given anything not to break with Rome—it was a desperate struggle. He would keep much of the old ritual, and after all he never got farther from the mass than *consubstantiation*. He went all the way to Rome to prove to the Pope that the Church might be reformed from within, but the Pope excommunicated him.

Savonarola, who stood more for a moral than a doctrinal reform, worked entirely from within—but he was burned.

Meanwhile, do you suppose these great models—the Divine Model Himself amongst them—never used the old forms whilst protesting against their narrowness; never gave old words new meanings? Why, our Lord Himself adopted Baptism in what appeared to Nicodemus a non-natural sense; assented to the reading of the Law, which said one thing, and then said something just the reverse of the Law. St. Paul himself used circumcision whilst he denounced it; shaved his head whilst scorning such symbols; and adopted the sacrificial language of the Jews to such an extent that the death of Christ to this day is as much encumbered with the Theology of the Shambles as the Lord's Supper is with the Materialism of the Mass.

All these claimed what liberty belonged to them.

All these asked for more from within.

All these found the claim and the request to be consistent with the highest truthfulness and honour.

The National Church has tried the narrowing reform from within, let her now try the widening reform from within. Indeed, it is her only chance of survival at all. If the Church is to be national in any sense of the word, she must be avowedly far more comprehensive than at present, both in doctrine and discipline. She can ill bear the strain of these prosecutions for ritual, popular with the emotional; and heresy dear to the enlightened. A Church without Passion or Intellect is indeed a barren fig-tree, and the curse of the Master hangs over it.

The past policy of exclusion and excision is suicidal. Already much of the life-blood is gone—two thousand of the best clergy in the seventeenth century—the Wesleyans and others to the ranks of dissent in the eighteenth—the High Church to Rome in the nineteenth century—and now the exodus of the Broad Church is openly recommended. The Church is to be cured of heresy—and you cure the patient by bleeding him to death! Less drastic treatment might perhaps suffice.

Sects do not become irreconcilable all at once—that is where they end, not where they begin.

There is hardly a dissenting sect which at first was not anxious to come to terms with the Church had the Church been willing to come to terms with it. Even now there is less difference between Mr. Spurgeon and the Low Church than between a High and a Low Church clergyman. The Dissenters have only learned to denounce the Church since the Church denounced the Dissenters. Wesley was a clergyman of the Church of England.

I would have the National Church so wide and simple in its general affirmations—so elastic in its ritual—so fearless and honest in its pulpit utterance—that beside its noble breadth and sympathy the narrowness and bigotry of sects would wither away; until one after another great Tabernacle that now stands out in our thoroughfares to condemn the poor and heartless policy of the past should be claimed for Episcopal and National service, whilst no intelligent or ardent Christian should find it any longer necessary to serve outside the National Fold.

H. R. HAWES.

THE ARGUMENTS FOR AND AGAINST THE THREE F's.

*Forenight, Freedom, and Fairness,
OR
Folly, Force, and Fraud?*

AT this moment, when the Irish Land Question is the pressing one of the hour, it may not be without advantage if the divers arguments which are advanced for and against that reform of the Land Laws designated the three F's, on the lines of which it seems probable that ultimate legislation will proceed, were gathered into a few pages, and enumerated as concisely as possible. By this means, those interested in the question, but unable for any reason to study all the manifold books, pamphlets and articles which, "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," have been strewn before us, may be able to weigh and appreciate the grounds on which Fixity of Tenure, Fair Rent, and Freedom of Sale are supported and opposed.

In my "Handbook to Political Questions of the Day," 2nd edition, lately published, I have devoted a section to the principles of the three F's; but in this paper not only the principles but the chief details of the scheme are reduced to, and illustrated by, many further and more elaborated arguments than are there given.

The following article contains:—1.—A short résumé of the principal provisions of the Land Act of 1870; that the reader may see how far legislation has already proceeded. 2.—The general grounds on which all reforms of the Irish Land Laws are based. 3.—The grounds on which is urged and denied the duty of England to legislate in favour of the Irish tenants. 4.—The grounds on which legislation is demanded for Ireland, different from that demanded for England. 5.—A plain exposition of the three F's, and the arguments advanced for and against their adoption. 6.—And touches on the "Bright's clauses," and compulsory purchase by the tenant of the rent-charge.

THE IRISH LAND ACT OF 1870.

The main objects of the Irish Land Act of 1870 were as follows:—

1.—*To give legal recognition to local customs*, such as Ulster tenant right, and to enforce them against the landlord. The tenant was secured the benefit of the custom, if it existed on the estate, but was not bound to claim under it; he could elect to abandon his claim under the custom, and assert it under the statute. The Ulster and other customs were, however, not defined.

2.—*To diminish the power and desire of the landlord to evict*, by attaching penalties to the arbitrary exercise of this power—i.e., by recognizing the fact that there could be arbitrary and capricious eviction, and giving to the tenant, "disturbed in his holding by the act of the landlord," compensation on a sliding scale, with a maximum of £250.

3.—*To encourage the tenant to invest his capital in the soil*, by giving him "a compensation to be paid by the landlord in respect of all improvements on his holding made by him or his predecessors in title." Compensation cannot, however, be claimed if the landlord has given leave to the tenant to sell his interest on reasonable terms, and he has neglected to do so.

Compensation for disturbance and compensation for improvements is compulsory in the case of all tenants whose holdings are under £50, Government valuation; those whose holdings are above that sum may contract themselves out of these compensation clauses of the Act.

4.—*To discourage arbitrary raisings of rent*, by allowing existing tenants, holding at a rental of £15 or under, to claim for disturbance of tenancy on refusal to pay an increased and exorbitant rent (eviction for non-payment of rent not being "disturbance" under the Act) "if the Court shall certify that the non-payment of rent causing the eviction has arisen from the rent being an exorbitant rent."

The Act also provides that if a tenant does not claim, or has not obtained, compensation for disturbance or improvement, the Court may award him "such compensation as it thinks just," where it is shown that "the tenant or his predecessor in title, on coming into the holding, paid money or gave money's worth," i.e., for the tenant right, "with the express or implied consent of the landlord."

Under the "Equities Clause" the Court is empowered to take into account every circumstance which might reasonably affect the assessment of damages, more especially the conduct of the tenant himself; moreover, if it appear that the tenant has been offered, but has refused, reasonable terms of continuation of tenancy, the Court may disallow his claim to compensation for "disturbance."

The Act further provides that a tenant who sublets or subdivides without the written consent of the landlord, or who is evicted for non-payment of rent, is disentitled to compensation for disturbance, but is in no way barred from claiming compensation for improvements. From any

compensation paid under any head, arrears of rent and damages for deterioration of holding are to be deducted.

5.—Further, the Act recognized the advantages of *increasing the number of proprietors, more especially by converting the tenants into owners*; and for this purpose it provided that the Government should lend to a tenant, purchasing by agreement, two-thirds of the purchase-money, to be repaid (principal and interest) by thirty-five annual payments.

This last clause has not been so successful as was anticipated, chiefly in consequence of administrative defects and the difficulties and cost involved in borrowing under it. During the Session of 1879 a resolution was carried unanimously in the House of Commons to the effect that, "in view of the expediency of a considerable increase in the number of owners of land in Ireland among the class of persons cultivating its soil, legislation should be adopted for the purpose of increasing the facilities offered by the State with this object, and of securing to the tenants the opportunity of purchase on the sale of property, consistently with the interests of the owners thereof."

REFORM OF IRISH LAND LAWS.

The principal grounds on which are based the demand for reforms of the Irish Land Laws, are :—

1.—That the existing relations of landlord and tenant are a fatal bar to the peace and prosperity of Ireland and her people. Something further must be done to place these relations on a more equitable footing.

2.—That the most effectual way of restoring peace and prosperity to Ireland is to give to a larger number a greater interest in the soil.

3.—That self-interest is the true incentive to industry and thrift; the existing laws quash this incentive by often making it to the interest of the Irish tenant to appear poor.

4.—That the State, for the good of the community, has an undoubted right to interfere with the monopoly of land, and regulate the relations of those owning or cultivating it.

5.—That though no system which can be devised is likely to be perfect or without serious drawbacks, the present condition of affairs is intolerable.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

The grounds on which is urged the paramount duty of England to legislate for Ireland in a drastic way favourable to the tenants, are :—

1.—That England, for her own selfish ends, has in past times discouraged and ruined all Irish manufactures and trades, and consequently made the Irish people more dependent on agriculture than they would otherwise have been.

2.—That large portions of the soil of Ireland have been taken from

the rightful native owners by the English Government, and given to English and Scotch immigrants. That not only were the rights of the owners confiscated, but the interests of the tenants in the soil, which had gradually become a right, were also confiscated.

3.—That two hundred years ago (not to go further back) the tenant was acknowledged to possess an interest in the soil to the extent of about a third of the value of the fee simple; of this he has been unjustly deprived.

4.—That though (out of Ulster) these rights have not been actively urged, they have been existent in the mind of the tenant, and have influenced his action as well as that of the landlord; they should now be legally recognized.

On the other hand it is urged:—

1.—That even though large portions of the soil of Ireland were formerly confiscated, such confiscation gives the tenant no claim to rights in the land as against the existing proprietors. Time makes title-deeds. Both owners and occupiers have, moreover, changed innumerable times.

2.—That the old native owners of land were the worst of tyrants—the tenants have benefited by the confiscation.

3.—That an historic claim to part ownership in the soil, founded on a possible possession two hundred years ago, and slumbering all these years, cannot now be justly urged. Few of the existing tenants could show a direct descent from those who possessed "rights;" the others have taken their holdings exclusive of their rights, and upon contracts as definite as those prevailing in tenancies in England and Scotland.

4.—That though in past times England may have prevented or ruined Irish manufactures and trades, there has been since then ample time for them to revive; if they have not done so, it is not the fault of England.

5.—That England has done a great deal—and enough—for the Irish tenants.

The grounds on which is demanded land legislation for Ireland different from that existing or suggested for England, are:—

1.—That whereas in England the practical proprietors of land number about 150,000, and the tenants about 400,000; in Ireland the landowners number but some 20,000 (of whom about 12,000 are "landlords," and 8,000 cultivators of their own land), while the tenants, most of whom hold merely from year to year, number nearly 500,000 (of whom about 450,000 farm less than 50 acres, and 50,000 above that acreage).

That, therefore, whereas in England the number of landowners is larger in proportion to the acreage than in Ireland, that of the tenants is considerably less.

2.—That whereas in England but a small minority of the people are

interested in agriculture, as owners, occupiers, sellers, and traders, in Ireland more than half the whole population depend on the produce of the soil.

3.—That whereas in England the total income from land is but one-seventh of the whole, in Ireland it is two-thirds of the whole.

4.—That the lack of manufactures and trades make the Irish people very much more dependent on agriculture than in England.

5.—That consequently "earth-hunger" prevails in Ireland to a much greater extent than in England. Reckless competition exists and is encouraged.

6.—That while therefore in England land questions are more or less "class" questions, in Ireland they are national.

7.—That whereas in England it is usually the landlord who makes the "improvements," in Ireland (except in some instances) it is the tenant who creates or improves the holding by his capital and labour.

8.—And further, that whereas in England it seldom happens that a tenant, by his own exertions and capital alone, renders productive a mountainous waste or rocky holding; in Ireland such cases are innumerable.

9.—That therefore, whereas in England the landlord usually cannot, and certainly does not, confiscate the improvements, capital, and just profits of the tenant, by an undue raising of rent, in Ireland such conduct is common.

10.—That in the treatment of their tenants, landlords in England are much more influenced by public opinion than in Ireland.

11.—That while in England landlords are as a rule wholly or partially resident on their estates, very many Irish landlords are absentees or non-residents. That they spend the rents, drawn from Ireland, in any country but Ireland itself.

12.—That therefore land legislation can be undertaken in Ireland on lines which need not be, and are unlikely to be, followed in England.

THE THREE F'S.

The groundwork of the scheme which goes by the name of the three F's is as follows:—

That the tenant should be given *Fixity of Tenure*, either in perpetuity or for a certain number of years; and remain undisturbed in his holding so long as he duly pays the rent, and does not, without the consent of the landlord, subdivide and sublet.

That he shall pay a *Fair Rent*, to be determined by agreement, or by a fresh Government valuation in case of dispute. The rent to remain the same for ever; or to be subject to a periodical revaluation, that the interest of the landlord in the value of produce and in position may be re-assessed.

That he shall be allowed *Freedom of Sale* of his interest in the land—called "tenant right"—either to whom he pleases, or subject to a veto

of the landlord, and a limitation of price. The "tenant right" to be sold in one lot; arrears of rent to be a first charge on the proceeds of sale, the balance to belong to the outgoing tenant. In case of non-payment of rent for a year, or other breach of contract, the landlord to have the power, after due notice and a proper application to a Court created for these and like purposes, to put up for sale the "tenant right" of the defaulting tenant, with the right of pre-emption.

The grounds on which are supported the principles of the three F's (taken together) are :—

The powers of the landlord to evict and to raise rents reduces to a minimum security of tenure and incentive to industry; they must therefore be curtailed or abolished.

1.—That in order to secure the peace and prosperity of Ireland it is necessary to give the tenants a further interest in the land and greater security from eviction.

2.—That the existing law, by leaving to the landlord the power of eviction for non-payment of rent, and of eviction (on payment of compensation for "disturbance"), even where the rent is punctually paid (improvements, if any, being paid for in either case), deprives the tenant of the inestimable advantage of security of tenure, and so greatly diminishes his desire for improvement.

3.—That the existing power of the landlord to raise the rent at will, thereby often confiscating the fair profit of the tenant, deprives the latter of all incentive to increase production. If the profit to be derived from exertion or investment has to be shared with, or is wholly appropriated by another, the incentive to exertion or investment is reduced to a minimum.

4.—That the Land Act of 1870, by giving compensation for disturbance and improvements, was intended to prevent the tenants' interests from being appropriated by rapacious landlords; it is found, however, that these latter can effect the same object by frequent, arbitrary, and excessive raisings of rent, which not only eat up the tenant's improvements, but, by rendering him less able to pay the rent, cause it to fall into arrear, upon which the landlord can evict without payment for "disturbance."

5.—And that by waiting to evict until times of distress have caused the rent to fall into arrear, they can abrogate the tenant's claim to compensation for "disturbance."

6.—That even if the powers of eviction and of raising rents were never exercised, their existence alone would cause insecurity, and diminish every incentive to industry.

The tenants chiefly effect the improvements, and they must be secured in these and their other rights, which are still often threatened or confiscated by the landlords.

7.—That as in Ireland it is the tenant who chiefly effects the improve-

ments, the greater the inducement to him to invest his money and labour in the soil the better.

8.—That most of the improvements effected by the landlords have been made, not with their own capital, but with public money borrowed from the Board of Works; and the tenants' rents have been raised to the full amount paid for the loan, or even more.

9.—That in the future the inducement to the landlord to invest his capital in the soil would not be diminished; for, by agreement with the tenant, application of capital to the soil would still take place.

10.—That most landlords have, where possible (*i.e.* in cases of tenancies above £50), contracted themselves out of the "compensation for improvement" clauses of the Act of 1870; thereby depriving tenants of a claim to reimbursement for their improvements.

11.—That even where he is bound to compensate for improvements or disturbance, the landlord often, by threatening law proceedings, frightens the tenant into accepting less than his legal due; or by dragging him into Court, saddles him with expenses.

12.—That the Land Acts having recognized certain rights of the tenant in the soil, the State is bound to protect these rights with the same care that it protects those of the landlord.

13.—And that as such interests can only be menaced by eviction or raising of rent, these powers must be further limited.

The tenants possess further "rights" not yet acknowledged by law.

14.—That further than the law has yet acknowledged, the tenants do possess—historically and actually—rights and interests in the soil, the non-recognition of which by the law leads to serious injury, ill-feeling, and discontent.

15.—That the unwritten law has come to be, that, so long as he pays his rent, the tenant shall not be disturbed in possession; and that arbitrary enhancement of rent is confiscation of his equitable interest. It is only proposed to legalize this unwritten law, which is already the rule of conduct for good landlords, and force it on bad and rapacious landlords.

There can be no real freedom of contract between landlord and tenant in Ireland, and therefore the State can and should interfere in the relations between them.

16.—That the Irish tenant has never considered his relations with the landlord to be those of contract determinable by notice, but has looked upon himself as part proprietor in the land. A general opinion, long held and undisturbed, becomes a custom; custom gives rights.

17.—That the Irish tenant is, for the most part, too ignorant, poor, and weak, to make a definite and solemn contract; too firmly rooted to the soil, and too devoid of any other opening or occupation, to be able to contract on equal terms.

18.—That, on the other hand, the landlord only nominally, and not really, possessing the power of arbitrary eviction—for his power is held in check—is not, on his side, free to contract as he likes.

19.—That therefore, there being no true freedom of contract possible, the State may justly, and with advantage, step in and regulate the relations.

20.—That in many relations of life the State does so step in and arbitrate on the contract.

21.—That as the existing relations between Irish landlord and tenant hinder the proper production of the soil, the State, in the interests of the consumer, should step in and put them on a better footing.

22.—That it is too late now to talk of freedom of contract ; by some of its provisions the Act of 1870 practically acknowledged that in Ireland the relations of landlord and tenant were not those of contract, but of status and custom.

The question from the landlord's point of view.—He will not lose by the alteration of the law ; he will be given compensating advantages for the loss of the power of eviction ; his rent will be a "fair" one, and more secure ; no tangible "rights" will be infringed.

23.—That the scheme of the three F's would effect the desired objects of security and incentive to production without delay, and with the least possible disturbance to existing relations or the rights of property.

24.—That while it would retain the advantages of the system of landlord and tenant, it would get rid of the evils of landlordism.

25.—That it would have the least operation in the case of good landlords, and the most in the case of harsh and bad landlords.

26.—That no real or tangible "rights" of the landlords would be affected. They cannot show that any loss would accrue to them for which they ought to be compensated.

27.—That though they would be deprived of the power of eviction, they would obtain the more valuable and effective power of selling the "tenant right," with the right of pre-emption, if there were breach of contract—i.e., rent in arrear, subdivision, subletting, or waste.

28.—That the power of arbitrary eviction (where there has been no breach of contract) is an unjust privilege, resulting, as it often does, in part or whole confiscation of the tenant's interest, and therefore one not requiring compensation on extinction.

29.—That as a proper valuation of the land would be made, the fixed rent the landlord would receive would be his fair share of the production of the soil, &c.

30.—That as in the assessment of rent all landlord's improvements would be taken into account, his investments in the soil would be in no way confiscated.

31.—That his fixed rent would be more secure than his present rent ; for it would be a first charge on the "tenant right." The value of the "tenant right" would always exceed any rent in arrear.

32.—That as the tenant would have every incentive to industry, and would therefore increase in wealth, the security for the rent would become greater year by year.

33.—That the capital value of land, with a fixed and secure rent and a contented people, would be higher than when the rent was variable, and unsecured, and agitation rampant.

34.—That as the tenants are strongly attached to their holdings, they would be content to pay a rent fixed as a "fair" one by Government valuation.

35.—That a lease, with all its drawbacks and restrictions, would not be at all the same thing, or give the same security, as fixity of tenure at a fair rent.

36.—That the inducements to the landlords to remain in the country would not be diminished; they would be relieved from the chief difficulties and odium of extracting rent; and would be on more cordial relations with their tenants.

That the free sale of tenant right is no deduction from the legitimate or possible profits of the landlord. The value of tenant right is the measure of security, industry, investment, and attachment to the soil.

37.—That with security of tenure and a fixed rent, the incoming tenant would be better able to pay both the rent and the sum for "tenant right," than, with insecurity of tenure and variable raisings of rent, he can now pay the rent alone.

38.—That though theoretically the landlord can raise his rents to the vanishing point of the "tenant right," practically he cannot do so; and therefore whatever be the value of the tenant right, it is not subtracted from his capital. He cannot be dispossessed of that which he never really owned.

39.—That the amount paid for the "tenant right" would be a measure of the advantages of security, of the value of the industry and investment of the outgoing tenant, and of the national attachment to the soil.

40.—That the "tenant right" being liable to diminution of value by bad husbandry, those tenants who found themselves unable to cultivate the land profitably would find it to their advantage to sell their "tenant right" before it were dissipated, and better and more solvent tenants would take their places—thus improving the class of tenants, and making the proper cultivation, and consequently the rent, more secure.

41.—That the incoming tenant having invested a large sum of money in the farm would be the more anxious to work it well and profitably.

42.—That as all rents would be valued, the initial value of the "tenant right" would be proportionately the same on all holdings. Rack rents or very low rents would not be taken as "fair" rents.

43.—That no trades-unionism to prevent the landlords from selling compulsorily the "tenant right" on breach of contract need be feared; any attempt to prevent such sale would diminish the value of "tenant right," and thus injuriously affect the outgoing tenant.

44.—That therefore the full recognition of free sale of "tenant right" is no confiscation of any property belonging to the

tenant is benefited, but not at the expense of the landlord, who will still receive his rent with added security for it.

Unhealthy competition would not arise in the purchase of tenant right ; and if it did, the tenant would suffer through his own fault, and not through that of the landlord.

45.—That though unhealthy competition does unduly raise the nominal rents—a promise to pay being easy to make—it would not unduly force up the price of the “tenant right,” which has to be paid for in cash by the incoming tenant.

46.—That even if it were to do so at first, experience would show the evil of inflated prices, and they would fall ; moreover, when “tenant right” is universal there will be less competition.

47.—That a tenant who rack-rents himself (by paying a high price for “tenant right”) may suffer, but will have no just cause of complaint, like one who is rack-rented by the landlord.

48.—That therefore the Three F's could not deprive the landlord of any material advantages ; while they would only limit certain legal rights which he cannot now exercise with profit to himself or the country.

Further advantages of the Three F's.

49.—That this system, by giving to the tenants a direct and increased interest in the peace and prosperity of the country, would cause agitation and discontent to cease. No man acts in such a way as to depreciate the value of that which he may one day desire to sell.

50.—That though industry, foresight, and thrift are of slow growth, all history shows that security of tenure tends to create or increase them.

51.—That the tenants, by being made more independent, would have their whole tone and character raised.

52.—That security of tenure (with prohibition of subdivision and subletting) would act as a “preventive check” to over-population.

53.—That subdivision or subletting, being included in breach of contract, could be absolutely prevented at the will of the landlord.

54.—That the rudimentary principles of fixity of tenure and free sale, though faulty and existing only on sufferance, and without the limitation of “fair” rents, have made Ulster the most prosperous and contented part of Ireland.

55.—That the tenants would in no way be discouraged from purchasing their holdings—with increased wealth the desire to become owners will be also greater.

On the other hand, the principle of the Three F's is opposed on the grounds :—

The Act of 1870 was to be final, and it is a breach of faith to reopen the land question.

1.—That the Land Act of 1870 was an encroachment on the rights of landlords, but was allowed to pass on the understanding that it would be final.

2.—That to reopen the question, with further confiscation, is a gross breach of faith.

3.—That more especially is it a breach of faith with those landowners who have, on the invitation of the Government, purchased land in the "Encumbered Estates Court." The indefeasible title granted to them by the Court (and for which they paid large sums) would be turned into a mere claim to a precarious rent charge.

The Three F's are an infringement of the rights of the landlord. He must be compensated for the material, moral, and sentimental wrong which he will suffer.

4.—That "tenant right is landlord wrong."

5.—That the land is the absolute and undoubted property of the landlord, and he has a right to do that which he wills with his own. Any curtailment of his power is an injustice, and affects the very principles of property.

6.—That if the State interferes with his freedom of action, and causes him any material, moral, or sentimental injury, it must properly compensate him.

7.—That to take away the enjoyment, control, and management of his land is a very tangible infringement of rights; and one for which compensation must be given.

8.—That to fix a rent is to deprive the landlord of the advantages of competition—and affects him financially.

9.—That it would reduce him to the position of a mere mortgagee, but without the security and certainty of payment.

10.—That to deprive him of his power of eviction is to take away a privilege and a necessity.

11.—That the tenants' claim to a "right" in the soil is not founded on any tangible or real historical basis.

The abuse of eviction or raisings of rent is rare; the use is necessary and justifiable.

12.—That there is little or no abuse of the power of arbitrary eviction; and even where rent is not paid the landlords as a class are lenient. That it is occasionally necessary for the good of the estate to evict (compensation for "disturbance" being paid) in order to consolidate or alter holdings.

13.—That eviction seldom is enforced except in the case of bad and wasteful tenants; good and improving tenants are never evicted. Therefore any diminution of the power of eviction would be disastrous to the prosperity of the country by retaining on the land the worthless tenants.

14.—That most landlords do properly compensate their tenants for any improvements effected by them.

15.—That they are justified in raising the rent when the land produces a greater increase.

16.—That even if a few bad landlords injure their tenants, it is unfair to visit on the heads of the majority the sins of the few, by bringing them all under the same confiscating law.

17.—That the existing law provides ample safeguards against arbitrary and unjust eviction; the landlord's power is sufficiently curtailed.

The relations of landlord and tenant are those of contract; the State must not interfere in freedom of contract.

18.—That any State interference in contract between man and man is very inexpedient and demoralizing—more especially interference in the matter of price and value.

19.—That the relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland are merely those of contract.

20.—That the movement of progressive societies is from status to contract, and not the reverse.

21.—That it is illogical and unfair of the tenant to demand freedom of contract in their sale of "tenant right," and to ask for curtailment of contract in his dealings with the landlord.

The objections to a fixed rent; and the difficulties in the way of fixing a fair rent.

22.—That it would be impossible to fix a rent which would content both parties.

23.—That as tenants vary in ability, character, and energy, it would be impossible to legislate so that the rent the tenant ought to pay would be that which he is able to pay.

24.—That a fixed rent, even if fair at first, would soon weigh hardly on one or other of the parties.

25.—That all future enhancements of rent, based on whatever ground, would be strenuously resisted.

26.—That while the landlord would be bound to accept the valuation rent, the tenant could refuse to pay it, and quit his holding.

27.—That if the Government by valuation or arbitration were to fix the rent, the landlord would consider that he had been guaranteed his rent by the State; while the tenant (in bad seasons) would look to the State to assist him to pay it.

28.—That if fixity of tenure were conceded, the next demand would be for the abolition of the rent charge, more especially on the ground of the increased absenteeism, which would itself have been encouraged by the change.

29.—That at all events, in bad seasons, a demand would be made for abatement of rent, on the ground that otherwise the value of the "tenant right" would be injuriously affected.

30.—That the power conceded to the landlord of selling the "tenant right," on breach of contract, would be rendered nugatory by a combination of the tenants to prevent a purchase; and so the landlord would be deprived of all means of obtaining his rent, or of preventing subletting or subdivision.

31.—That it is illogical and unjust that in the matter of rent the landlords should be deprived of the benefits of competition, while in the sale of "tenant right" competition should be allowed.

32.—That the landlords, bound by a hard and fast rule, would expect to receive their full fixed rents, and would not be willing or able, as they are now, to allow indulgences of time or remission in bad seasons.

33.—That the pressure of violence would be brought to bear on the valuers to induce them to undervalue the rents.

The right of free sale of "tenant right" would amount to confiscation of part of the landlord's property. It would benefit only existing tenants, and would cripple all future tenants.

34.—That as the existing tenants would, on the day of the passing of the law, be able to sell their "tenant right" for a large sum—having done nothing to earn it—the amount at which it can be valued is so much subtracted from the rightful gains of the landlord.

35.—That as the tenants had not this scheme in view when they bargained for their farms, its adoption would be conceding them a valuable privilege—entirely at the expense of the landlords.

36.—That only the existing tenants would benefit pecuniarily from the change; all future incoming tenants would be burdened by the amount they would have to pay for the "tenant right;" and the interest on this payment, in addition to the "fair" rent, would constitute a sum exceeding any rack rent.

37.—That the unhealthy earth-hunger which exists in Ireland would force up the price of "tenant right" far above the real value, and thus entrench on the security of the landlord for his rent; while reckless tenants would outbid the prudent.

38.—That the payment for "tenant right" would cripple the incoming tenant just at the moment when he most required capital to cultivate the land—to the injury of production; while it would leave him no margin to fall back upon in bad times.

39.—That the tenants who would benefit most, would be those who have had indulgent landlords. Where rents are low, "tenant right" would be more valuable than where they are high.

40.—That the tenants can obtain security of tenure by demanding and accepting leases; many landlords are willing to grant long leases at fixed rents on fair terms.

41.—That, therefore, at the most, the law should force the landlords to grant "security leases"; and leave them to obtain (by means of a fine) any extra value which security will fetch.

42.—That any further privileges obtained by the tenant would only be used as additional facilities for borrowing money at ruinous rates.

43.—That the Ulster tenants have obtained their "tenant right" by purchase or by a *quid pro quo*; the concession of "free sale" would gratuitously endow existing tenants with a valuable property which they have neither earned, bought, nor inherited.

44.—That many landlords have bought up the "tenant right" on their farms—it is manifestly unfair to re-impose it without compensation.

The landlords have largely invested capital in the soil. The Three F's would prevent them in future from making improvements, and the tenants' power to do so would also be diminished.

45.—That the landlords as a class have invested capital very largely in the improvement of the soil—the improvements have been by no means entirely effected by the tenant.

46.—That it would no longer be to the interest of the landlord to invest his capital in the soil. An effectual obstacle would have been placed in the way of his doing so.

47.—That, therefore, those improvements—drainage, straightening fields and boundaries, &c.—which affect many holdings, and can only be done by the landlord, would no longer be executed.

48.—That, as he will have to pay for the "tenant right," the incoming tenant would have less capital to invest in the improvement of the soil than at present, while the sum he has paid will be taken out of the land for ever—thus, on both hands, the capital available for these purposes would be diminished, and production would suffer.

Further evils which would result from the adoption of the Three F's.

49.—That by making the landlord merely a rent charger, and depriving him of all power over or interest in his land, absenteeism and non-residence, with their attendant evils, would be enormously increased.

50.—That the proposed scheme would perpetuate the present system of landlord and tenant, while the desirable aim should be to increase the number of proprietors.

51.—That the tenant possessing security of tenure would be less desirous of purchasing land; while sale, except to the tenant, would be greatly hindered.

52.—That it would perpetuate the absurd distribution of land at present existing in many parts of Ireland.

53.—While it would confirm not only good but bad tenants in their tenure of land, and affect equally good with bad landlords.

54.—That it would increase the antagonism between landlord and tenant.

55.—That it would be practically impossible to prevent subdivision and subletting, with their manifold attendant evils.

56.—That the Irish people are so incurably lazy, thriftless, and short-sighted that no reform of the land-laws would benefit them.

57.—That as long as population increases at its present rapid rate, all reforms are useless and hopeless; no alteration in the tenure of land would check the increase of population.

58.—That nothing short of separation from England will satisfy the Irish—land reforms are therefore useless.

59.—That under small proprietors, or semi-proprietors, the lot of the labourers would be harder than ever.

60.—That the various parts of Ireland differ so much in every way,

that it would be inexpedient and impossible to apply one scheme to the whole—if it answered in one part, it would necessarily fail in others.

61.—That if the principle of the Three F's were once conceded, it would form a precedent for land-legislation in England; and then for legislation directed against all forms of property.

62.—That it is a first step towards democratic and socialistic legislation.

63.—That the concession is the more dangerous, inasmuch as it is only conceded to clamour and lawlessness.

FIXED OR VARIABLE RENTS?

It is urged by some that the "fair" rent should be fixed in perpetuity, and not be subject to any re-valuations or periodical alterations, on the grounds:—

1.—That what is required is a permanent settlement, and not one which would give rise to periodic disquietude.

2.—That the prospect of future alterations of rent would diminish the incentive to industry.

3.—That it would be impossible at any future time to raise the rents.

4.—That it would be impossible to distinguish between that portion of the value of land in the increase or decrease of which the landlord should share, and that in which he should not.

5.—That even if this distinction could be made, it would be impossible to lay down a just sliding scale of the value of produce and the cost of production.

6.—That though the initial State valuation is a necessary evil, periodic State interference and valuation of prices would be intolerable.

On the other hand, it is contended that, on the application of either landlord or tenant, the rents should be periodically re-valued, on the grounds:—

1.—That under the changing conditions of life and production, no rent, however fair when first fixed, would remain fair indefinitely.

2.—That the landlord has a part right to benefit from any increase in the value of produce, from improvement of neighbourhood, or from other natural or artificial causes not due to the action of the tenant. That on the other hand, he should share in any diminution of value due to natural causes.

3.—That a Government valuation having been once made, there would be little difficulty in constructing a sliding scale of values which should fairly meet changing conditions.

4.—That a periodic re-assessment would in no way detract from security of tenure. No improvements or diminution of value due to the action or industry of the tenant would be taken into account, it is but the landlord's share in the land which would be subject to revision.

5.—That by leaving the landlord a greater interest in of his land, it would enlist his interest in local improv

6.—That if an absolutely fixed rent were insi

ould have a just claim to demand that the State should purchase their land.

7.—That where the State regulates the relations of class to class, elasticity is always better than rigidity.

VETO ON THE FREE SALE.

It is proposed by some that the tenant's power of sale should (as in Ulster) be subject to the consent of the landlord to accept any particular purchaser as his tenant. It is also proposed that the number of years' purchase of the "tenant right" should be limited.

These proposals are supported *respectively* on the grounds:—

1.—That without the power of veto, worthless, bankrupt, and objectionable tenants would be forced on the landlords.

2.—That the power of veto is in existence and works well and fairly in Ulster; capricious and unfair exercise of veto rarely occurs.

3.—That if the power of veto were made subject to the consent of the "Court," all caprice and unfairness would be prevented.

4.—That without some limitation of price, unhealthy competition would come into play in the purchase of tenant right, and the incoming tenants would be forced to give a crippling price for the goodwill.

See also Nos. 36, 37, 38, and 42 "against the three F's."

On the other hand, it is contended:—

1.—That the power of veto would deprive "free sale" of its essential benefits by still leaving the tenant at the mercy of the landlord.

2.—That the landlord by arbitrarily exercising the power of veto, and refusing to accept the highest bidders, might greatly diminish the value of the tenant right.

3.—That incentive to industry and improvement would be diminished if the price of "tenant right" were to be in any way limited.

4.—That agitation would at once spring up to abolish the veto and limitation.

See also Nos. 37, 40, 45, 46, and 47 "for the three F's."

"BRIGHT'S CLAUSES," AND COMPULSORY PURCHASE OF RENT CHARGE.

In conjunction with the Three F's it is proposed to extend the application of the "Bright's Clauses" of the Land Act of 1870 (see before, p. 290) so that tenants desirous of purchasing their holdings from landlords willing to sell, may have greater facilities of borrowing money from the State, and less obstacles placed in the way of their so doing.

It is also proposed by some that any tenant possessing fixity of tenure at a fixed rent should be granted the right of buying up his rent charge at from twenty to twenty-five years' purchase, with or without the consent of the landlord. Payment may be made in small instalments

of not less than a minimum proportionate amount. On the complete extinction of the rent charge the tenant would become the freeholder.

The arguments for this proposal resolve themselves into two—that such a means and opportunity of purchasing land would still further increase the tenants' incentive to industry and thrift; and that the landlord would not be materially injured, for each payment would make the balance of his rent more secure. On the other hand, the proposal is denounced on the ground that it would be a gross interference with the rights of the landlord.

Though personally in favour of the principle of the Three F's, I have studiously endeavoured to avoid introducing any bias into the mode of stating the arguments given above. No doubt many important arguments have been overlooked and omitted on both sides; but I hope it may be found that the various shades of opinion have found fair expression.

SYDNEY C. BUXTON.

PROFESSOR GREEN'S EXPLANATIONS.

DREARY at best, metaphysical controversy becomes especially dreary when it runs into rejoinders and re-rejoinders; and hence I feel some hesitation in inflicting, even upon those readers of the CONTEMPORARY who are interested in metaphysical questions, anything further concerning Professor's Green's criticism, Mr. Hodgson's reply to it, and Professor Green's explanations. Still, it appears to me that I can now hardly let the matter pass without saying something in justification of the views attacked by Professor Green, or, rather, in disproof of the allegations he makes against them.

Reluctant to suspend other work, I did not, when Professor's Green's two articles appeared, think it needful to notice them: my wish to avoid hindrance being supported partly by the thought that very few would read a discussion so difficult to follow, and partly by the thought that, of the few who did read it, most would be those whose knowledge of my work enabled them to see how unlike the argument I have used is the representation of it given by Professor Green, and how inapplicable his animadversions therefore are. This last belief was, I find, quite erroneous, and I ought to have known better than to form it. Experience might have shown me that readers habitually assume a critic's version of an author's statement to be the true version, and that they rarely take the trouble to see whether the meaning ascribed to a detached passage is the meaning which it bears when taken with the context. Moreover, I should have remembered that in the absence of disproofs it is habitually assumed that criticisms are valid, and that not pre-occupation but inability prevents the author from replying. I ought not, therefore, to have been surprised to learn, as I did from the first paragraph of Mr. Hodgson's article, that Professor Green's criticisms had met with considerable acceptance.

I am much indebted to Mr. Hodgson for undertaking the defence of my views; and after reading Professor Green's rejoinder, it seems to me that Mr. Hodgson's chief allegations remain outstanding. I cannot here, of course, follow the controversy point by point. I propose to deal simply with the main issues.

At the close of his answer, Professor Green refers to "two other misapprehensions of a more general nature, which he [Mr. Hodgson] alleges against me at the outset of his article." Not admitting these, Professor Green postpones replies for the present; though by what replies he can show his apprehensions to be true ones, I do not see. Further misapprehensions of a general nature, which stand as preliminaries to his criticisms, may here be instanced, as serving, I think, to show that those criticisms are misdirected.

From the "Principles of Psychology" Professor Green quotes the following sentences:—

"The relation between these, as antithetically opposed divisions of the entire assemblage of manifestations of the unknowable, was our datum. The fabric of conclusions built upon it must be unstable if this datum can be proved either untrue or doubtful. Should the idealist be right, the doctrine of evolution is a dream."

And on these sentences he comments thus:—

"To those who have humbly accepted the doctrine of evolution as a valuable formulation of our knowledge of animal life, but at the same time think of themselves as 'idealists,' this statement may at first cause some uneasiness. On examination, however, they will find in the first place that when Mr. Spencer in such a connection speaks of the doctrine of evolution, he is thinking chiefly of its application to the explanation of knowledge—an application at least not necessarily admitted in the acceptance of it as a theory of animal life."*

From which it appears that Professor Green's conception of Evolution is that popular conception in which it is identified with the "origin of species." That my conception of Evolution, referred to in the passage he quotes, is a widely different one, would have been perceived by him had he referred to the exposition of it contained in "First Principles." My meaning in the passage he quotes is, that since Evolution, as I conceive it, is, under certain conditions, the result of that universal redistribution of matter and motion which is, and ever has been, going on; and since, during those phases of it which are distinguishable as astro-nomic and geologic, the implication is that no life, still less consciousness (under any such form as is known to us), existed; there is necessarily implied by the theory of Evolution, a mode of Being independent of, and antecedent to, the mode of Being we now call consciousness; and that, consequently, this theory must be a dream, if either ideas are the only existences, or if, as Professor Green appears to think, the object exists only by correlation with the subject. How necessary this more general view as a basis for my psychological

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, December, 1877.

erroneous is a criticism which ignores it, will be seen on observing that by ignoring it, I am made to appear profoundly inconsistent where otherwise there is no inconsistency. Professor Green says that my doctrine

"ascribes to the object, which in truth is nothing without the subject, an independent reality, and then supposes it gradually to produce certain qualities in the subject, of which the existence is in truth necessary to the possibility of those qualities in the object which are supposed to produce them."*

On which my comment is that, ascribing, as I do, "an independent reality" to the object, and denying that the object is "nothing without the subject," my doctrine, though wholly inconsistent with that of Professor Green, is wholly consistent with itself. Had he rightly conceived the doctrine of Transfigured Realism (see § 473), Professor Green would have seen that while I hold that the qualities of object and subject, as present to consciousness, being resultants of the co-operation of object and subject, exist only through their co-operation, and, in common with all resultants, must be unlike their factors; yet that there pre-exist those factors, and that without them no resultants can exist.

Equally fundamental is another preliminary misconception which Professor Green exhibits. He says—

"We should be sorry to believe that Mr. Spencer and Mr. Lewes regard the relation between consciousness and the world as corresponding to that between two bodies, of which one is inside the other; but apart from some such crude imagination it does not appear, &c."

Now since I deliberately accept, and have expounded at great length, this view which Professor Green does not ascribe to me, because he would be "sorry to believe" I entertain such a "crude imagination"—since this view is everywhere posited by the doctrine of Psychological Evolution as I have set it forth; I am astonished at finding it supposed that I hold some other view. Considering that Parts II. III. and IV. of the "Principles of Psychology" are occupied with tracing out mental Evolution as a result of converse between organism and environment; and considering that throughout Part V. the interpretations, analytical instead of synthetical, pre-suppose from moment to moment a surrounding world and an included organism; I cannot imagine a stranger assumption than that I do not believe the relationship between consciousness and the world to be that of inclusion of the one by the other. I am aware that Professor Green does not regard me as a coherent thinker; but I scarcely expected he would ascribe to me an incoherence so extreme that in Part VI. I abandon the fundamental assumption on which all the preceding parts stand, and adopt some other. And I should the less have expected so extreme an incoherence to be ascribed to me, considering that throughout Part VI. this same belief is tacitly implied as included in that realistic belief which it is the aim of its argument to explain and justify. Here, how-

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, December, 1877, p. 37.

ever, the fact of chief significance is, that as Professor Green would be "sorry to believe" I hold the view named, and refrains from ascribing to me so "crude an imagination," it is to be concluded that his arguments are directed against some other view which he supposes me to hold. If so, one of two conclusions is inevitable. Either his criticisms are valid against this other view which he tacitly ascribes to me, or they are not. If he admits them to be invalid on the assumption that I hold this other view, the matter ends. If he holds them to be valid on the assumption that I hold this other view, then they must be invalid against the absolutely-different view which I actually hold; and again the matter ends.

Even were I to leave off here, I might, I think, say that the inapplicability of Professor Green's arguments is sufficiently shown; but it may be desirable to point out that beyond these general misapprehensions, there are special misapprehensions by which they are vitiated. Much to my surprise, considering the careful preliminary explanation I have given, he has failed to understand the mental attitude assumed by me when describing that synthesis of experiences against which he more especially urges his objections. In chapters entitled "Partial Differentiation of Subject and Object," "Completed Differentiation of Subject and Object," and "Developed Conception of the Object," I have endeavoured, as these titles imply, to trace up the gradual establishment of this fundamental antithesis in a developing intelligence. It appeared to me, and still appears, that for coherent thinking there must be excluded at the outset, not only whatever implies acquired knowledge of objective existence, but also whatever implies acquired knowledge of subjective existence. At the close of the preceding chapter, as well as in "First Principles," where this process of differentiation was more briefly indicated, I recognized, and emphatically enlarged upon, the difficulty of carrying out such an inquiry: pointing out that in any attempts we make to observe the way in which subject and object become distinguished, we inevitably use those faculties and conceptions which have grown up while the differentiation of the two has been going on. In trying to discern the initial stages of the process, we carry with us all the products which belong to the final stage, and cannot free ourselves from them. In "First Principles" (§ 43) I have pointed out that the words *impressions* and *ideas*, the term *sensation*, the phrase *state of consciousness*, severally involve large systems of beliefs; and that if we allow ourselves to recognize their connotations we inevitably reason circularly. And in the closing sentence of the chapter preceding those above named, I have said—

"Though in every illustration taken we shall have tacitly to posit an external existence, and in every reference to states of consciousness we shall have to posit an internal existence which has these states; yet, as before, we must ignore these implications."

I should have thought that, with all these cautions

Professor Green would not have fallen into the error of supposing that in the argument thereupon commenced, the phrase "states of consciousness" is used with all its ordinary implications. I should have thought that, as in a note appended to the outset of the argument I have referred to the parallel argument in "First Principles," where I have used the phrase "manifestations of existence" instead of "states of consciousness," as the least objectionable; and as the argument in the "Psychology" is definitely described in this note as a re-statement in a different form of the argument in "First Principles;" he would have seen that in the phrase "states of consciousness," as used throughout this chapter, was to be included no more meaning than was included in the phrase "manifestations of existence."* I should have thought he would have seen that the purpose of the chapter was passively to watch, with no greater intelligence than is implied in watching, how the manifestations or states, vivid and faint, comport themselves: excluding all thought of their meanings—all interpretations of them. Nevertheless, Professor Green charges me with having, at the outset of the examination, invalidated my argument by implying, in the terms I use, certain products of developed consciousness.† He contends that my division of the "states of consciousness," or, as I elsewhere term them, "manifestations of existence," into vivid and faint, is vitiated from the first by including along with the vivid ones those faint ones needful to constitute them perceptions, in the ordinary sense of the word. Because, describing all I passively watch, I speak of distant headland and waves, of boats, &c., Professor Green actually supposes me to be speaking of those developed cognitions under which these are classed as such and such objects. What would he have me do? It is impossible to give any such account of the process as I have attempted, without using names for things and actions. The various manifestations, vivid and faint, which in the case described impose themselves on my receptivity, must be indicated in some way; and the words indicating them inevitably carry with them their respective connotations. What more can I do than warn the reader that all these connotations must be ignored, and that attention must be paid exclusively to the manifestations themselves, and the modes in which they comport themselves. At the stage described in this "partial differentiation," while I suppose myself as yet unconscious of my own individuality and of a world as separate from it, the obvious implication is, that what I name "states of consciousness,"

* If I am asked why here I used the phrase "states of consciousness" rather than "manifestations of existence," though I had previously preferred the last to the first, I give as my reason the desire to maintain continuity of language with the preceding chapter, "The Dynamics of Consciousness;" where an examination of consciousness had been made with the view of ascertaining what principle of cohesion determines our beliefs, as preliminary to observing how this principle operates in establishing the beliefs in subject and object. But on proceeding to do this, the phrase "state of consciousness" was supposed, like the phrase "manifestation of existence," not to be used as anything more than a name by which to distinguish this or that form of being, as an undeveloped receptivity would become aware of it, while yet self and not-self were undistinguished.

† CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, December, 1877, pp. 49, 50.

because this is the current term for them, are to have no interpretations whatever put upon them; but that their characters and modes of behaviour are to be observed, as they might be while yet there had been none of that organization of experiences which makes things known in the ordinary sense. It is true that, thus misinterpreting me in December, Professor Green, writing again in March, puts into the mouth of an imagined advocate the true statement of my view;* though he (Professor Green) then proceeds to deny that I can mean what this imagined advocate rightly says I mean: taking occasion to allege that I use the phrase "states of consciousness" "to give a philosophical character" to what would else seem "written too much after the fashion of a newspaper correspondent."† Even, however, had he admitted that intended meaning which he sees, but denies, the rectification would have been somewhat unsatisfactory, coming three months after various absurdities, based on his misinterpretation, had been ascribed to me.

But the most serious allegation made by Mr. Hodgson against Professor Green, and which I here repeat, is that he habitually says I regard the object as constituted by "the aggregate of vivid states of consciousness," in face of the conspicuous fact that I identify the object with the *nexus* of this aggregate. In his defence Professor Green says—

"If I had made any attempt to show that Mr. Spencer believes the object to be no more than an aggregate of vivid states of consciousness, Mr. Hodgson's complaint, that I ignore certain passages in which a contrary persuasion is stated, would have been to the purpose."

Let us look at the facts. Treating of the relation between my view and the idealistic and sceptical views, he imagines addresses made to me by Berkeley and Hume. "'You agree with me,' Berkeley might say, 'that when we speak of the external world we are speaking of certain lively ideas connected in a certain manner;'"‡ and this identification of the world with ideas, I am tacitly represented as accepting. Again, Hume is supposed to say to me—"You agree with me that what we call the world is a series of impressions;"§ and here, as before, I am supposed silently to acquiesce in this as a true statement of my view. Similarly throughout his argument, Professor Green continually states or implies that the object is, in my belief, constituted by the vivid aggregate of states of consciousness. At the outset of his second article,|| he says of me:—"He there" [in the "Principles of Psychology"] "identifies the object with a certain aggregate of vivid states of consciousness, which he makes out to be independent of another aggregate, consisting of faint states, and identified with the subject." And admitting that he thus describes my view, he nevertheless alleges that he does not misrepresent me, because, as he says,¶ "there is scarcely a page of my article in which Mr. Spencer's

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, March, 1878, p. 753.

+ *Ibid.*, March, 1878, p. 755.

‡ *Ibid.*, December, 1877, p. 44.

§ *Ibid.*, December, 1877, p. 44.

|| *Ibid.*, March, 1878, p. 745.

¶ *Ibid.*, January, 1881, p. 115.

conviction of the externality and independence of the object, in the various forms in which it is stated by him, is not referred to." But what if it is referred to in the process of showing that the externality and independence of the object is utterly inconsistent with the conception of it as an aggregate of vivid states of consciousness? What if I am continually made to seem thus absolutely inconsistent, by omitting the fact that not the aggregate of vivid states itself is conceived by me as the object, but the *nexus* binding it together?

A single brief example will typify Professor Green's general method of procedure. On page 40 of his first article he says—"And in the sequel the 'separation of themselves' on the part of states of consciousness 'into two great aggregates, vivid and faint,' is spoken of as a 'differentiation between the antithetical existences we call object and subject.' If words mean anything, then Mr. Spencer plainly makes the 'object' an aggregate of conscious states." But in the entire passage from which these words of mine are quoted, which he gives at the bottom of the page, a careful reader will observe a word, omitted from Professor Green's quotation in the text, which quite changes the meaning. I have described the result, not as "a differentiation," but as "a *partial* differentiation." Now, to use Professor Green's expression, "if words mean anything," a partial differentiation cannot have the same sense as a complete differentiation. If the 'object' has been already constituted by this partial differentiation, what does the 'object' become when the differentiation is completed? Clearly, "if words mean anything," then, had Professor Green not omitted the word "partial," it would have been manifest that the aggregate of vivid states was *not* alleged to be the object. The mode of treatment which we here see in little, exemplifies Professor Green's mode of treatment at large. Throughout his two articles he criticizes detached portions, and ascribes to them meanings quite different from those which they have when joined with the rest.

With the simplicity of "a raw undergraduate" (to some of whose views Professor Green compares some of mine*) I had assumed that an argument running through three chapters would not be supposed to have its conclusion expressed in the first; but now, after the professorial lesson I have received, my simplicity will be decreased, and I shall be aware that a critic may deal with that which is avowedly partial, as though it were entire, and may treat as though it were already developed, a conception which the titles of the chapters before him show is yet but incipient.

Here I leave the matter, and if anything more is said, shall let it pass. Controversy must be cut short, or work must be left undone. I can but suggest that metaphysical readers will do well to make their own interpretations of my views, rather than to accept without inquiry all the interpretations offered them.

HERBERT SPENCER.

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, December, 1877, p. 35.

SOME RECENT BOOKS:

A GLANCE AT THE LITERATURE OF 1880.

THERE are not wanting signs in the air that, while the taste for literature of some sort is daily increasing, the taste for serious study of any kind is diminishing, among the great mass of the English people. We seem to have caught the contagion of American rapid living and rapid reading ; so that, if we go on devouring new books as omnivorously as we have lately been doing, a true student will soon be as rare as the dodo, and a true *littérateur* be as old-fashioned a spectacle as a true scholar is now. A very unmistakable indication of the state of matters is to be found in the superabundance of cheap manuals, with boiled-down biography and ready-made criticism on such abstruse subjects as Byron's Poems, and easy, off-hand estimates of such obscure individuals as Hume and Gibbon, not to speak of Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith. Then, in addition to this plethora of primers treating of matters which were once supposed to be part of an ordinary Englishman's education, we have had a perfect swarm of fungous "studies" of the remotely accessible,—neglected and despised productions like Keats's poems (which of course no one has ever read, and which are terribly hard for admiring people to understand) coming in for their due share of exposition and eulogium. As for Shelley, "that worst of enemies, your worshipper," has done him about as much harm during the last decade as all his literary enemies achieved during his lifetime. The public now seems too idle to read perfectly legible books for itself, and to form common-sense opinions concerning them, without the interposition of some *pétit maître*. In most branches of literature the effects of the same idleness are discernible. Half a century ago a work of history was phenomenal ; now-a-day, the name of "history" is given indiscriminately to compilations of old magazine essays, old newspaper cuttings, and old leading articles

or summaries: originality of treatment or novelty of view is quite unnecessary, and the rarer and more random the book, provided the title is popular and the subject suggestive of easy reading, the greater the demand at the circulating libraries. Slapdash works of travel, of course, abound. Once upon a time the only sort of traveller tolerated was a discoverer or a quasi-philosopher, one to delight the world with new knowledge, the other to impress it with new views. Poetry is seldom now a serious or a solemn pursuit; its few followers, in these days, contenting themselves chiefly with lighting little coloured whirligigs, letting off little rhythmic squibs, or distributing *ad nauseam* the familiar Parisian lollipop. Truly, the modern fourth estate has much to answer for. People read so much now, and reflect so little. Empiricism of all sorts is encouraged; and the literary showman thrives. No wonder that we meet here and there a few old-fashioned people, much resembling the old-fashioned people who sigh for the "palmy days" of the drama; and that we hear them regretting the times of good old literary Conservatism, when a book was a solemn matter, when writers had no such need to reckon with popular ignorance, and when readers were fit, though few.

It must not be imagined that we ourselves are of that old-fashioned turn of mind, much as we deplore the chaotic appearance of contemporaneous literary affairs. All in good time the general taste will broaden and deepen; it is something to reflect, now, that it is stirred at all. Meantime, of course, a few profound and earnest writers must suffer for the good of the many; and the really diligent student must bemoan his fate as he seeks wearily for works of positive help and value among the vast heaps of books prepared "for the market." That such works do exist no one doubts, but they are too often hidden under productions of a purely ephemeral character. An endeavour will therefore be made in the present article to select a few books of note which have appeared during the past year. If in the course of our rapid survey we imitate the vices we have been censuring, and put on record certain off-hand judgments of our own, we shall do so without sheltering ourselves under the shadow of a pretentious title, and without assuming the air of special instruction. Our criticism will be worth as much, will be just as right and just as wrong, as criticism generally is. The only way to correct it, wherever wrong is suspected, is to adopt the plan, no longer fashionable, of forming a judgment at first-hand, by actually reading the work under criticism.

Should a reader desire to convince himself of the little worth of perfunctory contemporary estimates of books and men, he has only to take up the four bulky volumes which Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., has issued under the strangely ambitious title of "A History of our Own Times" (Chatto & Windus), but which is no more such a history than an abstract of Hausard's Debates would be. For these volumes are ostensibly, though not avowedly, a reproduction, *currente calamo*, of old leading articles, summaries, and newspaper cuttings, all dressed up anew, with

some attempt at continuity of idea, for the circulating library. To dignify such clever prosings with the title of "a history," is surely to take an unwarrantably low view of the public intelligence. Half a century ago, swift critical vengeance would have overtaken the offender; but for all we know, in the present rush of marketable books, Mr. McCarthy has escaped scot-free. Why, even Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who wrote admittedly for the libraries, but who really possessed patience, individuality, and fervour, did not so designate his highly popular works—which were, indeed, in a sense original; while an "abstract and brief chronicle of the time" like Mr. McCarthy's (though we fear we err in applying the Shakspearean epithet to a work so unwieldy) might be manufactured out of the file of any weekly or daily journal.

Dismissing the general question of why such a work should have been manufactured at all, we have less fault to find with the author for what he does than for what he does not do. He deals almost entirely with those events which lie upon the very surface of national life; with memorable political divisions, perfervid debates, ingoings and outgoings of Ministers, all that froth of the daily journal which might well have been suffered to subside into mere oblivion. Perhaps the greatest movement of modern times, that which concerns the progress of the human mind from darkness to illumination, in a scientific sense, is airily disposed of in a sort of literary appendix, in which piece of afterthought or padding, Mr. Froude occupies more space than Mr. Herbert Spencer or Mr. Darwin! As for any attempt to trace the influence of the last-named thinkers on the intellectual, social, and political life of the period, it is not even thought of; nor is this altogether to be regretted, if we bear in view the slight value of those reflections which Mr. McCarthy does put forth, much too carelessly, when treating of cognate subjects. Thus, he observes, *apropos* of Darwinism generally, "To this writer it seems clear that Dr. Darwin's theory might be accepted by the most orthodox believer *without the firmness of his faith moulting a feather*. The theory is one altogether as to the progress of growth and construction in the universe, and, whether accurate or inaccurate, does not seem in any wise to touch the question which is concerned with the sources of all life, movement, and being." No one would be more astonished than Mr. Darwin to hear that his theory was one "altogether of growth and construction in the universe;" and it is worthy of the daily journal, not of the serious historian, to confound the doctrine of descent with, say, the nebular hypothesis. Passing to the consideration of more imaginative literature, Mr. McCarthy echoes at every step the journalistic estimate of all the talents. He is at home at once with Mr. Trollope, but does not even mention Mr. George MacDonald. He repeats the familiar judgments about George Eliot. He sets down Mr. Swinburne as a brilliant failure, and quite ignores the fact of that poet's steady and sure spiritual progression. He says, in fact, everywhere and at all times, exactly what we should expect a perfunctory newspaper writer to

say ; never startling us with any original view, never provoking us by the slightest antagonism to commonplace and stereotyped opinions. This is the more disappointing when we consider Mr. McCarthy's nationality. As an Irishman and a Home Ruler, not to say a very charming novelist, he might have been expected to exhibit much enthusiasm, some brilliance, an occasional touch of genius, and more or less unconscious humour ; but his work, for any national quality it exhibits, for any Celtic force, indeed, it manifests, either in its merits or in its demerits, might have been written by the most cold-blooded of Saxons.

We do not wish for a moment to introduce the question of political bias, though political bias of a somewhat feeble and irresolute kind inspires not a few of Mr. McCarthy's pages ; but now and then our historian is unnecessarily severe. Speaking, for example, of the appointment of Lord Lytton as Viceroy of India, he observes that his Lordship "had been previously known as the writer of pretty and sensuous verse, and the author of one or two showy and feeble novels ; in literary capacity he was at least as much inferior to his father as his father was to Scott or Goethe." Now, this bitter and quite irrelevant comment was exactly the sort of thing which appeared, at the time of the appointment, in what were then the journals of the Opposition ; it served its purpose then, and might have been justifiable, but it should never have been reprinted or rewritten in a serious chronicle. When elsewhere he speaks of "good-natured men like Sir Stafford Northcote, of respectable ability and no great force of character," he is again using the language of the partisan leader-writer, not of the sober historian of events. Still, as we have said, our objection to him as a writer is not that he is too much carried away by the courage of his convictions, but that his convictions never make him courageous enough.

A very different work, of course, is Mr. John Hill Burton's "History of the Reign of Queen Anne" (W. Blackwood & Sons), which has, however, been already noticed carefully in this Review. It is full of learning, culture, and worldly wisdom, and not without philosophic breadth ; its one fatal fault being the absence of that touch of "colour" which Thackeray, who ever loved the theme, would have given to his treatment of it.

Another historical work, singularly unpretentious in style, despite its very ambitious title, is Mr. Mackintosh's "History of Civilization in Scotland" (Aberdeen : A. Brown & Co.), only one volume of which, the second, has fallen into our hands. In this volume Mr. Mackintosh treats of the rise and progress of the Reformation, the creed and organization of the Reformed Church in Scotland, the conflict of the clergy with the Crown, and the literature, social condition, education, and art of the Scottish people during the sixteenth century. The treatment is satisfactory without being brilliant, cultivated without being surcharged with learning ; and there are few pages which cannot be read without both interest and pleasure. The work, so far as we have

been able to examine it, is really a history, though Mr. Mackintosh lacks the manner and the mastery of a great historian. He has gone as far as possible to original documents, and is careful as a rule to cite his authorities. Like a true Scot, he cannot quite resist the popular fascination for the character of Mary Stuart; but he admits, not without hesitation, that she was at least guilty of "silent acquiescence" in the murder of Darnley. Very good indeed is his picture of John Knox, and his remarks concerning Knox's dogmatism are well worth bearing in mind.

"In all matters of doctrine," says Mr. Macintosh, "Knox was not rigidly dogmatic. The Reformation Confession of Scotland is remarkable for the acknowledgment of its own fallibility. . . . To blame him for not embracing a tolerant policy is simply to forget the state of society and the circumstances of the times, and if he had followed such a course the Reformation in Scotland would never have been accomplished, and Knox himself would certainly have been crushed. He was greedy of power and impatient of the least opposition. But he believed that he had a message from God. . . . There are some of the lighter shades and graces of life which he seems to have been incapable of appreciating, and he certainly showed a disposition to limit the amusements and enjoyments of others; but this arose from his deep sense of the realities of human life and the gravity of its manifold duties. Among his friends, and in the family circle, he could on occasion unbend and disport himself in an exceedingly sociable and agreeable manner; he had indeed a humorous and peculiar comic side, which comes out in many forms in his own writings."

Without this grim humour, let us add, Knox would never have achieved his wondrous influence over the stormy generation in which he was born. All the portion of Mr. Mackintosh's volume referring to Knox and the conflict between Church and Crown is thoroughly interesting and well done. Good, also, concisely and easily wrought, is the summary of the literature of the Reformation; so that altogether this "History of Scottish Civilization," is worth possessing; and we shall be curious to see the remainder of a work which, although issued by a provincial publisher, is of so much intrinsic value both as a criticism and as a compilation.

Similar to Mr. Burton's History in one respect, its curious lack of colour, is the otherwise masterly monograph on "Spinoza" by Mr. Frederick Pollock (C. Kegan Paul & Co.); but its pretensions, we should explain, are rather philosophical than biographical. Mr. Pollock belongs to the school of scientific philosophers of which the late Professor Clifford—to whose memory, indeed, this work is dedicated—was a distinguished ornament; and he regards his subject therefore rather as a magnificent sceptic than as a great illuminating philosopher. At the same time, he means to discover in the "Ethics," *plus* the speculations of modern Agnosticism, a coherent system of belief, a faith in which the human mind may comfortably rest. It would be out of the question, in the course of these passing notes, to follow Mr. Pollock through any of the elaborate expositions of the leading thoughts of Spinoza. These expositions leave little to be desired; their clearness, their vigour, and their thoroughness are extraordinary, and their value to the philosophical student is consequently great. But our testimony

to Mr. Pollock's exceptionally brilliant powers shall not prevent us from saying that we feel, even under his luminous guidance, the old dissatisfaction and the old sense of unreality of which so many readers of Spinoza have complained. Of all supreme philosophers, Spinoza seems the least convincing; partly because, after all, he leaves the great question of man's social destiny unanswered, and shelters himself in the citadel of purely intellectual good. He believes so much, yet so little; he accepts and rejects popular conceptions in the same breath; he is so geometrically sure of his propositions; yet to what, after all, do his conclusions amount? To a negation of every dream that man has entertained, yet to an affirmation that only a metaphysical dream is tenable. He finds no real foothold in the religious instincts, yet he affirms that the religious instincts are eternal. Axiom after axiom, and scholium after scholium, only leave us more and more convinced that the man is beating the air. This, of course, applies to the metaphysical system; for when he comes to the common ground, Spinoza is among the wisest and best of teachers. Philosophers like Mr. Pollock may find comfort in what is called "the intellectual love of God," and may rejoice that the wise man, while entirely destroying the divine Personality, talks of "God loving Himself with an infinite intellectual love." "The intellectual love of human minds towards God," explains Mr. Pollock, "is part of this infinite love, and in it God may be said to love men; in which there is no contradiction of the foregoing statement that God neither loves nor hates any one, since this intellectual love is not an emotion. . . . For Spinoza the divine love is nothing else than conscious acceptance of universal law, the 'welcoming every event' of the Stoics; and that the secret of blessedness and glory (for those titles are expressly claimed and justified) is not other than a mind steadfastly bent on the truth." Well may Mr. Pollock add that "this seems a poor and barren conclusion." After so many twists and turns of an inexorable logic, after the infinite coqueties and subtleties of a splendid metaphysic, down we come from the clouds, still, like Heine's fool in the poem, "waiting an answer." It would require the wit of a Heine, indeed, to prick this gigantic bubble of a transcendental conception, and make it vanish back into the thin air of atheism. Mr. Pollock calls the chapter containing this exposition "The Deliverance of Man," beginning and ending with Renan's pregnant words, "*La raison triumphe de la mort, et travailler pour elle, c'est travailler pour l'éternité.*" This simply means, translated into the language of common sense, that rationalism is to be victorious, by virtue of the law which makes truth eternal. And who doubts it? Nor does any man deny that abstract truth survives death, and that the universe is based upon imperishable laws. But the question remains unanswered by Spinoza, and unanswered by the modern philosophers of science, what is truth, what are the imperishable laws governing the universe? The theologian has his answer ready; so has Spinoza. Both agree, at least, that goodness, or the

intellectual love of God, is the mystic touchstone of truth, of law. But where they seem to part company is on the score of the permanence of the individual human consciousness; Spinoza and his disciples averring that, while individual consciousness is perishable, the intellectual love of God is eternal; the theologian holding—we think with justice and common sense on his side—that the very condition of truth is consciousness, and that, unless man is immortal, the intellectual love of God is an imbecile abstraction.

But we are going beyond our purpose, and touching on those general speculations which are opened up at every step of Mr. Pollock's dissertations. What we meant to convey was our feeling that Spinoza has no final message to us, whatever message he may have for those who stop half-way on the road to certainty. To study him, whether in his own writings or at second-hand through his latest and best interpreter, is to experience that kind of delight in pure reason which comes of mastering a set of logical propositions, or solving a series of geometric puzzles. The intellect is gratified, and a certain sense of mastery ensues. But we ascertain, after the fine glow of the exercise has passed away, after we have had a mental bath of perfect mind-sufficing daylight, that the old moonshine still possesses its fascination; and the first lonely night finds us looking up at the heavens, and watching the serene progression of the spheres with the old unsatisfied yearning. Of what avail is it that, as Spinoza has taught us, Eternity endures, and that God "loves Himself" with an infinite intellectual love? We want to know "how long" we shall be conscious of God's love for Himself, or for us: and all at once, to the horror of these philosophers, up rises the old anthropomorphic Spectre, up comes the Divine Apparition, whose very existence has been shown to be impossible by the best of men and the wisest of metaphysicians.

It is a long way indeed from Spinoza to Mr. Mallock; yet the controversy awakened by the last-named gentleman has agitated speculative minds not a little, and brought up anew many of the questions which the great Jew devoted his life to solve. From the popular point of view, as expounded by the author of "*Is Life worth Living?*" existence is not supportable on the mere ground of "God's intellectual love for Himself," apart from the permanent consciousness of His creature. The controversy has spread even to America, and we have received from New York a lengthy work entitled "*The Value of Life: A Reply to Mr. Mallock's Essay*" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), which answers Mr. Mallock with what Touchstone would call the "lie direct." "If we might be permitted to compare small things with great," says the anonymous writer, "we would like to compare Mr. Mallock with the Emperor Julian;" and forthwith, as might have been expected, he becomes polemical. Conceived in a very different temper are Professor Plumptre's three lectures on Romanism, Protestantism, and Agnosticism, published in one little volume under the title of "*Movements of Religious Thought*"

(Macmillan & Co.). Professor Plumptre is always learned and often profound, and we have found in his book both profit and entertainment.

In his work on Spinoza Mr. Pollock very carefully points out the influence of Descartes; and very opportunely has come a translation of the famous "Meditations," with an Introduction, Memoir, and Commentary, by Richard Lowndes (Norgate). Mr. Lowndes has done his work well, and it will prove very valuable, especially to young students. Another elementary or introductory work of considerable value is Mr. Guthrie's criticism of Herbert Spencer's "Theory of Evolution" (Trübner & Co.). Mr. Guthrie's position, while not altogether hostile to evolution, is that Mr. Spencer has failed in solving the main problem which he (Mr. Spencer) sets down as the aim of his work, that problem being to state an intelligible formula, which, by its application to the homogeneous, will explain and enable us to construct ideally all the changes of the universe. Not the least interesting portion of the work is the appendix, containing an account of the principal contemporary criticisms of the Spencerian philosophy. Mr. Guthrie's criticism is too elaborate to be discussed at present, but it proves sufficiently that the religion offered by Mr. Spencer as a substitute for Christianity or Deism, is too cosmic and too gaseous to be of much value as an influence on human action, and that the balance of probability is in favour of the theory that nature discloses an original Mind, as against mechanical and materialistic theories generally. "The nescience of Mr. Spencer accepts the positive belief in the inadequacy of the mechanical and materialistic hypothesis. This is a valid definite result. It recognizes an All-producing though Inscrutable Power. Other interpreters infer from its results something of its nature." In these words Mr. Guthrie concludes his criticism, which is well worth following carefully throughout.

We rather think that Mr. Matthew Arnold made a mistake when he published his volume of "Selected Prose" (Smith, Elder & Co.). His method of writing—we are speaking now of his prose writings only—precludes the kind of brilliance which tells well in brief selections; and we pass from passage to passage, each detached from its context, without feeling any of that charm which distinguishes the writer's essays as wholes. In order to feel the inferiority of Mr. Arnold in this connection, we have only to place side by side with his extracts either of the two volumes of prose selections from Heine recently offered to English readers. One contains Heine's opinions about "England and the English;" the other is entitled "Heine's Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos" (Trübner & Co.), and is thoroughly representative of his curious power, a power unique in its combination of *diablerie* and piteous humour. The method of Mr. Arnold, in prose, is to discover a phrase, and then to reiterate it in a series of rounded periods, like one teaching a tune, until the reader has got it off by heart. In this manner we were made familiar with "sweetness and light," the "three Lord Shaftesburys," and "the power, not our-

selves, which makes for righteousness." It is no exaggeration that what Mr. Arnold thinks matter enough for a tautological essay, Heine would have thought just fit for an epigram; but, indeed, many of Heine's epigrams concentrate a whole volume of profoundest meaning. Take a few, given in the "Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos":—"Wherever a great spirit utters its thought, *there* is Golgotha." "It is only kindred griefs that draw forth our tears, and each weeps really for himself." "Thought is the unseen Nature, as Nature is the unseen Thought." "The people of Paris emancipated the world, and did not accept so much as a gratuity for doing so." Quite unique was Heine's power of using metaphor and simile as a form of criticism:—"The earth is the great rock to which Humanity, the real Prometheus, is chained, while its flesh is lacerated by the vulture of Doubt." "Humanity stole the light, and now suffers torture for the theft." Such examples of felicitous imagery abound on every page written by the gnome-like poet.

What the reader is particularly struck by in turning over the "Wit, Humour, and Pathos," are the numerous splendid passages in which Heine, the very incarnation of artistic irreverence, pays his homage to Christianity. His bitterness was merely superficial, his irony simply the sheath to cover an abnormally tender heart; and while he hated humbug of all kinds, his faith in simple goodness, in the deep religion of the human heart, was paramount. There is one passage, culled from "Religion and Philosophy in Germany," in which he sets forth the spiritual claims of the Bible—"that old homely-looking book, modest as Nature, and natural as it"—with a simple eloquence which is worth all the elaborate and not altogether convincing panegyrics of Mr. Arnold. To the same purport, while partaking more of the nature of a masterly literary eulogium, are his remarks on the Bible of Luther.

"The Divine Author of this book knew as well as others that it was not a matter of indifference by whom the Bible was to be translated, and He himself chose His translator, and endowed him with the marvellous faculty of translating it out of a dead and already buried language into a tongue that had not as yet come into existence. They had, it is true, the Vulgate, which was understood, and the Septuagint, which men were now beginning to understand; but the knowledge of Hebrew was quite extinct throughout the Christian world. Only the Jews, who managed to conceal themselves here and there in corners of the earth, still preserved the tradition of their tongue. Like a ghost who keeps watch over some treasure entrusted to it during its lifetime, so this massacred nation, this ghost-like people, cowering in its obscure ghettos, kept watch there over the Hebrew Bible. Into these evil-reputed hiding-places German men of learning might be seen secretly stealing down, in order to discover the treasure, and to acquire a knowledge of Hebrew. As soon as the Catholic priesthood perceived the danger that threatened them, and that the people might, by such a side-way, attain to an acquaintance

with the true Word of God, and thereby discover the Romish falsifications, they would fain have suppressed all Jewish traditions by dooming to destruction all Hebrew books. Thus began on the banks of the Rhine that book persecution against which our admirable Doctor Reuchlin so gloriously fought. The theologians of Cologne, who were active in the matter, especially Hochstraaten, were by no means so devoid of intelligence as Ulrich von Hutten, Reuchlin's valiant champion, represents them in his '*Litteræ Obscurorum Virorum*.' They attempted nothing less than the suppression of the Hebrew language. When Reuchlin was victorious, Luther was able to begin his work. From a letter written by him to Reuchlin, Luther seems already to have felt how important was the victory that had been gained, and gained, too, by one in a dependent and difficult position; whereas he, the Augustine monk, was perfectly independent. Very naïvely does Luther say in this letter:—*Ego nihil timeo, quia nihil habeo*. But how Luther succeeded in creating the language into which he translated the Bible remains a mystery to me even to this hour."

Still finer in its way is the magnificent tribute to the character and Genius of the "God-intoxicated man," Spinoza. But every page of the selections from Heine has the fascination of genius. A word of cordial Praise is due to the translator, Mr. J. Snodgrass, for his admirable performance of a very difficult task. His book is one to welcome and to keep, as a treasure of almost priceless thought and criticism. With his translations from the "*Buch der Lieder*" we are not so well pleased. Repeated experiments have proved, however, that the task of translating Heine's songs is one in which perfect success is impossible; everything that is charming in them—their simplicity, their naïveté, their curiously careless yet exquisitely effective versification—evaporates in the crucible of translation.

In the course of last year a good-natured scholarly gentleman announced in a contemporary his discovery of a literary phenomenon. Our readers will remember the enthusiasm of the immortal Mr. Pickwick when in the course of his peregrinations he potttered upon the famous "antique inscription" which an irreverent member of the club averred to be no ancient inscription at all, but simply the honest English words—"Bill Stubbs his Mark." Much in the same way Mr. G. A. Simcox, himself known as the writer of some very fine verses, made his discovery of what he called "a new poet," and announced it to the world with that fiery zeal which is the characteristic always of the true Pickwickian. The poet so discovered was a namesake of the author of the "*Seasons*," and his book was entitled "*The City of Dreadful Night*." It mattered little that Mr. Thomson was, even in the words of his discoverer, "a relapsed pessimist who had struggled into daylight and gone back into darkness," since it was averred in the same breath that he was "a manlier and simpler writer" than Lamartine, and that he was a master of "splendid symbolism." Prosaic outsiders, how-

ever, were a little incredulous. Nor did a perusal of Mr. Thomson's no too original verses increase their faith. Not without smiles, therefore they waited for a little more evidence of authenticity, which has been promptly offered in the shape of a second volume: "*Vane's Story and other Poems*" (Reeves & Turner). Unfortunately for our good-natured enthusiast, this volume quite destroys the theory of true poetic talent, and makes the "*Bill Stubbs*" hypothesis at least tenable. For if ever the mark of "*Bill Stubbs*" was written upon a book, it is imprinted upon this one. The measure of its good taste may be found in the following note, which we quote entire:—

"The Holy Bible unfortunately tells us nothing of this. Readers may, however, refer to our auxiliary Bible, '*Paradise Lost*,' Book xi., Michael's prophecy of the Flood. But Milton was really too careless about the fate of the guard. Was it recalled in time, or did it perish at its post? Did the deluge sweep over that gate, 'with dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms?' Let us hope not. It would be sad to think that the 'flaming sword' was extinguished with a hiss; and that the 'Cherubim' were drowned like the other animals, without even the salvation of a single live specimen in the Ark. Probably, however, being abundantly and superabundantly furnished with wings, they all flew away to Heaven when the waters began sweeping the Mount of Paradise 'down the great river to the opening gulf.'"

There is irreverence and irreverence; Mr. Thomson's is that of a potboy, not that of a poet; and he appears quite incapable of feeling the beauty of one of the most magnificent lines in literature.

We suspect that Mr. Simcox has been too occupied with his phenomenal discovery to look well abroad upon the fields of ordinary literature; otherwise, we would have liked to ask him on what possible plea he sets up Mr. Thomson as a poet, indeed the best poet that has appeared for years, and says nothing of Mr. G. R. Sims, the author of "*The Dagonet Ballads*" and "*Ballads of Babylon*." Mr. Simcox likes vulgarity, and we frankly admit that Mr. Sims is vulgar; he likes audacity, and Mr. Sims is most audacious; he was looking for neglected genius, and we are quite sure that Mr. Sims has been neglected. To our mind, at least, a poem such as "*Billy's Rose*" is worth a whole hecatomb of more pretentious verses. In the course of two modest little volumes Mr. Sims finds his poetic materials among squalid alleys, filthy lanes, and sunless habitations; he selects coarse elements, and shrinks from no reality; and although he does not talk rubbish about "the terrible Balzac" and "Shelley, poet of poets and purest of men," we feel that he possesses in a measure the purity of the one and the fearless naturalism of the other. He is, in a word, an authentic poet, none the less sure of recognition because he does not care to pose as a genius, or because he has shown no super-agile anxiety to be "discovered." If we are to find a fault with a writer who seems to be guided throughout his compositions by a gracious and kindly intelligence, it is that he is occasionally too outspoken, too lacking in refinement of mere language. We quite understand the difficulty he has had in treating dramatically subjects so coarse in themselves, but his speakers are occasionally

even more vulgar than their prototypes. However, we have really no heart to grumble at Mr. Sims. What Bret Harte did for the American backwoods he is doing for London and its slums, showing how much golden sincerity and pearl-white self-sacrifice may exist in the very dregs of the social deposits; and his task is the more terrible, while his triumph is surely the greater, seeing that, unlike the American writer, he is dealing with themes and persons so ugly and unpoetical in themselves. Many of his ballads are perfect of their kind; all are finely human, and most are deeply pathetic. We are sorry that our space does not permit us to quote any one of them entire,—to quote merely a portion would be unjust to the writer's art, which relies on broad general effects, and not on specially fine passages, but we can cordially recommend both books to our readers.

Mr. Tennyson also has recently published "Ballads" (C. Kegan Paul & Co.), but they have been too widely quoted to be discussed here, and their simplicity and beauty have been generally acknowledged. It is not going too far, however, to say that, in the domain of town life and pathetic "human" writing, Mr. Sims does not suffer by comparison even with the Laureate.

Some other poetry of the past year is also worthy of attention. There are Mr. Gosse's "New Poems" and Mr. John Payne's "New Poems," both of which are noteworthy, and demand longer criticism than we can now give them. Mr. Gosse improves; if he would convince himself that the game of tricky verses and alliteration is played out, he would improve still more. The habit of manufacturing verses, of elaborating rhymes and turns of expression, leads to manufacturing inspiration; and the last kind of manufacture is fatal. Some of Mr. Gosse's poems are beautiful, and the most beautiful are those in which he is least conscious of his own mannerism. Frequently, as in most writers of this school, there is a want of fitness between treatment and theme. Take the lines about Hans Christian Andersen, beginning—

"A being cleaves the moonlit air,
With eyes of dew and plumes of fire,
New born, immortal, strong and fair;
Glance ere he goes!
His feet are shrouded like the dead,
But in his face a wild desire
Breaks like the dawn that flushes red,
And like a rose."

To have struck so silly and shrill a note about the dear old homely fellow who wrote "The Ugly Duckling," and whose writings were "human nature's daily food," was surely a heinous mistake; and it came, like the other mistake, from fancying that fluent verse-writing is all-sufficient in itself. Elsewhere, when writing under stress of real feeling, Mr. Gosse is serious, vigorous, and strong. Strong, too, at times is Mr. John Payne, though at other times he has a perfectly marvellous power of writing nonsense. In his case French influence is paramount. He dedicates his book to "the beloved memory of Théophile

Gautier," he publishes a funeral song about the same individual, he translates Théodore de Banville, and he writes "virelays," "double ballads," "ritournels," "rondeaux," and "rondels." Putting aside this seemingly incurable literary folly, we may describe him as a writer of very good intentions. There is real force and fire in "Thorgerda," and the management of the concluding portion, "Verses in the Air," is really surprising. The most ambitious poem in the volume, "Salvestra," is another version of the well-known tale in Boccaccio which the late Robert Brough treated in capital manner as "The Tentmaker's Story." Mr. Payne's style of treatment is tedious where it is not worse. With all this, there is quite enough cleverness in Mr. Payne to warrant us in expressing a belief that he will do more justice to himself by-and-by, when the day comes that he discovers the "impeccable" Gautier to be a literary sham, and the whole poetry of the Empire a mottled fungous or toadstool growth, pretty to look at, but absolutely poisonous to taste.

Between the verse "manufactured" in imitation of existing models and the verse which flows right out of the overburdened human heart, there is indeed a difference; and just this difference exists between Mr. Payne's clever mimicry and the genuine tenderness of the Hon. Roden Noel. Mr. Noel, in the small volume he has called "*A Little Child's Monument*" (C. Kegan Paul & Co.), and which is in fact a father's memorial of a dead child, touches the very quick of human pathos, and we read his beautiful pages through ever-gathering tears. Were not all these poems so obviously the result of real emotion—little jets of love and tenderness opening up and finding form almost unaware—we should have said that it was a good idea to write a series of poems with such a sweet and moving central motive; but it is clear that the poems preceded the arrangement, much in the way explained by Keble in the preface to the "*Christian Year*." Be that as it may, the result is completely successful, and we shall be much astonished if the book is not soon popular.

"I would embalm thee in my verse :
 To living souls it shall rehearse
 Thy loveliness when I am cold,
 And fragrant with it may unfold
 For other hearts in misery
 Faint solace ; words were sweet to me
 From hearts who mourned what seemed to be
 Dear, like thee :
 These are thy wrappings of rare spice,
 A golden shrine with gems of price,
 Poor monument of my device."

Such is a portion of the opening inscription. Very lovely in form are many of the poems which follow, while all are exquisite in feeling. Those who are acquainted with some of Mr. Noel's previous work would expect, in anything from his pen, much profound philosophy and a great deal of happy descriptive power; and both are to be found in this dainty volume. As an example of profundity we may name the

poem called "Yea or Nay;" for pure description of the loftiest kind it would not be easy to surpass the blank verse entitled "In the Corsican Highlands." But the small lyrics, the little sharp unrehearsed cries for sympathy and comfort, touch us most. "The pity of it, the pity of it, Iago." We feel the utter cruelty of Death, till we too weep in sympathy, and sigh for the common lot. In connection with a book of such tender domestic inspiration, it seems trivial to talk of literary workmanship, yet here again comes the reward of sincerity, and the workmanship is as perfect as possible. Of course, there are mannerisms, as in all good work, but they are never sufficient to distract attention from the matter to the manner of the poems. Here are some exquisitely simple lines, which we quote for their brevity, and as a fair sample of the rest; they remind us of William Blake:—

"Whene'er there comes a little child,
 My darling comes with him;
 Whene'er I hear a birdie wild
 Who sings his merry whim,
 Mine sings with him;
 If a low strain of music sails
 Among melodious hills and dales,
 When a white lamb or kitten leaps,
 Or star, or vernal flower peeps,
 When rainbow dews are pulsing joy,
 Or sunny waves, or leaflets toy,
 Then he who sleeps
 Softly wakes within my heart;
 With a kiss from him I start;
 He lays his head upon my breast,
 Tho' I may not see my guest.
 Dear bosom-guest!
 In all that's pure and fair and good,
 I feel the spring-time of thy blood,
 Hear thy whispered accents flow
 To lighten woe,
 Feel them blend,
 Although I fail to comprehend.
 And if one woundeth with harsh word,
 Or deed a child, or beast, or bird,
 It seems to strike weak innocence
 Through him, who bath for his defence
 Thunder of the All-loving Sire,
 And mine, to whom He gave the fire.

Mr. Noel must have eased his heart in writing this book, and so far it has, doubtless, been a blessing to him; but the blessing will not cease there. Whenever pure love and sorrow result in true literature, whenever a real book is born, there is cause for rejoicing; and a "Little Child's Monument" will be welcomed and loved in thousands of homes where little heavenly strangers are missed, and where sorrow and love abide and wait in the holy shadow of Death.

A really capital, albeit higgledy-piggledy volume of lyrics is the one entitled "Wet Days, by a Farmer" (C. Kegan Paul & Co.). It is just one of those books which are likely to escape the ordinary reviewers, and be classed contemptuously under the head of "Recent Verse;" for its author is more than ordinarily modest, and scarcely ventures to claim for himself the honoured name of poet. Yet, after a charming preface,

a sort of rustic bow to the public, he starts off with a lyric the lilt of which Burns himself would have relished :—

"Through all the changing seasons
My pride is and has been
To keep thee cool when suns are hot,
And warm when nights are keen ;
Bend down to make thy burden mine,
Or lend my cloak to thee,
In summer or in winter :
For so should it be.

"I plough the stiff tough fallow,
And toil, and moil, and sow ;
You peer for nests thro' blackthorn boughs,
And where first roses blow.
I'll do the work, you do the play,
Then home at eve with me ;
A warm hand in a cold one :
For so should it be.

"I'll mow in scorching summer,
Red hot throughout the day ;
And you shall strew the swathes about
And nestle in the hay ;
Or prate beside the prattling brook,
Sharing my crust with me ;
A cool cheek by a hot one :
And so should it be.

"My steady strokes in autumn
Shall fell the rattling grain,
And you shall tumble down the shocks,
Nor set one up again.
I'll store red apples like your cheeks,
And give the best to thee.
From a tired hand to a fresh one :
For so should it be.

"In winter, when the threshing
Is finished on the floor,
And all work done that I could do,
And wood brought home to store,
I pass from field, and barn, and fire,
Sown, stored, and lit for thee,
Your warm hand in my cold one :
And so may it be."

Fresh and manly are the poems which follow, though not a few are avowedly doggerel. In their quaint simplicity and their truth to Nature they recall the poetry of a previous generation, rather than the forced and feverish produce of our own. "Past like morning beam away" is, in sentiment and music alike, worthy of Robert Herrick. "No Hope," in its sententious sweetness, recalls Michael Drayton. And though the style is avowedly bucolic, and the writer comes masking as a plain country fellow, there is no mistaking the real culture that underlies all these rough lays ; so that, if our poet be indeed a farmer, he is a farmer in a thousand. We have said that Burns would have relished his writings ; it would be nearer the mark, perhaps, to say that *they would* have pleased Wordsworth.

Another book about the country is "The Village mous poem, issued by a Glasgow publisher (Jam which we should conceive, from internal evide

same pen that gave us "Obrig Grange" and "Borland Hall." It is not, however, equal to either of those excellent books, and strikes us as rather passing below the line which separates poetry from slipshod verse.

Much more vigorous and much more characteristic is the volume of "Ballads and Sonnets" issued by Mr. Alexander Anderson (Macmillan & Co.), who has earned for himself a high reputation in Scotland under the name of "Surfaceman." Mr. Anderson was until lately a labourer on the railway—literally, a surfaceman, or common navvy. Such a phenomenon as he presents could only be found north of the Tweed. Not only is he able to write poems in the purest English of the schools, but he is sufficiently cultivated to read French and German with facility, and to translate from both languages with scholarly skill. This is the third volume he has given to the world, and its contents are as noticeable for worth of matter as for excellence of manner. "Nottman" is a powerful ballad of the popular kind; a description which applies also to "Blood upon the Wheel;" and most of the sonnets are really admirable. A few of the pieces seem to have been written under insufficient inspiration, but this was perhaps inevitable.

Any notice of recent poetry would be inadequate without a reference to "The Ode of Life," by Mr. Lewis Morris (C. Kegan Paul & Co.). The only fault we have to find with this really remarkable effort—a sort of expansion of Wordsworth's famous Ode—is that it is rather too long for its ideas, and would be twice as effective if condensed; but it possesses power, sweetness, occasional profundity, and unmistakable music. It is, when all is said and done, a true "Ode," sweeping the reader along as the ode should do, and

"Growing, like Atlas, stronger from its load."

It appears to us to bring definite proof that the writer's pretensions have not been overstated.

More ambitious in form, and fuller of religious and philosophical suggestion, is Mr. Edwin Arnold's versification of the story of Buddha, entitled "The Light of Asia, or the Great Renunciation" (Trübner & Co.). Mr. Arnold is, it is pretty well known, the editor of the daily newspaper which lays claim to possessing "the largest circulation in the world," and that a gentleman so preoccupied should find time to write an epic poem on one of the most difficult themes that ever exercised poetic ingenuity, is surprising enough. Even more strange, however, is the fact that he quite succeeds in escaping what we are perhaps justified in calling the taint of his occupation. The characteristics of the daily newspaper are certainly not originality, or sympathy with forlorn causes, or purity of literary style. It is inevitable that journalism should, by the very law of its being, be perfunctory, conventional, showy, and ephemeral; following the whims of the hour, and needing
 • less in all its
 • lemn issues of the age; worshipping
 • g authority in all functions. There

is, nevertheless, between the literature of every morning and the literature of Mr. Arnold's fine poem a whole world of separation. For any man to have written "The Light of Asia" would have been a triumph; for Mr. Arnold, with his professional distractions, to have achieved it, is little short of a miracle. The immortal story of Guatama Buddha's earthly pilgrimage is told in sonorous blank verse, somewhat Tennysonian in its turns, but sufficiently individual in quality, and it is, with skilful art, put into the mouth of an Indian Buddhist. Thus the poem is dramatic in essence though epic in form; and nothing could exceed the ease, the ingenuity, and the power with which the local colour is worked in; so that as we read we seem to feel the sultry rays of the Indian sun, and to behold the wild pageantry of that Eastern nature which, as Mr. Buckle pointed out long ago, almost overpowers and paralyzes the human mind. Take a picturesque passage:—

"Lo! the Dawn
Sprang with Buddh's Victory! lo! in the East
Flamed the first fires of beauteous day, poured forth
Through fleeting folds of Night's black drapery.
High in the widening blue the herald-star
Faded to paler silver as there shot
Brighter and brightest bars of rosy gleam
Across the grey. Far off the shadowy hills
Saw the great Sun, before the world was 'ware,
And donned their crowns of crimson; flower by flower
Felt the warm breath of Morn and 'gan unfold
Their tender lids. Over the spangled grass
Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely Light,
Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems,
Becking the earth with radiance, 'brodering
The sinking storm-clouds with a golden fringe,
Gilding the feathers of the palms, which waved
Glad salutations; darting beams of gold
Into the glades; touching with magic wand
The stream to rippled ruby; in the brake
Froding the mild eyes of the antelopes
And saying 'It is day;' in nested sleep
Touching the small heads under many a wing
And whispering, 'Children, praise the light of day!'
Whereat there piped anthems of all the birds,
The Kōil's fluted song, the Bullbul's hymn,
The 'morning, morang' of the painted thrush,
The twitter of the sunbirds starting forth
To find the honey ere the bees be out,
The grey crow's caw, the parrot's scream, the strokes
Of the green hammer-smith, the myna's chirp,
The never-finished love-talk of the doves:
Yea! and so holy was the influence
Of that high Dawn which came with victory
That, far and near, in homes of men there spread
An unknown peace. The slayer hid his knife.
The robber laid his plunder back; the shroff
Counted full tale of coins; all evil hearts
Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the balm
Of that divinest Daybreak lightened Earth.
Kings at fierce war called truce; the sick men leaped
Laughing from beds of pain; the dying smiled
As though they knew that happy Morn was sprung
From fountains farther than the utmost East;
And o'er the heart of sad Yasodhara,
Sitting forlorn at Prince Siddārtha's bed,
Came sudden bliss, as if love should not fail
Nor such vast sorrow miss to end in joy.
So glad the World was—though it wist not why—

That over desolate wastes went swooning songs
 Of mirth, the voice of bodiless Prets and Bhuts
 Foreseeing Buddh; and Devas in the air
 Cried 'It is finished, finished!' and the priests
 Stood with the wondering people in the streets
 Watching those golden splendours flood the sky
 And saying 'There hath happed some mighty thing.'"

All this, the reader will perceive, is almost surcharged with recondite meaning and local allusion, and might, to carping critics, appear overwrought; but we know better than to carp when we receive from any man such a gift as this admirable poem. Great as is its learning, it does not overpower or repel us; on the contrary, it adds to the quaint and mystical charm of the object, certainly one of the grandest which ever attracted the human mind. In his preface Mr. Arnold expresses the modest hope that "the time may come when this book and my 'Indian Song of Songs' will preserve the memory of one who loved India and the Indian peoples." On that score he need have little fear. The popularity of "The Light of Asia" is, we believe, already very great in America, where the interest in Buddhism and Eastern religion generally has been one result of the now almost forgotten transcendental influence; and we do not doubt that, in the ripeness of time, its popularity will extend at home. If this be so, as we anticipate, it will not be the first occasion on which our American cousins, more apprehensive in certain directions than ourselves, have taught us how to honour our own prophets and to crown our own poets.

Not that, here in England, we altogether fail to do homage to men and works of genius, but it is only to the rare exceptions, who happen to be most in accord with the general way of thinking—who, in other words, as certain critics put it, "express the tendencies of the time." As we write we are reminded of what has been perhaps the most popular poem of the Victorian period, "In Memoriam." It comes to us now in a dainty white covering of vellum, and exquisitely printed (C. Kegan Paul & Co.); and the form is an indication that its popularity has not waned. As we turn over its dainty leaves, we are reminded that its history has a curious literary parallel.

In the year 1733 that distinguished and prosperous poet, Mr. Alexander Pope, wonder of his age, and envy of his contemporaries, published anonymously the first epistle of his "Essay on Man;" the second and third epistles followed in rapid succession; and finally, twelve months afterwards, the fourth was published, with the poet's name. Pope had from the first been suspected of the authorship of this truly representative and "moral" poem, which for ever afterwards was to bear his superscription. The fame of the "Essay on Man"—which, as everybody knows, was a sort of poetical adumbration (and perversion) of the views of Bolingbroke—was wide-spread and instantaneous. Translations appeared in all languages, and disquisitions, in which the poet's views were advocated or combated, were numerous in our own. Certainly no poem could its period, or represent better the

elegant fatalism of that literary and philosophical group of which Pope was the mouthpiece and ornament. Rather more than a hundred years after the publication of the "Essay on Man," appeared, also anonymously, "In Memoriam." The success of this fine poem was also instantaneous. The work was at once accepted as typical, and as representing the finest tendencies of the time. More than that, it became at once a text-book and a cardiphonia. It was just philosophic enough to suit all poetic needs, and just poetic enough to please practical philosophers. Its power of supplying apt and memorable passages at least equalled that of the "Essay on Man." Our great-grandfathers, with faltering voices, could proclaim in measured cadence the wonders of that Deity—

"Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world"—

and could add, not without solemnity—

"Know thou thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is Man."

We, no less fortunate, could speak gently of a God—

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

and could add, with a touch of tenderness unknown to our grandfathers, that—

"Merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee."

But in either case the fountain of quotation was a poem representative, to use the cant expression, of "the best culture of the time," and of the time's most typical poet.

Doubtless in those days, as in these, there were dissentient voices, voices of a minority, which rejected Mr. Pope's elegant fatalism. And in good truth the "Essay on Man" is not much more stimulating than a page of the renowned Bolingbroke himself. From the point of view of the period, nevertheless, it was simply sublime, and was accepted by its generation with a faith as implicit as that which the immortal "poor Indian," in its own pages, gave to his God. Its very defects hastened this happy consummation. Delightful beyond measure were its endless twists and turns of a tautological yet pliant metre; exquisite were its placid truisms, its fine platitudes, its fluent consecration of the popular sentiment. The age was one of moral essays, and this was a moral essay without an equal. Compared with the "Essay on Man," and judged by the standard of a later period, "In Memoriam" is, it is trite to say, from every point of view, vastly superior; indeed, it is difficult to conceive a period when its finest passages will fail, as Pope's finest passages now fail, to awaken enthusiasm. As a piece of workmanship it is singularly beautiful—almost too beautiful, in a certain

sense, to be quite satisfying as an intellectual stimulus. In the profundity of its philosophical insight and the magnificence of its poetical images, moreover, it is as far above Mr. Pope at his best, as Pope himself was above the herd he ridiculed in the "Dunciad." To say so much, indeed, is only to say that it is the peculiar outcome of a generation which was saturated in its youth with the sublime mysticism of Coleridge and Shelley, and which, a little later on, stood wondering at the "fairy tales of Science." But with all this, and despite the charm of an incomparable lyric light, is it not, if we only had the courage to say it, too fine a piece of work to answer our present speculative needs? Is its grief, to-day, sufficiently moving grief? Is its speculation, to-day, sufficiently kindling speculation?

The penalty of such perfection as is easily distinguishable in such widely differing poems as the "Essay on Man" and "In Memoriam" is the penalty which attends typical literary products of all kinds; for it need scarcely be added that it is not in acquiescent or explanatory moods, however representative of "the best culture of the time," that great poetical creations are developed. If Mr. Tennyson were only the Philosopher of "In Memoriam," there would be some danger of his sharing the fate of Pope. But being what he is, one of the loveliest singers of this time and of all time, and an unique craftsman whose sign manual is sufficient to consecrate almost any piece of work, he need not fear the results of a criticism which must sooner or later leave him among the lyrical and perfecting, instead of among the philosophical and creative singers. What the divine group which preceded him left ill-expressed, half-expressed, or only hinted, he has turned into miracles of musical speech. Ideas which the world pass by in the pages of Wordsworth and Shelley it has hailed with idolatry in the Laureate's stately setting. Truths which science carelessly and clumsily revealed, have been turned by him into those jewels, five words long,

"Which on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle for ever."

He differs, moreover, from Pope in this, that he is primarily and cardinally a poet of a poetical era—not, strictly speaking, the poetical oracle of an era of essays and essayists.

A number of other works lie before us, but any notice of them must be postponed. Even such books of the past year as we have selected for a brief review sufficiently justify the drift of our opening remarks, that works of serious importance are yearly diminishing in number. Some of them, however admirable in themselves, are in reality only reprints or elaborations of magazine articles. Others are excellent, but avowedly elementary. With the exception of Mr. Arnold's "Light of Asia," the poetry of the past year has not been ambitious or important in character, however effective it may have been in result. Of the fiction we need scarcely speak, except to give a word of praise to Mr. Francillon's exquisitely wrought "Queen Cophetua"

(Chatto & Windus), and a word of censure—for unmitigated and wholesale plagiarism—to Mr. Meredith's "Tragic Comedians" (Chapman & Hall). Nor should Mr. Justin McCarthy's last novel be forgotten; it is bright and winsome, like all that comes from his pen, except, alas! when he is turning newspaper articles into history. We had purposed to devote some space to a consideration of Mr. Todhunter's "Study of Shelley" (C. Kegan Paul & Co.), which, though pitched in the fashionable and uncritical key of Shelley-worship, is full of most admirable writing and of fine literary suggestion—is, in fact, worthy of one who is himself known as a writer of scholarly verse. Last, not least, we had wished to treat in detail the admirable series of works issued by Mr. Richard Jeffries, author of "The Gamekeeper at Home;" for we are not sure but that we regard them as, on the whole, the most original literary product of the year. One of them, a story, "Greene Ferne Farm" (Smith, Elder & Co.), is quite unmatched for its delicately beautiful treatment of the slightest and most commonplace materials. But all the writings of this "minute" country philosopher are remarkable for fine observation and exquisite sympathy with Nature. If they have a fault, they are occasionally *too* microscopic; but, taken all in all, they are phenomenal, containing originality enough to set up half a dozen novelists of the realistic school, and as many pastoral poets.

To the Editor of THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

5th January, 1881.

SIR,

The author of "German Home-Life" has contributed to your issue of this month an article, "The Jews in Germany," in which I read with surprise, p. 44, that a "Jewish youth lately shot an officer whose remarks displeased him!" It is a pity, indeed, that in the present state of public feeling in Germany fuel should be added to the fire by misrepresentations, of which the one referred to is a sample. Let me give you the proper version, and appeal to your honesty to make it known to your readers. The state of the case is as follows:—A Mr. Goldschmidt, holding a legal appointment as "Referendarius," was qualifying, after having gone through his year of service, for the degree of officer in the Landwehr, when he was insulted on account of his race by a lieutenant of the 32nd Regt of the Line. Goldschmidt submitted, as he could not help doing otherwise—being a subordinate—but, when he had retaken his position in civil life, he called out the officer who had insulted him; the court of honour, to whom all such cases must be submitted, decided that the duel was to take place; it did take place in due form, and the "Jewish youth" killed his adversary.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,
Your obed^t

THE UNITY OF NATURE.

VII.

ON THE MORAL CHARACTER OF MAN, CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF THE UNITY OF NATURE (*continued*).

IT may be well, before proceeding farther in this branch of our inquiry, to retrace for a little the path we have been following, and to identify the conclusions to which we have been led.

In the first place, we have seen that the sense of obligation considered in itself—that is to say, considered apart from the particular actions to which it is attached—is a simple and elementary conception of the mind, inasmuch that in every attempt to analyze it, or to explain its origin and growth, this absurdity can always be detected,—that the analysis or explanation universally assumes the previous existence of that very conception for which it professes to account.

In the second place, we have seen that, just as Reason, or the logical faculty, begins its work with the direct perception of some simple and elementary truths, of which no other account can be given than that they are intuitively perceived, or, in other words, that they are what is called “self-evident,” so in like manner the Moral Sense begins its work with certain elementary perceptions and feelings in respect to conduct, which arise out of the very nature of things, and come instinctively to all men. The earliest of these feelings is the obligation of obedience to that first Authority the rightfulness of which over us is not a question but a fact. The next of these feelings is the obligation of acting towards other men as we know we should like them to act towards ourselves. The first of these feelings of obligation is inseparably associated with the fact that all men are born helpless, absolutely dependent, and subject to Parents. The second of these feelings of obligation is similarly founded on our conscious community of nature and on the consequent universal applicability to them of good and evil.

have seen that this association of the higher

powers of Man with rudimentary data which are supplied by the facts of Nature, is in perfect harmony with that condition of things which prevails throughout Creation,—the condition, namely, that every creature is provided from the first with just so much of instinct and of impulse as is requisite to propel and guide it in the kind and to the measure of development of which its organism is susceptible, leading it with unfailing regularity to the fulfilment of the law of its own being, and to the successful discharge of the functions assigned to it in the world.

In the fourth place, we have seen that the only really exceptional fact connected with Man is—not that he has faculties of a much higher kind than other creatures, nor that these faculties are susceptible of a corresponding kind and measure of development—but that in Man alone this development has a persistent tendency to take a wrong direction, leading not towards, but away from, the perfecting of his powers.

In the last place, we have seen that as a matter of fact, and as a result of this tendency, a very large portion of Mankind, embracing almost all the savage races, and large numbers of men among the most civilized communities, are a prey to habits, practices, and dispositions which are monstrous and unnatural—one test of this unnatural character being that nothing analogous is to be found among the lower animals in those spheres of impulse and of action in which they have a common nature with our own; and another test being that these practices, habits, and dispositions are always directly injurious and often even fatal to the race. Forbidden thus and denounced by the highest of all authorities, which is the authority of Natural Law, these habits and practices stand before us as unquestionable exceptions to the unity of Nature, and as conspicuous violations of the general harmony of Creation.

When, however, we have come to see that such is really the character of these results, we cannot be satisfied with the mere recognition of their existence as a fact. We seek an explanation and a cause. We seek for this, moreover, in a very different sense from that in which we seek for an explanation and a cause of those facts which have the opposite character of being according to law and in harmony with the analogies of Nature.

With facts of this last kind, when we have found the place into which they fit in the order of things, we can and we do rest satisfied as facts which are really ultimate—that is to say, as facts for which no other explanation is required than that they are part of the Order of Nature, and are due to that one great cause, or to that combination of causes, from which the whole harmony and unity of Nature is derived. But when we are dealing with facts which cannot be brought within this category,—which cannot be referred to this Order, but which are, on the contrary, an evident departure from it,—then we must feel that these facts require an explanation and a cause as special and exceptional as the results themselves.

There is, indeed, one theory in respect to those mysterious aberrations

of human character, which, although widely prevalent, can only be accepted as an explanation by those who fail to see in what the real difficulty consists. That theory is, that the vicious and destructive habits and tendencies prevailing among men, are not aberrant phenomena at all, but are original conditions of our nature,—that the very worst of them have been primitive and universal, so that the lowest forms of savage life are the nearest representatives of the primordial condition of the race.

Now, assuming for the present that this were true, it would follow that the anomaly and exception which Man presents among the unities of Nature is much more violent and more profound than on any other supposition. For it would represent the contrast between his instincts and those of the lower animals as greatest and widest at the very moment when he first appeared among the creatures which, in respect to these instincts, are so superior to himself. And it is to be observed that this argument applies equally to every conceivable theory or belief as to the origin of Man. It is equally true whether he was a special creation, or an unusual birth, or the result of a long series of unusual births each marked by some new accession to the aggregate of faculties which distinguish him from the lower animals. As regards the anomaly he presents, it matters not which of these theories of his origin be held. If his birth, or his creation, or his development, whatever its methods may have been, took place after the analogy of the lower animals, then, along with his higher powers of mind, there would have been corresponding instincts associated with them to guide and direct those powers in their proper use. It is in this essential condition of all created things that Man, especially in his savage state, presents an absolute contrast with the brutes. It is no explanation, but, on the contrary, an insuperable increase of the difficulty, to suppose that this contrast was widest and most absolute when Man made his first appearance in the world. It would be to assume that, for a most special and most exceptional result, there was no special or exceptional cause. If Man was, indeed, born with an innate propensity to maltreat his women, to murder his children, to kill and eat his fellow, to turn the physical functions of his nature into uses which are destructive to his race, then, indeed, it would be literally true that

"Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music matched with him."

It would be true, because there were no Dragons of the prime, even as there are no reptiles of the present age—there is no creature, however terrible or loathsome its aspect may be to us, among all the myriads of created things—which does not pass through all the stages of its development with perfect accuracy to the end, or which, having reached that end, fails to exhibit a corresponding harmony between its propensities and its powers, or between both of these and the functions it has to perform in the economy of Creation. So absolute and so

perfect is this harmony, that men have dreamed that somehow it is self-caused, the need and the requirement of a given function producing its appropriate organ, and the organ again reacting on the requirement and the need. Whatever may be the confusion of thought involved in this idea, it is at least an emphatic testimony to the fact of an order and an adjustment of the most perfect kind prevailing in the work of what is called Evolution, and suggesting some cause which is of necessary and universal operation. The nearer therefore we may suppose the origin of Man may have been to the origin of the brutes, the nearer also would his condition have been to the fulfilment of a law which is of universal application among them. Under the fulfilment of that law the higher gifts and powers with which Man is endowed would have run smoothly their appointed course, would have unfolded as a bud unfolds to flower,—as a flower ripens into fruit,—and would have presented results absolutely different from those which are actually presented either by the savage or by what is called the civilized condition of Mankind.

And here it may be well to define, as clearly as we can, what we mean by civilization, because the word is very loosely used, and because the conceptions it involves are necessarily complex. Usually it is associated in our minds with all that is highest in the social, moral, and political condition of the Christian nations as represented in our own country and in our own time. Thus, for example, respect for human life, and tenderness towards every form of human suffering, is one of the most marked features of the best modern culture. But we know that this sentiment, and many others which are related to it, were comparatively feeble in the case of other societies which, nevertheless, we acknowledge to have been very highly civilized. We must, therefore, attach some more definite and restricted meaning to the word, and we must agree to understand by civilization only those characteristic conditions which have been common to all peoples whom we have been accustomed to recognize as among the governing nations of the world. And when we come to consider what these characteristics are, we find that though complex, they are yet capable of being brought within a tolerably clear and simple definition. The Latin word *civis*, from which our word civilization comes, still represents the fundamental conception which is involved. The citizen of an imperial City,—the subject of an imperial Ruler,—the member of a great State,—this was the condition which constituted the Roman idea of the rank and status of civilization. No doubt many things are involved in this condition, and many other things have come to be associated with it. But the essential elements of the civilized condition, as thus defined or understood, can readily be separated from others which are not essential. An extended knowledge of the useful arts, and the possession of such a settled system of law and government as enables men to live in great political communities, these are the essential features of what we understand by civilization. Other characteristics may co-exist with these, but nothing more is

necessarily involved in a proper understanding, or even in the usual application of the word. In particular, we cannot affirm that a civilized condition involves necessarily any of the higher moral elements of character. It is true, indeed, that no great State, nor even any great City, can have been founded and built up without courage and patriotism. Accordingly these were perhaps the most esteemed virtues of antiquity. But these are by no means confined to civilized men, and are, indeed, often conspicuous in the savage and in the barbarian. Courage, in at least its lower forms, is one of the commonest of all qualities; and patriotism, under the like limitation, may almost be said to be an universal passion. It is in itself simply a natural consequence of the social instinct, common to Man and to many of the lower animals—that instinct which leads us to identify our own passions and our own sympathies with any brotherhood to which we may belong,—whatever the associating tie of that brotherhood may be,—whether it be morally good, bad, or indifferent. Like every other instinct, it rises in its moral character in proportion as it is guided by reason and by conscience, and in proportion as, through these, it becomes identified with duty and with self-devotion. But the idea of civilization is in itself separate from the idea of virtue. Men of great refinement of manners may be, and often are, exceedingly corrupt. And what is true of individuals is true of communities. The highest civilizations of the heathen world were marked by a very low code of morals, and by a practice even lower than their code. But the intellect was thoroughly cultivated. Knowledge of the useful arts, taste in the fine arts, and elaborate systems both of civil polity and of military organization, combined to make, first Greek, and then Roman, civilization, in such matters the basis of our own.

It is, therefore, only necessary to consider for a moment these essential characteristics of what we mean by civilization, to see that it is a conception altogether incongruous with any possible idea we can form of the condition of our first parents, or, indeed, of their offspring for many generations. An extended knowledge of the useful arts is of necessity the result of accumulation. Highly organized systems of polity were both needless and impossible before settled and populous communities had arisen. Government was a simple matter when the "world's gray fathers" exercised over their own children the first and the most indisputable of all authorities.

It is unfortunate that the two words which are habitually used to indicate the condition opposite to that of civilization are words both of which have come to mean a great deal more than mere ignorance of the useful arts, or a merely rudimentary state of law and government. Those two words are barbarism and savagery. Each of these has come to be associated with the idea of special vices of character and of habit, such as cruelty and ferocity. But "barbarian," in the classical language from which it came to us, had no such meaning. It was applied indis-

criminated by the Greeks to all nations, and to all conditions of society other than their own, and did not necessarily imply any fault or failure other than that of not belonging to the race, and not partaking of the culture which was then, in many respects at least, the highest in the world. St. Paul refers to all men who spoke in any tongue unknown to the Christian communities as men who were "to them barbarians." But he did not associate this term with any moral faults, such as violence or ferocity; on the contrary, in his narrative of his shipwreck on the coast of Malta, he calls the natives of that island "barbarous people" in the same sentence in which he tells us of their kindness and hospitality. This simple and purely negative meaning of the word barbarian has been lost to us, and it has become inseparably associated with characteristics which are indeed common among uncivilized nations, but are by no means confined to them. The epithet "savage," of course, still more distinctly means something quite different from rude, or primitive, or uncultivated. The element of cruelty or of ferocity is invariably present to the mind when we speak of savagery, although there are some races—as, for example, the Eskimo—who are totally uncivilized, but who, in this sense, are by no means savage.

And this may well remind us that, as we have found it necessary to define to ourselves the condition which we are to understand by the word civilization, so it is not less essential to define and limit the times to which we are to apply the word primeval. For this word also is habitually used with even greater laxity of meaning. It is often employed as synonymous with primitive, and this again is applied not only to all times which are pre-historic, but to all conditions even in our own age which are rude or savage. There is an assumption that, the farther we go back in time, there was not only less and less extensive knowledge of the useful arts,—not only simpler and simpler systems of life and polity,—but also that there were deeper and deeper depths of the special characteristics of the modern savage. We have, however, only to consider what some of these characteristics are, to be convinced that although they may have arisen in early times, they cannot possibly have existed in the times which were the earliest of all. Things may have been done, and habits may have prevailed, when the multiplication and dispersion of Mankind had proceeded to a considerable extent, which cannot possibly have been done, and which cannot possibly have prevailed when as yet there was only a single pair of beings "worthy to be called" man and woman, nor even when as yet all the children of that pair knew themselves to be of one family and blood. The word primeval ought, if it is to have any definite meaning at all, to be confined to this earliest time alone. It has already been pointed out, that on the supposition that the condition of primeval man approximated to the condition of the lower animals, that condition could not have been nearer to, but must, on the contrary, have been very much farther removed from, the condition of the modern savage. If, for example, there ever was a

time when there existed on one spot of earth, or even on more spots than one, a single pair of human beings, it is impossible that they should have murdered their offspring, or that they should have killed and eaten each other. Accordingly it is admitted that cannibalism and infanticide, two of the commonest practices of savage and of barbarous life, cannot have been primeval. But this is a conclusion of immense significance. It hints to us, if it does no more, that what is true of one savage practice may possibly be true of others. It breaks down the presumption that whatever is most savage is therefore probably the most ancient. And then, when we come to think of it, this idea, from being vague and general, rises into suggestions which are definite and specific. On the great fundamental subject of the relation of the sexes, conclusions not less important than those respecting cannibalism and infanticide are forced upon our conviction. We have seen that the cruel treatment of the female sex is almost universal among savages, and that it is entirely unknown among the lower animals. It is in the highest degree improbable and unnatural to suppose that this habit can have been primeval. But the same considerations carry us a great deal farther. They raise a presumption in favour of the later origin of other habits and customs which are not confined to the savage state, but have prevailed, and do now prevail, among nations comparatively civilized. There can have been no polygamy when as yet there was only a single pair, or when there were several single pairs widely separated from each other. The presumption, if not the certainty, therefore is, that primeval Man must have been monogamous. It is a presumption supported by the general equality of the sexes in respect to the numbers born, with only just such an excess of the male sex as tends to maintain that equality against the greater risks to life arising out of manly pursuits and duties. Thus the facts of Nature point to polygamy as in all probability a departure from the habits of primeval times. Like considerations set aside, as in a still higher degree unnatural and improbable, the primeval rank of other customs of which the historians of human culture tell us, and probably tell us truly, that there are many surviving traces among the existing customs of men. Thus "marriage by capture" cannot have been primeval. It may be very ancient; but it cannot possibly have arisen until the family of Man had so multiplied and scattered, that they had become divided into tribes accustomed to act with violence towards each other. And then as regards a custom still more barbarous and savage, namely, that of polyandry, and that which is now euphemistically called "communal marriage," apart from the strong presumption in favour of primeval monogamy, they are stamped by many separate considerations as corruptions and as departures from primeval habits. In the first place, all such customs are fatally injurious to the propagation of the race. In the second place, they are unknown in the animal world. In the third place, their origin can be assigned, in many cases, if not with certainty at least with the highest probability, to one cause, and

that is the previously-acquired habit of female infanticide. But as regards this last habit, besides the certainty that it cannot have been primeval, we know that it has often arisen from customs such as the exorbitant cost of marriage portions, which can only have grown up under long developed and highly artificial conditions of society.

But powerful as all these separate considerations are to raise at least adverse presumptions against the primeval rank of the worst and commonest characteristics of savage life, the force of these considerations is much increased when we find that they are closely connected together, and that they all lead up to the recognition of a principle and a law. That principle is no other than the principle of Development; that law is no other than the law of Evolution. It is a curious misunderstanding of what that law really is, to suppose that it leads only in one direction. It leads in every direction in which there is at work any one of the "potential energies" of Nature. Development is the growth of germs, and according to the nature of the germ so is the nature of the growth. The flowers and fruits which minister to the use of Man have each their own seed, and so have the briars and thorns which choke them. Evil has its germs as well as good, and the evolution of them is accompanied by effects to which it is impossible to assign a limit. Movement is the condition of all being, in moral as well as in material things. Just as one thing leads to another in knowledge and in virtue, so does one thing lead to another in ignorance and vice. Those gradual processes of change which arise out of action and reaction between the external condition and the internal nature of Man have an energy in them of infinite complexity and power. We stand here on the firm ground of observation and experience. In the shortest space of time, far within the limits even of a single life, we are accustomed to see such processes effectual both to elevate and degrade. The weak become weaker, and the bad become worse. "To him that hath more is given, and from him that hath not is taken even that which he seemeth to have." And this law, in the region of character and of morals, is but the counterpart of the law which prevails in the physical regions of Nature, where also Development has its double aspect. It cannot bring one organism to the top, without sinking another organism to the bottom. That vast variety of natural causes which have been grouped and almost personified under the phrase "Natural Selection," are causes which necessarily include both favourable and unfavourable conditions. Natural Rejection, therefore, is the inseparable correlative of Natural Selection. In the battle of life the triumph of one individual, or of one species, is the result of causes which bring about the failure of another. But there is this great distinction between the lower animals and Man,—that in their case failure involves death and complete extinction, whilst in his case it is compatible with prolonged survival. So far as mere existence is concerned, the almost infinite plasticity and adaptability of his nature enable him to accommodate himself to the hardest lot, and to the most

unfavourable conditions. Man is the only animal whose possible distribution is not limited to narrow, or comparatively narrow, areas, in consequence of exclusive dependence upon particular conditions of climate and of productions. Some such conditions of a highly favourable kind may, and indeed must, have governed the selection of his birth-place and of his infancy. But when once born and fairly launched upon his course, it was in his nature to be able to prevail over all or over most of the limitations which are imposed upon the lower animals. But it is this very power of adaptation to unfavourable circumstances which involves of necessity the possibility of his development taking an equally unfavourable direction. If he can rise to any level, so also can he descend to any depth. It is not merely that faculties, for the exercise of which there is no call and no opportunity, remain dormant, but it is, also, that if such faculties have already been exercised, they may and often do become so stunted that nothing but the rudiments remain.

With such immense possibilities of change inherent in the nature of Man, we have to consider the great element of Time. Strangely enough, it seems to be very commonly assumed that the establishment of a great antiquity for the human race has some natural, if not some necessary, connection with the theory that primeval Man stood on some level far lower even than any existing savage. And no doubt this connection would be a real one if it were true that during some long series of ages Development had not only been always working, but had always been working upwards. But if it be capable of working, and if it has been actually working, also in the opposite direction, then the element of Time in its bearing upon conditions of modern savagery must have had a very different operation. For here it is to be remembered that the savage of the present day is as far removed in time from the common origin of our race as the man who now exhibits the highest type of moral and intellectual culture. Whether that time is represented by six thousand, or ten thousand, or a hundred thousand years, it is the same for both. If therefore the number of years since the origin of Man be taken as a multiplier in the processes of elevation, it must be taken equally as a multiplier in the processes of degradation. Not even on the theory which some hold, that the human species has spread from more than one centre of birth or of creation, can this conclusion be affected. For even on this hypothesis of separate origins, there is no reason whatever to suppose that the races which are now generally civilized are of more recent origin than those which are generally savage. Presumably, therefore, all the ages which have been at work in the development of civilization have been at work equally in the development of savagery. It is not possible in the case of savagery, any more than in the case of civilization, that all those ages have been without effect. Nor is it possible that the changes they have wrought have been all in one direction. The conclusion is, that neither savagery

nor civilization, as we now see them, can represent the primeval condition of Man. Both of them are the work of time. Both of them are the product of Evolution.

When, however, this conclusion has been reached, we naturally seek for some understanding—some definite conception—of the circumstances and conditions under which development in Man has taken a wrong direction. No similar explanation is required of the origin of civilization. This is the development of Man's powers in the natural direction. Great interest, indeed, attaches to the steps by which knowledge has been increased, and by which invention has been added to invention. But there is no mystery to be encountered here—no dark or distressing problem to be solved. This kind and direction of development is all according to the constitution and course of things. It is in harmony with all the analogies of Creation. Very different is the sense of painful wonder with which we seek an explanation of the wretched condition of Man in many regions of the globe, and, still more, with which we seek the origin or the cause of all the hideous customs which are everywhere prevalent among savage men, and which often, in their ingenuity of evil, and in the sweep of their destructive force, leave it a wonder that the race survives at all.

There are, however, some considerations, and some facts, on which we may very safely advance at least a few steps towards the explanation we desire. Two great causes of change, two great elements of Development or Evolution, have been specified above—namely, the external conditions and the internal nature of Man. Let us look at them for a little separately, in so far as they can be separated at all.*

It is certain that external or physical conditions have a very powerful, and sometimes a very rapid, effect both on the body and on the mind of Man. The operation of this law has been seen and noted even in the midst of the most highly civilized communities. There are kinds of labour which have been found to exert a rapid influence in degrading the human frame, and in deteriorating the human character. So marked has been this effect, that it has commanded the attention of Parliaments, and the course of legislation has been turned aside to meet the dangers it involved. Moreover, our experience in this matter has been very various. Different kinds of employment, involving different kinds of unfavourable influence, have each tended to develop its own kind of mischief, and to establish its own type of degradation. The particular conditions which are unfavourable may be infinitely various. The evils which arise out of the abuses of civilized life can never be identical with the evils to which the earlier races of Mankind may have been exposed. But the power of external conditions in modifying the form, and in moulding the character of men, is stamped as a general law of universal application.

* The argument which follows was urged in a former work on "Primeval Man." It has been here re-written and re-considered with reference to various objections and replies.

In connection with this law, the first great fact which calls for our attention is the actual distribution of Mankind in relation to the physical geography of the globe. That distribution is nearly universal. From the earliest times when civilized men began to explore distant regions, they found everywhere other races of men already established. And this has held true down to the latest acquisitions of discovery. When the New World was discovered by Columbus, he found that it must have been a very old world indeed to the human species. Not only every great continent, but, with rare exceptions, even every habitable island has been found peopled by the genus *Homo*. The explorers might find, and in many cases did actually find, everything else in Nature different from the country of their birth. Not a beast, or bird, or plant,—not an insect, or a reptile, or a fish, might be the same as those of which they had any previous knowledge. The whole face of Nature might be new and strange—but always with this one solitary exception, that everywhere Man was compelled to recognize himself—represented, indeed, often by people of strange aspect and of strange speech, but by people nevertheless exhibiting all the unmistakable characters of the human race.

In ancient times, before the birth of physical science, this fact might not appear so singular and exceptional as it really is. Before Man had begun to form any definite conceptions as to his own origin, or as to his place in Nature, it was easy to suppose in some vague way that the inhabitants of distant regions were "Aborigines," or as the Greeks called them "Autoethnoi"—that they were somehow native to the soil, and had sprung from it. But this conception belongs essentially to that stage and time when tradition has been lost, and before reasoning has begun. Those who refuse to accept the Jewish Scriptures as in any sense authoritative, must at least recognize them as the records of a very ancient and a very sublime Cosmogony. That Cosmogony rests upon these four leading ideas—first, that the globe has been brought to its present condition through days of change; secondly, that from a state which can only be described as chaos, it came to be divided into sea, and land, and atmosphere; thirdly, that the lower animals were born first,—Man being the last as he is the highest product of Creation; fourthly, that he appeared first at one place only in the world, and that from one pair has all the earth been overspread.

It is remarkable that in this general outline of events, and especially in the unity of Man's origin, the progress of discovery, and those later speculations which have outrun discovery, are in strict accordance with the tradition recorded by the Jewish Prophets. There are, indeed, some scientific men who think that different races of men represent different species—or, at least, that if Man be defined as one species, it is a species which has spread from more than one place of origin. But those who hold to this idea are men who stand outside the general current of scientific thought. The tendency of that thought is more and more to demand unity and simplicity in our conception of the

methods of creation, and of the order of events through which the birth of species has been brought about. So strong is this tendency, and so intimately connected is it with the intellectual conceptions on which the modern theory of Development has been founded, that Mr. Darwin himself, and Mr. Wallace, who may be said to be joint-author with him of that theory, both lay it down as a fundamental postulate, that each new organic Form has originated, and could only originate, at one place. This doctrine is by no means a necessity of thought, nor is it a necessary consequence of the theory of Development. It rests mainly on the doctrine of chances, and that doctrine may be wholly inapplicable to events which are governed not by accident but by law. It is, however, a postulate of the particular form of that theory which Mr. Darwin has adopted. It is not always easy to reconcile this postulate with the existing distribution over the globe of animal forms. But it is not absolutely inconsistent with the facts so far as we know them; and it is interesting to observe how universally and tacitly it is assumed in all the current explanations of the history of Creation. On this point, therefore, of the unity of Man's origin, those who bow to the authority of the most ancient and the most venerable of traditions, and those who accept the most imposing and the most popular of modern scientific theories are found standing on common ground, and accepting the same result.

And when we come to consider a very curious subject, namely, the configuration of the habitable continents of the globe, we find that this configuration stands in a very intelligible relation to the dispersion of Mankind from a single centre. If, indeed, we could suppose that the earliest condition of our race was a condition of advanced knowledge in the useful arts, there would be no difficulty to solve. The great oceans of the world are now the easiest highways of travel and consequently of dispersion. The art and the science of navigation has made them so. But we cannot imagine that this art or this science was known to our forefathers of a very early age. Various means of crossing narrow waters, from the use of solid logs of wood to the use of the same logs when hollowed out, and so to the use of canoes and boats, were in all probability among the very earliest of human inventions. But not the less would it have been impossible with these inventions to cross the Atlantic, or the Pacific, or the Indian Ocean, or even many of the more limited tracts of sea which now separate so many habitable regions. Some other solution must be found for the problem presented by the fact that the earliest navigators who traversed those seas and oceans have always found the lands on the other side already colonized, and in some cases thickly inhabited by races and nations which had made considerable advances in civilization. Yet, this problem presents no serious difficulty in accepting the unity of the human race, when it is regarded in the light of physical geography. The distribution of the larger tracts of land and sea upon our planet is very singular indeed. Attached to the southern Pole there is no mass of land

which stretches so far north as to enter the latitudes which are even moderately temperate. In the centre of the Antarctic Circle there is probably a great continent. But it is a continent where volcanic fires burst here and there through surfaces which are bound in perpetual ice. Round that vast Circle roll the continuous waves of an Ocean vexed by furious storms, and laden with the gigantic wrecks of immeasurable fields and cliffs of ice. In the northern hemisphere, round the Arctic Circle, on the contrary, everything is different. There land-masses begin, which stretch southward without a break through all the temperate and through all the torrid zones on both sides of the Equator. Then, again, all these great continents of the globe, as they extend towards the south, become narrower and narrower, and so tend to become more and more widely separated from each other by vast oceanic spaces. Towards the north, on the contrary, all these continents converge, and at one point, Behring's Straits, they approach so near each other, that only a space of some forty miles of sea intervenes between them. The result is, that in the northern hemisphere, there is either a continued connection by land, or a connection severed only by comparatively narrow channels, between all the great inhabited continents of the world. The consequences of this as bearing on the dispersion of Mankind are obvious at a glance. If, for example, Man may be supposed to have been born in any part of Western or Central Asia, it is easy to see how his earliest migrations might lead him without serious difficulty into every one of the lands in which his children have been actually found. The Indian peninsula was at his feet. A natural bridge, as it were, would enable him to penetrate the Arabian deserts, and would conduct him by the glorious valley of the Nile into the heart of the continent of Africa. Eastwards he had before him the fertile tracts of China, and beyond the narrow passage of Behring's Straits lay that vast continent which, when rediscovered from the West, was called the New World. Again, beyond the southern spurs of the great Asiatic Continent there lay an archipelago of magnificent islands, with comparatively narrow seas between them, and connected by a continuous chain with the continental islands of Australasia. The seafaring habits which would spring up among an insular population,—especially in an archipelago where every volcanic cone and every coral reef rising above the waves was rich in the products of a bounteous vegetation,—would soon lead to a rapid development of the arts of navigation. When these were once acquired, there is no difficulty in accounting for the gradual dispersion of the human race among the beautiful islands of the Pacific. Across its comparatively peaceful waters it is not improbable that even rude navigators may have made their way at various times to people the western shores of the continent of America.

It is true indeed that the science of geology teaches us that the distribution of sea and land has been immensely various in different epochs of the unmeasured ages which have been occupied in the formation of

our existing world. And it may be urged from this that no argument on the methods of dispersion can be based with safety upon that distribution as it now is. There is not much force, however, in this plea. For it is equally true that the evidence afforded by geology is in favour of the very great antiquity of the principal land-masses, and of the great oceanic hollows which now divide them. The antiquity of these is almost certainly much greater than the antiquity of Man. The fauna and the flora of the principal continents indicate them to have been separated since a period in the development, or in the creation of species, long anterior to any probable estimate of the time of Man's appearance. Even if that appearance dates from the Miocene epoch in geology,—which is an extreme supposition,—no great difference in the problem of the dispersion of our species would arise. Since that time indeed it is certain that great subsidences and elevations of land have taken place. But although these changes have greatly altered the outlines of sea and land along the shores of Europe and of America, there is no reason to believe that they could have materially affected, either injuriously or otherwise, the earlier migrations of Mankind.

But although the peculiar physical geography of the globe makes it easy to understand how, from a single centre, it must have been quite possible for a creature with the peculiar powers and faculties of Man to distribute himself, as he has actually been found distributed over every habitable region of the world, it is most important to observe the very adverse conditions to which, in the course of this distribution, particular portions of the human family must have been, and to which we do now find them actually exposed.

The "New World"—the American continent—is that which presents the most uninterrupted stretch of habitable land from the highest northern to the lowest southern latitude. No part of it was without human inhabitants when the civilized children of the Old World first came upon it, and when, from its mountain tops, they first "stared on the Pacific." On its extreme north there was the Eskimo or Inuit race, maintaining human life under conditions of extremest hardship, even amid the perpetual ice of the Polar regions. On the extreme south—at the opposite extremity of the great American continent—there were the inhabitants of Cape Horn and of the island off it, both of which project their desolate rocks into another of the most inhospitable climates of the world. Let us take this case first—because it is a typical one, and because it happens that we have from a master-hand a description of these people, and a suggestion of the questions which they raise. The natives of Tierra del Fuego are one of the most degraded among the races of mankind. How could they be otherwise? "Their country," says Mr. Darwin, "is a broken mass of wild rocks, lofty hills, and useless forests; and these are viewed through mists and endless storms. The habitable land is reduced to the stones of the beach. In search of food they are compelled to wander unceasingly from spot to spot; and so steep is the

coast that they can only move about in their wretched canoes." They are habitual cannibals, killing and eating their old women before they kill their dogs, for the sufficient reason, as explained by themselves, "Doggies catch others: old women, no." Of some of these people who came round the *Beagle* in their canoes the same author says: "These were the most wretched and miserable creatures I anywhere beheld. They were quite naked, and even one full-grown woman was absolutely so. It was raining heavily and the fresh water, together with the spray, trickled down her body. In another harbour not far distant, a woman who was suckling a new-born child, came one day alongside the vessel and remained there out of mere curiosity, whilst the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom, and on the skin of her naked baby. These poor wretches were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, and their gestures violent. Viewing such men, one can hardly make one's self believe that they are fellow-creatures and inhabitants of the same world." Such are the facts, or one aspect of the facts, connected with this people. But there are other facts, or another aspect of the same facts, not less important which we have on the same evidence. Beneath this crust of savagery lay all the perfect attributes of humanity—ready to be developed the moment the unfavourable conditions of Fuegian life were exchanged for conditions which were different. Captain Fitzroy had, in 1830, carried off some of these poor people to England, where they were taught the arts and the habits of civilization. Of one of those who was taken back to his own country in the *Beagle*, Mr. Darwin tells us that "his intellect was good," and of another that he had a "nice disposition."

Let us look now at the questions which the low condition of the Fuegians suggests to Mr. Darwin. "Whilst beholding these savages, one asks whence have they come? What could have tempted, or what change compelled, a tribe of men to leave the fine regions of the North, to travel down the Cordillera or backbone of America, to invent and build canoes which are not used by the tribes of Chili, Peru, and Brazil, and then to enter one of the most inhospitable countries within the limits of the globe?"

These questions of Mr. Darwin, it will be observed, assume that Man is not indigenous in Tierra del Fuego. They assume that he has come from elsewhere into that savage country. They assume farther that his access to it has been by land. They assume that the progenitors of the Fuegians who first came there were not skilled navigators like the crew of the *Beagle*, able to traverse the Atlantic or the Pacific in their widest and stormiest expanse. These assumptions are surely safe. But these being accepted, it follows that the ancestors of the Fuegians must have come from the North, and must have passed down the whole length, or a great part of the length, of the American continent. In other words, they must have come from regions which are

highly favoured into regions of extremest rigour. If external circumstances have any influence upon the condition of Man, this great change cannot have been without effect. Accordingly, Mr. Darwin at once, instinctively as it were, connects the utter savagery of the Fuegians with the wretched conditions of their present home. "How little," he says, "can the higher powers of the mind be brought into play! What is there for imagination to picture, for reason to compare, for judgment to decide upon." It is in perfect accordance with this view that on every side of them, and in proportion as we pass northwards from their wretched country, we find that the tribes of South America are less wretched, and better acquainted with the simpler arts. None of the depressing and stupefying conditions which attach to the present home of the Fuegians can be alleged of the regions in which some distant ancestors of the Fuegians must have lived. In Chili, in Peru, in Brazil, in Mexico, there are boundless tracts in which every condition of nature, soil, climate, and productions, are comparatively as favourable to men as they are unfavourable on the desolate shores of Cape Horn and Tierra del Fuego. Yet one or other of these many well-favoured regions must have been on the line of march by which the Fuegian shores were reached. One and all of them present attractions which must have induced a long encampment, and must have made them the home of many generations. Why was that march ever resumed in a direction so uninviting and pursued to a destination so desolate and so miserable?

But the moment we come to ask this question in respect to the Fuegians, we find that it is a question which arises equally out of the position and life of many other portions of the human family. The northern extremity of the American continent presents exactly the same problem as the southern. If it is impossible to suppose that Man was first created, or born, or developed in Tierra del Fuego, it is not less impossible to suppose that he made his first appearance on the frozen shores of Baffin's Bay. Watching at the blow-hole of a seal for many hours in a temperature 75° below the freezing point, is the constant work of the Inuit hunter. And when at last his prey is struck, it is his greatest luxury to feast upon the raw blood and blubber. To civilized man it is hardly possible to conceive a life so wretched, and in some aspects at least so brutal, as the life led by this race during the continual night of the Arctic winter. Not even the most extravagant theorist as regards the possible plurality of human origins can believe that there was a separate Eskimo Adam. Man, therefore, is as certainly an immigrant into the dreary regions round the Pole as he is an immigrant into the desolations of Cape Horn. But the whole conditions of his life there are necessarily determined by the rigours of the climate. They are conditions in which civilization, as it has been here defined, is impossible. And the importance of that definition is singularly apparent in the case of the Eskimo. Although essentially uncivilized, he is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a savage. Many of the charac-

teristics usually associated with that word are altogether wanting in the Eskimo. They are a gentle, inoffensive, hospitable, and truthful race. They are therefore a conspicuous example of the fallacy of supposing that there is any necessary connection between a backward condition of knowledge in the useful arts, and violent dispositions, or ferocious and cruel habits. Men are not necessarily savage because they may use flint hatchets, or because they may point their arrows and their spears with bone. Nevertheless, the condition of the Eskimo, although not savage, is almost the type of the merely uncivilized condition of Mankind. It is a condition in which not more than a few families can ever live together, and in which therefore large communities cannot be formed. A few simple and some very curious rules of ownership are all that can represent among them the great lawgiving instinct which lives in Man. Agriculture cannot be practised, nor even the pasturing of flocks and herds. Without fuel, beyond the oil which feeds their feeble lamps, or a few stray logs of drift timber, the Eskimo can have no access to the metals, which in such a country could not be reduced from their ores, even if these ores were themselves obtainable. The useful arts are, therefore, strictly limited to the devising and making of canoes and of weapons of the chase. There is no domestic animal except the dog, and dogs too, like their masters, must have been brought from elsewhere. These are all conditions which exclude the first elements of what we understand by civilization. But every one of these conditions must have been different with the progenitors of the Eskimo. If they were immigrants into the regions within the Arctic Circle, they must have come from the more temperate regions of the South. They must have been surrounded there by all the natural advantages of which their descendants are now deprived. To what extent these ancestors of the Eskimo may have profited by their very different and more favoured position, we cannot know. They may have practised such simple agriculture as was practised by the most ancient races which have left their traces in the Swiss Lake dwellings. They may have been nomads, living on their flocks and herds, as the Laplanders and Siberians actually are who in the Old World live in latitudes only a little farther south. They may have been people who, like the ancient but unknown Mound-builders in the Southern and Western States of America, had developed a comparatively high civilization. But one thing is certain, that they must have lived a life wholly different from the life of the Eskimo, and that they must have had completely different habits. Whatever arts the father knew, suited to more genial climates, could not fail to be forgotten by the children, in a country where the practice of them was impossible.

The same question, therefore, which Darwin asks in respect to the inhabitants of the extreme south of the American continent, arises in respect to the inhabitants of its extreme north—What can have induced any people to travel along that continent in a direction more and more inhospitable, and at last to settle in a country where nearly one-half

the year is night, and where, even during the short summer, both sea and land are mainly occupied by ice and snow?

But, again, we are reminded that there are other cases of a similar kind. The African continent does not extend so far south as to reach a severe southern latitude. In that continent, accordingly, beyond the frequent occurrence of deserts, there is nothing seriously to impede the migrations of Man from its northern towards its southern extremity; nor is there anything there to subject them when they had reached it to the worst conditions. Accordingly we do not find that the predominant native races of Southern Africa rank low in the scale of humanity. Those among them, however, which are or were the lowest in that scale, were precisely those who occupied the most unfavourable portion of the country and are known as Bushmen. Of these it is well ascertained that they are not a distinct race, but of kindred origin with the Hottentots, who were by no means so degraded. On the whole, therefore, the question how men could ever have been induced to live where we actually find them, does not press for an answer so much in respect to any part of the continent of Africa, with the exception of a few tribes whose present habitat is exceptionally unfavourable.

There is, however, another case of difficulty in respect to the distribution of Mankind, which in some respects is even more remarkable than the case of the Fuegians, or the case of the Eskimo. We have seen that the great Asiatic continent, though it does not itself extend beyond latitudes which are favourable to human settlement, is practically prolonged through a continuous chain of islands into the regions of Australasia. Every part of those regions was found to be inhabited when they were discovered by civilized man; and it is universally admitted that the natives of Australia, and the natives of Tasmania, are or were (for the Tasmanians are now extinct) among the very lowest of all the families of Man. Now the physical conditions of the great islands of Australasia are in many respects the most remarkable on the surface of the globe. Their peculiar fauna and flora prove them to be of great antiquity as islands in the geological history of the earth. That is to say—their beasts, and their birds, and their vegetation are so widely separate from those of all other regions, that during long ages of the total time which has elapsed since they first appeared above the ocean, they must have been as separate as they are now from all other habitable lands. Their beasts are, indeed, related—closely related—to forms which have existed during certain epochs in many other portions of the earth's surface. But those epochs are so distant, that we are carried back in our search for creatures like them to the times of the Secondary Rocks—to the horizon of the Oolite. Speaking of the poverty and of the extremely isolated character of the Australian Mammalia, Mr. Wallace says: "This class affords us the most certain proofs that no part of the country has been united to the Asiatic continent since the latter part of the Mezozoic period of geology."*

* "Australasia," by Alfred R. Wallace, p. 51.

of creatures which elsewhere have been created, or born, or developed, since that epoch, including all the higher members of the Mammalian Class, not one existed in Australasia until they were introduced by Europeans. Among the grasses there were none which by cultivation could be developed into cereals. Among the beasts there was not one which was capable of domestication. There were no apes or monkeys; no oxen, antelopes, or deer; no elephants, rhinoceroses, or pigs; no cats, wolves, or bears; none even of the smaller civets or weasels; no hedgehogs or shrews; no hares, squirrels, or porcupines, or dormice."* There was not even a native dog; and the only approach to, or representative of, that wonderful animal, was a low, marsupial beast, which is a mere biting machine, incapable of affection for a master, and incapable even of recognizing the hand that feeds it. In the whole of Australia, with the exception of a few mice, there was not one single mammal which did not belong to this low Marsupial Class, whilst some others belonged to a class still lower in the scale of organization, the class called Monotremata. Strange forms astonished our first explorers, such as the *Ornithorynchus* and the *Echidna*—forms which [combined features elsewhere widely separated in the animal kingdom—the bills of Birds, the spines of Porcupines, the fur of Otters, and the feet of Moles. Nothing analogous to these relics of an extinct fauna had been known to survive in any other part of the world. Yet in the midst of this strange assemblage of creatures, without any representative of the animals which elsewhere surround him, the familiar form of Man appeared, low, indeed, in his condition, but with all the inalienable characteristics of his race. It is true, that everywhere the gap which separates Man from the lower animals is enormous. Nothing bridges, or comes near to bridging it. It is a gap which has been well called a gulf. But in Australasia the breadth and depth of this gulf is rendered more conspicuous by the association of Man with a series of animals absolutely wanting in those higher members of the Mammalian Class which elsewhere minister to his wants, and the use of which is among the first elements of a civilized condition. Alone everywhere, and separate from other beings, Man is most conspicuously alone in those strange and distant lands where his high organization is in contact with nothing nearer to itself than the low marsupial brain.

To those who connect the origin of Man with the theory of Development or Evolution, in any shape or in any form, these peculiar circumstances respecting the fauna of Australasia indicate beyond all doubt that Man is not there indigenous. They stamp him as an immigrant in those regions—a wanderer from other lands. Nor will this conclusion be less assuredly held by those who believe that in some special sense Man has been created. There is something more than an incongruity in supposing that there was a separate Tasmanian Adam. The belief that the creation of Man has been a special work is not inconsistent

* "Australasia," by Alfred R. Wallace, p. 51.

with the belief that in the time, and in the circumstances, and in the method of this work, it had a definite relation to the previous course and history of Creation—so that Man did not appear until all these lower animals had been born, which were destined to minister to his necessities, and to afford him the means and opportunities for that kind of development which is peculiarly his own. On the contrary, this doctrine of the previous creation of the lower animals, which is, perhaps, more firmly established on the facts of science than any other respecting the origin of Man, is a doctrine fitting closely into the fundamental conceptions which inspire the belief that Man has been produced by operations as exceptional as their result. And so it is, that when we see men inhabiting lands destitute of all the higher Mammalia, which are elsewhere his servants or companions—destitute even of those productions of the vegetable kingdom, which alone repay the cultivation of the soil, we conclude with certainty that he is there a wanderer from some distant lands, where the work of creation had been carried farther, and where the conditions of surrounding Nature were such as to afford him the conditions of a home.

We see, then, that the question asked by Mr. Darwin, in respect to the Fuegians, is a question arising equally in respect to all the races who inhabit regions of the globe, which from any cause present conditions highly unfavourable to Man. Just as Mr. Darwin asked, what could have induced tribes to travel down the American continent to a climate so rigorous as Cape Horn?—just as we have asked, on the same principle, what could have induced men to travel along the same continent in an opposite direction till they reached and settled within the Arctic Circle?—so now we have to ask, what could have induced men to travel from Asia, or from the rich and splendid islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and to take up their abode in Australasia?

In every one of these cases the change has been greatly for the worse. It has been a change not only involving comparative disadvantages, but positive disabilities—affecting the fundamental elements of civilization, and subjecting those who underwent that change to deteriorating influences of the most powerful kind.

It follows from these considerations as a necessary consequence that the present condition of the Australian, or the recent condition of the Tasmanian, cannot possibly be any trustworthy indication of the condition of their ancestors, when they lived in more favoured regions. The same argument applies to them which, as we have seen, applies to the Fuegians and the Eskimo. If all these families of Mankind are the descendants of men, who at some former time inhabited countries wholly different in climate, and in productions, and in all the facilities which these afford for the development of the special faculties of the race, it is in the highest degree improbable that a change of habitat so great should have been without a corresponding effect upon those over whom it passed. Nor is it a matter of doubt or

mere speculation that this effect must have been in the highest degree unfavourable. The conclusion, therefore, to which we are led is, that such races as those which inhabit Australasia, are indeed the results of development, or of evolution—but of the development of unfavourable conditions, and of the evolution of the natural effects of these. Instead of assuming them to be the nearest living representatives of primeval Man we should be more safe in assuming them to represent the widest departure from that earliest condition of our race which, on the theory of Development, must of necessity have been associated at first with the most highly favourable conditions of external Nature.

Of one thing, at least, we may be tolerably certain respecting the causes which have led to this extreme dispersion of Mankind to inhospitable regions, at a vast distance from any possible centre of their birth. The first Fuegian was not impelled to Cape Horn by the same motives which impelled Mr. Darwin to visit that country in the *Beagle*. The first Eskimo, who wintered on the shores of Baffin's Bay, was not induced to do so for the same reasons which led to the expeditions of Back, of Franklin, or of Rae. The first inhabitants of Australasia did not voyage there under conditions similar to those which attended the voyages of Tasman or of Cook. We cannot suppose that those distant shores were first colonized by men possessed with the genius, and far advanced in the triumphs, of modern civilization. Still less can we suppose that they went there under the influence of that last development of Man's intellectual nature, which leads him to endure almost any suffering in the cause of purely scientific investigation.

Nor is this the only solution of the difficulty which seems to be absolutely excluded by the circumstances of the case. Within the historical period, and in the dim centuries which lie immediately beyond it, we know that many lands have been occupied by conquering races coming from a distance. Sometimes they came to subdue tribes which had long preceded them in occupation, but which were ruder, as well as weaker, than themselves. Sometimes, as in the case of the northern nations bursting in upon the Roman empire, they came to overthrow a civilization which had once been, and in many ways still was, much higher than their own, but which the progress of development in a wrong direction had sunk in degradation and decay. Sometimes they came simply to colonize new lands, at least as favoured, and generally much more favoured, than their own—bringing with them all the resources of which they were possessed—their flocks and herds, their women and children, as well as their warriors with chariots and horses. Such was the case with some of those nations which at various times have held their sway from Central Asia into Eastern and Central Europe. They were nations on the march. But no movement of a like kind has taken place for many centuries. Lastly, we have the emigrations of our own day, when civilized men, carrying with them all the knowledge, all the requirements, and all the materials of an advanced civil-

zation, have landed in countries which by means of these could be made fit for settlement, and could be converted into the seats of agriculture and of commerce.

Not one of these cases can reasonably be supposed to have been the case of the first arrival of Man in Australasia. The natural disadvantages of the country, as compared with the richness and abundance of the regions from which he must have come, or which were on his southward line of march, preclude the supposition that men were attracted to it by natural objects of desire. We know by experience that if the first settlers had been in a condition to bring with them the higher animals which abound in Asia, these animals would have flourished in Australia as they now do. And so also, with reference to the cereals—if these had ever been introduced, the modern Australians would not have been wholly without them, and would not have been compelled to live so much on the lowest kinds of animal and vegetable food,—on fish, lizards, grubs, snakes, and the roots of ferns.

There is, however, one answer to Mr. Darwin's question, which satisfies all the conditions of the case. There is one explanation, and only one, of the dispersion of the human race to the uttermost extremities of the habitable globe. The secret lies in that great law which Malthus was the first to observe and to establish—the law, namely, that population is always pressing on the limits of subsistence. There is a constant tendency to multiplication beyond those limits. And, among the many consequences of this tendency, the necessity of dispersion stands first and foremost. It is true, indeed, that under some conditions, such as those which have been already indicated, the most energetic races, or the most energetic individuals, have been those who moved. But under many other conditions the advantage has been in favour of those who stayed. Quarrels and wars between tribe and tribe, induced by the mere increase of numbers, and by consequent pressure upon the means of living, have been always, ever since Man existed, driving the weaker individuals and the weaker families farther and farther from the original settlements of Mankind.

Then one great argument remains. In the nature of things the original settlements of Man must of necessity have been the most highly favoured in the conditions he requires. If, on the commonly received theory of Development, those conditions produced him, they must have reached, at the time when, and in the place where he arose, the very highest degree of perfect adaptation. He must have been happy in the circumstances in which he found himself placed, and presumably he must have been contented to remain there. Equally on the theory of Man being a special creation, we must suppose that when weakest and most ignorant he must have been placed in what was to him a garden—that is to say, in some region where the fruits of the earth were abundant and easily accessible. Whether this region were wide or narrow, he would not naturally leave it except from necessity. On every possible supposition,

therefore, as to the origin of Man, those who in the dispersion of the race were first subjected to hard and unfavourable conditions would naturally be those who had least strength to meet them, and upon whom they would have accordingly the most depressing effect. This is a process of Natural Rejection which is the inseparable correlative of the process of Natural Selection. It tends to development in a wrong direction by the combined action of two different circumstances which are inherent in the nature of the case. First, it must be always the weaker men who are driven out from comfortable homes ; and, secondly, it must be always to comparatively unfavourable regions that they are compelled to fly. Under the operation of causes so combined as these, it would be strange, indeed, if the physical and mental condition of the tribes which have been exposed to them should remain unchanged. It is true, indeed, that adverse conditions, if they be not too severe, may develop energy, and result in the establishment of races of special hardihood. And in many cases this has been the actual result. But, on the other hand, if physical conditions be as insuperable as those which prevail in *Tierra del Fuego* or in *Baffin's Bay* ; or if, though less severe than these, they are nevertheless too hard to be overcome by the resources at the disposal of the men who are driven to encounter them, then the battle of life becomes a losing one. Under such circumstances, degradation is unavoidable. As surely as the progress of Man is the result of opportunity, that is to say, as surely as it is due to the working of his faculties under stimulating and favouring conditions, so surely must he descend in the scale of intelligence and of culture, when that opportunity is taken from him, and when these faculties are placed under conditions where they have no call to work.

It is, then, easy to see some at least of the external circumstances which, first, in the natural course of things, would bring an adverse influence to bear upon Mankind. Here we are on firm ground, because we know the law from which comes the necessity of migrations, and the force which has propelled successive generations of men farther and farther in ever widening circles round the original centre or centres of their birth. Then, as it would be always the feebler tribes which would be driven from the ground which has become overstocked, and as the lands to which they went forth were less and less hospitable in climate and productions, the struggle for life would be always harder. And so it would generally happen, in the natural course of things, that the races which were driven farthest would become the rudest and the most engrossed in the pursuits of mere animal existence.

Accordingly, we find that this key of principle fits into and explains many of those facts in the distribution and condition of Mankind, which, in the case of the Fuegians, excited the wonder and curiosity of Darwin. In the light of this explanation, these facts seem to take form and order. It is a fact that the lowest and rudest tribes in the population of the globe have been found, as we have seen, at the farthest extremities of

its larger continents—or in the distant islands of its great oceans, or among the hills and forests which in every land have been the last refuge of the victims of violence and misfortune. Those extreme points of land which in both hemispheres extend into severe latitudes are not the only portions of the globe which are highly unfavourable to Man. There are other regions quite as bad, if not, in some respects, even worse. In the dense, uniform, and gloomy forests of the Amazon and Orinoco there are tribes which seem to be among the lowest in the world. It cannot be unconnected with the savagery of the condition to which they have been reduced that we find the remarkable fact that all those regions of Tropical America are wholly wanting in the animals which are capable of domestication, and which are inseparable from the earliest traces of human culture. The Ox, the Horse, and the Sheep are all absent—even as regards the genera to which they belong. There are indeed the Tapir, the Paca, and the Curassow Turkey, and all these are animals which can be tamed. But none of them will breed in confinement, and the races cannot be established as useful servants of Mankind. In contrast with these and with other insuperable disadvantages of men driven into the forests of Tropical America, it is instructive to observe that the same races, where free from these disadvantages, were never reduced to the same condition. In Peru the Indian races had the Llama, and had also an advanced civilization.* In India, too, it is always the Hill Tribes who furnish the least favourable specimens of our race. But in every one of these cases we have the presence of external circumstances and physical conditions which are comparatively unfavourable. It is quite certain that these conditions must have had their own effect. It is equally certain that the races which have been subject to them for a long and indefinite time must have been once under the influence of conditions much more favourable; and the inevitable conclusion follows, that the savagery and degradation of their existing state is to a great extent the result of development in a wrong direction.

There are other arguments all pointing the same way, the force of which cannot be fully estimated, except by those who are familiar with some of the fundamental conceptions which seem to rise unbidden in the mind from the facts which geology has revealed touching the history of Creation. One of these facts is that each new organic Form, or each new variety of birth, seems to have been introduced with a wonderful energy of life. It is needless to repeat that this fact stands in close connection with every possible theory of Evolution. If these new Forms were the product of favouring conditions, the prevalence of these conditions would start them with force upon their way. The initial energy would be great. Where every condition was favourable—so favourable indeed that the new birth is assumed to have been nothing but their natural result—then the newly-born would be strong and lusty. And such, accordingly, is the fact in that record of creation which Palæontology affords. The vigour

* "Naturalist on the Amazons," Bates, vol. i. p. 191-3.

which prevails in the youth of an individual is but the type of the vigour which has always prevailed in new and rising species. All the complex influences which led to their being born, led also to their being fat and flourishing. That which caused them to arise at all must have had the effect of causing them to prevail. The condition of all the lowest races of men is in absolute contrast with everything which this law demands. Everywhere, and in everything, they exhibit all the characteristics of an energy which is spent—of a force which has declined—of a vitality which has been arrested. In numbers they are stationary, or dwindling; in mind they are feeble and uninventive; in habits they are stupid or positively suicidal.

It is another symptom of a wrong development being the real secret of their condition that the lowest of them seem to have lost even the power to rise. Though individually capable of learning what civilized men have taught them, yet as races they have been invariably scorched by the light of civilization, and have withered before it like a plant whose roots have failed. The power of assimilation seems to have departed, as it always does depart from an organism which is worn out. This has not been the result with races which, though very barbarous, have never sunk below the pastoral or the agricultural stage. It is remarkable that the Indian races of North America are perhaps the highest which have exhibited this fatal and irredeemable incapacity to rise: and it is precisely in their case that we have the most direct evidence of degradation by development in a wrong direction. There are abundant remains of a very ancient American civilization, which was marked by the construction of great public works and by the development of an indigenous agriculture founded on the maize, which is a cereal indigenous to the continent of America. This civilization was subsequently destroyed or lost, and then succeeded a period in which Man relapsed into partial barbarism. The spots which had been first forest, then, perhaps, sacred monuments, and thirdly, cultivated ground, relapsed into forest once more.* So strong is this evidence of degradation having affected the population of a great part of the American continent, that the distinguished author from whom these words are quoted, and who generally represents the savage as the nearest living representative of primeval man, is obliged to ask, "What fatal cause destroyed this earlier civilization? Why were these fortifications forsaken—these cities in ruins? How were the populous nations which once inhabited the rich American valleys reduced to the poor tribes of savages whom the European found there? Did the North and South once before rise up in arms against one another? Did the terrible appellation, the 'Dark and Bloody Land,' applied to Kentucky, commemorate these ancient wars?"† Whatever may have been the original cause, the process of degradation has been going on within the historic period. When Europeans first came in contact with the Indian tribes, there was

* Lubbock, "Prehistoric Times," p. 234.

† *Ibid.*, p. 236.

more agriculture among them than there is now. They have long descended to the condition of pure hunters. The most fundamental of all the elements of a civilized and settled life—the love and practice of agriculture—has been lost. Development in the wrong direction had done its work. There is no insoluble mystery in this result. It is, in all probability, if indeed it be not certainly, attributable to one cause, that of internecine and devastating wars. And these again are the result of a natural and universal instinct which has its own legitimate fields of operation, but which like all other human instincts is liable to degenerate into a destructive passion. The love of dominion is strong in all men, and it has ever been strongest in the strongest races. But the love of fighting and of conquest very often does sink into a mere lust of blood. The natural rivalry of different communities may become such implacable hatred as to be satisfied with nothing short of the extermination of an enemy. Inspired by this passion, particular races or tribes have sometimes acquired a power and a ferocity in fighting, against which other tribes of a much higher character and of a much more advanced civilization have been unable to contend.

This is no fancy picture. It is a mistake to suppose that the decline of civilization in the American continent has been due to the invasion of it by Europeans since the discovery of Columbus. Just as the older civilization of that continent was an indigenous civilization founded on the cultivation of a cereal peculiar to the American continent, so also does the decay and loss of this civilization seem to have been a purely indigenous decay. Mr. Wilson, in his very interesting work on "Prehistoric Man," gives an account of the process by which barbarism has been actually seen extending among the Red Indian tribes. When the valley of the St. Lawrence first came under the observation of Europeans, some of those tribes were found to be leading a settled life, practising agriculture, and constituting communities in possession of all the elements of a civilization fairly begun, or probably long inherited. The destruction of these communities was effected by the savage hostility of one or two particular tribes, such as the Iriquois and the Mohawks. In these tribes the lust of blood had been developed into an absorbing passion, so that their very name became a terror and a scourge. Wholly given up to war as a pursuit, their path was red with blood, and the more peaceful and civilized branches of the same stock were driven, a scanty remnant, into forests and marshes, where their condition was necessarily reduced to that of savages, living wholly by the chase. It is a curious and instructive fact that this sequence of events was so vividly and painfully remembered among some of the Red Indian tribes that it had become embodied in a religious myth. It was said that in old times the Indians were increasing so fast that they were threatened with want, and that the Great Spirit then taught them to make war, and thus to thin one another's numbers.* Although this myth stands

* "Fossil Men," Principal Dawson, p. 47. Montreal, 1890.

in very close connection with the universal tradition of a Golden Age, or of a Past in some measure better than the Present, it is remarkable on account of the specific cause which it assigns for deterioration and decay, a cause in respect to which we have historical evidence of its actual effects. When the great French navigator, Cartier, first explored the St. Lawrence in 1534-5, he ascended to that point of its course whence the city of Montreal now looks down upon its vast and splendid prospect of fertile lands and of rushing waters. He found it occupied by the Indian town of Hochelaga—inhabited by a comparatively civilized people, busy not only in fishing or in hunting, but also in a successful husbandry. The town was strongly fortified, and it was surrounded by cultivated ground. Within one hundred and seven years—some time between 1535 and 1642—Hochelaga had utterly disappeared, with all its population, and all its culture. It had been destroyed by wars, and its site had returned to forest or to bush. To this day when men dig the foundations of new houses in Montreal they dig up the flint implements of the Hochelagans, which, although about 350 years old, may now be reckoned by the scientific anthropologist as relics of the "Stone Age,"* and of an ancient universal savagery. The same course of things prevailed over the greater part of Canada. During the first half of the seventeenth century a large part of the valley of the St. Lawrence, and vast tracts of country on both shores of the great Lakes, are known to have been devastated by exterminating wars. In 1626 a Jesuit missionary penetrated into the settlement of a tribe called the Attiwendronks. He found them inhabiting towns and villages, and largely cultivating tobacco, maize, and beans. The country inhabited by the tribe which has left its name in Lake Erie, is stated to have been greatly more extensive, and is everywhere covered with the marks of a similar stage of civilization. Within less than thirty years another missionary found the whole of these regions a silent desert. In like manner the country round Lake Huron was, at the same period of time, seen to be full of populous villages defended by walls, and surrounded by cultivated fields. But the same fate befell them.† They were extirpated by the Mohawks.

Here then we see in actual operation, within very recent times, a true cause—which is quite capable of producing the effects which, by some means or another, have certainly been produced—and that, too, on the largest scale—upon the American continent. It is a cause arising out of one of the universal instincts of Mankind, developed in such excess as to become a destructive mania. Many nations most highly civilized have been extremely warlike—and the ambition they have cherished of subduing other nations has been the means of extending over the world their own knowledge of the arts of government, and their own high attainments in the science of jurisprudence. But when

* "Fossil Men," Principal Dawson, pp. 29-42. Montreal, 1880.

† "Prehistoric Man," Dan. Wilson, pp. 359-60.

the same passion takes possession of ruder men, and is directed by irrational antipathies between rival families and rival tribes, it may be, and has often been, one of the most desolating scourges of humanity. In itself an abuse and a degradation which none of the lower animals exhibit, it tends always to the evolution of further evils, to the complete destruction of civilized communities, or to the reduction of their scanty remnants to the condition and the habits of savage life.

It results from these facts and considerations, gathered over a wide field of observation and experience, that the processes of Evolution and Development as they work in Man, lead to consequences wholly different from those to which they lead in other departments of Creation. There, they tend always in one of two directions, both of which are directions predetermined and in perfect harmony with the unity of Nature. One of these directions is that of perfect success, the other of these directions is that of speedy extinction. Among the lower animals, when a new form appears, it suits exactly its surrounding conditions; and when it ceases to do so it ceases to survive. Or if it does survive it lives by change, by giving birth to something new, and by ceasing to be identical with its former self. So far as we can actually see the past work of development among the beasts, it is a work which has always led either to rapid multiplication or to rapid extinction. There is no alternative. But in Man the processes of Evolution lead in a great variety of directions—some of them tending more or less directly to the elevation of the creature, but others of them tending very speedily and very powerfully to its degradation. In some men they have led to an intellectual and moral standing, of which we can conceive it to be true that it is only a "little lower than the angels." In others they have ended in a condition of which it is too evidently true that it is a great deal lower than the condition of the beasts.

We can get, however, a great deal nearer towards the understanding of this anomaly than the mere recognition of it as a fact. Hitherto we have been dealing only with one of the two great causes of change, namely, that of unfavourable external or physical conditions. Let us now look at the other—namely, the internal nature and character of Man. We can see how it is that, when working under certain conditions, the peculiar powers of Man must lead to endless developments in a wrong direction. Foremost among these powers is the gift of Reason. I speak here of Reason not as the word is often used, to express a great variety of powers, but as applied to the logical faculty alone. In this restricted sense, the gift of Reason is nothing more than the gift of seeing the necessity or the natural consequences of things—whether those be things said or things done. It is the faculty by which, consciously or unconsciously, we go through the mental process expressed in the word "therefore." It is the faculty which we have in us a true gift of prophecy—the power of foreseeing that which "must shortly come to pass." In its practical application to

conduct, and to the affairs of life, it is the gift by which we see the means which will secure for us certain ends, whether these ends be the getting of that which we desire, or the avoiding of that which we dread. But in its root, and in its essence, as well as in its application to the abstract reasoning of mathematics, it is simply the faculty by which we see one proposition as involving, or as following from another. The power of such a faculty obviously must be, as it actually is, immeasurable and inexhaustible, because there is no limit to this kind of following. That is to say, there is no end to the number of things which are the consequence of each other. Whatever happens in the world is the result of causes, moral or material, which have gone before, and this result again becomes the cause of other consequences, moral or material, which must follow in their turn. It is a necessary result of the unity of Nature, and of the continuity of things, that the links of consequence are the links of an endless chain. It is the business of Reason to see these links as they come one by one gradually into view; and it is in the nature of a reasoning creature to be drawn along by them in the line, whatever it may be, which is the line of their direction. The distance which may be traversed in following that direction even for a short time, and by a single mind, is often very great—so great that a man may be, and often is, a different Being from himself, both in opinions and in conduct, at two different epochs of his life. There are, indeed, individuals, and there are times and conditions of society, in which thought is comparatively stagnant, when it travels nowhere, or when its movements are so slow and gradual as to be imperceptible. But, on the other hand, there are times when mind is on the march. And then it travels fast and far. The journey is immense indeed, which may be accomplished by a few successive generations of men following, one after the other, the links of consequence. At the end of such a journey, the children may be separated from their fathers by more than the breadth of oceans. They may have passed into new regions of thought and of opinion, of habit and of worship. If the movement has been slow, and if the time occupied has been long, it will be all the more difficult to retrace the steps by which the change has been brought about. It will appear more absolute and complete than it really is—the new regions of thought being in truth connected with the old by a well-beaten and continuous track.

But these endless processes of development arising out of the operation of the reasoning faculty, are consistent with any result—good or bad. Whether the great changes they produce have been for the better or for the worse, must depend, not on the length of the journey, but on the original direction in which it was begun. It depends on whether that direction has been right or wrong—on whether the road taken has been the logical development of a truth, or the logical development of a lie. The one has a train of consequences as long and as endless as the other. It is the nature of the reasoning faculty that it works

from data. But these data are supplied to it from many different sources. In the processes of reasoning on which the abstract sciences depend, the fundamental data are axioms or self-evident propositions. These may, in a sense, be said to be supplied by the reasoning faculty itself, because the recognition of a truth as self-evident is in itself an exercise of the reasoning faculty. But in all branches of knowledge, other than the abstract sciences, that is to say, in every department of thought which most nearly concerns our conduct and our beliefs, the data on which Reason has to work are supplied to it from sources external to itself. In matters of Belief, they come, for the most part, from Authority, in some one or other of its many forms, or from imagination working according to its own laws upon impressions received from the external world. In matters of conduct, the data supplied to Reason come from all the innumerable motives which are founded on the desires. But in all these different provinces of thought it is the tendency and the work of Reason to follow the proposition, or the belief, or the motive, to all its consequences. Unless, therefore, the proposition is really as true as it seems to be; unless the belief is really according to the fact; unless the motive is really legitimate and good, it is the necessary effect of the logical faculty to carry men farther and farther into the paths of error, until it lands them in depths of degradation and corruption of which unreasoning creatures are incapable. It is astonishing how reasonable—that is to say, how logical—are even the most revolting practices connected, for example, with religious worship or religious customs, provided we accept as true some fundamental conception of which they are the natural result. If it be true that the God we worship is a Being who delights in suffering, and takes pleasure, as it were, in the very smell of blood, then it is not irrational to appease Him with hecatombs of human victims. This is an extreme case. There are, however, such cases, as we know, actually existing in the world. But, short of this, the same principle is illustrated in innumerable cases, where cruel and apparently irrational customs are in reality nothing but the logical consequences of some fundamental belief respecting the nature, the character, and the commands of God. In like manner, in the region of morals and of conduct not directly connected with religious beliefs, Reason may be nothing but the servant of Desire, and in this service may have no other work to do than that of devising means to the most wicked ends. If the doctrine given to Reason be the doctrine that pleasure and self-indulgence, at whatever sacrifice to others, are the great aims and ends of life, then Reason will be busy in seeking out “many inventions” for the attainment of them, each invention being more advanced than another in its defiance of all obligation and in its abandonment of all sense of duty. Thus the development of selfishness under the guidance of faculties which place at its command the great powers of foresight and contrivance, is a kind of development quite as natural and quite as common as that which constitutes the growth of know-

ledge and of virtue. It is indeed a development which, under the condition supposed—that is to say, the condition of false or erroneous data supplied to the reasoning faculty—is not an accident or a contingency, but a necessary and inevitable result.

And here there is one very curious circumstance to be observed, which brings us still closer to the real seat of the anomaly which makes Man in so many ways the one great exception to the order of Nature. That circumstance is the helplessness of mere Reason to correct the kind of error which is most powerful in vitiating conduct. In those processes of abstract Reason which are the great instruments of work in the exact sciences, the reasoning faculty has the power of very soon detecting any element of error in the data from which it starts. That any given proposition leads to an absurd result is one of the familiar methods of disproof in mathematics. That one of only two alternatives is proved to be absurd is conclusive demonstration that the other must be true. In this way Reason corrects her own operations, for the faculty which recognizes one proposition as evidently absurd, is the same faculty which recognizes another proposition as evidently true. It is, indeed, because of its contradicting something evidently true, or something which has been already proved to be true, that the absurd result is seen to be absurd. It is in this way that, in the exact sciences, erroneous data are being perpetually detected, and the sources of error are being perpetually eliminated. But Reason seems to have no similar power of detecting errors in the data which are supplied to it from other departments of thought. In the developments, for example, of social habits, and of the moral sentiments on which these principally depend, no results, however extravagant or revolting, are at all certain of being rejected because of their absurdity. No practice however cruel, no custom however destructive, is sure on account of its cruelty or of its destructiveness to be at once detected and rejected as self-evidently wrong. Reason works upon the data supplied to it by superstition, or by selfish passions and desires, apparently without any power of questioning the validity of those data, or, at all events, without any power of immediately recognizing even their most extreme results as evidently false. In Religion, at least, it would almost seem as if there were no axiomatic truths which are universally, constantly, and instinctively present to the mind—none at least, which are incapable of being obscured—and which, therefore, inevitably compel it to revolt against every course or every belief inconsistent with them. It is through this agency of erroneous belief that the very highest of our faculties, the sense of obligation, may and does become itself the most powerful of all agents in the development of evil. It consecrates what is worst in our own nature, or whatever of bad has come to be sown in the multitudinous elements which that nature contains. The consequence is, that the gift of Reason is the very gift by means of which error in belief, and vice in character, are carried from one stage of development to another, until at last they may, and they often do, result

in conditions of life and conduct removed by an immeasurable distance from those which are in accordance with the order and with the analogies of Nature.

These are the conditions of life, very much lower, as we have seen, than those which prevail among the brutes, which it is now the fashion to assume to be the nearest type of the conditions from which the human race began its course. They are, in reality and on the contrary, conditions which could not possibly have been reached except after a very long journey. They are the goal at which men have arrived after running for many generations in a wrong direction. They are the result of Evolution—they are the product of Development. But it is the evolution of germs whose growth is noxious. It is the development of passions and desires, some of which Man possesses in common with the brutes, others of which are peculiar to himself, but all of which are in him freed from the guiding limitations which in every other department of Nature prevail among the motive forces of the world, and by means of which alone they work to order.

It is in the absence of these limitations that what is called the Free Will of Man consists. It is not a freedom which is absolute and unconditional. It is not a freedom which is without limitations of its own. It is not a freedom which confers on Man the power of acting except on some one or other of the motives which it is in his nature to entertain. But that nature is so infinitely complex, so many-sided, is open to so many influences, and is capable of so many movements, that practically their combinations are almost infinite. His freedom is a freedom to choose among these motives, and to choose what he knows to be the worse instead of the better part. This is the freedom without which there could be no action attaining to the rank of virtue, and this also is the freedom in the wrong exercise of which all vice consists. There is no theoretical necessity that along with this freedom there should be a propensity to use it wrongly. It is perfectly conceivable that such freedom should exist, and that all the desires and dispositions of men should be to use it rightly. Not only is this conceivable, but it is a wonder that it should be otherwise. That a Being with powers of mind and capacities of enjoyment rising high above those which belong to any other creature, should, alone of all these creatures, have an innate tendency to use his powers, not only to his own detriment, but even to his own self-torture and destruction, is such an exception to all rule, such a departure from all order, and such a violation of all the reasonableness of Nature, that we cannot think too much of the mystery it involves. It is possible that some light may be thrown upon this mystery by following the facts connected with it into one of the principal fields of their display—namely, the History of Religion. But this must form the subject of another chapter.

ARGYLL.

THE JEWISH QUESTION IN GERMANY.

I.

IN the autumn of 1866 I spent some days on the Rhine with a South German friend who was both a philosopher and a particularist. The peace had just been concluded, and the black and white flag of Prussia floated from every point of vantage. "Look," he said, "the Rhine has gone into mourning for the death of Germany." He will probably smile now if he recalls his bitter jest, for the French war obliterated many hateful memories, and knit the South more closely to the North than many years of peaceful prosperity would have done. But at times his words return into my mind as if there had been something ominous about them, and I can hardly help asking, "Was it, indeed, the funeral, and not the resurrection, of Germany that we witnessed in the golden days of that St. Martin's summer?"

It must be confessed that those who most warmly welcomed the new order of things have not been having what the children call "a good time" lately. The last twenty years, if they have realized many hopes, have also dissipated many illusions and brought to light evils whose existence was hardly suspected by the most sagacious. The conflict with the Catholic Church was certainly popular among the Protestants of the North and it may, perhaps, have been necessary; but it was not an auspicious opening for the public life of a nation whose chief boast had been that high intellectual tolerance which not only permits differences of character and opinion, but recognizes them as necessary and useful, and, therefore, endeavours to understand them. And now the countrymen of Lessing seem inclined to revive the feelings which induced their forefathers to celebrate a holiday of peculiar sanctity by a raid upon the Jewish quarter. If this anti-Semitic movement were merely an outburst of popular bigotry, Englishmen might have been surprised to hear that such a thing was still possible in Protestant

Germany, but they would hardly have felt justified in denouncing it in the terms which it certainly deserves. Such events have been too common in our own history, and the memory of some of them is too recent, for us to enlarge on similar follies in our neighbours and thus to lay ourselves open to a crushing retort. But most unfortunately this is not the case. Men of rank and Protestant clergymen of high position are numbered among the leaders of the new crusade which has found its Peter the Hermit in Mr. Stoecker, the Court chaplain; nay, one or two whose names are not entirely unknown in the world of letters have taken service in its ranks. It has been organized on what may be called a scientific basis; it appeals less to the New Testament than to the most recent of linguistic and anthropological theories; and its passwords are redolent of the schools; but at the same time it is ready to make use of the most sordid passions and the basest prejudices of the poor and the ignorant if by this means it can gain its end. And what is that end but the subversion of all that we thought the German philosophers and poets of the past and present centuries had established—the reassertion of the petty jealousies of race and creed which it was their chief glory to have dispelled?

Under these circumstances the duty of a German addressing a German audience is clear. It is to denounce, to refute, to expose to the utmost of his power, a wretched attempt at persecution which has not even the poor excuse of religious enthusiasm to plead, but is compounded only of pedantry and prejudice, of envy, spite, and the lowest and least attractive form of national vanity. But a foreigner is placed in a somewhat different position; he is not called to take any part in the conflict, and if he approaches it, it should only be for the purpose of investigating its origin and understanding what results are likely to follow. After all, it is their own gods whom the Germans are blaspheming, their own heroes' graves which they are defiling; it is Lessing whom they have smitten in the face, Goethe whom they mock with the empty show of an imperial purple, Herder whom they deny; it is their own ideal they are so eager to crucify.

"Is Germany really dead, then?" we ask, and we are not alone in asking it. Many of the noblest minds of the country, and among them those who were most anxious for the union, are beginning to view its results with something very like apprehension, though pride and hopelessness alike impose silence. Indeed, it almost seems as if, in certain sections of society, the exaggerated hopes of 1870 had given place to an exaggerated despair; but this dissatisfaction is itself a proof that the best traditions of the country are not dead. Twenty years ago, when asked, "Where is Germany?" a German could answer, "In our hearts;" and there the ideal of old days is still safely seated, beyond the reach of any fanatical mob. Nay, it is gradually realizing itself under new conditions, though with difficulty, and amid a thousand obstructions. It is natural that those who thought that everything had been achieved

when the Empire was proclaimed should feel some weariness in gazing on the gigantic task that still lies before them. But whoever views the matter calmly will perceive that great progress has already been made, and that even some of the events he most deeply regrets are but the backward eddies which mark the advance of the stream. The present outburst of intolerance is certainly the most lamentable thing that has occurred since the union of Germany, and it will be my endeavour in the following pages to explain some of its causes. It is my wish, however, from the first to state my conviction that this is one of those cases in which to understand a matter is not by any means to excuse it.

The question may, of course, be regarded from many different points of view. Much, for instance, has of late been written on the contrast between the Jews and the Germans. The intellect of the former, we are told, is mechanical, and their morality essentially utilitarian, and these are qualities to which the latter feel an almost instinctive antipathy. The Hebrews are optimists, they reverence success as the highest good, and their desire is to live long in the land that has been given them; the German is almost always inclined to pessimism, he recognizes the "sweet uses of adversity," and the spiritual triumph that is frequently concealed in earthly failure; when his imagination takes a religious turn it dwells with preference on the history of those who "were not of the world." The Israelites are calculating, and he is impulsive; they excel in providence, a virtue which he not only does not possess, but is, perhaps, a little inclined to undervalue.

There is, doubtless, some truth in all this, though, not to speak of earlier and more sacred names, the memory of Spinoza's saintly life, of his unhesitating self-devotion to the cause of truth, and his cheerful careless resignation of all worldly pleasure and success, forbid us to trust too blindly to such generalizations; but modern historical causes have perhaps been as effective as any inborn difference of race in stimulating the present animosity of the Germans to their fellow-countrymen. Even the enlightenment, as it is called, of the last century, though it equally affected both the populations which had lived for centuries side by side and yet separate, affected them differently. Among the Christians, the pietists and other mystical sects had unconsciously prepared the way for Lessing. Those who were deeply interested in theological matters had been made familiar with the doctrine that true religion consists rather in a spiritual and emotional condition than in the intellectual acceptance of any dogma, long before they thoroughly realized that any of their dogmas could be called in question. The new teachers recognized to the full the importance of the inner life, on which men like Zinzendorf and Franke had insisted. At most, they argued that under different circumstances it might assume different forms, and that all the great religions of the world had been but different ways of expressing the same truth and satisfying the same aspirations. It is obvious that such opinions were in complete har-

mony with other parts of the new lay creed, and that they tended to foster that reverence for history as a part of Nature which so broadly distinguishes the German freethinkers from those of France. The latter taught that all religions were equally false, though some might be less noxious than others; the belief of the former may be summed up in the words of Goethe: "All sects seem to me to be right in what they assert and wrong in what they deny."

The religion of the German Jews, on the other hand, was founded neither on a spiritual faith nor an intellectual creed, but on the Book of the Law. It is hard to name any opinion that they might not hold, as long as they were willing to join in the cry of "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God," and strictly to observe the moral precepts and the ceremonial usages of their forefathers.* This circumstance did much to encourage the intellectual freedom for which, even in the Middle Ages, the most gifted men of the race were so remarkable; but, as the power of their religion was purely external, it followed that as soon as the ritual was abandoned nothing remained but an historical sentiment and a family tradition. Thus it was only natural that the Reformed Jews should sympathize with Voltaire rather than with Herder, and this intellectual tendency was encouraged by the fact that their co-religionists were admitted to equal rights in France sooner than in any other European country. There can be no doubt that the presence of this alien element has acted as a useful corrective to German thought, that it has diversified and enriched the literature and powerfully promoted the political development of the country; but, at the same time, it is not strange that it should have encouraged the Germans to regard the Jews as still remaining a foreign race.

On these and similar points it is not my intention to dwell. To treat them at all fully would require a space quite disproportionate to the interest they possess for Englishmen, and I shall therefore confine myself entirely to the social aspect of the question. And here it is only just to add that those who derive their information from the newspapers alone are in some danger of over-estimating the importance of the movement. In Germany, as in England, there are a large number of persons of sound common sense who do not feel it their duty to reply to the noisy agitators of the day, but who remain entirely unmoved by their declamations; and in the present political situation there are several German parties which, though they are not sorry to make use of any popular cry that may add to their strength or divide the ranks of their opponents, would still, in all probability, shrink from giving a legislative sanction to the passions they do not hesitate to excite. And yet the success of the anti-Semitic leaders has been anything but complete. Only six of the twenty-six universities of the country have given any

* Spinoza belonged to the Portuguese synagogue, and the history of his conflict with the Rabbis is still far from being clearly explained; but even he seems to have been excluded from the congregation of Israel rather on account of his refusal to conform to its observances than because of the heterodoxy of his opinions.

favourable response to their appeal, and in these it is a very small proportion of the students who have lent their signatures to the petitions; while the professors, with hardly an exception, have refused to sanction the movement. On the other hand, the Crown Prince has expressed his disapprobation in the clearest and strongest terms; and the authorities of all the large cities have indignantly rejected the proposals of its advocates. In Berlin, one Jew has been elected chairman of the Municipal Board and another head of the Merchants' Guild; and almost all the true intellectual leaders of the nation—men like Virchow and Mommsen, Hofmann the chemist, and A. Weber the orientalist—have publicly protested against an exhibition of intolerance which they feel to be a disgrace to their country. There is not, therefore, the slightest probability that the anti-Semitic meetings and petitions will lead to any measure of practical importance. All their promoters are likely to succeed in doing will be to encourage a few personal insults and to embitter some individual lives.

II.

The anti-Semites loudly deny that they are actuated by any dislike to the Hebrew creed, and they are probably sincere in their asseverations; though it is difficult to see how they could give any practical effect to their principles without adopting a religious test. It is comparatively easy to decide whether a man has been baptized or no; but by what scientific process can his blood be tested and pronounced to be up to the legal German standard? Are offices to be opened all over the country to decide knotty questions of ancestry? Is every pedlar to be expected to carry a genealogical tree in his pack? And what is to happen to those unfortunate Germans who betray a culpable ignorance as to the personal history of their grandfathers? Are they to be left to wander about the country, like so many living notes of interrogation, on whose nationality every policeman is to decide on the spur of the moment and by the aid of that intuitive perception which is so rarely wanting in the successors of Dogberry? Again, what is to become of the children of mixed marriages? Are they to be half disabled—allowed, for example, to vote at alternate elections, permitted to enjoy all the rights of German citizens during the first three days of the week, and even empowered to hawk small articles about the streets, but only at times when the Jewish ritual forbids commerce? There would be something touching in the sight of the little army of martyrs thus silently protesting against the religion of one of their parents, and earning an honest penny whilst testifying their abhorrence of the bigoted and narrow-minded religion of the Jews. Sweet little brands half plucked from the burning, what Christian soul would haggle with them for a copper? But, pretty as the idea is, and profitable as it might be made, it is perhaps hardly feasible. The fact is, if you want to lay your hand on "the infidel and perfidious Jew," you cannot do better than keep to the baptismal register. It may

not be everything an enthusiastic patriot could wish, since some Israelites have unfortunately been baptized ; but such acts of insolence may be forbidden in future, and it is the only firm and fast line that can be drawn, especially in a country like Germany, where it would be utterly impossible to form a confession of faith which the Christian of culture would accept and the Hebrew reject ; impossible, I say, for even Mr. Stoecker will hardly propose to render it incumbent on every citizen to curse the children of Israel and all their works, whenever the authorities call upon him to do so.

Still, though the question must resolve itself into a religious one as soon as it takes a practical form, the sentiment that has prompted the movement is, beyond all doubt, a feeling of race. The Germans regard the Jews, to whom all the careers have been thrown open, much as the English did the Scotch who crowded across the border shortly after the Union. In neither case can the aversion be called unnatural, nor are specious arguments wanting in its defence. The North Britons were easily recognized by their dialect and their personal appearance, their habits differed from those of their southern countrymen, and they were accustomed, as the satirists said, "to herd together." Above all, they had a knack of getting on in the world and were reported to push each other. When quietly considered, it may not seem a very heinous crime that a man should desire to find a provision for his sons, nay even for his cousins, or that, when he belongs to a creed or nation which his neighbours scorn, he should prefer to take those who share the stigma into his service to employing strangers, who, however respectful their demeanour may be, regard him, as he knows, with secret contempt. But when the passions are excited things assume a different aspect, and we cannot wonder that even sober Englishmen should have viewed the inundation with some alarm, while writers of a more fervid imagination, among many less savoury pictures, compared the Scots to a swarm of locusts, who had left the barren mountains of their country to prey upon the harvests of a happier land. The feeling was natural enough, particularly among those who had not been successful in life and who saw the alien thriving where they had failed ; but would it have been well for England, even in a purely commercial point of view, if the Scotch had been legally excluded ? Have not her children reaped benefits from the labours of those whom their forefathers desired to forbid the country ?

In every single particular the above holds good of the present position of the Jews in Germany ; but there are several circumstances which tend to render their influence greater there than that of the Scots ever was in England, and consequently to increase the dislike which is felt for them. The social system of the country is far less firmly knit together, or rather, if the somewhat pedantic expression may be excused, it is less highly organized than that of either France or England, and it is consequently far less capable of resisting a sudden pressure from without. It

has no Parisian *salons*, from whose verdict in matters of taste and manners there is no appeal, no Upper Ten Thousand whose dress and habits are imitated and travestied in suburban villas and provincial towns; it has no standard of propriety which is universally recognized, no society which is everywhere acknowledged to be the best. Like some of the invertebrate animals, it possesses a number of distinct nerve centres, each of which, though in some dim way connected with the others, is able to act alone, and, as it were, on its own responsibility. There is the nobility, which is scattered over the whole length and breadth of the land, which suns itself in the waning splendour of the Courts and furnishes the highest and most trustworthy officials to the army and the civil service. Those who belong to this charmed circle obey a code of their own, and it is so exclusive that a German author of note, with by no means very marked democratic tendencies, felt justified in saying some thirty years ago that they formed a caste rather than a class. Their pretensions and traditions are, however, the jest of the aristocracy of intellect, or—should I rather say?—of learning. In Germany this is not, as elsewhere, a mere figure of speech, a complimentary epithet applied to some score or two of men of genius; it represents a very important social fact. For in that country there is a class of scholars, with its centres in the Universities and its outposts wherever a High School is established, which has a public opinion, a code of manners, and a firmly established scale of precedence of its own. These professors and schoolmasters look upon the mere journalist and artist with a scorn similar to that which the old royal families of Europe displayed with respect to the upstart house of Napoleon, and they only admit the successful novelist and painter into their ranks with a certain diffidence, and, as it were, under protest. They speak of the Count or Baron with a contempt at least equal to his own, they acknowledge no distinction but that conferred by intellectual work,—which must, of course, be duly certified by the proper authorities,—and justly consider themselves the true political counterpoise to the landed gentry and the bureaucracy. The latter, though it is connected with both the preceding classes, has a separate character and exercises a more direct influence than either upon the affairs of state. On the great commercial and manufacturing cities it is unnecessary to dwell; there, at least, the battle between Jew and German will be fought out on equal terms, and the almighty dollar may be left to decide between them.

Much as the Englishman may be inclined to smile at the pompous nobleman or awkward squire, the political professor, and the somewhat slow and pedantic official whom he meets on his travels, they are the representatives of the three classes that have created the New Germany, which it is easier to associate with either admiration or dread than with simple ridicule. The bureaucracy may be said to include not only the judges but the whole legal profession, as the number of lawyers is strictly limited, and, after completing his studies, the future advo-

cate has to wait for an appointment before he is permitted to practise. Its high character has long been the boast of many German States, particularly of Prussia, and its superior offices confer upon their holders a sort of personal nobility, which is the more coveted because it conveys a real distinction. The banker to whom the title of Baron or Count has been granted enjoys little more than an empty name, which his acquaintances are careful to introduce into their conversation as often as they address him. No one looks upon him as belonging to the old aristocracy of the country, nor is he accepted by them as an equal. But the man who attains a high position in the civil service or the courts of law, whether he be gentle or simple, at once enters into the enjoyment of all the social privileges of his rank. His independence is secured by the fact that he is irremovable except for misconduct, and that even in such a case he can be judged only by a court formed of his peers. In the old days, a steady if not very rapid promotion was considered certain, but gradually a system in some respects similar to our own competitive examinations was introduced. Down to the year 1850 the results of the change were not very remarkable; but the Jews were then emancipated, and they have since been remarkably successful in the examinations. It is said that their intellectual gifts are of a kind which is seen to greater advantage on such occasions than in the discharge of the duties which an appointment imposes. At any rate, they have established themselves in the administrative world in numbers greatly in excess of the proportion they form of the entire population of the country; many of the judges and nearly one-half of the practising lawyers of Germany are Jews. It is only natural that the families who have for generations considered the civil service and the courts of law as their own peculiar sphere should view the intruders with no great favour, and it is not strange that suspicion is added to dislike. The Jews, it is said, form a freemasonry of their own, and they will always place the interests of their brethren above those of the country. This, however, it must be remembered, is only a suspicion, as no proof of their having done so has been adduced.

The political influence of the officials depends chiefly on their technical knowledge, and it has been rather administrative and formative than creative; but the landed gentry in the country and the professors in the towns have long guided the public opinion of the country. Yet, great as their influence is, neither class can be considered opulent. It is not merely that Germany is poorer than England and France, the wealth she possesses is also more equally divided. Except in one or two districts, like Silesia, where unfortunate economical experiments had produced the misery they were intended to prevent, there was until very lately scarcely any proletarian class; but, on the other hand, the means of even the well-to-do were very limited, and their life was simple and frugal to a degree which those who hold a similar social position in other countries can hardly imagine. Simple and frugal—

but not undignified, nor without a touch of homely and even artistic grace; for in the uncarpeted room you would frequently find a bit of carved oak, or an old print hanging on the walls. They were heir-looms, perhaps, or had been bought when the master and mistress of the house were still young, before the competition of collectors had rendered the purchase of such things an impossible extravagance. Everywhere there were good books and music, and the intellectual culture of the family often contrasted rather strangely with their somewhat rough and ready manners. Above all, there was a cheerful contentment and an absence of all pretension about the house; its inmates evidently made no attempt either to imitate or to rival those who were richer than themselves.

Now all these things have changed or are changing, and it is natural that those who grew to manhood among them should look back upon the past with a certain regret; nay, it is not strange that they should attribute the evil to the Jews, who have money, and, it must be confessed, delight in showing it. The nobleman of an old family, when he pays his yearly visit to the capital, finds that a banker has built a house larger than the one he occupies. The upstart's furniture, carriages, and entertainments all outshine his own, and somehow the rooms are thronged with almost as distinguished guests. His rank, though fully acknowledged by his fellow nobles, makes but a small impression on the outside world, while the parvenu's wealth and splendour are the talk of the day. His pride is hurt, he did not know that money was so powerful before—here, in Prussia, where one used to reverence blood and iron rather; he takes a gloomy view of public affairs, and then it occurs to him that he might refurnish. On calculation, however, he finds that it is impossible to make one guinea do the work of ten, and if he is wise he withdraws from competition and digests his ill-humour as best he can. But he is just as likely to indulge in wild financial speculations in the hope of recovering his lost position, in which case he is certain to be a loser, and when he returns to his mortgaged estate, he will probably have the pleasure of reflecting that a part of his paternal inheritance has gone to fill the coffers of his rival.

Or a Jewish professor is called to a chair in one of the smaller universities. He is, probably, a man of some wealth, and he can see no reason why he should not go on living in the way to which he has always been accustomed; nay, he perhaps feels a certain pleasure in dazzling his more primitive neighbours by displaying the appliances of modern comfort and by the luxury of his dinner parties and his balls. It is no such very great matter after all. A London professional man of any standing would probably consider all this extravagance the utmost thrift and simplicity, but it is enough to throw the whole social world around into confusion. The good people had heard tell of English lords and Russian princes, just as they had read of knights and emperors; they knew exactly where to find Paris and London on the

maps, but in their imagination those cities lay on the confines of fairy-land; they were familiar with Balzac and Thackeray, and had probably read at least one of Lord Beaconsfield's novels, but the society there described had as little actuality for them as the Court of Queen Mab. But now the wonders which gold can work are wrought at their very doors, and somehow they find it difficult to look upon the establishment of their wealthy neighbour with the magnanimous contempt they have always felt for the parvenu of fiction. To tell the truth, the men are not greatly affected by the sight. When they invite their new colleague they will probably fortify the sound though simple vintage which they usually consume by a bottle or two of manufactured wines with high-sounding French names, and that will be all. But "the finer female sense" is more keenly alive to the charms of carpets, curtains, and upholstery in general. One piece of gaudy furniture after another is smuggled into the drawing-room of the uncomplaining and probably unconscious professor. To unpractised eyes they look almost as good as the solid and substantial possessions of the new comer, and then they did not cost a fifth of the price. Soon the whole apartment exhibits a new and glossy brilliance. The expense was not very great, perhaps; but then much of the old comfort, and all the old dignity and grace, have vanished.

It may be that matters go still further, and that a few of the richer members of the university follow the example of the intruder. In that case, the whole social character of the town is changed. Large parties take the place of simple gatherings, the cost of living is increased, and the professors who have little more than their stipends to depend upon are obliged to withdraw from the company of those whom they used to meet on entirely equal terms. In the old days there was much in the life of a small German university that was fairly open to ridicule. The primness of the ladies, the unpractical character of the men, who seemed to regard every question of history, art, and politics in the light of a geometrical problem, the wonderful titles and the extraordinary shades of precedence that might have puzzled even a Chinese master of the ceremonies, were all suitable material for the humorist; but, after all, a high ideal spirit was hid beneath the uncouth exterior, and nowhere else in civilized Europe were the differences of birth and wealth so entirely disregarded and the supreme value of intellectual distinction so unreservedly acknowledged as there. With this unworldliness and seclusion a very characteristic part of the old life of the nation is passing away, and it is impossible not to share in the regret with which many Germans view the change, though we may perceive it to have been inevitable and the result of causes far deeper than the admission of five, or even eight hundred thousand Jews to the enjoyment of equal rights.

Those Jews are, however, at present the chief representatives of the comparatively new social power of capital, and they are consequently exposed, not only to the old and illiberal prejudice of race, but also to

the animosity, born of mingled terror and contempt, with which a decaying aristocracy, either of birth or intellect, always views the men of wealth who threaten to displace it. Still, in this case at least, it is clear that there can be no need of reactionary legislation, and that the Germans have the remedy in their own hands. Mammon has power only over those who hanker after his gifts, and if they have the courage to go on living in the old frugal way they will compel their more wealthy neighbours either to follow their example or to form a clique of their own, in which latter case the political and social influence of the rich would remain as small in the future as it has been in the past. That, however, would be a display of practical philosophy which it is perhaps a little unfair to expect of anybody—or, at least, of anybody's wife—unless such a mode of action had the support of the public opinion of a whole class, and of this their want of social centralization deprives the Germans. Still, is it not a little undignified to hate others for possessing the very things that we ourselves desire?

But, if the ruling classes in Germany have their special reasons for disliking the Jews, those of lower standing and smaller culture have also their own complaints to bring against them. In all communities in which commerce is not highly developed a prejudice is felt against the man who trades in money. It is not, of course, so easy to despise the great banker with his railway bonds and State loans; there is something "vague and vast" about his operations which rather pleases the popular imagination; but the man who engages in the same business on a smaller scale is never a favourite, and the events of late years have greatly tended to increase this antipathy in Germany, especially in Berlin.

It is usual to speak of the gold fever of 1871 as an epidemic which the Germans caught during the French war; but its commencement may be traced to a far earlier period, at least to the autumn of 1866. The war of 1870, it is true, was not without its economical effects, and they were of a somewhat unusual kind. Insolvent firms bolstered up their credit by references to the difficulties of the times, which were supposed to be hard, although they were glorious, and the plea for forbearance was not made in vain. No one who was in Berlin during the period can wish to under-estimate the sacrifices which the country made, nor will he refuse his admiration to the cheerfulness with which great ills were borne. Indeed, no more imposing sight can well be imagined than the way in which a city, chiefly noted for the materialism of its views and the flippancy of its wit, suddenly rose to the spirit of a tragic moment. Men who seemed to have no thought that went beyond their ledgers and the beerhouses which were the scenes of their nightly gatherings, cast all that had made up the interest and pleasure of their lives aside as if it were not worth a thought. Fathers, sons, and lovers were hurried away to take part in the fearful conflict, yet hardly a murmur was heard either from those

who went or from those who were left behind. And all this was done without the least theatrical display, quite quietly, as if it were a matter of course. The pain had come and it had to be borne; no one thought of flinching. To the seeing eye, the way in which the departing *landwehr* regiments marched through the empty and silent streets in the dead of night was a far grander and more touching sight than the triumphal return of the victorious army. But commercial depression, in the true sense of the word, was not among the evils which Germany had to endure in the heat of the struggle. A momentary pressure was felt, it is true, and all great commercial and industrial enterprises had for the time to be suspended; but every one believed that the difficulty was only temporary, and it had hardly any effect on the lower classes, for the number of men who had been called to serve in the army was so great that those who remained behind found ample employment. The fact that the pecuniary strain of the war had not been so severely felt as was expected, encouraged men to take a rosy view of the future, and the extraordinary success of the army encouraged a sanguine financial temper.

The way in which the value of house property rose immediately after the conclusion of the peace was simply marvellous. There was a real reason for this, as Berlin had been rather overcrowded before the war, and there was every reason to believe that the fact of its having become the capital of the Empire would lead to an increase of its inhabitants. But this simple calculation led to the wildest speculation. Rents doubled, and landlords began to regard the tenant who was in possession of anything resembling a lease as an insidious enemy who had outwitted them. Single houses were sold two or three times in the course of the day at ever-advancing prices, and families whose only property was the miserable hovel in which they lived, woke up one morning to find themselves in possession of what seemed to their imaginations almost boundless wealth. This was only one of the symptoms of the growing disorder of the public mind, but it probably contributed to extend the evil by bringing the possibility of sudden gains to the immediate notice of classes who might otherwise have remained beyond the reach of infection.

At any rate, a feverish desire for immediate wealth took possession of all classes. Whoever could command a hundred dollars saw El Dorado opening before him, and noblemen of the highest rank found it impossible to resist the same alluring vision. Sober tradesmen and poorly-paid teachers, who had always hitherto been careful to invest their little savings in only the safest securities, realized the greater part of their capital, in order to gamble with it on the Stock Exchange. There was of course no dearth of impossible commercial and industrial schemes; but it was less from the success of any of these than from the constant purchase and sale of securities that immense profits were expected, and for that neither knowledge nor experience was deemed

necessary. There seemed to be something uncanny in the air. Persons of a quiet and phlegmatic temperament, who had never before showed a sign either of genius or ambition, conceived the idea that they were born to be the Napoleons of finance. Artists and professional men betrayed an unsanctified knowledge of the money market. The aged scholar, who had been used to greet you with a line from Horace, now appeared more deeply interested in quite unclassical quotations; and the youth whom, from the nervousness with which he kept feeling in his coat pocket, you had begun to suspect of a juvenile tendency to verse, surprised you by producing, instead of the expected sonnet, the prospectus of a new company.

Of course the crash came, and many found that, with their vision of boundless wealth, the slow savings of laborious years had vanished. No wonder that bitterness and heartburning followed, and the wild question, "Where has all the money gone?" The true answer, of course, was that the greater part of it had never existed except in the heated imagination of the amateur stockbrokers, and that what capital had really been brought into the market had for the most part been frittered away on hopelessly extravagant works, which had frequently been undertaken rather with the intention of advertising shares than for any more serious purpose. But in certain moods the public must have some one to curse, even if it does not go the length of hanging him. The great bankers had weathered the storm; most of them were Jews; it was the Jews who had pocketed the money.

To men who are smarting under the sense of a severe and recent loss a good deal of injustice may be forgiven, but this excuse cannot be pleaded by those who repeat the story years afterwards and endeavour to make it the basis of reactionary legislation. Suppose the charge were just, what had the Jews done that their German neighbours were not straining every nerve to do? If dealing in paper of a questionable character is dishonest, the greater part of those who were serious and direct losers by the late crisis had been guilty of that dishonesty. Is it right to gamble and criminal to win, or is that virtuous in an enlightened Christian which is unpardonable in the benighted Israelite? But as yet not a shadow of proof has been brought that the Jews as a body profited by the wild hopes and bitter disenchantment of their fellow-countrymen, though individual Jews may have done so, as individual Christians did. They probably lost less, but this was only because even those among them who are not engaged in trade know enough of business to be aware that it is rather unsafe to trust one's unaided judgment when one goes down to the Stock Exchange with the intention of making a fortune.

Still, it must be confessed that if popular indignation had demanded a single victim that victim would have been a Jew. It was a great moment when it first occurred to Dr. Strousberg that the savings of the lower middle-class amounted to a very considerable sum, which

might be made available for the furtherance of the industrial schemes with which his brain was teeming. The means by which he endeavoured to realize his design showed something more than a mere financial talent; they displayed a real knowledge of men and human nature, and they were entirely successful. He never, it is true, gained the full confidence of the higher financial circles, but he became the idol of the people. Tales of his immense wealth, his extraordinary luck, and of the originality, boldness, and foresight displayed in his enterprises, were on everybody's lips; nor must we forget that there were other stories of private acts of compassion and liberality which seemed to be better authenticated. His public charities were such as Berlin had never before seen. The feelings of the shopkeepers and handicraftsmen were touched; their greed and their admiration were at once excited; in a word, their hearts were gained and they hastened to place their little boards in the hand of a man who had shown so much skill in acquiring wealth, so much generosity in dispensing it. Like most fortunate adventurers, he doubtless relied rather blindly on his genius and his star, and he may have believed that he was about to make the fortune of those who trusted in him as well as his own; but there are some risks which only success can justify. He played high, and he lost—the rest follows as a matter of course.

But if we remember that Dr. Strousberg was a Jew, it is most unjust to forget that it was a man of the same race and creed who, casting aside all personal and party considerations, with a public spirit as admirable as it was necessary, forced the attention of a half-reluctant House and Ministry to the growing demoralization of the financial world, and thus, at the expense of great labour and by the sacrifice of a considerable part of his influence and popularity, succeeded in restoring a comparatively healthy tone to the public and business life of the country. Those who denounce the avarice and self-seeking of the Jews should remember it is the race of Dr. Lasker of which they are speaking.

If the working classes did not directly share in the illusions and disenchantment of their social superiors, they were exposed to the indirect effects of the social convulsion. In the period of hope, wages rose to what would before have been considered a fabulous height. A sudden and unexpected access of wealth is rarely wisely used, and the labourers doubted as little as other classes that the golden age had begun and the good times would continue. Besides, a period of great financial excitement is not favourable to thrift, so little can be saved; while so much may be gained by a lucky turn of the cards. Consequently the day, as a rule, spent what the day had earned, and habits that would but a year or two before have seemed recklessly extravagant were contracted. When the evil years came in which, though the cost of living had increased, it was difficult to find employment, even at the old rates, they were, therefore, felt with more than the usual bitterness. Not only

was the distress very real and painful, it seemed doubly so by comparison with the ease and luxury that had preceded it. When good luck comes we are all inclined to welcome it as a matter of course, or to consider it a somewhat tardy recognition of our merits; but we are curious as to the causes of our misfortunes and eager to know who is to blame for them. The first result of the commercial depression was, therefore, a great increase in the numbers of the Social Democrats. It must be remembered that wealth had been exhibited in its least imposing and attractive form. Inherited riches are usually accepted as a part of the order of Nature, nor does the money which is acquired by sound commercial enterprise generally excite envy; but it is difficult to explain to a suffering class the sanctity of property that has been gained by some fluctuation in the value of shares, which seems to them to bear a suspicious resemblance to a game of chance, and when once they begin to question the foundations on which society rests their passions usually lead them a great deal farther than they had at first any intention of going.

There is, it is true, a danger of over-estimating the influence of the Social Democrats, and the number of votes which they can poll at an election is no index of their real strength. They are the only party who offer a consistent and unwavering opposition to the Government, and every irreconcilable enemy to the latter is consequently tempted to give them at least a silent support. Some go farther, and in late elections hundreds have voted for candidates whom they would do their utmost to oppose if they believed there were the smallest chance of their principles being carried into practice. But still it cannot be doubted that subversive ideas are very largely spread among the labouring classes, and that considerable numbers share the discontent in which they have their rise without going the length of adopting them as opinions. It is from these that Mr. Stoecker has recruited the little army of "Christian workmen of German birth" whom he is so fond of putting through their rather simple drill in the great beer saloons of the metropolis. The Social Democrats—and this should be remembered to their credit—have not only shown no sympathy with the anti-Semitic agitation, but have taken every opportunity of denouncing and opposing it.

We have lingered so long upon the commercial crisis because its moral and social effects possess an importance which is rarely recognized; but, independently of these, the tradesmen have a grievance against the Jews, which is felt even more acutely in the smaller towns than in the great cities. In the old times many enactments were in force by which the pressure of competition was held in check. The guilds had, it is true, been abolished, but much of their spirit still remained. It was so difficult for a tradesman to establish himself in a place in which he was unknown that a removal from town to town was rare. Business went on slowly like the rest of life, but it was conducted on perfectly stable principles, and the work done was generally honest, though not very

brilliant. At the union, every restriction on a choice of residence was withdrawn, and most of the restraints on commercial competition were removed, and the result was the creation of a class of dealers which had hitherto been almost unknown in the country. One of these takes a showy shop in a small town, and advertises ready-made goods at low prices. As his object is to effect a large immediate sale, not to obtain lasting custom, he is probably a connoisseur in the merits of rotten leather and not unversed in the use of shoddy. At any rate, he offers his wares at prices with which the older firms cannot compete, and, after spoiling the season for them, with the modesty of true genius he withdraws to some distant spot, beyond the farthest echoes of his fame, and there resumes his operations. It is said that most of these meteoric traders are Jews, and this is not unlikely to be the fact, as that race has a keen eye for any likely opening and courage to take advantage of it. But even if they were Christian tailors of German birth, that would not make much difference, as the word *Jude* is often used as an epithet of opprobrium for those who display in money matters a quickness of intelligence which is hardly compatible with a high sense of honesty. The dislike they have excited is not confined to the dupes they have made or the rivals they have injured. There is a pretty general feeling that the standard of business morality has been lowered and that it is harder to get good work of any kind than it used to be. To most Englishmen it will seem that this is one of the cases in which things should be left to right themselves, and that competition may safely be left to cure the temporary evils it has created; but even if we admit, as some German free-traders seem inclined to do, that the changes which have been made were too sudden and that legislative action is necessary, it is clear that, to be successful, such legislation must be of a purely practical character, and that it must be kept free from every invidious distinction of race and creed.

III.

It must not be supposed that the above is by any means an exhaustive statement of the causes which have contributed to revive the old antipathy to the Jews in certain sections of German society. Where a strong dislike exists it is always easy to find an excuse for it, and to create a situation in which we can persuade ourselves that we do well to be angry, and that the feeling which at first looks so like ill-nature, or a blind and antiquated prejudice, is in fact virtuous indignation and some transcendentalized form of tolerance and good-will. Mr. Stoecker, for example, doubtless feels that the difference between himself and his opponents is not that he loves the Jews less, but that he loves the Germans more. The single cases on which we have dwelt, however, are to a large extent characteristic of the situation, for the anti-Semitic movement is only one of the symptoms of a widely-spread uneasiness.

At first sight it seems strange that the two European nations whose

success has of late years been the most strikingly complete should also be the most discontented, though their discontent is exhibited in very different ways, and yet the explanation is easy. The first year of a man's married life is said, as a rule, to be the most miserable in the whole course of his existence, and it is through such a period they are passing. The Germany and Italy of 1848 were "phantoms of delight," adorned with every charm which the imagination could conceive or the heart desire. Now the rapturous hope and the feverish fear are over; they have been wooed and won. The angel has entered the house, but, alas! the house is not changed to heaven by her presence; nay, it must be confessed she herself has become a shade less ethereal than she used to seem in the days of stolen glances and secret meetings. There is a good deal of heavy household work to be done, so she cannot always be arrayed in purple and fine linen, and may perhaps be excused even if she sometimes appears at the breakfast-table with disordered hair. It is all quite natural and proper, of course, but still the ardent lover feels peevish and disillusioned. Marriage, too, resembles the measles in this, that it is likely to be less painful if taken early in life, and both the Italians and the Germans were mentally mature before they established a political household. The comparison may seem somewhat irreverent, but their relation to the form of government which they have chosen at times reminds one of that in which Sir Peter Teazle stood to his lady.

There is probably no one in the world who is entirely contented with his country, who feels that she is always and in every respect exactly what he would wish her to be; but we Englishmen have a great fund of old love and old memories to draw upon when our hopes are for a moment disappointed, or our pride is a little hurt. Our attachment, not only to the ideal England of our great poets, thinkers, and statesmen, but also to the real prosaic and hard-working nation of to-day, is one of the things that it never occurs to us to call in question. We know we are hers for better and for worse, and the very freedom with which we grumble and find fault is a sign, not of alienation, but of intimacy. A German or an Italian cannot feel thus. The greatest intellectual triumphs of his race were achieved under political conditions entirely different from those which he had helped to create with so much glory, and at such a vast expense of blood and tears; and so, when anything untoward happens—and in real life matters will not always run smoothly—he is constantly tempted to ask, "Is this, after all, the country I love, the true country of Dante or Goethe, of Leonardo or Beethoven?" The question implies no real diminution of affection; it is merely an expression of that sense of disappointment which always accompanies the fulfilment of a long-cherished wish. The best minds in both nations share this discontent; indeed, they feel it perhaps more keenly than the rest, but they have set themselves resolutely to work—each in his own place—to remove the evils which are inseparable from all great changes. Such labours are not for the most part of the striking dramatic kind,

and the foreigner is not likely to hear much about them ; but it is on their success that the weal of both countries depends, and the quiet earnestness with which they have been undertaken is of the best augury for the future. Still, it is not surprising that there should be others who adopt a different course, who try to silence their own doubts by noisy protestations and effusive eulogies, and it is only natural that such are more sensitive to hostile criticism than an Englishman has any right to be.

When a man really loves his wife and yet cannot manage quite to agree with her, he frequently lays the blame either on an accidental circumstance or a third person. His estate is too small, if it were only a trifle larger things would go on quite smoothly ; or his wife's bosom friend is at fault. Poor creature, she may have been the chief means of bringing the lovers together, and the *confidante* of all the joys and troubles of their courtship. It does not matter, her influence over the wife's mind is too great and she must be got rid of. The Italians who join in the cry of *Italia irridentu* have adopted something very like the first, and the anti-Semitic Germans the second course. It is hardly possible to over-estimate the influence of the Jews in creating and fostering the national spirit in Germany—but who would think of gratitude when a scape-goat is required ? There is still a little disorder in our new political household ; German virtue cannot be at fault, it is clear that the kith and kin of Heine and Börne are to blame.

There is a little disorder in the new German household—it would be truer to say that a great alteration is going on there. The political changes have rendered a social reconstruction necessary, and the revolution is proceeding with rapid strides. Such periods of sudden transition are always attended with discomfort, nor is the gain they finally bring entirely free from loss. At every step forward on the path of progress we leave some good and pleasant things behind, which are apt to seem most attractive at the moment of parting. Still, if we desire the advantages which a reform brings, we must be ready to accept the evils they involve. Both the Germans and the Italians desired the unity they have established ; indeed, it would be a great mistake to suppose that even now there is any serious wish in either country to return to the old state of things, and the uneasiness which they feel at seeing the gradual destruction of much that they have loved may excuse some peevishness, and merit a little sympathy.

But while we may sympathize with their uneasiness, and even share in the regret with which they watch the decay of much that we too have loved and honoured, we should not forget that the evils of which they complain are the necessary result of the unity they have attained. Germany is not suffering from the effects of any subtle Jewish poison ; her pangs are the birth-throes of a new order of things. She is not the only country which has of late found a difficulty in discovering any means of making civil appointments which shall be free from every

suspicion of jobbery or favouritism and yet afford a fair chance of the right man being brought into the right place; and it is clear that the old Prussian system, excellent as it was, could never have been made to work in harmony with a truly representative system of government which the Germans beyond doubt desired.

Again, the contempt for mere wealth, which formerly distinguished both the nobility and the learned class, was only possible while each of them remained isolated; and their separation from the rest of society was productive of numerous evils. Except in the Free Cities, the influence of the commercial class was too small for their knowledge of affairs to act as a check upon either. Hence arose those violent oscillations in the policy of Prussia which would have been far more dangerous but for the restraint exercised by the officials. Since the union matters have gradually changed, the different classes have been brought into a closer connection with each other, and they are learning a mutual respect. This is an advantage that makes more than amends for a good deal of temporary inconvenience.

Finally, if it is considered desirable that Germany should become a great industrial nation she must be prepared to make the sacrifices necessary to attain that position. The easy quiet life, which was so pleasant while it lasted, must be abandoned for the eager anxious struggle, and every nerve must be strained by the fiercest competition; for it is only by the exercise of her utmost energy that any nation can now gain or maintain a place in the markets of the world. The crisis itself was but an incident in the great change through which the country is passing. We, too, had our South Sea Bubble and our railway mania, and it seems to be only by such hard lessons that a people which is awakening to a desire for wealth can be taught that the prospect of great and sudden gains always involves the risk of heavy loss.

Some of us may be inclined to ask whether after all the Empire is worth the price that has been paid for it,—though that is a question which only Germans have any right to decide,—and which, indeed, lost every practical significance upon the day in which the battle of Sadowa was lost and won. It is certain that much which we honoured most in the nation is rapidly passing away, and that neither intellectually nor socially does the new state of things attract us as the old once did. Of this, however, we may be sure: the leading characteristics of a race are as indelible as those of an individual, and even if the Germans should succeed—as the best of them seem desirous of doing—in absorbing the Jews who live among them, a few drops of alien blood will not alter the idiosyncrasy of the nation. The qualities which are for a moment obscured will re-appear under new circumstances in a new form.

"But now the old is out of date
The new is not yet born."

The Germany of the past we knew, with its quaint manor-houses, its

blithe villages, its secluded university life. The Germany of the future we do not know. Twenty years ago it was but as an artist's first conception of a great work, a thing he ponders over and loves to talk about and yet cannot fully express; to-day it is a rough and unfinished clay sketch of what, some fifty years hence, will be wrought in marble. The layman's eye has some difficulty in following even the general outlines of the design; the details which will some day be full of subtle charm have as yet no real existence. He can see but little; he can only trust to the genius of the sculptor—of the nation. It may seem sad to a German that his short span of life has to be passed in such a period of transition; nay, the words of his poet may often, in moments of dejection, rise to his lips:—

“Nû bin ich erwachet und ist mir unbekant
 Daz mir hie vor was kündig als min ander hant.
 Lint unde laut, dâ ich von kinde bin erzogen,
 Die sint mir fremde worden, reht' als ez si gelogen.
 Wan daz daz wazzer flûzet als ez wilent flöz,
 Für wâr ich wände, ez wurde min ungelücke gröz.”

But, as in Walther's days, the brooks still flow joyously between the fir-clad hills, and the flaxen-headed children are still playing on their banks and in their shallows. If you gather them round you the blue eyes still widen as they used to do at the marvels of the old stories. It is for these that the men of to-day are toiling and suffering, and it is these only who will enjoy the full fruits of their labour. What the harvest will be we cannot now predict; but on one prophecy we will venture. Jew and German will be found working side by side in the reaping, as at the sowing, and they will then share with no heart-burnings the produce of the field they have tilled together.

CHARLES GRANT.

THE RATIONALE OF FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

AMONG the methods of social reform which are comparatively easy of accomplishment and sure in action may be placed the establishment of Free Public Libraries. Already, indeed, this work has been carried into effect in a considerable number of towns and has passed quite beyond the experimental stage. In Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, and some other great towns where such libraries have already existed for many years, there is but one opinion about them. Perhaps it might better be said that they are ceasing to be matter of opinion at all, and are classed with town halls, police courts, prisons, and poor-houses as necessary adjuncts of our stage of civilisation. Several great towns, including the greatest of all towns, great London itself, are yet nearly, if not quite, devoid of rate-supported libraries. As to towns of medium and minor magnitude, it is the exception to find them provided with such an obvious requisite. Under these circumstances it will not be superfluous to review the results which have already been achieved under William Ewart's Free Libraries Act, and to form some estimate of the reasons which may be urged in favour of or against the system of providing literature at the public cost.

The main *raison d'être* of Free Public Libraries, as indeed of public museums, art-galleries, parks, halls, public clocks, and many other kinds of public works, is the enormous increase of utility which is thereby acquired for the community at a trifling cost. If a beautiful picture be hung in the dining-room of a private house, it may perhaps be gazed at by a few guests a score or two of times in the year. Its real utility is too often that of ministering to the selfish pride of its owner. If it be hung in the National Gallery it will be enjoyed by hundreds of thousands of persons, whose glances, it need hardly be said, do not tend to wear out the canvas. The same principle applies to books in

common ownership. If a man possesses a library of a few thousand volumes, by far the greater part of them must lie for years untouched upon the shelves; he cannot possibly use more than a fraction of the whole in any one year. But a library of five or ten thousand volumes opened free to the population of a town may be used a thousand times as much. It is a striking case of what I propose to call *the principle of the multiplication of utility*, a principle which lies at the base of some of the most important processes of political economy, including the division of labour.

The extent to which this multiplication of utility is carried in the case of free lending libraries is quite remarkable. During the first year that the Birmingham Free Library was in operation every book in the library was issued on an average seventeen times, and the periodical literature was actually turned over about fifty times.* In the "Transactions of the First Annual Meeting of the Library Association," (p. 77,) Mr. Yates, of the Leeds Public Library, has given an account of the stock and issues of his libraries. In the Central Library the average turn-over—that is to say, the average number of times that each book was used—was about eighteen times in 1873, gradually falling to about twelve times. In the branch libraries it was eight in 1873, falling to four-and-a-half. This fall in the turn-over is, however, entirely due to the increase in the stock of books, the total numbers of issues having largely increased. The general account of all the free libraries, as given in a Parliamentary Paper—namely, a "Further Return concerning the Free Libraries Acts" (No. 277, 1877)—shows that each volume in the lending libraries of corporate towns is used on an average 6.55 in the year, and in the reference libraries 2.65 times; in other than corporate places the numbers are 6.09 and 3.81. In Scotland there is a curious inversion; the books of the lending libraries being used on an average 5.58 times, and those of the reference libraries as much as 9.22 times. The numbers of volumes issued to each borrower in the year are from sixteen to eighteen in England and Wales and more than forty-four in Scotland.

Of course, books suffer more or less damage from incessant reading, and no small numbers of books in Free Libraries are sooner or later actually worn out by steady utilisation. Such books, however, can almost invariably be replaced with ease; in any case, how infinitely better it is that they should perish in the full accomplishment of their mission, instead of falling a prey to the butter-man, the waste-dealer, the entomological book-worm, the chamber-maid, or the other enemies of books which Mr. Blades has so well described and anathematised.

One natural result of the extensive circulation of public books is the very low cost at which the people is thus supplied with literature. Dividing the total expenditure of some of the principal Free Libraries by their total issues we find that the average cost of each issue is, at Bir-

* The Free Library of Birmingham. By Edward C. Cahune: "Transactions of the General Library Association." London Meeting, 1862, p. 780.

tingham, 1-8*d.* per volume; at Rochdale, 1-92*d.*; at Manchester, 2-7*d.*; at Wolverhampton, the same. At Liverpool the cost was still lower, being only 1-55*d.*; and at Tynemouth it was no more than 1-33*d.* In the smaller libraries, indeed, the average cost is, as we might reasonably expect, somewhat larger; but, taking the total returns of issues and expenditure as given in Mr. Charles W. Sutton's most valuable "Statistical Report on the Free Libraries of the United Kingdom,"* we find the average cost per volume issued to be 2-31*d.* This is by no means a fair mode of estimating what the public get for their money. We must remember that, in addition to the borrowing and consulting of books, the readers have in most cases a cheerful, well-warmed, and well-lighted sitting-room, supplied with newspapers and magazine tables. To many a moneyless weary man the Free Library is a literary club; an unexceptionable refuge from the strife and dangers of life. It is not usual to keep any record of the numbers of persons who visit Free Libraries for other purposes than to apply for books. But at the Manchester libraries in 1868-9 an attempt was made to count the numbers of persons making use of the institutions in one way or other.† It was found that there had been altogether 2,172,046 readers, of whom 398,840 were borrowers of books for home reading; 74,367, including 228 ladies, were readers in the reference library; 91,201 were readers to whom books were issued on their signature in the branch reading-rooms; and 1,607,638 made use of the current periodicals, books, pamphlets, and other publications, in the newsroom, in regard to which no formality is required. Taking the population of Manchester at 338,722, we might say that every man, woman, and child visited the libraries on an average 6½ times in the year; or, putting it in a more sensible manner, we might say, perhaps, that every person of adequate age visited the libraries on an average about 13 times in the year.

The figures already given seem to show that there is probably no mode of expending public money which gives a more extraordinary and immediate return in utility and innocent enjoyment. It would, nevertheless, be a mistake to rest the claims of the Free Library simply on the ground of economy. Even if they were very costly, Free Libraries would be less expensive establishments than prisons, courts of justice, poor-houses, and other institutions maintained by public money; or the gin-palaces, music-halls, and theatres maintained by private expenditure. Nobody can doubt that there is plenty of money in this kingdom to spend for worse or for better. The whole annual cost of Free Libraries does not amount to more than about one hundred thousand pounds per annum; say, one fifth part of the cost of a single first-class iron-clad. Now, this small cost is not only repaid many times over by the multiplication of utility of the books, newspapers, and magazines

* "Transactions of the Second Annual Meeting of the Library Association," Manchester, 1879. Appendix II. See also "Proceedings," pp. 92-3.

† "Seventeenth Annual Report to the Council of the City of Manchester on the Working of the Public Free Libraries," 1869, p. 3.

on which it is expended ; but it is likely, after the lapse of years, to come back fully in the reduction of poor-rates and Government expenditure on crime. We are fully warranted in looking upon Free Libraries as an engine for operating upon the poorer portions of the population. In many other cases we do likewise. Mr. Fawcett's new measure for attracting small deposits to the Post Office Savings' Banks by postage stamps cannot possibly be approved from a direct financial point of view. Each shilling deposit occasions a very considerable loss to the department in expenses, and it is only the hope and fact that those who begin with shillings will end with pounds, or even tens and hundreds of pounds, which can possibly justify the measure. The Post Office Savings' Banks are clearly an engine for teaching thrift—in reality an expensive one ; so Free Libraries are engines for creating the habit and power of enjoying high-class literature, and thus carrying forward the work of civilisation which is commenced in the primary school.

Some persons who are evidently quite unable to deny the efficient working of the Free Library system, oppose arguments somewhat in the nature of the "previous question." They would say, for instance, that if there is so wonderful a demand for popular books, why do not the publishers issue cheap editions which anybody can purchase and read at home ? Some astonishing things have no doubt been done in this way, as in the issue of the "Waverley Novels" at sixpence each. Even this price, it will be observed, is three, four, or more times the average cost of the issue of all kinds of literature from the larger Free Libraries. Any one, moreover, in the least acquainted with the publishing business must know that such cheap publication is quite impracticable except in the case of the most popular kinds of works. Quite recently, indeed, a "Pictorial New Testament" has been issued for a penny per copy, and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" in like manner. But the copies of these issues which I have met with are devoid of anything to call binding, and I presume it is understood that such publications could not have been undertaken from pecuniary motives. In the same way, the Bible Society, of course, can issue Bibles at whatever price they like, so long as their subscription list is sufficient.

Every now and then, when the papers are in want of padding, there springs up a crowd of correspondents who advocate cheap literature. A new novel, instead of costing 3*l.* 6*d.*, ought not to cost more than 5*s.*, or even 1*s.* Cheapness, we are assured, is the secret of profit, and, as the Post Office raises a vast revenue by penny stamps, so we have only to issue books at very low prices in order to secure a vast circulation and great profits. The superficiality of such kinds of argument ought to be apparent without elaborate exposure. It ought to be evident that the possibility of cheap publication depends entirely on the character of the publication. There are some books which sell by the hundred thousand, or even the million ; there are others of which five hundred copies, or even one hundred, are ample to supply

the market. Now, the class of publications which can be profitably multiplied, almost to the limits of power of the printing press, are those always vapid and not unfrequently vicious novelettes, gazettes, and penny dreadfuls of various name, whose evil influence it is the work of the Free Library to counteract.

Practically, the result of establishing Free Libraries is to bring the very best books within the reach of the poorest, while leaving the richer classes to pay the expenses of publication of such books. Any boy or beggar who can raise sixpence may enjoy from that "coign of vantage," the gallery, some excellent play or opera, which is really paid for by the stalls and boxes at 10s. 6d. or a guinea a head. A little observation will convince any one that there are many social devices which carry the benefits of wealth to those who have no wealth. Public ownership is a most potent means of such vulgarization of pleasures. A public park is open to every one. Now, if the burgesses of a British borough are wise enough to open a Free Library, it is a free literary park, where the poorest may enjoy as a right what it is well, both for them and everybody else, that they should enjoy. Judging from the ample statements of the occupations of book borrowers given in the annual reports of various libraries, or the summary of such reports printed as a Blue Book,* it is quite plain that the borrowers are, for the most part, persons of no wealth, few probably having an income of more than £100 a year. Too many science lectures, cheap entertainments, and free openings of exhibitions, intended for the genuine working man, are taken advantage of chiefly by people who could well afford to pay; but in the Free Library the working man and the members of his family put in an unquestionable appearance. Thus, we find that at the Birmingham Library, out of 7,688 readers in the reference library, 56 are accountants, 17 actors, 115 agents, 27 apprentices, 80 architects, 153 artists, 31 bakers, 7 bedstead-makers, 25 bookbinders, 48 booksellers, 41 bootmakers, 141 brassworkers, 3 bricklayers, 17 brokers, 15 brushmakers, 26 builders, 18 burnishers, 7 butchers, 14 buttonmakers, 43 cabinetmakers, 90 carpenters, 14 carvers, 18 chainmakers, 85 chemists, 167 clergymen, 1,562 clerks, 19 coachmakers, 8 coal-dealers, 140 commercial travellers, 30 curriers, and so on to the end of the alphabet. Similar statistics are shown by all the libraries which record the occupations either of borrowers or reference library readers.

It must not be forgotten, too, that the cost of a book is not the only inconvenience which attaches to it. If a book is to be read only once, like a newspaper or penny dreadful, and then destroyed, the cost must be several, if not many, times as great as if furnished by a circulating library. If books are to be kept in the home, so that different members of the family may use them successively when of suitable age, there is the cost of the bookcase and the space taken up in a small house where it can ill be spared. No doubt a great deal of

* Return. Free Libraries Acts, No. 439, 1877.

cheap literature is passed from hand to hand through the second-hand bookseller and thus multiplied in utility; but there is much inconvenience in this method, and the second-hand dealer likes to have a good percentage.

Mr. Sutton's valuable table of statistics enables us to form a clear idea of the extent to which the Free Library movement is capable of further development. The number of rate-supported libraries, not counting branches, is now at least 86. Of these only 5 are found in boroughs having in 1871 a population less than 10,000; in 39 cases the population lay between 10,000 and 50,000; in 16 cases between 50,000 and 100,000; and in 15 cases the population exceeded 100,000. In the few remaining cases the population could not be stated. In almost all the towns in question, too, the new census will doubtless show greatly increased numbers of inhabitants. Opinions may differ as to the number of people which we may in the present day assign as adequate to the efficient support of a library; but, looking to the number of towns of about 20,000 inhabitants which already succeed with their libraries, we cannot doubt that every town of more than 20,000 inhabitants should possess its rate-supported library. In that case we can draw up from the census tables the following formidable list of English and Welsh towns which are clearly in default:—

Aberdare	Huddersfield
Accrington	Hull
Ashton-under-Lyne	Lincoln
Barnsley	London
Bath	Lower Sedgley
Batley	Merthyr Tydvil
Burnley	Oldham
Burton-on-Trent	Portsmouth
Bury	Rotherham
Carlisle	Rowley Regis
Chatham	Scarborough
Cheltenham	Shrewsbury
Colchester	Southampton
Croydon	Stalybridge
Darlington	Stockton
Dewsbury	Tipton
Devonport	Torquay
Dover	Tottenham
Dudley	Wakefield
Gateshead	West Derby
Gorton	West Ham
Gravesend	West Hartlepool
Great Grimsby	Yarmouth
Halifax	York.
Hastings	

These cases of flagrant default vary much in blackness. Some of the towns, such as Gorton and Oldham, are near libraries supported by other larger towns, so that, somewhat meanly, they prefer to borrow books at other people's expense. Two or three towns, such as Southampton and Hastings, are, perhaps, already provided with institutions partly serving in the place of Free Libraries. The remaining cases admit of little extenuation so far as my knowledge goes. Some cases are very bad. Bath appears to be the worst one of all. With a population numbering 52,557 in 1871, and which ought at least to make pretensions to intelligence and civilisation, the Bath ratepayers have four times rejected the Library Act. On the 8th of November, 1869, a public meeting was held in that town to consider the desirableness of adopting the Act, but a resolution in favour of the project was lost. The like result happened at a second meeting, on the 5th of November, 1872. In May, 1877, a common law poll of the burgesses was taken, with a negative result. Finally, as recently as October, 1880, a poll of the ratepayers was taken by means of voting papers, but an ignorant majority again for a fourth time overruled an intelligent and public-spirited minority. On the last two occasions the trustees and owners of a considerable library, with the building in which it was deposited, offered the whole as a gift to the public if the Corporation were empowered to maintain it at the public expense, the library being, I believe, altogether suitable for the purpose. It is with regret that we must learn that the ratepayers have now lost their chance, the building having been sold and the books dispersed. With the exception of the Metropolis, Hull appears to be the largest town in England which is still devoid of a rate-supported library, the population having been 121,892 in 1871, since probably increased in as high a ratio as in any other town in the kingdom. There is hardly any place which would derive more benefit from a Free Library, or which could more readily afford it. With some surprise, too, we find Burton-on-Trent in the list of defaulters; where there are many great breweries one might expect to meet one moderately-sized library.

It is quite an open question whether all towns of ten thousand inhabitants ought not to have libraries; the number of such towns, even in 1871, was 221, since greatly increased. This view of the matter would make a list of 135 defaulters, to be increased to at least 150 when the results of the new census are published. The question must soon arise, too, whether literature is to be confined to towns—whether rural parts may not share in the advantages of a library seated in the nearest market town. Owing to the simple intervention of distance country people never can have the facilities of town dwellers, but on market days almost every farmer's family could exchange books.

Thirteen or fourteen years ago, Mr. George Harris proposed the establishment of Parochial Libraries for working men, in small towns

and rural districts.* The ground upon which he advocated his plan is very good as applying to Free Libraries generally—namely, that the country already spends a great deal of money in promoting education, and yet omits that small extra expenditure on a universal system of libraries which would enable young men and women to keep up the three R's and continue their education. We spend the £97, as Mr. Harris put it, and stingily decline the £3 per cent. really needed to make the rest of the £100 effective. But as applied to rural districts his scheme is weak in the fact that numbers and concentration are needed to make an efficient, attractive, and economical library. A small collection of a few hundred books is soon exhausted by an active reader, and fails ever afterwards to present the novelty which is the great incentive to reading. The fact is that there exists no legal impediment to the establishment of parochial libraries, because the Sixth Section of the Public Libraries Amendment Act 1866 (29 & 30 Vic. cap. 114), provides that the Public Libraries Act of 1855, and the corresponding Scotch Act, "shall be applicable to any borough, district, or parish, or burgh, of whatever population." Moreover, the Fourth Section of the same Act enables any parish of whatever population to unite with the Town Council of a neighbouring borough, or a Local Board, or other competent authority, and provide a Free Library at the joint expense. So far as I am aware these powers have hardly been put into operation at all.

According to Mr. Sutton's tables, there is only one Free Library district, that of Birkenhead, which has succeeded in incorporating the "out-townships." At Leamington, Newport, Northampton, Southport, Thurso, and Wigan, attempts have been made to get neighbouring districts to join, but without success. In several important boroughs, such as Liverpool, Salford, Manchester, even the lending libraries are open to residents of the country around, and in other places the librarians interpret their rules with great liberality. It goes without saying that the reference departments are freely open to all comers, any questions which are asked having a purely statistical purpose. The Manchester librarians printed in 1865 a table showing the residences of readers. While 62,597 belonged to Manchester and Salford, 5,666 came from other parts of Lancashire, 3 from Bedford, 849 from Cheshire, 124 from Derbyshire, 2 from Devonshire, 2 from Durham, 3 from Leicestershire, 83 from London, 139 from Yorkshire, 5 from Ireland, 8 from Scotland, 1 from Wales, and 6 from America. Although this liberality is wise and commendable in the case of such wealthy cities as Manchester and Liverpool, it is obviously unfair that small towns should provide books for half a county, and though the difficulty is surmounted in a few places, such as Dundalk and Rochdale, by allowing non-residents to pay a small subscription, the really satisfactory method would be for the parishes to adopt the Free Libraries Acts, and pay a small contribution to the funds of the nearest Free Library district.

* "Transactions of the Social Science Association," Manchester Meeting, 1866, p. 416.

If this were frequently done, there is little doubt that some arrangement could be devised for circulating the books of the lending department through the surrounding parishes, as proposed by Mr. J. D. Mullins. It would be rather too Utopian to suggest the adoption in this country of the method of book-lending which has long been in successful operation in the colony of Victoria. Thus, under the enlightened management of Sir Redmond Barry, whose recent death must be a serious loss to the colony, the duplicates of the Melbourne Public Library are placed in cases of oak, bound with brass clips, lined with green baize, and divided by shelves. Each case contains about fifty volumes, and is transmitted free of cost by railway or steamer to any Public Library, Mechanics' Institution, Athenæum, or corporate body which applies for a loan. When a series of lectures on any subject are about to be given in some remote part of the colony, a box of suitable books bearing on the subject will be made up at Melbourne upon application. The volumes may be retained for three months or more. The number of volumes thus circulated in 1876-7 was 8,000, and by the multiplication of utility, they were rendered equivalent to 32,000 volumes, in seventy-two towns of an aggregate population of 410,000. A full description of this method of circulation was given by Sir Redmond Barry at the London Conference of Librarians in 1877, in the Report of which important meeting it will be found (pp. 134-5, 191-9) duly printed. An account of an enterprising village library club in the New York county will be found in the American "Library Journal," Vol. iii. No. 2, p. 67.

This method of circulating libraries is not, however, so novel as it might seem to the average Englishman. Not to speak of the extensive systems of country circulation maintained by Mudie, Smith, the London Library, and some other institutions, there has long existed in East Lothian a system of Itinerating Libraries, originally founded by Mr. Samuel Brown of Haddington. The operation of these libraries is fully described in a very able and interesting pamphlet upon "The Free Libraries of Scotland," written by an Assistant Librarian, and published by Messrs. John Smith & Son, of 129, West George Street, Glasgow. Samuel Brown's plan was to make up a collection of fifty books, to be stationed in a village for two years, and lent out gratuitously to all persons above the age of twelve years who would take proper care of them. At the end of the two years the books were called in and removed to another town or village, a fresh collection of fifty different works taking their place. The imperative need of novelty was thus fully provided for, and the utility of the books was multiplied in a very effective way. The scheme was for many years very successful, though hardly so much so as the more recent Free Libraries. The books appear to have been issued on an average about seven or eight times a year. At one period there were as many as fifty of these local libraries, all confined within the limits of East Lothian. The system is said to have been started about the year 1816,

and it reached its climax about 1832. In that year a charge of one penny per volume was imposed during the first year of issue, Samuel Brown being of opinion that he had so far educated the population that they could bear this small impost. In this he was mistaken, and the number of readers began to fall off. The death of the originator in 1839 accelerated the decline of his admirable scheme, and at present but slight vestiges of his remarkable network of libraries remain.

It is interesting to find that this system of itinerating libraries attracted the special attention of Lord Brougham, and is described in his "Practical Observations upon the Education of the People" (London, 1835), a tract which marks an era in social reform, and contains the germs of much that has since been realised. Lord Brougham says of Samuel Brown's plan:—

"It began with only a few volumes; but he now has nineteen *Itinerating Libraries* of fifty volumes each, which are sent round the different stations, remaining a certain time at each. For these there are nineteen divisions, and fifteen stations, four divisions being always in use at the chief town, and two at another town of some note. An individual at each station acts as librarian. There are 700 or 800 readers, and the expenses, under £40 a year, are defrayed by the produce of a sermon, the sale of some tracts, and subscriptions, in small sums averaging 5s. This plan is now adopted in Berwickshire, by Mr. Buchan, of Kelso, with this very great improvement, that the current expenses are defrayed by the readers, who pay twopence a month, and I hope choose the books."

I cannot help thinking that this plan of itinerating libraries, or a cross between it and what we may call the Redmond Barry plan, as carried out at Melbourne, is just the thing needed to extend the benefits of the Free Library to the rural parts of England and Wales. Every three months, for instance, the central library in the market town might despatch to each principal village in the neighbourhood a parcel of fifty books in a box like that used at Melbourne; after remaining twelve months in use there, the parcel should be returned to the principal library for examination and repair, and then reissued to some other village. A farthing or at the most a halfpenny rate would amply afford a sufficient contribution from the country parish to the market town. The books might be housed and issued in the Board school-room, the parish school-room, the workman's club, or other public building, at little or no cost. Even the vestry of the parish church would not be desecrated by such a light-and-life-giving box of books. Should this plan of circulation be eventually carried into effect, we might expect that every town of 5,000 inhabitants would become the centre of a district. Estimating roughly, we ought to have some 500 Free Central Libraries and News-rooms, with a great many more, perhaps 3,000, village circulating libraries.

It ought to be added that even should the Free Library system assume in time the dimensions here contemplated, there is no fear of injury to the interests of any respectable publishers, owners of circulating libraries, newspaper proprietors, or others. It is the unanimous opinion of those

who observe the action of Free Libraries that they create rather than quench the thirst for literature. As Mr. Mullins says :—" Booksellers, who feared that they would injure their trade, find that they create a taste for reading, and multiply their customers. Subscription Libraries find that the Free Libraries, so far from injuring them, serve as pioneers for them." At the same time, this plan would add considerably to the funds of the town libraries, and the country people when going to town would fairly acquire the right of using the news-rooms and reference library. No doubt it seems rather a grotesque idea to speak of a country bumpkin frequenting a reference library, but it is what we are gradually coming to. At any rate, it may most confidently be said that we must come to it unless we are content to be left far behind in the race of intellectual, material, and moral progress. What we are too stupid and antiquated to do, the Colonies and the United States are doing. The eyes of the British landowner and the British farmer have been opened a little in the last few years, and the most conservative people will perhaps appreciate more than they would formerly have done the value of the warning—" Beware of the competition of your own educated offspring."

It is difficult, however, to find fault with minor towns, while the vast metropolis of London, in the wider sense of the name, remains practically devoid of rate-supported libraries. The fact itself is its own condemnation; no extenuation is possible; it is a case of mere ignorant impatience of taxation. It would not be correct to say there are no Free Libraries in London. There is in Westminster a real rate-supported library belonging to the united parishes of St. Margaret and St. John, started as long ago as 1857, with only three dissentient votes. It is a lending library possessing 11,700 volumes, with an annual issue of nearly 85,000 volumes, and it is supported by a halfpenny rate. To show the extent of the deficiency in London, it is enough to mention that the eighty-six provincial towns possessing Free Libraries have an aggregate population (in 1871) of not quite six millions of persons; while London, with its one small rate-supported library, has a population of 3,620,000 persons.

Though there is only one library under the Public Library Act as yet, there are several Free Libraries of various importance and character. There is the admirable Guildhall Library, so well managed by Mr. Overall, and supported by the Corporation of the City. There is a small Free Library at Notting Hill, maintained entirely by the munificence of Mr. James Heywood, F.R.S. Several institutions, too, have of late thrown open small libraries to the public, as in the case of the Free Library of 1,000 volumes, with abundant periodicals, maintained entirely on voluntary contributions by the South London Working Men's College at 143, Upper Kennington Lane. Bethnal Green practically possesses a fair library of 5,000 volumes, opened to the public by the trustees of "The Hall" in London Street. In St. Pancras an anonymous lady benefactress opened a small Free Library at 29, Camden Street, and after

three years of successful operation it was placed in the hands of a committee of subscribers and residents of the parish, who are gradually increasing its usefulness.

There are, it is true, several other important libraries which are practically free to the public. The Lambeth Palace Library is open to the public on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, and Tuesday mornings; but the collection of books, though highly valuable to the scholar, is totally unsuited to popular use. The excellent library of the London Institution in Finsbury Circus is practically opened to the use of any suitable readers by the liberality of the managers of that institution and the public spirit of its principal librarian, Mr. E. B. Nicholson. The remarkable scientific library collected by Sir Francis Ronalds and bequeathed to the Society of Telegraph Engineers, is also available to the public. But such special libraries do not in the least fill the place occupied in Manchester, Birmingham, and other towns by the public libraries, with their numerous branches, newsrooms, &c.

It has been seriously argued that London does not want rate-supported libraries because there is in the British Museum a vast library maintained at the cost of the State. To any one in the least acquainted with the British Museum it is not necessary to give an answer to such an absurd argument. It would be in the highest degree wasteful and extravagant to open such a library to popular use. Panizzi's great reading-room is the national literary laboratory, whence no small part of the literature of the country directly or indirectly draws its material and inspiration. The cost may be considerable, but the work done there is essential. Already the privileges of the reading-room are to some extent abused by loungers, students reading the commonest text-books, or others who like the soft seats and rather warm atmosphere; but it is impossible to draw the line with perfect accuracy. If any change is to be made, more restriction rather than more freedom of entry to the Museum Library is desirable. In any case, the National Library is probably the most admirable and the most admirably managed institution belonging to the British nation; but it has nothing to do with the Free Library movement.

Not far from the Museum is another library which might well be converted into a Free Public Library. It is known as Dr. Williams's Library, and is placed in a very suitable building in Grafton Street, close to University College. It was founded by a Nonconformist minister, and contains a rather strong infusion of theological literature. In later years, however, the trustees have added the best books of general literature and science, and they admit any properly introduced person to read or even borrow the books. It can hardly be maintained, however, that the library renders the public services which it might readily do. In the close vicinity of University College and the Museum, it is not needed as a scholar's library, and therefore I think it should be converted into a people's library.

In spite of the existence of the above-mentioned and possibly several other practically Free Libraries, the fact is that there is no institution well adapted to give London ratepayers an idea of the advantages which are really within their reach under the Libraries Acts, if they would once overcome the interested owners of cottage property and others, who from selfish motives oppose everything appearing to tend towards the slightest increase of the rates. If the populace of London could become personally acquainted with a well-constructed Free Library, with its open doors, its cheerful lights and bright fires, its inviting newspaper stands, its broad tables littered over with the best and most attractive periodical literature, with here and there perhaps a small table for chess, and other quiet occupations, I feel sure they would demand a like institution in every division of that house-covered province called London. For some years past the Metropolitan Free Libraries Association, an offshoot of the Librarians' Conference, has been striving, under the able management of Mr. Edward B. Nicholson, to procure the adoption of the Acts in the metropolis, and it is to be hoped that we shall soon hear of some success.

In addition to their principal work of popularising the best literature of the country, public libraries have other functions to perform of no slight importance. The reference departments will naturally become in the progress of time the depositories of collections of local literature and records which would otherwise not improbably perish. The public librarian will consider it part of his duty to collect the ephemeral publications of the local press. Local pamphlets, municipal reports, companies' reports, fly-sheets of various kinds, local newspapers, minor magazines, election squibs—in fact, all the documents which register the life of the town and country, should be sedulously brought together, filed, and bound after due arrangement. It is sometimes supposed that the British Museum collects everything which issues from the press, but this applies at the best only to publications having copyright. Mr. W. E. A. Axon has urged that the Museum should not only collect all literature, but issue periodical indexes of all that is printed. I hardly see how it is possible for the Museum to cope with the ever-increasing mass of printed documents. Already the newspaper collections are increasing so much in bulk that it is difficult to find space for them. I know, as a positive fact, that there are immense numbers of statistical reports, police reports, country finance reports, and documents of all kinds, public, private, or semi-private, which seldom do and hardly can find their way to the Museum, or to any great metropolitan library. But where the Museum necessarily fails the local library can easily succeed, so as to become in time the depository of invaluable materials for local history and statistical inquiry.

A good deal is already being done in this direction, as explained by Mr. W. H. K. Wright, of the Plymouth Free Library, in the report of the first annual meeting of the Library Association (pp. 44–50). At

Liverpool, Mr. Cowell is collecting, arranging and cataloguing a large number of books, plans, maps and drawings of local interest. At Rochdale and Bristol like efforts are being made. In the Leicester Library there is a distinct "Leicestershire Department." Birmingham has unfortunately lost its noble Shakespeare and Cervantes Libraries, and what is almost worse, its irreplaceable Staunton collection of Warwickshire literature has fallen a victim to the flames. But Mr. Mullius is doing all that can be done to re-create a valuable local library. At Plymouth, Mr. Wright is himself forming the nucleus of a future Devon and Cornwall library.

Free Libraries will also become eventually the depositories of many special collections of books formed in the first place by enthusiastic collectors. At the London Conference of Librarians, Mr. Cornelius Walford showed (Report, pp. 45-49) what important services may be done in this way; and in the Second Annual Report of the Library Association (pp. 54-60, Appendix, pp. 139-148) there is a really wonderful account by Mr. John H. Nodal of the special collections of books existing in the neighbourhood of Manchester. The best possible example of what may be done by a Free Library is furnished by the Wigan Free Public Library. The librarian at Wigan, Mr. Henry Tennyson Folkard, has formed a remarkable collection of works relating to mining, metallurgy and manufactures, and has lately issued a first index catalogue. This forms a complete guide, or at least a first attempt at a complete guide, to the literature of the subject. It is to be hoped that in time other librarians will take up other special branches of literature and prepare like bibliographical guides.

It is not well to ignore the fact that there may be a dark, or at least sombre and doubtful, side to the somewhat *couleur de rose* view which we have taken of Free Libraries. There are a few persons who assert that reading is capable of being carried to a vicious and enervating excess. At the Manchester meeting of the Library Association, Mr. J. Taylor Kay, the librarian of Owens College, read a paper, much criticised at the time, on "The Provision of Novels in Rate-supported Libraries." In previous years Mr. Kay was one of the staff at the Manchester Free Library, and the following is the result of his observation of readers:—"For many years a remarkable fact has been before my notice, and continually confirmed by a long experience in the Manchester Free Libraries, that schoolboys or students who took to novel reading to any great extent never made much progress in after life. They neglected real practical life for a sensually imaginative one, and suffered accordingly from the enervating influence." This matter is far too debateable to be argued out in this place, and I would only answer to Mr. Kay that it is quite too late in the political day to think of restraining the reading of sensational literature. In this respect our boats were long since burnt behind us. Time was when the paper duty and various cunningly devised stamp duties were supposed to save the

common people from the demoralising effects of literature. But the moralist has now only to notice some of the dingy shops crowded with cheap penny and halfpenny papers, in order to feel that restraint of literature is a thing of the past, as much as the parish stocks or the ducking stool. There is a perfect deluge of low class and worthless periodical literature spreading over the country, and it can only be counteracted by offering gratuitous supplies of literature, which, whether it be fiction or not, may at any rate be pure and harmless, and often of great moral and intellectual excellence. What between the multiplying powers of the steam press and the cheapness of straw and wood paper, fiction of the "penny dreadful" class can be issued *ad infinitum*. The only question is, whether the mass of the people are to read the most worthless and often immoral trash, or whether they are to have the best class of fiction—that of Dickens, of George Eliot, of Trollope, and the rest—placed within their reach.

Many attempts have been made and are being made by societies or by enlightened publishers to place constant supplies of pure and yet attractive literature within the reach of the mass of the people. But I venture to think that a wide extension of the Free Library system is a necessary complement to such efforts. It seems to me impossible to publish the best light literature at a price to compete with the inane penny or halfpenny novelettes, whereas the Free Library offers the best works of fiction or general literature free of charge to the borrowers, and at a cost to the public not exceeding a penny or twopence for a whole volume.

One point which it is worth while to notice about Free Libraries is, that they are likely to be most permanent and progressive institutions. I have pointed out in a former article (CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, Feb. 1880, Vol. xxxvii. p. 181) how evanescent many kinds of social movements have proved to be. But an important collection of books, once formed and housed, is a solid nucleus, which attracts gifts and legacies, and often grows altogether beyond the conception of the first founders. It would be possible to mention many public libraries which had small beginnings and are already great. With the increase of education and general intelligence, libraries will be far more esteemed institutions half a century hence than they are now. It is difficult to imagine, then, a wiser and better way in which a rich man or a rich woman may spend available wealth than in founding a Free Library in some town which has hitherto feared the first cost of the undertaking. Several Free Libraries have already been established more or less at the cost of individuals. The Liverpool Library was built at the expense of the late Sir William Brown, on a site given by the Corporation. The Paisley Library building was presented by Sir P. Coats. Mr. David Chadwick gave a building and books, all complete, to Macclesfield. Mr. Bass built the Derby Library. The Wigan Library building was erected by Mr. Thomas Taylor, while Mr. Winnard presented £12,000 for the

purchase of books. The site of the Stoke-upon-Trent Library, together with a handsome sum of money, was given by Mr. C. M. Campbell, a local society presenting a library of books and a museum. At Reading the adoption of the Act was defeated seven years ago; but Mr. William Palmer, of the great biscuit firm, proceeded to open a library at his own expense, under the management of a lady-librarian. The library soon became so popular that when the ratepayers again voted there was only a single dissident. Hereford, Coventry, and several other places owe their libraries partly to benefactors, while in many cases valuable collections of books have been handed over to the public by individuals or societies. It is to be hoped that the list of benefactions will be largely increased in future years.

The economical working of Free Libraries has been much advanced by the invention of Indicators, which, like finger-posts at cross roads, afford a great deal of information at the least possible cost. The one now most in use was invented by Mr. John Elliot, librarian to the Wolverhampton Public Library. It was preceded, indeed, by a rude kind of indicator-board with the numbers of the books painted upon it, and pegs which could be stuck into holes so as to show to the library attendants whether the book so numbered was in or out. Mr. Diall, of Liverpool, improved upon this board by using numbered blocks, so moving upon a slide that they would exhibit to the public the numbers of all books available for borrowing.

Mr. Elliot's Indicator is a much more valuable instrument, for it not only shows at a glance whether any book is in or out, but it also affords a means of recording mechanically the names of borrowers, so as almost entirely to replace the use of book-ledgers or other written records. It was well described by Mr. W. J. Haggerston, of the South Shields Library, at a conference of the Northern Union of Mechanics' Institutions. Some account of it will also be found in the Transactions of the First Meeting of the Library Association, in the paper of Mr. James Yates (pp. 76-78) already referred to. The Indicator consists of upright square frames, each containing a thousand small shelves, in ten vertical divisions of one hundred shelves each. The two faces of the frame are identical, with the exception that the one exposed towards the public is covered with plate glass so as to prevent meddling, while the librarians have access to the inner face. Each shelf is numbered on both faces with the number of the one book which it represents. When a borrower takes a book out he hands his library ticket to the librarian, who writes upon it the number of the book taken and the date of borrowing, and then places it on the shelf corresponding to the book, where it remains until the book is returned. If any other person comes intending to borrow the same book, he looks at the Indicator, and seeing the name of the borrower lying in the corresponding shelf, knows at once the book is out. It is also possible to indicate, by appropriate marks on the shelves, that books are at the binders, withdrawn for

or missing. An immense deal of trouble in searching and inquiring is saved by this simple means. The Indicator, as thus constructed, has been in use at the Public Libraries of Paisley, Exeter, Coventry, Hereford, Bilston, Stockton-on-Tees, Leeds, South Shields, Wolverhampton, Cardiff, Leicester, Derby, Sheffield, Darlaston, and Southport, besides some private subscription libraries.

Efficient as Elliot's Indicator may seem, Mr. Cotgreave, formerly Librarian at Wednesbury, but now in charge of the beautiful little Library approaching completion at Richmond (Surrey), has succeeded in making improvements upon it. In this new Indicator the frames and shelves are much the same as in Elliot's, but each shelf bears a very small book or ledger, about three inches long and one inch wide. This is attached to a tin slide bearing the number of the library book on each end, but in different colours. When a borrower applies for any book, say 117D, the librarian, while delivering the book, takes out of the Indicator the corresponding slide and small ledger, records in spaces therein the number of the borrower's card and the date of issue, and then replaces the slide with the reverse end foremost—i.e., towards the public. Any subsequent applicant will then see by the altered colour of the book number that the book is out. Mr. Cotgreave has also devised a simple system of date marks, which will show in which week, and, if required, on what day in each week, a book was borrowed. The chief advantage of this Indicator is the fact that it preserves in the small ledger a permanent record of the use of each book. There are various incidental advantages not easily to be appreciated except by those frequently using these devices. It is almost impossible, for instance, to make mistakes with Cotgreave's Indicator by misplacing cards, because all the shelves are full except that which is being dealt with. The numbers of the books, again, can be rearranged, if required, without taking the framework of the Indicator to pieces.

The economy effected in the working of a large public library by the use of these Indicators is very remarkable. Thus it is stated that in the Leeds Public Library books can be easily issued by the use of Elliot's Indicator at the rate of 76 per hour, and at the cost of 23s. 3d. per 1000 volumes. In the Leeds Mechanics' Institution books were issued *without* an Indicator at the rate of 11 per hour, at a cost of £5 6s. per 1000. At South Shields as many as 169 volumes have been issued in one hour, being at the rate of nearly one volume per minute for each member of the staff! At Wolverhampton one librarian, assisted by two boys, effected a total issue in one year of 97,800 books. Technical details of this sort may seem trifling, but they are really of great importance in showing what ingenuity and systematisation can do in bringing the best classes of literature within the reach of the people.

back over ten, fifteen, or twenty years, it is surprising to

have been accomplished in our notions of library

This is greatly due, I believe, to the reflex

effect of American activity. A glance through the Special Report on the Public Libraries in the United States of America, their history, condition, and management, issued at Washington in 1876, shows how wide are the American ideas of Library management. The *Library Journal*, edited by Mr. Melvil Dewey, and forming the official organ of the American and English Library Associations, supplies equally striking evidence of Library enterprise. The Library Association of the United Kingdom may have been inspired by the American spirit of associated labour, but it has soon become a thoroughly British body. I doubt whether any association could be named, which, in two short years, or, including the preliminary conference of librarians, in three years, has done more real and useful work. The two Annual Reports, together with the Conference Report, owe much to the editing which they have received from Mr. Henry R. Tedder and Mr. Ernest Thomas. The indexes prepared by Mr. Tedder are models of the indexing art, and must almost satisfy the requirements of the Index Society. These Reports, too, will probably be sought after by bibliophiles on account of their beautiful typographical execution, due to Messrs. Whittingham & Co., of the Chiswick Press. A French critic recently writing in *Le Liere*, the French Bibliographical Journal, has commented on the luxurious paper and printing of these remarkable Reports. But it is more pertinent to our immediate purpose to observe that the Reports are full of all kinds of information bearing upon the advantages, purposes, and management of Public Libraries. The Library Association has also recently commenced the issue, through Messrs. Trübner, of a monthly journal of proceedings which contains much additional information. Those who are unable to consult these more voluminous publications, but desire to know how a Free Public Library is started, should procure Mr. W. E. A. Axon's well-known little brochure, "Hints on the Formation of Small Libraries intended for Public Use." This tract was prepared for the Co-operative Congress of 1869, has been printed several times in a separate form at home and abroad, and is to be found reprinted in Mr. Axon's "Hand-book of the Public Libraries of Manchester and Salford" (pp. 183-9). More detailed information, including the text of the Free Libraries Acts, is to be found in Mr. J. D. Mullins' tract on "Free Libraries and News-rooms; their Formation and Management," the third edition of which was lately on sale by Messrs. Henry Sotheran & Co., at 36, Piccadilly. The standard work upon the subject is, of course, Mr. Edward Edwards' "Memoirs of Libraries," published in two volumes in 1859, a work which has been of great service in promoting the cause of the Libraries Acts.

W. STANLEY JEVONS.

SAVAGE LIFE IN INDIA.

THE Hill tribes of India are usually represented as the descendants of the aborigines of the country, dispossessed by the ancestors of the present Hindus, and obliged to take refuge in the mountains. Yet the traditions of these Hill tribes tell us that they too came from countries far away north and west of Hindustan. They conquered the original inhabitants, who are represented as having been snakes or devils, and settled on their lands.

The Santhális in Bengal, the Gonds in Orissa, the Máris of Rajputana, the Bhils of Kandeish, the Kareus of Burmah, and the Mechis, Lepchas, and Bhootias of the Himalayas, differing in many other respects, all agree in having languages that are not derived from the Aryan, like those of the Hindus. Whatever their origin, therefore, they evidently have not been derived from the same parent stem as the Hindus.

The Santhális number nearly a million of souls, and inhabit a country lying to the south of the Ganges, from Bhaugulpore to Murshidabad, and from Murshidabad to Midnapore. Their traditions inform us that they have been gradually driven east by stronger people coming from the west in the dawn of time. They are a hardy and well-proportioned race of hunters, who with their simple arrows and spears have cleared their fields of the herds of elephants that once overran them on the Rajmahal hills. They object very much to being numbered, and have lately proved by their outbreak of primitive indignation—half apprehension half anger—that they were ready to fight rather than have their families counted. A leading journal in

other day as "numbering about eighty-five

and of constant retreat towards the

rising sun, a retreat caused by the incursions of nations stronger or craftier than they. They open up new tracts for the plough, they fell, they level, they plant, and others step in to enjoy the fruits of their labours. The Santhális sow that others may reap. Possessed of powers that ought to give them a foremost place amongst the nations of India, the Santhális appear destined to be always the pioneers of that civilization to which they themselves never attain. They have energy and perseverance, but these noble qualities are frittered away upon the material obstacles in their path. They establish themselves again and again upon new lands only to be ousted for debt. They clear the jungle lands, and bring those lands into cultivation, only that they may be seized by the money-lender as soon as they are valuable enough. The Santhális are frank and fearless, full of trust, honesty, and faithfulness, but lacking intellect.

The villages of the Santhális usually stand in the midst of cultivated fields, the surrounding country being well supplied with wood and water. One can see at a glance that but recently the jungle has given place to the feller's axe; and the tiger and the wolf to man. The Santháli appears to take a pleasure in struggling with Nature: clearing away a jungle thicket or making a field out of a forest are the exploits in which he revels, and when his field is made he insists upon tilling it in his own rude and unscientific method, as long as he holds it.

He thus prepares the way for a civilization that is impatient of him and too strong for him. He is simply a tool in the hands of the more astute Bengáli. Improvident, careless, quite ignorant of the methods of skilled culture, he derives only a scanty subsistence from the soil he has thus brought into cultivation. And yet he has had a hard struggle even to achieve so much. Many lives have been lost in the struggle with wild beasts, and many more in a vain contest with the powers of Nature. He has succeeded at the risk of his life, and with a brave man's pride he looks around upon the garden he has made in the wilderness. Is it any wonder that he feels indignant when the Bengáli money-lender steps in to take possession of his farm? Is it any wonder if he often uses violence to protect his cultivated patch and his rude home from the clutches of the law? Is it any wonder that he has become discontented and unhappy, and that the wonderful energy that enabled him to cope with Nature, and to subdue it, is being crushed out of him?

"The Rajah," as he calls his zemindar or landlord, is inexorable in his demands for the punctual payment of the rent to which he is entitled. Legal documents, duly stamped, signed by the poor Santháli without reflection, with perhaps but a faint and hazy comprehension of their meaning, make it quite clear that the "Rajah's" demand is just. The wasteful, improvident habits of the simple savage render him utterly unable to comply with the demands of the money-lender or the landlord. They are both "the Rajah" to the poor Santháli. He knows no remedy but force. The law is too strong for him, and he is :

Bankrupt in spirit as in fortune, he seizes his arrows and his spears, and will be revenged upon "the Rajah," and also upon "the Sircar," or Government, which permits such extortion. He did so in 1855, and for a period of two years kept the powers that be at bay, openly defying all the strength of India with his arrows and his spears! Who can help pitying him, poor untutored savage! He has so many good qualities that his improvidence and childish trust on others almost appear virtues in him. None can help sympathizing with him; and yet, although the Government of Bengal has done all it can, by a paternal administration of the laws, to lessen his burdens, and to release him from the consequences of his own folly, he will constantly get into new embarrassments—his troubles and his sorrows are the results of the defects in his own character. The great defect of Santháli, as of all savage life, is the deep debasement and degradation of women which prevails in it. Woman is simply and emphatically a beast of burden in the Santháli village, and although honesty and truthfulness may cover a multitude of sins, yet they can never atone for this tyranny over woman.

The Hill of Parasnáth is to the Santháli a sacred place. There was a time when human sacrifices were offered up on that hill, but that time has gone, it is to be hoped for ever. The Mohammedan conquerors of India put an end to those sacrifices, just as the British Government has put an end to the human sacrifices of the Gonds. But still the Santháli has the most unbounded faith in his *gosain*, his priest and teacher; and unfortunately these *gosains*, instead of pointing out the defects in the native character, the causes of national suffering, represent "the Rajah" and "the Sircar" as the causes of all the woes under which the Santháli suffers. Instead of regarding himself as wasteful, reckless, and improvident, and therefore in difficulties, he considers the "Rajah" extortionate and the "Sircar" as indifferent, or, worse still, as the friend of the landlord and the money-lender. He is ill-used and helpless. His enemies are irresistible.

One of these pernicious teachers, Babáji by name, is regarded as a saint by the ignorant Hill-men. Miraculous powers are ascribed to him. He can cure the sick by a word, he can sit upon fire, he can walk upon water. He knows the past, the present, and the future. He is, in fact, infallible and omnipotent. And yet this man's teaching has been most injurious to the poor, honest, credulous, and suffering Santháli. The faults he proclaims are all on the side of the landlord, the money-lender, and the Government; the right is all on the side of the oppressed and down-trodden Santháli. Babáji has been arrested before, they say, and came out of the prison of the *Sahib-log* by miraculous power, and what he did once he can do again. He will ultimately deliver the people from all their oppressors. A few months ago the word went round from village to village, that Babáji had ordered sacrifice to be made of all white goats and fowls, and marvellous was the obedience of the simple-hearted, It was he that preached

opposition to the census, it was by his directions that the warriors assembled in the neighbourhood of Narainpore to resist the officers of Government. He has been arrested and sent to Lucknow. It is to be hoped that he will not be allowed to escape, or his arrest will do more harm than good.

The Gonds of Ganjam and Cuttack, like the Santhális, are a savage race, whose festival of *Meriah-pujah*, involving the sacrifice of human beings under circumstances of atrocious cruelty, continued till 1848, when it was finally stopped by the strong arm of British authority. It has been fashionable to say that if the British were driven out of India to-morrow, no noble monument of their rule would remain. Some German writers of distinction have lately given currency to this calumny. Would the suppression of human sacrifices be an ignoble monument of their rule, or the abolition of Thuggi, or the prohibition of female infanticide, or the cessation of that cruel rite of Satti, by which the widow immolated herself on the funeral pyre of her husband? The railways, electric telegraphs, and famine relief works, would not be more striking material works, monuments of British rule, than the abolition of the frightful crimes of the Thugs, the salvation of widows from the burning pyre, the suppression of female infanticide, and the cessation of the *Meriah-pujah* of Orissa, with its barbaric cruelty.

The victims of this horrible annual sacrifice were called *meriahs*, and were obtained by purchase of the Panwahs, a miserable Hindu sect in the plains, who were the slaves of the Gonds. The design of the sacrifice was to propitiate Bura-Pennou, the earth-god, and thus to secure a favourable harvest. According to the Gonds the earth was originally a crude and unstable mass, unfit for cultivation or for human residence. The earth-god said, "Let blood be spilt—human blood—before me." The command was obeyed, and the soil became firm and productive. From that time Bura-Pennou appointed that human sacrifices should be regularly offered. Whenever a field is sown with grain it must be enriched with the blood of a human victim. During the celebration of the sacrifice all feuds were forgotten, mirth and riot and enjoyment reigned throughout the neighbouring villages. The unfortunate victim was brought blindfolded to the house of the chief priest, and was considered a consecrated being. Every whim was indulged; no desire was expressed which they did not try to gratify. The victims were men or women, boys or girls, indifferently. Human blood was the one thing necessary.

The festival usually lasted three days. Large numbers of people from all the neighbouring villages attended, of both sexes and of all ages. The first day was spent in feasting, drinking, and riot. Upon the morning of the second day, the victim was carefully and dressed in new garments, whilst the Gonds displayed finery in their attire—some with bear-skins throw shoulders, others ornamented with the tails of peacocks.

with the plumes of the jungle fowl. Thus decked, they danced, they leaped, they revelled, beating drums and playing on a species of fife. The victim was led forth amidst this din to the place of execution.

The grove of trees in which the sacrifice took place was considered sacred, as well as the stream that ran through it—the *meriah* grove and the *meriah* stream—both being looked upon as haunted. The victim was smeared with turmeric, oil, and ghee, and led in procession to the sounds of discordant music, of shouting and merriment, round the sacred grove.

It was not till the third day at noon that the doomed wretch was sacrificed. Milk and palm sago were allowed the victim for food. When led forth on the third day, the shouting and noise of musical instruments was deafening. A tree or bush was prepared, within which the victim was placed, standing or seated, for sacrifice. But as it was indispensable that the *meriah* should not make any effort to escape, the legs and arms were first broken, if it was supposed probable that any such effort would be made. Then, fixed in the bush, the miserable victim saw the *abbaya*, or officiating priest, approach with an axe. With that axe a slight wound was given, enough to draw blood, and the crowd, eager for blood, rushed in with demoniacal shouts, cutting off a portion of the flesh, and running away with it, to let a few drops of the blood fall on the newly-sown field. In hewing the body to pieces they took the greatest care to avoid cutting vital parts; the longer the sacrifice remained alive the better for their fields.

It was in January, just before the turmeric fields were planted, that the *Meriah-pujah* usually took place. The victims were devoted from infancy to the sacrifice by the Panwahs, who lived in the plains below. They were sold to the heads of the different villages, and taken care of by the *abbaya*, or patriarch.

It was not only in January, however, at the planting of the turmeric, that these horrible rites were performed. Whenever the village fields were sown with grain, whenever national or tribal calamities occurred, the demand was for the *Meriah-pujah* to propitiate Bura-Pennou.

For three days after the sacrifice those who had taken part in it remained dumb, communicating with each other only by signs, and remaining unvisited by strangers. Then a buffalo was slaughtered on the same spot on which the human victim had perished, and their tongues were loosened again.

In the winter of 1840, when the Collector of the district was encamped at Patringia, in the course of his usual cold-weather inspection—when Indian officials live in tents, and supervise the public works going on in the neighbourhood, making inquiries into local land disputes at the request of being told that one of the *meriahs* had been carrying off, and had come to claim his protection. She was fifteen or sixteen years of age, and she related to the Collector that her brother had been sacrificed for the purpose.

She had still fetters upon her wrists and ankles. She had been a *meriah* devoted to be sacrificed to propitiate Bura-Pennou, the earth-god, and had escaped. Needless to say, she was preserved, and in a charitable institution in Madras learned to pray as a Christian for the brother who had sold her, as well as for all her benighted tribe.

A missionary has made the calculation that, since the period of the Christian era, more than three millions of human beings have perished amongst the Gonds, either as offerings to the earth-god or as the victims of female infanticide.

Of all the dependencies of the Indian Empire there is perhaps none of which less is known than Bustar, a district of Rajputana, east of Jeypore and the Sevri river. There savages live, who pass their lives, are born, are married and given in marriage, die and are mourned for, exactly as their fathers were thousands of years ago. The chief tribe of these savages is called the Máris. Bustar is twice as large as Wales, and contains a large plateau of fertile soil on its eastern side, capable of producing any kind of crops. All the rest is jungle, and amidst this jungle, as untameable as the tigers or the hyænas, wander the Máris. The heat of Bustar is proverbial in a land of torrid temperature. The thermometer often rises there to 112° F. in the shade. Yet the climate is said not to be unhealthy on the whole. If ever people lived utterly reckless of sanitary considerations, those people are the Máris, and that in districts where one would think sanitary considerations were imperatively necessary to be attended to; yet they are a fine, muscular, well-developed race, active of foot and hand, nimble as mountain goats, and full of fun and frolic.

Most of the estates of Bustar are governed by old freebooters, who as they wax stiff in the joints are glad to be relieved of the necessity of making periodical forays on their neighbours' lands. There are no bazaars except around Jugdulpore, and as there is no copper currency, the trade is carried on by barter; even cowries are so scarce, that it is a difficult matter to get change for a four-anna piece (sixpence) in Jugdulpore. And yet iron abounds in Bustar, and gold is said to be found in the hills, and in the beds of all the affluents of the Sevri river. The only native manufacture is a coarse kind of cloth, and even in Jugdulpore there are only two shopkeepers in whose establishments any kind of clothing can be purchased. The Máris are independent of clothing, although slaves to fashion. There are no tradesmen, and it may easily be imagined that tailors are unknown—

"A land where all things always seem the same."

The Máris are a peculiar people—peculiar in dress, peculiar in amusement, peculiar in life, habits, language and tastes. They sleep on the ground, a girdle of cowries round the waist constituting their entire wardrobe both by night and day. They are exceedingly averse to the

use of cold water, ablutions are unknown, and a thick coating of mud or dust adheres to, or becomes detached from, their bodies, as chance decides.

Still they are slaves of fashion. The heads of the males are shaved, all except one long top-knot, and this shaving is accomplished by the aid of a rusty knife, that looks as if it once formed part of an iron hoop. The operation must be a painful and laborious one. Nor are the female members of the community exempt from the pains and penalties of fashion. Their hair is most elaborately twisted and plastered, whilst their bodies are covered with tattooing—absolutely and literally covered—and the designs are elaborate and must be painful in execution. Besides the girdle of cowries, a hoop of iron, on which are strung brass and iron rings, is necessary to furnish forth a *Mári* belle. But the elderly ladies dispense with this as useless and inconvenient. All wear earrings, as many as fifteen rings in each ear, of wax, iron, brass, copper, silver, or gold, according to their wealth and station.

When they dance they do not go through the gesticulations of ordinary dancing, civilized or barbaric, but form a ring by joining hands all round, and, with a long hop, spring towards the centre, and then hop back again to the full extent of their arms, whilst at the same time they keep circling round and round. The effect is striking. A little perfume of an agreeable kind, to keep ill-favoured odours in abeyance, renders it pleasant as an object of study. Sometimes two women dance together, holding hands, advancing and retreating, jumping, squatting, kneeling, and seesawing in rhythmical succession. Sometimes a man will jump into the circle when several are dancing, chant a verse or two of poetry like a war-cry; the others take up the chorus, and dance frantically *du capo*.

Sometimes their impromptu songs round the fire in the evening are exceedingly uncomplimentary to each other. The woman deplores the man's ungainly and awkward figure and manner, his want of skill in war or the chase, his blundering speech and want of success. The man retaliates, reproaching the woman for her untidy habits, her ugly features, her tasteless tattooing, and her spare waist, which is with them a blemish.

But whether engaged in dancing, or in singing round the fire in the cold or rainy season, a species of arrack called *lunday*, distilled from *mhowah* flowers, is freely imbibed by both sexes, and even by the children. It is a potent spirit, exceedingly distasteful to the European palate; but the *Máris* like it, as they like their filth and bad smells, their girdles of cowries, their iron hoops, their tattooing and multitudinous earrings.

When the amenities of *Mári* high life are concluded—their dances and songs, their rough ear-splitting music, and their horse-play—they invariably return to *lunday*. The revel is concluded when none can any longer dance or sing or play; or, as sometimes happens, when all the *lunday* has been imbibed, and nothing remains but to sleep. This they

betake themselves to just as they are. All the troublesome and inconvenient ceremonies connected with retiring for the night amongst more civilized people are dispensed with.

They select the densest part of the jungle for their habitations, avoid strangers, and run off to the hills upon the smallest provocation. The men carry a bow and arrows on their shoulders, and are exceedingly expert in their use. They make use of the bow by bending it with their foot, whilst directing the arrow with their hands, and they discharge it with a force and velocity sufficient to send the missile right through a man or a deer. Although they drink hard and are much too fond of *lunday*, yet they are light-hearted, cheerful, and merry, always laughing and joking amongst themselves. They are truthful, honest, and frank, quick to observe and apt to learn; but too much attached to their own ways to alter them at any one's dictation. Besides this they fear and detest strangers, and therefore are little likely to learn from them. In some districts they run and hide themselves on seeing a white man, not simply hiding behind a tree or round a corner, but betaking themselves in a wild scamper to a distance, as if a fiend were pursuing them.

The present of a coloured handkerchief, or of coloured beads, will propitiate them, and if one can be induced to parley, the others will gather shyly and by degrees, as if gaining courage with every moment. They are a quiet, simple, inoffensive people, destitute of all wealth, except pigs and poultry—without oxen, sheep, or goats. The plough is unknown to them. They know nothing of opium, but they adore *lunday*.

They all worship Dunteshwári, the tutelar divinity of the Rajahs of Bustar, whose authority they acknowledge, and to whom they pay their dues. No one ever lends them any money, so they do not become involved in debt, like the Santhális and the Gonds. They also worship Mátá Devi and other Hindu gods. To Mátá Devi they pray and make offerings to obtain deliverance from the small-pox, a terrible scourge amongst these poor ignorant people. On the appearance of the malady, the patient's feet are washed with cow's milk and wiped upon the head of the nearest relative; Mátá Devi is then called upon to enter into the body of the afflicted person and remove the disease; the rest is left to fate: so utterly ignorant are they of all medical skill. Vaccination and medical appliances are rejected when offered, but they practise a kind of rude inoculation after the manner of the Ooriya Brahmins, who come up from the coast districts. Cutaneous diseases and ophthalmia are also prevalent amongst them, and no wonder, considering their method of life.

Human sacrifices were offered by the Máris, as by all these Hill tribes, in times gone by. The Mohammedan rulers of Delhi put an end to those sacrifices, but Dunteshwári is still a name of dread amongst them. She is regarded with the most abject fear and awe. Nothing of any importance is done without imploring her aid; not even will the Bustar Rajahs proceed on a hunting expedition without consulting the

burri máí, the great mother. Thus the *gosains*, their spiritual advisers, have unbounded control over them.

Witchcraft and the evil eye are firmly believed in by all the *Máris*, whatever their age, sex, or station. They are a prey to a thousand superstitious fancies, arising from omens, dreams, and divinations. If a poor solitary old woman gets the reputation of being a witch, all the calamities of the village are secretly ascribed to her. In whispered accents they reveal to each other their mutual terror, until some day, by common consent, the poor wretch is attacked. This cannot be done without the instigation of a *gosain*. A fisherman's net is thrown over her, and so she is dragged away with barbarous tumult and uproar. Sometimes she is tied up in the net and thrown into water, sometimes half-enveloped in a sack. If she survives all this, she is dragged forth and beaten by the cruel crowd. A stone is thrust into her mouth, her arms tied, and she is left in a lonely part of the forest a prey to wild beasts. The tyranny of man over woman, who has all the hardest tasks of human industry to perform, is the worst feature of *Mári* life.

If a young man wants to marry, his father takes with him some friends, and they set out towards the village or house indicated by the youth. If they hear a bird chirping on their way, they return dismayed. It is a bad omen. If they meet a hare or a squirrel, a wild boar or a mountain cat, it is likewise an evil omen. But if they meet a stag or a bullock, a buffalo or a young maiden, it is a good omen, and they go on their way rejoicing. The chirping of the bird, the innocent cat or hare, wild boar or squirrel, may make two fond hearts disconsolate; for, once abandoned, a search in that direction again for a wife would be profanity. So full are their lives of superstitious fears, so great is the amount of misery caused all over the world by those woes which we fancy only, but which may never happen! The wealthier abodes of London and Paris are nearly as full of this superstitious reverence for fashionable caprice as the lowly families of the *Máris* for the rude traditions of the jungle.

If the omens are favourable, the father and his friends enter into negotiation with the father and friends of the proposed bride. They all get half-drunk over *lunday*, and preliminaries are arranged. On the second visit the girl, duly adorned, is brought away by the father and friends. She remains a few days in her new home, and then returns to her parents. The bride and bridegroom spend the honeymoon apart, which prevents them getting tired of each other. Then there is a grand assembly, the presents are mutually given and received; pigs form an important article of commerce on these occasions. More *lunday* is consumed, the *gosain* gets his dues and hands over the bride, and then the ceremony is complete. Much drunkenness is the last act of the drama.*

* This account of the *Máris* is chiefly derived from Captain Glasford's Official Report on Buxar, addressed to the Indian Government, and published in the Official Records.

About two hundred miles north-east of Rangoon, in British Burmah, the Karens are to be found—a race so despised by the Burmese, that, with the arrogance of superior civilization, they are spoken of with the greatest contempt. The Burmese class the Karens with the brutes; they are all *ayain* (wild men), little better than ourang-outangs, in Burmese estimation.

When Pegu was occupied by the British in 1852-5, all that could be learned from the Burmese about the Karens was, that they were a race so wild and untameable that only a few adventurous petty traders now and then penetrated into their hilly fastnesses. Those fastnesses are situated east of the river Sittang, in the district of Toungoo.

The Karens are divided into three great families, the *Syan*, *Pwo*, and *Byhai*; but they speak one language—a branch of the Tibeto-Burman, with slight local variations, and when first they became British subjects they were all similar in habits and manners; now, there is the greatest possible difference between them. Those that have been brought under the civilizing influences of the Baptist missionaries are totally different from their ruder brethren—in the more inaccessible districts—and their ruder ancestors. In an Official Report, written so long ago as 1863, Sir A. Phayre writes of the “great and beneficial change which has been accomplished amongst the Karens, mainly, indeed almost entirely, owing to the labours of Dr. and Mrs. Mason, and of the Karen Minister, Saw Quala.” “I assert,” continues the Commissioner, “from long experience amongst similar tribes, that such results could not be obtained by the civil administration, if unaided by missionary teaching.”

It must not be supposed, however, that all the Karen tribes have thus been brought under civilizing and Christianizing influences. In that debatable land forming the watershed between the Sittang and Salween valleys, amidst rugged mountain spurs and hills covered with jungle, some tribes still remain who retain their ancient practices, and frequently give trouble to the British authorities.

The dwellings of the Karens are of a temporary character, for, owing to their system of cultivation by which the ground is not tilled for more than three years at a time, and is afterwards allowed to lie fallow for five or six years, constant migrations amongst the hills are necessary. The people move to be near their fields, and cannot afford therefore to build substantial dwellings. The Karens hunt with matchlocks, spears, and short swords called *dahs*. Their dogs are invaluable to them in the chase. In the midst of the most serious conclave, political, religious, or social, if one of the hunting dogs gives tongue in the jungle near, the whole assembly will start up and scamper away, helter-skelter, in pursuit of the game. They are a wiry, well set-up, straight-limbed race, capable of enduring extraordinary fatigue. They have less of the Mongolian type of features than the more civilized Burmese.

From Miss Bird's interesting description of the Ainos of Yesso, the northern Japanese Island, in her “Unbeaten Tracks in Japan,” I should

think the Karens must have descended from the same race, and it is remarkable that the Burmese call them Ayain, or wild men—both Ayain and Ainos probably coming from the same root, and belonging to the same primeval tongue.

The dress of the Karens consists of a pair of short dun-coloured drawers, sometimes ornamented with red stripes, and supplemented with a profusion of many-coloured beads. Some wear chaplets of beads on their heads. Their houses are built on bamboo piles, with the floor raised fifteen or more feet from the ground, and usually consists of a common hall in the centre, with side rooms. Access to these side rooms is by a ladder, drawn up at night through a trap-door in the hall floor. The poultry roost in the rafters, whilst the pigs luxuriate in the pens formed beneath the common hall. These houses are admirable places for pursuing entomological studies, for every species of insect is to be found in abundance in them, flying, crawling, hopping, and burrowing. "Our bodies appeared after our night's lodging," says a European visitor who spent a night in one of them, "as if they had been whipped with nettles, whilst the Doctor was incapacitated from writing for some days by a rat-bite in the thumb." Yet these are the dwellings of the Karen aristocracy. What must the hovels of the poorer classes be?

The favourite drink of the Karens is *khoun*, a spirit distilled from rice. Into small tubs of this they insert straws or reeds, as our American cousins do in their sherry-cobblers, and each pulls away at his pleasure. Whole families may be seen indulging together in this way, and but little work is done as long as any *khoun* remains.

The wild Karen is a pilferer by nature. He is apparently quite unable to recognize the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, and, unlike most of the other savages of India, he is himself obliged to be constantly on his guard against theft. The traders would find all their looking-glasses and beads speedily stolen from them if they did not keep a very sharp look-out. Beads and looking-glasses are amongst the foreign articles most prized by the Karens.

When they ratify contracts written documents are dispensed with. They have no faith in them. They pledge their faith by "drinking truth;" a bowl is filled with *khoun*. If the occasion is one of peculiar solemnity, the bowl is one reserved for the purpose by one of their great chiefs, and embellished with the Burmese figures of the signs of the Zodiac, which are doubtless supposed to have some cabalistic virtue. This bowl is placed on the floor and in the centre; all the contracting parties sit round in a circle. A gun, a sword, and a spear are then produced, and portions of the steel from each carefully scraped into the spirit. These weapons are then inserted into the *khoun* in the bowl, and are held by all the contracting parties, who severally bind themselves by a set form of words to abide by the contract. Then the reeds are inserted in the *khoun*, the gun, sword,

and spear being removed, and when the spirit is finished the contract is solemnly binding.

The head-dress of the women is peculiar; a sort of brimless hat, made of basket-work, embroidered in fanciful patterns with beads of several colours, the whole being about eight inches high. It has no top, but plumes of feathers, taken from the brilliant denizens of the jungle, ornament the summit, and conceal the want of a crown. They remind one of a Highlander's bonnet. Behind they are ornamented with strings of beads and green beetles' wings. Round the neck the women wear coils of lead of the thickness of an ordinary finger. On their arms they have brass coils reaching to the elbows, and on their ankles brass leggings, sometimes reaching all the way from the knee to the ankle, and weighing as much as seven pounds.

All the wilder tribes of Karens delight in divination, but those who have embraced Christianity repudiate it. They take the leg or wing bones of a fowl, holding them parallel between the fore-fingers and thumb, the right and left bones being placed in juxtaposition on the right and left of the diviner or operator, the holes for the passage of the blood-vessels in the bones being uppermost. Into these holes they insert bits of straw or bamboo, and by the turn or inclination of these bits of straw or bamboo the initiated can determine the future—war or peace, whether a hunting expedition shall be undertaken or not, whether the contract of marriage shall be confirmed or annulled, whether the child shall get this name or that, and its probable fate. In short, hardly anything is attempted of a social or domestic character without reference to divination. A buffalo, a bullock, a pig, a fowl, must be sacrificed to appease the *nats*, or evil spirits, and then all will be well. The diviner gets the valuable part of the sacrifice, only the worthless portions being left for the *nats*. Copious libations of *khong*, and abundant draughts of it, complete the ceremony.

On the southern side of the Himalayas the Bhootias, Lepchas, and Mechis are Mongolian tribes, speaking Thibetan dialects, and all more or less rude according to their distance from or proximity to the more civilized races. The Bhootias are descended from emigrants who must have left Bhootan long ago. Their villages present a curious spectacle. Pieces of cloth of all colours, on which are printed incantations or prayers, flutter in front of every dwelling. The Bhootias themselves are a fine race of men, powerfully built, but so full of superstitious terrors that they are frightened at their own shadows. They plait their hair into queues, and the men pluck out their moustachios, leaving a little fringe at either end, as if to indicate that they might have them if they liked. Their dress consists of long coats and trousers of coarse warm stuffs, with a kind of pork-pie felt hat. They wear cloth boots too, with thick leather soles. It is difficult for a stranger to distinguish the men from the women amongst these Hill

tribes. The marriage bond is very lax amongst them, and they are inordinately addicted to gambling.

The Lepchas are Buddhists, short in stature, bulky and of fair complexion, their features being distinctly of the Mongolian type. They are gross feeders, gorging themselves constantly to repletion, and eating the flesh of the elephant, rhinoceros, and monkey. Their habits are nomadic. They do not usually live longer than three years in one place. They buy their wives for prices varying from forty to five hundred rupees, and, if they have no money, will serve their fathers-in-law as bondsmen in recompense.

The Mechis are also Mongolians, but they are not Buddhists. Their religion is a corruption of Hinduism. They sacrifice to Káli, bury their dead, and profess no reverence for Brahmins. The women are brave and hard-working, models of industry and thrift, cultivating the fields, weaving cloth, managing all the household affairs, and travelling to the neighbouring markets. They have been known to beat off tigers with clubs. Yet a wife can be purchased amongst the Mechis for ten rupees! Sixteen rupees for a wife is considered an exorbitant price amongst them.

All these wild races speak non-Aryan languages. That of the Gonds belongs to the Dravidian family, like the Tamil, Telugu, and Canarese. The languages of the Santhális and of the Máris belong to the Kolarian, a much smaller group than the Dravidian, probably including altogether not more than two millions of people. The Kolarian languages generally express grammatical relations by suffixes, and add the post-positions directly to the root, without the intervention of an oblique form, or genitive, or other suffix. They have a dual number which the Dravidians have not, but no negative voice in their verbs. Their counting is by twenties instead of by tens, as amongst the Dravidians.

W. KNIGHTON.

THE LAY ELEMENT IN ENGLAND AND IN AMERICA.

FOR more than thirty years I have been a close and steady reader of the leading English Church papers, and most deeply interested in every step of the marvellous Church Revival which has been gaining ground year by year during all that time, and is stronger now than ever. The same movement has been making progress on our side of the water, under very different conditions. One peculiar point of observation and thought has been to watch how the life within, on either side of the water, would modify its environment, so as to enable the new spirit to do its full work. For years I have been convinced that the key to the position on your side—the Malakoff whose capture will ensure the surrender of the enemy—is simply to give to the laity in England as nearly as possible the same position which they now enjoy in the Church of America. There has been a steady approximation towards this, beyond question; but its stiffest opponents are precisely those brave men of the advanced school who ought to be its friends, and who have the most to gain from its adoption, because they have the best right.

Nothing would be further from the truth than to suppose that this conviction is a mere piece of our too common American conceit and “bumptiousness.” I think I see as many faults, and am as ready to try to correct them, in our American Church as in any other. Nay, it must be frankly confessed that we have no right to pride ourselves on our originality or ingenuity in this matter of the laity. We American Churchmen have been guilty of every stupidity and every particle of obstructiveness that was in our power. Wherever it was possible to copy an English blunder we have been sure to do it. Some of our best changes were accomplished, humanly speaking, by accident. Our most real improvements were things into which a kind Providence *drove* us, so that we had no choice left. Yet, after nearly a century of

experience of the advantages of our providential position, as proved by a steady gain over even our rapid rate of increase in the population, as also by a still more rapid gain in the tone and strength of churchmanship, we have American stupids (bishops included) who, while abroad among you, talk of the "superior advantages [Heaven save the mark!] of a union of Church and State;" and some of our dignitaries bring back with them strings and rosettes in their hats, and braided coats, aprons, and leggings, and even call one another "My Lord" on the sly, in a semi-jocular manner, when no dangerous ears are within reach. We have a natural genius for making Church blunders over here, and we have not done with it yet. The position taken in regard to the laity, therefore, is perfectly free from any national vanity.

To begin at the beginning. The precise position of the laity, as an organic element in the structure of the Primitive Church, is by no means self-evident. As the entire *depositum* of spiritual knowledge and power was given to the Apostolic College, it must have been the work of time to settle what particular portions of it should be permanently distributed to priests, deacons, and laity. That some such conveyance was contemplated from the first is evident from the fact that the new Apostle, in the place of Judas, was not appointed by Saint Peter (the papal theory), nor by the eleven alone (as some suppose the episcopal theory to be), nor by the eleven and the seventy alone (as some would make the clerical theory to be). The whole "one hundred and twenty" of the "disciples" took part in the election, so that there *must* have been some of the laity voting for the first bishop of the apostolic succession, as well as the eleven and the seventy; there *must* have been at least *thirty-nine* of these laity, for eleven and seventy (if the seventy were all present) make only eighty-one of the one hundred and twenty. When the order of deacons was created, the "multitude of the disciples" were the electoral body again, though the appointing or ordaining power was reserved by the apostles. In the choice of Church officers, therefore, from bishop or Apostle, which is the highest, to deacon, which is the lowest, the *laity* should have a free voice. At the Council of Jerusalem we find that "all the multitude" were again present, and towards the close they "kept silence," a very significant hint that they had been doing their part of the "much disputing" which preceded. This is a strong indication that the ordinary reading: "The Apostles, and elders, and brethren," means just what we describe as "The bishops, clergy, and laity."

But in the earlier ages, the bishops and clergy being the primary teachers of the new Gospel, would naturally possess so strong a directing power, that the distinct share of the laity in legislation would hardly appear. Indeed, if we look to the power of giving a distinctive *vote*, as an *order*, we find it pretty much confined to the episcopate. A very rigid adherence to the model of the earlier Councils, might be found to shut out the priesthood as well as the people, and leave all legislative power to the bishops alone.

As the fresh leadership of early teaching settled down, however, into the well defined tradition of the second or third generation, the stability of the pyramid was increased by the enlargement of its base. The organic share of priests and people became more highly and firmly crystallized. In the election of bishops it was sometimes manifested with such force as to show the need of further regulation. When 137 corpses were carried out of one church after the election of Damasus as Bishop of Rome, it would hardly do to say that the laity had no share in the election of bishops. In the worst of our partisan contested elections, we have never, in America, come anywhere near the liveliness of the Roman laity in the fourth century.

But with the conversion of Constantine a new element had come into play. Slowly in some points, more rapidly in others, the Government absorbed the previous right of the laity, and added other and further usurpations also. This new power was at first exerted as simply "Government influence." The forms were left untouched: the *spirit* only was changed. The imperial influence in favour of one candidate was generally sufficient to secure his election. After a time this hardened into a right to nominate, and then at last into a right to appoint and install. So also with regard to Councils. Here, where the position of the laity had been left more indefinite from the first, appropriation by the State, through its powerful *influence*, was more rapid and more complete than in regard to elections. All the undisputed General Councils were not only called by the Emperor, but their decisions or decrees received also their *κύρος*—their validity as *law*—from *him*. He was the "lay power" entire.

We must now draw a clear distinction between things which have been more or less confused and confounded ever since the union of Church and State began. Everything touching the possession and control of property belongs of right to the civil authority. Our Lord Himself, when on the earth, though He was King of kings and Lord of lords, would not meddle with a case of secular property, even when a man had cheated his own brother out of part of his inheritance. "Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?" was his unanswerable question to one who would engage Him to decide a question of property. Even while the Emperors of Rome were Pagans, the Church—as in the case of Paul of Samosata—went into the secular courts for the settlement of the right of property, even church property. Now for everything concerning the tenure and management of property, the Church is dependent upon the State, *necessarily*, here in America as well as elsewhere. We have no difficulty in getting the State to do for us anything we really need, in this line. In this State of Pennsylvania, for instance, any number of persons may associate themselves together for any religious purpose; and, having submitted their articles of association to the inspection of the Judges of a certain Court, and due publicity being secured, when the Judge certifies that there is nothing therein "contrary to the Constitu-

tion and Laws of the United States or of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania," the applicants are forthwith recognized and recorded as a corporation at law.

This is *essentially distinct* from the possession or exercise of any power touching questions of doctrine, discipline, or worship, or the election or appointment to office in the Church. But the union of Church and State has so far confused the two, that it is not easy to unravel them. And the confusion seems to be inextricable, as soon as an Englishman reaches the magic phrase "the Royal Supremacy."

Now it may startle your readers immensely, but I venture to say that the Royal Supremacy, in its true meaning and intent, exists here in America, as completely as it does in England. The object of the Statute of Henry VIII. was to put a stop to appeals to Rome in all cases occurring in the Ecclesiastical Courts of England, those Courts having then jurisdiction in "all testamentary and matrimonial causes, and all suits for tithes, oblations and obventions;" and all these cases were thereafter to be settled *within the realm*. As to America, questions of "tithes, oblations, and obventions" do not occur. "All testamentary and matrimonial causes," so far as civil rights are concerned, are settled by the civil courts, and no Romanist dreams of appealing from them to Rome, any more than do the Quakers.

But we go further than this. The *principle* of the Act of Henry VIII. separates clearly between the civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, maintaining that, *in both*, England was sufficient unto herself, without becoming dependent on Rome. The Statute says of England, that "the body spiritual" thereof has power "when any cause of the law divine happened to come in question, or of spiritual learning," such cause being "declared, interpreted and showed by that part of the body politic called the spirituality, now usually called the English Church; (which also hath been reported and also found of that sort, that both for knowledge, integrity, and sufficiency of numbers, it hath been always thought to be, and is also at this hour, sufficient and meet of itself, without the interfering of any exterior person or persons, to declare and determine all such doubts, and to administer all such offices and duties as to the administration of their rooms spiritual doth appertain); and the laws temporal, for trial of property, of lands and goods, and for the conservation of the people of this realm in unity and peace, having been and yet being administered, adjudged, and executed by sundry judges and administrators of the said body politic called the temporality; and seeing that both these authorities and jurisdictions do conjoin together for the due administration of justice, the one to help the other;" &c. Nothing can be more absurd than to argue, that the true meaning of all this is, that secular courts are to judge spiritual cases, or that spiritual courts are to decide secular cases, or that the king, as an autocrat, could overrule either the one or the other. It merely recognizes a fundamental and indelible distinction between civil and ecclesiastical

cases, and that *each* of the two kinds of court is to exercise its own powers, without interference from the other within the realm, or from any power whatsoever outside. The same fundamental distinction between the spiritual and the temporal is re-asserted in more than one message sent by Queen Elizabeth to her meddling Parliament; and stands permanently embodied in the Royal Declaration prefixed to the Thirty-nine Articles. And the reiterated quotation of all these passages, in all sorts of books, reviews, magazines, newspapers, and other publications, would, so one would suppose, have made the principle itself familiar enough to most Englishmen by this time.

Now this *fundamental distinction* between things and causes properly civil, and things and causes properly spiritual, is American law as well as English law.

Our Civil Courts, where a question of property depends upon the issue, will examine and decide any Church question—so far as that piece of property is concerned. But the decision concerns the Church no farther than that particular amount of dollars and cents, and does not *bind* the Church in *any* spiritual point of view. When an Illinois secular court, after years of incubation, decided that Mr. Cheney was entitled to the possession of his church edifice, *because* he was yet “a Presbyter of the Protestant Episcopal Church in good and regular standing,” although, at the time of rendering this decision, Cheney had not only been for some years deposed from the ministry, but had actually been “consecrated” by Bishop Cummins as a “Bishop” of the new “Reformed Episcopal” sect; what was the consequence? Cheney merely retained possession of a building which was heavily mortgaged, and not very desirable in any point of view; and all the world (Cheneyites included) laughed at the absurdity of the decision.

The very Romanists themselves, in Great Britain, recognize the Royal Supremacy without murmuring. When a Saurin case arises in England, or an O’Keefe case in Ireland, of the very sort that, before the Reformation, would have been evoked to Rome, what do your Romish ecclesiastics do about it? Do they evoke it to Rome? No more than if they were so many Protestants. Cardinals, bishops and priests, monks and nuns, obey the *subptenas* and other processes of the civil courts, and accept their decisions, whether they like them or not, as quietly as if there were no such city as Rome, and no such person there as the Pope.

And it seems to be an entire mistake to suppose that the power now exercised by the Crown in regard to the *congé d’élire*, and Convocation, and various other matters, has anything to do with the Royal Supremacy. The Royal Supremacy is an incident of the Crown, *necessarily coextensive with its jurisdiction*. Will anyone say that the Royal Supremacy has been *abolished* in the Dominion of Canada, or in any other of the constitutional colonies? Is it abolished in Ireland, or in Scotland? Nay, is it abolished in England itself in regard to all persons *except* those who belong to the Established Church? The very

asking of the question is enough. It is abolished nowhere. It would be just as correct to say that none but members of the Established Church are "subjects" of the British Crown.

This is clear enough as to the Civil Courts. As to the Spiritual Courts it is not so clear. But the positive and direct declaration of the Statute of Henry VIII. is, that spiritual questions shall be decided by *Spiritual Courts* only without appeal to any power outside the realm. When the State, in process of time, recognized the existence of two or more religious organizations, with legal rights, within the realm, the *principle* of the Act was not thereby destroyed, but only rendered more active. The organs for the settlement of spiritual questions merely became more numerous, so as to decide those questions according to the communion in which they may arise. If it be a spiritual question among Presbyterians, the Presbyterian Spiritual Courts will settle it. If among the Baptists, then the Baptist Court. If among the Methodists, then the Methodist Court. If among the Romanists, then a Romanist Court; each and every of them managing their own Courts to suit themselves. In any case, if property interests be involved, the Civil Court may review the decision so far as civil rights may be involved; but its sentence will bind no further than that.

All the particulars, therefore, in which the Crown now has more or other powers touching the Established Church than touching any other religious body in the empire, are simply *outside* the true meaning and intent of "*the Royal Supremacy*," and may be entirely altered and removed by law, without touching the Royal Supremacy in any degree.

In all these other matters, however, the Crown now absorbs and uses powers that originally and properly belonged to *the laity* as an order within the Church itself, and which *ought* to belong to the laity *now*, if only the laity were so organized for that purpose as to be able to use them.

With us, they are so organized. And let us compare the general features of the two systems. No man has an *ex officio* place as a lay deputy or officer of any sort in the Church of America. He must be *elected*. And the only ostensible ground on which he *can* be elected, is because he is a Churchman, and is sufficiently interested in the Church to serve without pay. *Your* laity, in the only lay organization you have (your Parliament), even in its best days, when admitting only Church communicants, was composed of men chosen for *secular* objects; by methods of *secular* agitation, whose parties rose and fell on *secular* questions: and to which spiritual questions or interests could scarcely at any time be more than incidental. This contrast, alone, ought to be enough to settle the whole question. But when, besides this, your only legal organization of the laity of the English Church first ceased to be communicants, then admitted a nation of Presbyterians, then another nation chiefly of Romanists, then Jews, and now Atheists, and yet still clings to the spiritual power of the lay order in the Church of England her-

self, while keeping the order of the clergy all the while tied up in a double-bow-knot, how *can* reasonable men suppose that to be a plan preferable to ours?

Let us now compare a few details. And in so doing the secular lay power—the Government for the day—will be contrasted with the Church laity among us.

As to legislation :—Without a writ from the secular lay power, your Convocation cannot come together at all. Our Church laity have no such control over us. Our Conventions all meet at fixed constitutional times, as a matter of course. Special meetings are called by the bishop, or by standing committees, which generally consist of both clergy and laity.

When your Convocation has come together, you cannot even discuss any matter of legislation, without a Letter of Business from your secular lay power. Our Church laity have no such gag in our mouths. When we are assembled in Convention, *any* member can introduce any matter of proposed legislation he pleases, and the House can discuss it as long as they like, and come to what conclusion seems good unto them.

When your Convocation has come to a conclusion, it is of no force unless your secular lay power sees fit to approve it. Here there is some nearer comparison; for with us a *vote by orders* may at any time be called for (and on some subjects the vote *must* be taken in that way), and without the consent of a majority of the lay order present, nothing is done. But *practically* there is a vast difference between this and your way of doing (or rather *not* doing) things. For, first, our laity are *Church* laity, chosen and coming there because of their interest as *Churchmen*, and they are therefore eminently fit to be trusted. They are also present during the whole discussion, they are compelled to hear what the clergy have to say, and to answer it face to face if they can; and they are protected from the pressure of secular interests or secular entanglements in coming to their spiritual conclusion. In all Church matters they are thus *being continually educated* by their membership in such a body. They there learn things concerning the working system of the Church, which they might never learn in books, and which they would never hear in sermons, or in private conversations. And nothing is more interesting than to watch some clear-headed layman, from General Convention to General Convention, growing continually in strength of judgment, clearness of insight, and boldness of advocacy, until he is numbered among those on whom the clergy rely as their constant and conscientious helpers in every Church contest, and towers of strength for the maintenance of every Church principle. On the contrary, your secular lay power is *inaccessible* to Church teaching or Church argument; the clergy cannot make it listen, has no control over its adjournment or consideration, and is therefore completely at the mercy of its ignorance, its caprice, or its secular interests.

Whenever your discussions are at all displeasing to your secular lay power, it can prorogue your Convocation on the spot, and send you all home, willy-nilly; or your Archbishop—generally the mouthpiece of the secular lay power rather than of the Church—can do it of his own notion. There is no such sword suspended by a thread over the head of any of our Conventions. Assembling at the stated constitutional time, so long as a quorum is present, *nothing* can prorogue or adjourn the session, except the free vote of the body itself. In the case of the General Convention, it requires a joint vote by both Houses. Neither can terminate the session by its own sole act.

But some among you lift up your hands in holy horror at the idea that we give to our laity an equal vote with the bishops and clergy in all questions of *doctrine*. So we do. But let us look a little more closely, and not jump too suddenly to a conclusion.

Nobody among us pretends that the Lord gave His commission to *teach*, to any but the bishops and clergy—to the bishops alone *absolutely*: to the other clergy only derivatively, but yet substantially and authoritatively. That commission was not given to the laity. Wherever the bishops and clergy went, in primitive times, they preached and taught, and the laity received the faith from them with meekness and docility. But how is it now? Have the clergy received the revelation of any *new* doctrine, heretofore unheard of by the laity, and which the laity would, therefore, be likely to reject? Certainly not. Among Romanists or Dissenters there may be room for new doctrines, or new denials of old doctrines, but not among us. The only question of doctrine that can arise, is as to the clearer statement of some things which have fallen partly out of sight in the popular apprehension. And as to these, why should we fear the laity? What are they, anyhow doctrinally, to the clergy, but as the armature of soft iron to the magnet? Who has taught them what they *now* hold, except the bishops and clergy? If that teaching has been faithfully given, why can we not trust the laity to echo it correctly? If that teaching has *not* been faithfully given, let the bishops and clergy correct *themselves* first, and then, within a generation or less, they will find the laity ready to go with them. It would be *most unwise* to legislate afresh on doctrine, until the *picked men of the laity*—those chosen for their intelligent interest in Church matters, and those alone—are sufficiently educated by the bishops and clergy to see the propriety of it. To legislate in advance of this degree of co-operation, would be to ensure *schism*.

We say thus much as to *new* legislation on doctrine. But there is no great cause for alarm in this direction. What we are all most concerned about is, to see that we *lose* no part of the doctrinal treasures which we still retain. Now, on our American plan, *no* doctrinal change can be made without the identical action of two consecutive General Conventions, each voting by its three orders; and the want of concurrence on the part of any *one* order (even by a tie vote), at either of

those two General Conventions, is enough to defeat the change. That is to say, suppose the whole three orders were unanimous in favour of the change in 1880, and in 1883 the clergy and the laity were equally unanimous for it, while the House of Bishops should be equally divided, it would *fail*. If the order of bishops can be trusted, neither clergy nor laity can do any harm. If the order of clergy can be trusted, then neither the bishops nor the laity, though unanimous, can do any harm. And there may be cases when the simple slowness of the laity may save the Church from weakness or rashness on the part of both bishops and clergy. All readers of Church history will remember those terrible Arian times when "the ears of the people were more orthodox than the tongues of the priests."

There is another consideration which I commend most earnestly to the notice of thoughtful men. The laity, with us, have their say on the election of every bishop, and on the candidacy and ordination of every priest and deacon, and on the parochial call of every rector of a parish. But it is also true that the clergy have their measure of influence on every part of the operations of the lay order, on the selection of vestrymen in their parish, on the appointment of lay delegates to their Diocesan Convention, and on the choice of lay deputies to General Convention. These last are usually chosen by concurrent vote. No man can go as lay-deputy unless a *majority of the clergy* vote for him, as well as a majority of the laity. Neither can any one be chosen a clerical deputy unless he receive a majority of the lay votes, as well as a majority of the clerical votes. This looks perfectly equal, and on theory is so, so that no layman can take any exception to it. But in *practice*, except on very rare and extraordinary occasions, the clerical vote is the real determining power, and the lay vote, sooner or later, coincides. If a clergyman is a person of any real weight of character, his vestry is very soon just what he chooses to make it—the lay deputies to Convention are those whom he wishes to be sent; and, when there, they vote as he does. Nor is this any unfair interference with their right. They have a *right* to act *with* their clergyman *if they like*: especially when they have called him themselves, and love him, and take pleasure in agreeing with him and helping him and his influence in every way. Thus, too, in all our Church Conventions, the clergy take part as in their life-work, which they thoroughly understand, and in which they have the effectiveness of soldiers of the regular army. The laity, however, take their part generally with far less of ready confidence and effectiveness. In other words, they are rather like the militia. And unless some singular want of judgment, or some unusually mischievous element makes itself felt, the preponderance of the clergy in all that is said and done, is natural and continual. Sooner or later, on our plan, the laity *must* and *will* take the tone which bishops and clergy give them.

Whenever there is a temporary discrepancy between the two orders

it is almost invariably due to one of three causes. 1st, It may be owing to temporary panic, seizing upon the comparative ignorance of the laity, and exciting them to resistance before there is an opportunity to enlighten them as to the true facts of the case. All that is necessary is, to keep cool, have patience, let the tempest in a teapot die away, and then the whole may be easily explained, and the laity will accept the explanation. 2nd, It may be due to ignorance merely, without the panic, in which case it is even more manageable than in the other. An absence of the worry and hurry, and a little time and patience are all that is required. 3rd, There may be something in the constitutional organization which has a *natural tendency* to make the laity feel that they are unfairly used; and if this be so, it is sometimes very easy to get up a very mischievous excitement.

For instance:—There are two modes of electing diocesan bishops among us. The Pennsylvania and Virginia method gives to the order of the clergy the right to nominate a man to the laity, and the latter can only say *yes* or *no* to the nominee of the clergy. This is giving, apparently, a very important prerogative to the clergy; and, very curiously, it prevails mainly in dioceses which were Low Church at the time when they adopted it. The other is the New York plan, by which both orders ballot simultaneously on a perfect constitutional equality, and there is no election until some one candidate has a majority of *both* orders at the same ballot. This is the High Church plan, and is far preferable for the *reality* of clerical influence. The other plan is like the silly dog in the fable, who lost the meat in order to grasp at the shadow. And this will be clearly seen on a little closer examination. If both clergy and laity really have their minds set upon one and the same individual, either mode would work the same result. But suppose the clergy desire a man who at first sight is not so acceptable to the laity,—how then? The *feeling* that this is so would be very perceptible before the Convention came together. Some among the lay opponents would be sure to say that “the laity don’t come here merely to register the edicts of the clergy.” The laity may, by a strong majority, prefer some other name than the one sent down by the clergy. But they have no way by which they can manifest that preference, except by defeating every name sent down by the clergy, until the clergy shall send down the name desired. What chance is there then for the first choice of the clergy? *Simply none at all.* The first time it is sent down it is negatived. What shall the clergy do? Send down the same name a second time? What is likely to be the effect of that? It is an implied rebuke to the laity,—an implied suggestion that their first action was hasty, or from want of due consideration, or was prejudiced or unjust. Is this likely to put the laity in a better humour? They are more likely to say *no* the second time than the first; and it will get worse every time until the laity become perfectly unmanageable. The first choice of the clergy (perhaps their second or third choice as well)

will be defeated, and the election will probably fall upon one whom nobody desired and nobody even thought of before the contest began. But on the other plan, the clergy having apparently no organic advantage over the laity, the two orders come together without that artificial predisposition for a disagreement. Each order votes for the man it prefers, and can *show* its preference, and continue to show it, ballot after ballot as long as it pleases, without any offence being implied to the other order. If the clergy are divided into cliques, the laity will probably carry in their man. But if the clergy understand one another (a majority of them) and stand shoulder to shoulder, the laity will soon feel satisfied with the open compliment they have paid to their candidate, and will, vote by vote, come round to the clergy's candidate, until at length he is elected.

The same general principle applies to any *constitutional inequality* between the two orders, which is not absolutely required by essential principle. To give the laity a separate vote on doctrine cannot possibly do any harm. But it may do great good, by promoting that *solidarity of feeling and interest* which is of inestimable value.

While on the subject of elections, I cannot resist the temptation to make two practical suggestions, though they are aside from the main subject before us. The first is, that the *sooner* an election is held the *better*. "The King is dead: Long live the King!" is the best model. Ten days were not suffered to elapse after the Ascension before St. Matthias was in the place vacated by Judas Iscariot. And when the subject was brought up, the Apostles did not leave it open for several days to give an opportunity for electioneering and canvassing and slandering, but they went into the choice *at once*. In all elections of bishops, the primary instinctive action is best,—based, as it must then be, on the *already publicly known* standing of men for ability and character. The most common use made of days or weeks intervening, is to give second and third-rate men a chance to blackball the first-rate men who otherwise would be the spontaneous choice. So strong is my feeling about this, that, if it were in my power, the law should be that the clergy and laity should attend the funeral of the dead bishop in the morning, and, on returning from the grave, go *at once* into the election of his successor, without stopping for either meat or drink; and that any number of the clergy and laity thus continuing in session without any adjournment or recess for any purpose whatsoever until an election was made, should be a sufficient quorum for a valid choice. The second suggestion is, that nothing *more* than a simple majority of both orders present should be required in order to elect. To require, for instance, a majority of *two-thirds* merely means that a little clique of about *one-sixth* of the body shall have power to *defeat the majority*; the consequence is, the defeat of the strong man and the election of some one who is weak enough to have no enemies. It is our favourite American way of killing off (politically speaking) the natural leaders of parties,

and promoting men in their places who can be more easily used. Both these suggestions would tend greatly towards *minimising* the evils naturally incident to a popular election. In decisions about doctrine, *moral unanimity* should be required. In the election of individuals to office, a *simple majority* is the wisest and most efficient rule.

To pass now to another matter, though one of great importance—the forming of corporations for the holding and managing of Church property. They are with us almost invariably composed largely, if not of a majority, of laymen. Sometimes, as in Pennsylvania, the State law requires this. The consequence of such an arrangement would naturally be to put an end to all projects of spoliation. “Hawks will not pike out hawks’ een.” The idea of plundering the clergy is very attractive to some minds; but the plundering of *corporations of laymen* is a very different matter. It is then always remembered that “the rights of property are sacred.” The management of Church business might, in some respects, be thus rendered more clumsy and tedious, sometimes even sluggish; but, in the long run, the property would be safer. Look at the fate of Church property held solely in clerical hands all over the continent of Europe, and in other countries also. Clerical management secures rapid acquisition, and often to vast amounts, but is *invariably* followed, after a certain lapse of time, by wholesale confiscation. And this is not the effect of doctrinal differences; but it is the *laity as an order* taking to themselves that *control of property* of which the clergy, by superior finesse, had for too long a time deprived them. This lesson is taught us as clearly by Spain and Italy in the nineteenth century as by France in the eighteenth, or by England and Scotland in the sixteenth. And if the laity thus act, organized as the civil government of the day, it must be remembered that this is the *only* organization of the laity which the Church, for ages previous, had encouraged or known anything about.

We have, indeed, a protection which is unknown among you. We have a written Constitution, and a Supreme Court of the United States. Our Church property has been declared to be in so far that of private corporations (as distinguished from public corporations), that no State Legislature can, by any act of confiscation, take it away from us. And if any such Act should at any time be passed, the Supreme Court would declare it to be “null and void,” because “unconstitutional.” The very *possibility*, therefore, of such a thing as disendowment—that is, wholesale robbery by act of the Civil Government—is inconceivable on our American system. The existence of this danger among you only makes more necessary that *organic solidarity of interests* between clergy and laity which would speedily take all dreams of disendowment out of the range of “practical politics.”

And now let us look at the tough subject of patronage, beginning with the lower sphere of the parish clergy, and afterwards proceeding to bishops.

No part of our American system has called forth more constant complaints from among ourselves, or more severe criticism from elsewhere, than the giving to our parochial vestries the power of calling a rector, and too often, the practical power of starving him out or driving him off when he has worn out his welcome. "The hideous vestry system," and the terrible disease of "*vestryitis*," have echoed and re-echoed through our newspapers, and in episcopal addresses and platform speeches, until one would think that it was the worst plan of solving the patronage problem that ever was invented. Yet, instead of being the worst, it is actually *the best* known at the present day in any branch of the apostolic Church. At any rate, it is incomparably better than yours in England.

Our system, indeed, is yet in its infancy, and has many evils to contend with which are not properly its own. In the first place, the English Churchmen who come over as immigrants to this country, too often bring with them the idea that, beyond baptisms, marriages, and funerals, they do not need to trouble the Church at all; or that, as there is no Church established here *by law*, there is none which it is at all their duty to attend. If they do attend, they are so accustomed to a clergy supported by existing endowments, that they cannot be made to feel that there is any need for them to contribute towards current expenses. Any farther interest they may show, is probably in the way of fault-finding or bullying, because things are not exactly as they were in the parish they came from "at home." So the English element—where any such element is to be found—is not much of a help. And too often a large part of the American element is but lately drawn in from the much more numerous and powerful sects around us; and persons attracted to the Church only in their maturer years, are too apt to bring with them the mental habits which were those of their previous lives. Their sectarian idea always was, that the pews were the source of power; and that it is the first duty of the pulpit to please and fill the pews; and that, if the preacher don't do that, he ought to quit. Hardly anywhere are there any "endowments" of any sort, for the current expenses of clergy and parish. These *must*, somehow or other, be paid by the congregation, or by some missionary organization; or the clergyman must starve, or live by his own private means, or leave. Now the problem is, to *compel* people to support a clergyman by their *voluntary* offerings, when they *do not choose* to do it. It is possible, indeed, to put a legal remedy in the hands of a clergyman, but when he has come to the point of suing his people and levying on their property to get his salary, what good is his subsequent preaching of the Gospel likely to do, either to himself or to them? With ancient endowments, the income of which would support him, independently of the good-will of the parish, the case would be different. In parishes among us that have sufficient endowments, the tenure of the rectorship is as steady and as sure as in England. These are, indeed, as yet, very

few, and for the most part they are not desirable. Suppose that a clergyman—no matter for what cause—has lost his acceptableness, so that a large part of his people will no longer attend his ministrations, and that the longer he stays the worse it gets. What is the result on *your* principle? The clergyman gets his living all the same, with less and less work to do. The people neglect religion altogether; or, after a few years, seeing no hope of any speedy change in the church, they begin to go to the Wesleyan chapel or the Independent meeting, and after ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty years of such a "permanent rectorship," the bulk of the population are permanently alienated from the Church. On our plan, the rector would have been starved out or driven away (I purposely use the strongest words) in a year or two at the furthest, and the coming of a new man would have given a chance, at least, of better satisfaction and growth for the future. It is not often, on our plan, that dissenting congregations are built up out of the ruins of our parishes. The clergy, indeed, sometimes have a hard time of it; but the clergy exist for the sake of the people, not the people for the sake of giving a support to the clergy; and whenever the preference *must* be given, the interest of the flock should prevail, and the clergy, like their Master, be content to suffer in the service,—and move on. So far as my experience goes, when there is dissatisfaction in a parish, it is quite as likely to be the parson's fault, as that of the people. The being in Holy Orders is no sufficient excuse for any man to dispense with prudence, tact, knowledge of mankind, acceptable manners, or any other good gift. And a clergyman is at least as much bound to show due consideration for the feelings and convictions of his people, as they are for his. A neglect of these considerations *will* work according to the laws of human nature, as surely as a priest's hand, if he thrust it into the fire, will get burned. It is not best for *the clergy themselves* that their income should be *entirely* independent of their devotion to duty. We are all human. And that we should find, when we do our duty diligently, a little more encouragement than when we neglect it altogether, will do none of us any great harm. Of course this is written, not for exceptional cases, but for the general run.

Now, as it is clear that our plan, on the whole, works less harm than yours, where the priest is personally unsatisfactory, let us next look at the other side. Suppose a priest builds up his parish to an extraordinary degree of health and strength; and his being made a bishop, or his accepting a call to another post of labour, or his death, should cause a vacancy, how shall it best be filled? On our American plan, the vestry—generally some seven, nine, or twelve of the leading laymen of the parish, elected annually in Easter week—can call any priest of the Church in good standing, in any diocese, and no bishop has a canonical right to refuse him if he comes with clean papers. These Easter elections of vestrymen are generally mere forms. When the parish is at peace, scarce half a dozen voters ever attend, and a little

judicious influence exercised kindly by a wise rector, will in a few years give him a vestry thoroughly in harmony with himself. In case of his death, they will surely get a successor as perfectly in harmony with his tone and spirit as they can, and *nobody can hinder them*. If their beloved rector has gone to another field, his influence will regulate the succession almost as a matter of course. Those astonishing calamities which startle us so often, as happening among you—where a united, harmonious, zealous parish is scattered to the winds, or blighted in a day, by the arbitrary appointment of a new incumbent utterly out of harmony with his predecessor—are *simply impossible* on our American plan.

With us, therefore, the *evil* that a priest may do in a parish is more *transient*, and the *good* that he may do is more surely *permanent*, than with you. Our plan—with all its drawbacks—is better than yours in *both* directions.

Its excellence will be equally apparent if we try it by another test. *What should we put in place of it?* The favourite plan *here*, with those who are dissatisfied, is to give the nomination to all vacant parishes to the bishop of the diocese for the time being. This might do very well in ancient days, when the bishop was the channel of the direct apostolic tradition. But in our days, when we are trying to work a true spiritual reform in the Church from within, it is a totally different question. Tradition, as we all know, is of the essence of the episcopate. The instinct of bishops is almost invariably to hand down the working system of the Church just as they received it. As they are mostly elderly men by the time they are consecrated, their effort is to perpetuate the tone of the past generation, rather than to encourage that which is advancing in the present. *Every reform from within, therefore, must count upon the bishops for its enemies for at least a whole generation*; and it will be a fortunate thing if the opposition does not continue for two or three generations. And this is well, for otherwise changes would be too easy, and all stability would be destroyed. If the new movement be of God, it will not die out, but will only be deepened and steadied and strengthened by opposition. The long struggle will teach humility to the human instruments through whom it is carried to success. The first generation will be kept humble by opposition, denunciation, defeats, and possibly defections and blunders. The second generation will be kept humble by knowing that, though they may reap the fruit, they did not sow the seed, or bear the burden and heat of the day. And the final triumph will be far more permanent than if it had been more easily gained. Look at the episcopate of England to-day, with the Primate of All England at the head of it. They are *now* ready unanimously to commend the wonderful Church revival that began with the Oxford movement of more than forty years ago. But the episcopate of England was *equally unanimous* in condemning it *forty years ago*. And even now, though unanimously approving it, they are

almost as unanimous in condemning the ritualistic movement of to-day, which is as inseparably connected with the other as the butterfly is with the caterpillar. If the nomination to vacant parishes, therefore, be given to the bishops, every possible reform of the Church from within will be smothered in embryo. To urge other considerations, from the danger of family jobs, for sons or sons-in-law, or cousins, or partisan friends, or the like, is needless. You all know much more about those things in England than we do here; not that our bishops here are any better than yours by nature; but here a kind Providence gives them no chance to do any thing of that sort—thanks to our vestry system.

Another plan of providing for the patronage is to give to it a *central board*, whether clergy or laity or both, or to them jointly with the bishop. The inevitable working of this plan is, to give the preference to the *mean average*, and to taboo all “extreme men” of every school. The tendency of this is, to increasing *narrowness*, generation after generation. Extreme men are of the greatest value, because they keep the arms of a true comprehensiveness wide open. A bishop might *possibly*, now and then, be brought to regard extreme men with some favour; but a central board, never! The guaranty of our comprehensiveness is, therefore, the freedom of vestries in making their own calls, just as, with you, it is an incidental benefit resulting from the present anomalous condition of Church patronage among you. But our form of it is the safer, and with less danger of abuse. We have no Dean Stanley. We have no Stopford Brooke.

If the power is to be lodged neither with the bishop nor with a central board, so a combination of the two would be worse than either alone, for it would ensure all the faults of both, and give no chance for the good points which might possibly be found now and then in either the one or the other. Of course, if a bishop be of the right sort, one who knows how to win and keep the confidence of his people, he will be consulted in many, if not in all cases of vacancies in his diocese, and his advice will be practically equivalent to a nomination. But if a bishop be of the right sort, he will have this influence anyhow, and no canon could take it away from him. If he be *not* of the right sort, no canon ought to give it to him, for he could never be trusted to make the right use of it.

In a country like ours, the idea that the right of nomination to vacant parishes should be bought and sold in open market, or run with the possession of a certain estate, is of course out of the question.

Now, if the right is not to be given to the bishop, nor to a central board, nor to one private individual, to whom *can* it be entrusted but to a *local board*, the leading persons of the congregation concerned—in other words, the vestry? They are *personally* the most deeply interested. They are to receive their spiritual ministrations from the priest appointed. They are to benefit by, or suffer from, his personal peculiarities. They are to furnish his income by voluntary contributions out of their

own pockets. *They* are more directly interested, therefore, than bishop, central board, and all other parties put together. To entrust the selection of the priest to them, therefore, must necessarily be the safest and the least liable to objection, of all modes thinkable.

Nor is it correct to say that this really involves the absurdity of the taught choosing their own teacher, the sheep ruling their own shepherd. It does no such thing. No person is eligible, by any vestry, until he has been duly examined by the canonical authorities and solemnly ordained to the priesthood by a bishop, that ordination being, on the lowest view, the certificate of the episcopal order, that that priest is canonically qualified and fit to take charge of any cure of souls to which he may be called; and so long as that priest is "in good and regular standing," that position "is a standing guarantee to the same effect." When any vestry calls any priest, then, they simply *take the bishops at their word*, that the priest is a proper man to be called. As to all the infinite variety of points touching personal appearance, voice, manner, character, tone of theology, grade of ritual, and what not—all of which are within the canonical comprehensiveness of the Church—the parish is a better judge of what it really wants, than anybody else; and to trust it to make its own selection, by its own vestry, is less likely to be seriously abused, than to trust the power of selection to any other party or parties less directly interested in making a *good* choice. (The idea of a popular election by all the communicants of a parish, is open to objections of another kind, and has no friends on this side of the water in our Church.)

But the toughest and most important part of the patronage problem is, the selection of the persons to be consecrated bishops. Now, in theory, the bishops are the rightful, original, perpetual, indefeasible chief rulers of the Church—the one channel through which alone our historic succession from the Apostles can be demonstrated—the one channel through which alone a valid ordination can be obtained by any priest or deacon. *Ecclesia est in episcopo*. If any true representatives of the Church can be found anywhere, they should—in theory—be the bishops. And the bishops themselves are never weary of re-asserting this, their traditional position, and claiming the fulness of their traditional power. But when there is a conflict of true interests between the Church and the civil government, where—since the revolution of 1688—have your bishops always been found? Suppose that the relations between England and France were such, that all nominations for promotion in the British army were to be made only by the king or emperor or president of France, and a war should break out between the two countries, how many victories would be won by the British armies? In every such contest, except only the immortal seven in the reign of James II., your bishops have, as a body, *invariably sold you out to the enemy*. And nothing is more natural. The priestly power which they received from the Church, they shared equally with twenty thousand

other priests. The honour of being selected to be a bishop, they owe, not to the Church, but to the Prime Minister of the day; and, like human beings, they are grateful to the power that made them. It is not only that they always take Cæsar's side; but it is the calm and serene unconsciousness that there ever can be any difference between Cæsar's interests and those of God, that is amazing to the churchly mind. Look, for the crowning instance, at the way in which the *judicial* and *disciplinary* powers, inherent in the episcopal office from the beginning, and maintained more or less clearly through all the ages down to the year 1879, were then coolly, nay eagerly, *made a present of* to Parliament and a purely Parliamentary judge! And now the whole episcopate is howling with indignation and rage at the faithful priests who are willing to go to jail in the hope of recovering, to these treacherous prelates, that precious jewel of their order, which they had themselves so shamefully, nay, shamelessly, thrown away!

No measure for Church Reform is worth thinking of which does not include—if indeed it does not begin at—the restoring to the Church the selection of her own bishops. And yet this seems to be a matter in which the waters have yet hardly begun to stir. Years ago, when the new Sees were first spoken about, with an endowment to be provided by private individuals entirely, it seemed as if the time were surely at hand for a change. If the Government funds had provided the endowment, it would have been natural enough for the Government to nominate the new bishop as usual. But that Government should give *not one penny*, but should *require* an endowment to be raised of from £20,000 to £30,000; that *all* this should be paid in out of the pockets of private individuals, and that Government should then impudently pocket the patronage created by private liberality—in advance—seemed to be *impossible*. And yet it took place as easily as if it were “all right.” To me, it was simply amazing.

But what remedy is possible? It clearly will not do to restore an absolute right of choice to the cathedral chapters, reduced as they are, and appointed in such a way as to make them no better representatives of the Church than the bishops themselves. It will not do to abolish the *congé d'élire*—the last faint reminiscence of the former rights of the Church, thus kept alive as a hope for the future. It will not do to have bishops made merely by letters patent, and thus abandon the Church's ancient right altogether. To attempt to alter the law may at present be as unwise as it would probably be unsuccessful. But a sensible Prime Minister, who feels the delicate and difficult responsibility of the nomination of bishops, might easily find a way to cut the Gordian knot. When a See was vacant, or a new See erected, he might say, officially, that the one name presented to him before such a day by a majority of the clergy and laity of the diocese concerned, voting by orders and by ballot, should be the name inserted in the letter missive that accompanied the *congé d'élire*. This mode of settling *his own choice of the*

individual would be so popular in the Church at large, that no successor would dare to depart from the precedent thus set. And the old forms, with a new soul in them, might go on until the reorganization of the Church could make the process a little more direct.

But take care not to be deluded by any proposal that the Church shall send in *two or three* names, of which the Prime Minister shall select *one*. So long as the selection of a name is to be left to him *in any measure or degree*, he is sure to choose the one that the *State* can rely on, rather than the Church; and the Church will continue to be cheated in the result. Let there then be *one* name; and as the Church has done *all the choosing*, she will have a fair chance to secure fidelity in the one chosen. Remember how the Pope manages to amuse his priests with allowing them to send him three names for a vacant episcopate, and then he chooses *one* of them—or someone else whom he likes better. The actual determining as to the particular individual, ensures the *inner allegiance*.

This asking for a nominee on the part of clergy and laity *presupposes* some organization of the laity by the *voluntary act of the Church*. This is the best way for it to originate, rather than to wait for an Act of Parliament to constitute the lay body, as in the case of the Church of Ireland. If the Church begins it, she can easily insist, from the first, that none shall be eligible except regular communicants. In this point we made one of our many blunders, not corrected yet, in all our Diocesan Conventions, but amended years ago in regard to our General Convention, which alone deals with doctrine. When the body of laity is thus constituted by the Church, and in working order, no act of disestablishment would venture to set it aside or constitute another and a different lay body.

The proposal of the Convocation of Canterbury for the establishment of a "Provincial House of Laymen" is very good as far as it goes, but it would not be found as effective, if meeting and debating separately from the clergy, and only on certain points. *Co-ordinate powers and position*, meeting and debating in *one body*, but with the *vote by orders* as the protection to each order, is the true thing to aim for. The provincial idea, also, does not go far enough. One great cause of the deadlock of Church machinery in England is the existence of only two provinces, one of which is so numerous that it is constantly tempted to feel as if it were the whole; while the other is so small, that it is tempted to pursue an obstructive course, if for no other reason than to prevent its being overslaughed* altogether. If the Welsh dioceses were reconstituted into a province, with an Archbishop of St. Davids at their head, it certainly would not hinder the revival of Church growth, now so happily begun within that Principality. And if two or three other provinces were

* "Overslaugh, v. t.—To hinder or stop, as by an overslaugh or unexpected impediment; as to overslaugh a bill in a legislative body—that is, to hinder or stop its passage by some opposition."—"Webster's Dictionary."

erected within the present overgrown province of Canterbury, there would then be less obstruction from mutual jealousies, and every one would then feel the *necessity* of having one national synod in which the entire English Church should act as a unit—bishops, clergy and laity. To this alone should the delicate work of *legislation* be entrusted. On our American plan, where each petty Diocesan Convention makes its own "constitutions" and body of "canons" (subject, of course, to those of the General Convention), the work of so-called "legislation" is run into the ground.

There is one most important point to be touched on, which I have never so much as seen any allusion to, in all your discussions on the subject. There has been plenty said, indeed, about the danger of an *imperium in imperio*. Some years ago I read the report of a speech by a leading Nonconformist, who declared himself entirely opposed to the disestablishment of the Church of England. He acknowledged that it would be greatly to the benefit of the spiritual life and vigour of the Church to be set free from the State: "But," he asked, "what in that case would become of the liberties of the State?" The Church would embrace more than a majority of the people in one organization; and religious zeal being a stronger motive generally than any ordinary political object, no Parliament of England would ever be able to resist the Church. "To preserve the independence of the State," he said, "he must continue to oppose the idea of restoring freedom to the Church." I have never seen any attempt to answer the objection. Yet there is an answer.

The history of the Church shows a general, and seemingly irresistible tendency, on the part of purely clerical synods, to get into conflicts with the civil power for supremacy. During the whole mediæval period (and the Papacy is merely a prolongation of that, in its worst features) the feudal system culminated instinctively in one visible head. If two men will ride on one horse, one must ride behind. Both the Pope and the Emperor were determined to ride *first*; and neither was willing to ride behind the other. The modern theory is truer and better in every way. It is to separate the spheres, so that each shall be supreme *in his own sphere*; and that there should be wise and careful and kindly co-operation where the spheres overlap. The development of modern civilization shows, more and more, that if there is to be *one* master, it will not be the Pope, much less any other cleric. His ancient domineering over kings and kaisers has so far changed, that there is not now an emperor, king, or president anywhere in the whole world to lift a musket for him, or to care for all the anathemas or interdicts he may be foolish enough to utter. *No purely clerical legislative body* will now be tolerated anywhere in the civilized world.

Now the true operation of the laity, when admitted into fully co-ordinate position in all Church synods with the clergy, will be to *destroy all probability of dangerous collisions between the Church and the State*.

And the reason will be clear, on a little reflection. In all free countries Government necessarily assumes the form of government by party. In every National Church, the lay members, as well as the clerical, will be attached more or less to *both* political parties. But in the case of the clergy, the religious interests are so entirely predominant, that it would not be difficult, on grounds of conscience (or what seems to be such in times of excitement), to produce a corporate resistance to some legitimate exertion of power on the part of the State. The case as to the laity, however, is very different. In a body of such vast importance as the National Synod of England, it would only be natural and proper, and indeed inevitable, that Churchmen of great national eminence should, from both parties in national politics, be sent as lay deputies to the Synod. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Blachford might be sent as deputies on the one side, and Earl Beauchamp and Lord Cranbrook on the other. Now the life-calling of the laymen, in cases like these, is *practical politics*. They are professional *experts* in this direction, just as the clergy are professional experts in the direction of doctrine, discipline, worship, and Catholic tradition generally. In case any measure were proposed that would have an undue political bearing, if it were one that the Conservatives could make something of, some Liberal laymen would be found to object instantly; and if it be one that would help the Liberals, some Conservative laymen would be equally on the watch. When the laymen were all united, it would be clear that the Government *ought* to, and *would*, respect the conscientious convictions of so large a body of the people, of *both* parties. The operation of this has often been most beneficially manifested in our General Conventions, where Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, Senators of the United States, Governors of States, Members of Congress, or those who have once filled such offices, often come as simple lay-deputies from the dioceses in which they reside, and give to the Church the benefit of their experience of a lifetime. The wholesome effect of it always is to teach prudence and propriety, and to keep the Church from meddling, though with the best of motives, in that which is really none of her business. Thus, with the laity in their proper co-ordinate position, the anticipated difficulties of an *imperium in imperio* would never occur. The laity would be a perpetual *flux*, by which the constitutional antagonisms of the clergy and the State would be reduced, melted, moderated, compromised, or entirely removed. *The importance of this consideration cannot be exaggerated.* The large proportion of laymen with national reputations that would be brought together in any meeting of a synod representing the entire Church of England, would at once *command* the perfect confidence of all Englishmen, that no such body would ever run amuck against the legitimate powers of the British Parliament.

Such a position, given to such laymen, would likewise render disendowment—except perhaps a few cheeseparings of sinecures and such like—morally impossible. Neither party would venture to advocate it,

for fear of bringing down upon them a greater *loss* of political power than they could possibly make up by gains in any other quarter through a policy of spoliation. With the laity in Synod, the whole nation could easily be made to see that disendowment meant really that one part of the laity should rob another part of the laity by Act of Parliament. And when that was seen, it would not be done, it *could* not be done.

And now for a few general considerations in closing.

Ever since the time of Constantine, wherever there has been no form of Church organization to secure to the Church laity their proper influence, the lay power, organized as the civil government, has domineered over the Church from the outside, and every now and then plundered her by wholesale, besides insisting on the right to control the promotion to all her chief offices. The natural leaders and constitutional rulers of the Church, in all these ages, have been under first mortgage to her most formidable enemy. The struggle to retain *something*, has led the Church to submit to the Papacy on the Continent; and the degradation of religion on all sides, has led to Continental infidelity and communism.

In England, after the papal difficulty had been gotten rid of, the other was intensified, until the results—though not so deep-seated, acrid, and inveterate, as on the Continent—are nevertheless so vast as to stagger the power of apprehension. If she had *merely retained* the ground she held at the opening of the Reformation, with its natural increase, making no fresh conquests, only think what the British Church would now be! But the terrible loss of spiritual flexibility and power involved in her “established” relations with the State, has cost her nearly the whole of Scotland, four-fifths of Ireland, nearly the entire mass of the great Protestant sects that dominate this country, and nearly one half of the home population in England besides! What further proof of the “great advantages of our *establishment*” do sensible men require?

On the other hand, the poor little Church of Scotland, almost exterminated by her connexion with the State, is reviving to a wonderful degree, a majority of her Sees having either built or begun cathedrals within the present generation.

The Church of Ireland (*fit experimentum in corpore vili*), brought to an almost intolerable degree of degradation by her State connexion, has been mending ever since it ceased. Remember the bear-garden at the beginning of her synodical sessions, with Lord James Butler as high-cockalorum of the Protestants on the rampage, and the terrible threatenings of what “the laity” were going to do with the “remnants of Popery” in the Prayer-book! But being compelled to meet the clergy face to face, in equal discussion, year after year (though the clergy were nothing to boast of as a whole), the Irish laity have been *learning*, year by year, what nobody could make them learn before. And slowly, but steadily, the tone of the whole body has been

rising, until, when the "revision" was completed, those were *least* satisfied with the result, who themselves had set the ball in motion. And if the bishops and clergy had only been a little more firm in the use of their vote by orders, the result might have been somewhat better still. But if the experiment has worked well, even in Ireland, it can not possibly work otherwise than well in any other part of the Church.

In this country, notwithstanding our long colonial asphyxiation, when the Church was deliberately smothered by the State for State purposes; notwithstanding the fact that she was well-nigh extinct at the close of the Revolutionary War, loaded with political as well as religious obloquy, and that it was a whole generation before even the gift of the episcopate brought back to her the signs of returning life; notwithstanding the fact that we have faithfully copied as many of your blunders as we could, besides making others of our own; notwithstanding our "hideous vestry system," our non-communicant membership of vestries and conventions, and faulty tenure of Church property; notwithstanding our imperfect judicial system; our failure, thus far, to establish provinces, our feebleness of plan in having the senior bishop by consecration as the presiding bishop of our national Church, and other drawbacks too numerous to mention—we have, nevertheless, during nearly a century since our full organization, been *gaining steadily* on our growth of population, even although that growth is the most rapid that the world has ever seen, and although it is so largely made up of foreign elements which are, for a generation or two, almost wholly beyond our reach. Nay, more than this, our influence has perceptibly modified every other leading variety of religion in this country, so that the general movement, which is more or less perceptible, is steadily and predominantly a movement towards us. We are the evident centre of gravity of all the varieties of Christianity now known in the land.

Your own colonial Churches all tell the same story, each in its own proportion and degree. Not one of them has failed to give the laity an organic place and co-ordinate position. Not one of them has lost in strength, zeal, power, or tone of Churchmanship. All have gained.

And let me appeal specially to the experience of advanced men at home. What would the whole movement of the great Catholic Revival have been without the laity? Where would have been the enormous gifts for churches, church schools, and all manner of good works, that have made the Anglican Church during the past forty years the marvel of Christendom, without the laity? Where would have been your two "fighting" societies—the English Church Union and the Church of England Working Men's Association—without the laity? They have proved themselves, in *every* way, fit to be trusted. *Then trust them.*

And how can you hesitate? Your secular lay power now monopolizes—practically in entire independence of the bishops and clergy—the absolute control of Church legislation, Church discipline, and the appointment to high office in the Church; and even impudently claims

the power of legislation on doctrine without consulting the Convocation ; besides constantly threatening you with that wholesale confiscation of which they have given you more than one specimen in former days. Your alternative is to grant to the *Church* laity, organized as such, an *undivided third part* of that power which is now tyrannically usurped in its entirety by the secular lay power—an undivided third part, to be exercised at every point, under the supervising influence, and modified by the indispensable co-operation of, the two orders of bishops and clergy : and yet you hesitate !

Anyhow, whether you advocate it or not, the change is coming. It will soon be on you, whether or no. Resistance is useless. By resistance you may force it into some very undesirable position. By boldly and fearlessly going *for* it, you can ensure its being realized in its best shape, and reap the earlier benefit from its triumph. It should be the first point, the chief point, in your "plan of campaign," instead of being omitted altogether, or left to drift along at the mercy of a "fortuitous concourse of atoms." In short, with the laity properly organized by the voluntary action of the Church, and that position subsequently recognized, directly or indirectly, by the State, the benefits of disestablishment would be substantially gained already, and disendowment would be made well-nigh impossible.

It is with the utmost diffidence that I submit these thoughts to the brave brethren who are dearest to me in England. The venture would not be made but for the reflection that one who lives close under the base of a lofty mountain seldom sees its shape, because the nearer, though lower, foot-hills shut out the sight. Only one who views it from a certain distance, can truly delineate its outline of grandeur and beauty. If this thought will not plead my excuse, I would then urge, that I have resisted for many years the desire to write on this subject, and only at last have reluctantly executed my task. If even this will not bring me pardon for taking the liberty to write as I have done, I shall be content to accept the rebukes of my English brethren in loving silence, and trouble them with no further intrusion hereafter.

JOHN HENRY HOPKINS.

WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA,
January 20, 1881.

WHAT THE THREE F's DID FOR TUSCANY.

THE natural charms of alliteration have condensed the demands of a large part of the Irish people into a formula very convenient to the memory ; and the cry for the Three F's goes to the root of the long-recognized, but unremedied grievances of Ireland. They have met naturally with many bad names ; and the expression Confiscation has been freely applied to them, the last death-cry of every expiring abuse. It is therefore worth remembering that they found a place in one of the commonest forms of tenure among a people whose laws to this day form the actual basis or model of the laws of the most advanced nations in the world.

This form of tenure was called *Emphyteusis*, into the archæology of which it is unnecessary to enter : suffice it to say that it was recognized by the laws of Imperial Rome, and was the form of tenure that bound the State itself and most Roman corporations to their tenants. Its principal conditions involved the Three F's. The *emphyteuta* or tenant received a perpetual grant of land at a low fixed rent per annum. This rent could not be raised for any improvements he might make on the land, such improvements being the object as they were also the condition of his tenure. He had too the right of disposing of his interest by any act in his lifetime or by his will, subject to the payment to the grantors of a small fine in case of alienation. He had to pay all the taxes and charges to which the land was subject ; and his fixity of tenure was so far limited, that the land reverted to its direct owners if the rent or taxes remained unpaid for the definite period of two or three years.* Still, this form of tenure granted the only fixity of tenure that could in justice be expected, and it was essentially based on the right of free sale and the

* Poggi : "Cenni Storici delle legge sull' Agricoltura," i. 176. Maine. *Ancient Law*, 300. The most learned work on the subject is that of Pepin le Halleur, published in Paris, 1843.

payment of a fair, that is, a low rent. Thus the Three F's are of very respectable lineage and antiquity; and instead of being new enemies prove themselves really to be very old friends.

It would be impossible to estimate how much Italy was indebted for cultivation in ancient times to this form of lease; but it seems to have always survived in Italy, and its extension over a great part of Tuscany was the means by which the Grand Duke Leopold I. raised that country from a state of depression very similar to that which the want of some such tenure has made chronic in Ireland. But Leopold looked farther for Tuscan prosperity than to the multiplication of tenants enjoying the Three F's; and the great improvement he effected in the old emphyteusis was the facilities he afforded to the lessees to acquire their holdings by purchase, and thus to pass into real peasant proprietors.

The importance of Leopold's agrarian legislation has been somewhat effaced from memory partly by the more striking changes of the French Revolution, and partly by the great reforms he effected in other departments of political life. It was partly due to Leopold and to his enlightened Ministers, Neri, Gianni, Tavanti, as it was due to his brother Joseph II. in Austria, that Tuscany and Austria escaped, by timely reforms, the horrors that marked the Revolution in France. That he should have put an end to the Inquisition, to torture, and to capital punishment; deprived the clergy of their immunity from taxation; forced them and powerful lay corporations to part with the lands they held in mortmain; suppressed brotherhoods and religious orders; established perfect freedom of trade; taken off all restrictions from industry, and put an end to the system of entails, without coming to any actual schism with the Church or encountering any effective opposition from the aristocracy, mark his reign in Tuscany of twenty-five years (1765-90) as one of the most remarkable in history, whether ancient or modern. It is, however, only his land laws that it is proposed here to consider, inasmuch as they had to deal with much the same difficulties that have occurred in Ireland, and aimed at meeting those difficulties by the very same remedies and principles that have been constantly, and are now loudly, demanded for that country.

The distress, amounting to famine, that preceded and attended his succession to the Grand Duchy, was the primary motive of his agrarian measures; for he recognized in a flourishing state of agriculture the only possible condition of real national prosperity. In spite of opposition, therefore, he proceeded step by step, till in 1775 he established absolute freedom of trade in corn. Such freedom was his fundamental principle. He instituted full liberty of trade in all the primary products of the soil, by abolishing all douanes that impeded their internal circulation, and by freeing the cultivators from most of the taxes and charges that weighed upon them.

It was, however, to the reform of the laws affecting the land itself that Leopold looked mainly for the revival of agriculture, and the

leading principle of his agrarian legislation was the promotion as much as possible of what we now call Free Trade in Land, or in other words the removal of all customary or legal restrictions that impeded its circulation as an article of commerce. That the evils which the freedom of entailing and settling have produced in Ireland, and which, in spite of the adverse criticism of all the best economists of our time, are still perpetuated, had been produced in Tuscany to as great a degree, is proved by the following statement from the account Leopold had published of his government in Tuscany on his departure to Vienna as Emperor of Austria:—
 “The too frequent and extravagant entails and other settlements in favour of mortmain had rendered inalienable a large part of the possessions of the Grand Duchy, and were going on from day to day, so that the amount of land thus made inalienable would have enormously increased had it been longer delayed to oppose a strong check to both, in order not only to avoid an increase in the number of estates chained up, but to obtain also their utmost possible diminution.”*

This utmost possible diminution of estates, and favouring of small ones, was also a prominent principle of Leopold's reforms. It is remarkable that Leopold and his councillors should have made this a primary object, without any apparent distrust of its consequences or any apparent consciousness of the claims of a rival system. The superiority of small estates to large ones they accepted without hesitation or argument, as an indubitable political axiom. The dispute concerning the two systems of land tenure was of later origin. In Ireland, the contrary system has been as unhesitatingly pursued since the close of the great war, and is still defended as the only possible salvation for Irish agriculture. Yet it deserves notice that even for Ireland the small farm system has not been without able defenders, even from the point of view of the greatest possible productiveness. Mr. Binns was one of the Assistant Agricultural Commissioners on the Irish Poor Inquiry of 1836, and his evidence on this subject is most positive. It was, he says, “agreed on all hands in every barony that ten small farmers, on ten acres each, produce more food than one farmer occupying 100 acres.” It was the statement of experienced men in all the baronies examined, that more produce was raised on small farms than on large ones, and more rent was paid for them. “It was the opinion of the most intelligent agriculturists and of all classes best able to judge, in the course of our examinations, that more produce is raised per acre and more rent paid on small farms than on large ones, and that when properly conducted they will actually enable a man not only to keep his family but to save a little money.”† So that possibly, even as concerns peasant farmers in Ireland, the political economists who taught Irish landowners to expect everything from consolidation and emigration have been less right than confident in their opinion.

* “Il governo della Toscana,”

p. 24. Florence, 1791.

† Binns: “Miseries and Beauties of Ireland,” i. 302; ii. 48, 427-8.

Such being the principles of Leopold's agrarian reforms, it remains to see to what extent they were applied. The land of Tuscany at his accession consisted of three distinct kinds of tenures. There were the great feudal estates descended from mediæval times; there were lands belonging to private individuals and let by them to tenants by free contract; and there were the Crown lands, and lands held in mortmain by ecclesiastical and lay corporations.

It is necessary to understand that with the two former kinds of tenure Leopold did not interfere. He did nothing to make the fiefs of the great proprietors alienable. Anti-feudal as his laws were, and firmly as he carried out his intention of restoring the lands to a peasant proprietary or to a fixed tenantry, he did nothing to destroy the great feudal estates existent in Tuscany, nor to free the vassals on them from the tributes and services they owed their feudal lords. All he did was to free them from the more vexatious taxes that they owed the State, and to allow them to cite their lords in civil suits before the royal tribunals. This omission on the part of the Grand Duke would probably have been remedied had his reign lasted longer; but it was not till Tuscany became a part of the French Empire that the feudal estates were brought promptly to an end. It appears that under them the Tuscans often behaved like their co-religionists in Ireland. In 1779 we read, for instance, of the vassals of the Count of Vernio rising against the oppression of his agents. Murmurings, strife, blows, and murders took place; and the good nature of the rural inhabitants was turned into desperation and fury.*

Neither did Leopold interfere with the condition of tenants who held their lands under contract from private individuals. Such lands were not rendered alienable by any interference with the original contract.† Events proved that this non-intervention was another omission on the part of the Grand Duke, which produced the same evils that the same form of tenure has produced in Ireland. These tenants (called *affittuari*) exactly corresponded to our class of tenant-farmers, though they held their farms for a fixed term of years, and were not, as commonly in Ireland, tenants-at-will, at the mercy all their lives of a notice to quit. The approach of the end of the lease, however, was apt to be the signal of a contest between the landlord and his tenant, the one anxious to raise the rent and the other to get it lowered. On that account the tenant was wont either to neglect the land or to exhaust it, and often to affect a greater poverty than really weighed upon him. In another respect also this form of tenure had a bad result, for it produced, as elsewhere, a class of day-labourers (*pigionali*), who (to use Sismondi's words, which strikingly recall the condition of the same class in Ireland) served the farmer whilst there was plenty of work, and

* Zobi: "Storia della Toscana," ii. 466:—"Accaddero sussurri, risse, ferimenti e morti. La bonomia dei rustici abitatori s'era convertita in disperazione e furore."

† Poggi: "Cenni Storici sull'Agricoltura," ii. 288.

lived the rest of the year on what they could steal, often forcing the farmer to defend with his gun his crops, his fruits, and his mulberry leaves.*

It was, therefore, only to the lands held by the Crown, or by ecclesiastical or lay corporations in mortmain, that Leopold applied the principles of his agricultural philosophy. The great mass of lands so held proved a most serious obstacle to productiveness and improvement. Not only could they not be alienated, but the tenants who cultivated them had no interest in their improvement. Already, in 1751, had Leopold's father placed his prohibition on the future amortizement of land by corporations without royal consent; but the mass of territory which had come into that condition before that date was so vast, that the measure operated too slowly to be effective. Much of the land therefore remained in the hands of owners who were without the motives, and sometimes without the means, of improving it; and this, says Signor Zobi, the historian of Tuscany, "could not be tolerated by a wise and sagacious legislator, who was convinced that at the head of the duties of sovereignty stood the duty of furthering the general welfare of the people, however much it might cost to particular corporations or to private individuals."†

In 1780, therefore, Leopold made farther inroads on the powers of disposing of lands in mortmain. Ecclesiastical and lay corporations were declared incapable of acquiring lands unless they had special royal exemption. Ecclesiastics were rendered incapable of acting as trustees or executors of property without royal consent; and the power of testators to defeat the wants of their relations by leaving their property to pious works was very much restricted. By these and similar regulations the tendency of property to pass into the hands of the Church or corporations was checked; but the important part of Leopold's legislation with regard to mortmain property, was his making it compulsory on the owners to alienate it, either by sale or by an emphyteutic lease, in order to bring it into circulation as an object of commerce, and consequently into better cultivation. Thus the lands of the Jesuits whom Clement XIV. suppressed in 1773, the lands of convents and brotherhoods that were abolished, the lands of the equestrian order of San Stefano, the lands of several colleges, and the royal lands and others, were by compulsion brought into the market (care being taken that no loss thereby should accrue to the owners); and it is with regard to the general rules, directed by the State to regulate the conditions of the sale or lease of such amortized property, that Leopold's legislation affords most interest as an experiment in agrarian reform.

The *Memoria Istruttiva*, addressed to those who were directed to make preliminary inquiries and carry into effect the alienation of the settled estates, is perhaps the most remarkable of all the numerous documents that survive of Leopold's active reign. It consists of sixty-

* Sismondi: "Etudes sur l'Economie Politique," i. 285.

† Zobi: ii. 351.

six sections, and is pervaded throughout by a spirit of liberality, of which unfortunately a mere summary can give but an imperfect reproduction. The most important sections, however, as embodying the whole of Leopold's economical philosophy, are those at the beginning, which contain the principles that are to engage the administrators' chief attention, and they are as follows:

"Vast landed possessions, reserved for the ownership of a few proprietors, are contrary to the progress of national wealth. . . .

"The land can only yield its utmost produce by the greatest application of the industry and labour employed upon it. . . .

"In consequence, it is desirable with the help of the Government to obtain the utmost possible division of the land. . . .

"The vast public and royal domains are the farthest of all from promoting the prosperity of the rural districts. . . .

"The system of farms in Tuscany has reduced the labourers to a class of mere operatives, who serve to make productive the property of others, and are paid by their yearly maintenance; the consequence being that they only feel desire for their own interest in that low and weak degree which is limited by the acquisition of their daily food.

"In consequence it is advisable for the Government to find a way to grant to this class of its subjects a real property in land, which may inspire them with all those passions that flow from proprietorship."

So far the problem is stated in terms that recall almost exactly the problem of land reform in Ireland. In both countries we see the very large estates, and the miserable condition of the labourers or farmers dependent on them, reduced to a struggle for bare existence. To subdivide the land among a larger proprietary, and to make that proprietary to consist chiefly of the rural population, was in Tuscany at least clearly recognized as the aim of legislation. How was it to be effected? On that point the Memorial left no doubt. Wherever it was possible to sell the lands in small portions to labourers who were able to buy, they were to be sold once for all; but where such persons could not afford to buy the fee-simple, the lands were to be let to them under the conditions that applied to the lease by *emphyteusis* or *livello*, with every facility possible for their changing that tenure at any time they could into complete and absolute ownership.*

Among the competitors for the purchase of the alienated lands, the actual cultivators resident on the spot were to have a prior claim, and after them such labourers as might seem most likely to turn their farms to good account. It was particularly desired that in the terms of purchase a prudent generosity and facility about the price should be the general rule, but rather in the way of consulting the purchaser's convenience, so as to attach him to his farm and its improvements,

* Sections 12, 19, 53-58 of the "Memoria Istruttiva," March, 1784. Whatever difference there may be between the lease by *emphyteusis* and that by *livello*, they are treated as synonymous in the text of Leopold's law and by Sismondi. *Livello* meant originally *Libello*, such lease contracts at one time having been obliged to be registered in a book or *Libellum*. Poggi: ii. 126.

than in permitting delays or compositions for payment, which would be only likely to turn him into a debtor and lead him to ruin. Moreover, readiness of payment was to be preferred to the greatest price obtainable, on the ground that a sale on such terms contributed more to facilitate and simplify the management of such negotiations than a higher price, which might make the purchaser a debtor of the whole or part of the purchase money.

It is interesting to notice in these Rules of Sale the strong feeling of the evils of absenteeism, and the strong precautions taken to guard against it. Persons not resident in the province where the lands lay, were to be debarred as much as possible from acquiring them. Foreigners who had wealth or lands, or who resided abroad, were to be absolutely debarred; but not simple foreign labourers who might be willing to establish themselves in Tuscan farms. Even natives who already possessed vast landed possessions were to be excluded, since their purchase of more would obviate the very object of the measure—namely, the prosperity of the agricultural class and the liberation of the labourers from a state of dependence. Lastly, persons resident in the capital were also to be excluded, on the ground that already the possession of property both in the provinces and the capital had been only too powerful a cause of that depression and poverty which had afflicted agriculture so grievously.*

With respect to such lands as in default of direct sale were to be let in emphyteusis at a fixed annual rent, the general principle was to be followed that what was intended was a settlement for the public good, and not simply a contract in which each party aimed at making a profit out of the necessities or circumstances of the other.† Thus, for example, it was directed that “an extraordinary generosity” should be shown in the terms offered for the facilitation of erecting buildings where none existed, as in farms cut off from larger holdings, and therefore without houses or farm buildings, the multiplication of such small holdings being a primary object of the measure. The administrators were to see that the rents were punctually paid, the conditions of the lease observed, and the account of everything connected with the alienation so kept in the district archives, that information concerning the property might easily be found. They were not to be bound by any hard and fast rules, but only by the general principles of liberal dealing, and were to adapt the regulations laid down to the profound knowledge acquired by them of the different circumstances of individuals and localities.

In another particular the good intention of the legislator was manifest. The administrators were to be careful not to adopt blindly the

* *Sec. 31* :—“Causa potente del languore e povertà che in quella provincia giunge a grado mostruoso.”

† *Sec. 43* :—“Si vuol fare un stabilimento di beneficio pubblico, e non semplicemente un contratto in cui le parti abbiano per scopo la mira di guadagnare l'una sul bisogno e sulle circostanze dell'altra.”

highest bidder, but always the best—that is to say, they were not merely to consider whether a man could easily pay the purchase money or the rent, but whether he was able to afford the necessary expenses of cultivation, with a view to promoting the land's productiveness. In any case, their choice of purchasers or tenants was to be submitted to the Grand Duke's approval, the right of the State to regulate a condition of its prosperity so important as agriculture being frequently and distinctly asserted throughout these proceedings, and constituting, perhaps, their most noticeable feature.

Contemporaneously with this Memorial there was issued a *Notificazione*, or general statement of the Conditions of Sale or Lease that were to be binding on intending purchasers or lessees. In some respects it is a more interesting document than the Memorial, as being the basis of that prosperity which marked Tuscany during Leopold's reign, and as showing the improvements he effected in the old custom of lease by *emphyteusis*. In the rules which it laid down for the regulation of tenure by *emphyteusis* or *livello*, over the great extent of land to which it applied, it will be seen that the Three F's were fully secured, and the way barred at once by the law as far as possible against those disputes and hard dealings which are otherwise apt to arise, when unrestricted freedom of contract leaves the door open to uncertainty and oppression.

Fixity of tenure was secured by a clause, which decreed that these *livelli*, or leases, should be granted to the lessee or lessees and their heirs male, for ever (*in infinito*), and in default of such heir male, to the female heirs of the last surviving male for their lives, but not beyond. But this fixity of tenure, as in the old lease by *emphyteusis*, was, of course, dependent on the fulfilment of the purposes and conditions of the tenure. If the rent remained unpaid for two years, or the tenant fell in debt to an amount equivalent to two years' rent, or if it were proved by fair arbitration that the land deteriorated under his management, then the property returned to its owner, who, if he cared to assert his right, might by his administrator take possession of it without the need of any judicial decree, and let it to other persons capable of holding it, but subject always to the Royal assent.* But what comparison is there between a right of eviction, so regulated by law, and the right of eviction so long practised in Ireland, where it has been no uncommon thing for a notice to quit to be the regular accompaniment of a receipt for the rent?

That *Fair rents* were aimed at by Leopold is clear from what has been said of the *Memoria Istruttiva*, and it is also proved by a provision in the *Notificazione*, of the object of which there seems little doubt. The annual rent, it was stated, was to consist of the sum that might be settled in consequence of the terms offered at the auction, or by private treaty, always subject to the Royal assent as to the acceptance and preference

* Sec. 19.

of such offers.* By this reservation, it was clearly intended to bring the rents under State control, and not to suffer them to reach that limit which naturally results from the competition for land. The law made also other regulations with regard to them, calculated to diminish possibilities of dispute. The fine, or premium (*laudemio*) to be paid at the completion of the contract was not to be less than a year's rent. The rent was to be a charge on all the tenants under the same landowner, default of payment by one having therefore to be made good by the rest. And it was clearly stated, that the lessees were to have no claim for any abatement of their rent on account of any depreciation of their crops by any accident the most unlikely, unless there was from any cause an actual diminution of the soil of the farm, in which case a reduction of rent proportional to their loss of profit was to be allowed, but with no claim on their part for compensation nor for repayment of any part of the premium.

The *Free sale* of the tenant's interest was particularly reserved. He might dispose of or alienate the usufruct of the land in whole or in part during his life or by his last will, subject, of course, to the rents and covenants. But if he did not so dispose of it, and his legal heirs became extinct, then the property was to revert to the direct owner with all improvements that might have been made on it, and whatever the expense of the lessee. On this subject of improvement the law left no doubt. For they were all, of any sort or kind or degree, to become the property of the landlord without any claim for compensation on the part of the tenant. But then we must remember that the rent was fixed and could not be raised, as in Ireland it has always been, often to the absolute confiscation of the tenant's improvements; and as the tenant had fixity of tenure, it evidently remained his own fault if he did not stay long enough on his farm to reap the full benefit of every farthing he expended.

By this tenure, therefore, the Three P's, Fixity of tenure, Fair rents, and Free sale, were established over a large part of Tuscany, with what results or success will presently be considered. Indeed, they always had formed part of the lease by emphyteusis, but the great difference between that tenure and the new form of it initiated by Leopold, was the power conferred on the tenant, or rather the encouragement given to him, to convert his leasehold into a freehold by enabling him to purchase the interest of the direct owner. The *livellario*, as long as he paid his quit rent to the corporations was, only a tenant, though he might cultivate his land by *métayers* under him and stand to them in the position of landlord; but the object of the law was to enable him to rise to the rank of a real peasant proprietor. In the case of ecclesiastical *livelli* it appears that the consent of both parties was necessary to the land's redemption, but the tenants of lay corporations were entitled to effect such a change even against the will of the direct owners at a rate of

* Sec. 12 :—"Salvo sempre il Regio assenso per l'accettazione o prelazione dell' offerta."

purchase declared by the law.* In order still further to facilitate such purchase, it was ordered that half the expenses incurred in effecting them, were to be at the charge of the vendors.†

In all these regulations, the intention is evident of improving the condition of the class immediately connected with the cultivation of the soil, and of raising the state of agriculture by laws thus favourable to the status of the agriculturist. But there was also another class connected with the land whose powers over it, though they were nominally its possessors, were so limited as seriously to interfere with its improvement at their hands. Leopold did not forget that it was not enough to bestow the free disposal of his interest on the tenant; that the landlord himself often had an equal right to freedom of sale, both in his own interest and in that of agriculture at large. In modern England or Ireland, the real *ascripti glebæ* are not the tenants or labourers who in theory at least can at any time invest their capital or skill how and where they please, but those tenants-for-life under an entail who live not on estates they can call their own, and can improve according to the opportunities or exigencies of their lives, but on estates that belong really to the dead, and are bound often for many years by the iron law of an irreversible judgment. Leopold readily perceived the fatality of allowing a large part of Tuscany to rest in the hands of men who could not part with it, though they often, at the same time, might lack the means or taste to improve it themselves.

Already, in the reign of Leopold's father, these entails had been to some extent restricted. A law of 1747 stated a certain time after which all such settlements were to end, and limited the degrees of relationship to which it was permissible to make them. It even empowered a tenant-for-life, in spite of the directions of the settlor, to raise dowries for his daughters, or to improve his property out of the funds in settlement. Leopold first of all amplified the restrictions contained in this law, and then, seven years afterwards (1789), made a famous law, decreeing, that all entails legally instituted before that date and not yet terminated, should come to an end in the persons of such remainder men as were already in being at the date of the law, or of such as should be born of marriages at that date contracted. In this way no injury was done to any legitimate interests or expectations. The same law annulled all entails that might exist in wills made, but not opened, at the time of its decree, and declared in solemn words, that for the future neither noble nor citizen should have any power by any title whatsoever to make such entails on any kind of property whatsoever, so as to render it inalienable for even the shortest possible space of time. "Thus," to use the words of Leopold's published account of his government, "the way was cut off for ever against such dispositions, which had the additionally pernicious effect for the most part of heaping on a single son all the patrimony of

* Poggi: "Cenni storici," &c., ii. 285.

† "Notificazione," 27.

his father to the exclusion of others, to which by right of nature an equal participation would have belonged."

The foregoing laws are sufficient of themselves to stamp Leopold's reign as an epoch in the history of legislation; but almost more remarkable still was the Municipal Law of May 23, 1774, by which he reconstituted the magistracy of Tuscany on the basis of local self-government. Considering the way in which the Irish poorer classes have been exposed to the mercies of magistrates and grand juries of opposite interests to their own, it is a strange thing to find an autocratic government like Leopold's decreeing a law, in pursuance of the motive that it is "conformable to good order and to the rules of justice, that economical affairs should be directed and administered by those whose greatest interests they are." The magistracy of each commune was accordingly freed from the control of the central government, and was made to act in common with a Council General. A certain qualification of age and property was made requisite for a seat in the magistracy; but the Council General, and this is the important consideration, was to consist of the heads of labouring and artisan families, according as they should be elected by lot from the total number of such names inscribed in the books of the commune. The magistracy, also, was eligible by lot from all the names of residents in the commune that possessed the necessary qualifications. It is not necessary to analyze the respective powers of the magistracy and Council General; the remarkable thing is that such Councils should have been formed or endowed with any powers at all.

It would be an error to suppose that the results of these reforms were all success, and it is, perhaps, in trying to distinguish the points in which Leopold's intentions were frustrated from those in which they achieved their object, that the experience of the results of his measures affords us most instruction by way of encouragement and warning.

As regards increased productiveness and the revival of agriculture from a very low state of depression, his measures appear to have been entirely successful. This appeared generally in the altered aspect of the country. In a short space of time, says S. Zobi, woods and wide wastes were turned into smiling fields, covered with corn and trees; the agricultural population increased, as also did the number of their comforts, and the national wealth. "The Tuscan country," says another writer, "had scarcely tasted the breath of liberty than it assumed such an aspect as had never been witnessed in the most flourishing days of Etruria. Lands uncultivated from time immemorial were brought under tillage; inhospitable wastes became populated, thick woods were cleared, habitations increased almost visibly in the midst of vast plains that were once deserted, and on hills and mountains once tenanted by only a few shepherd's huts." Rocky hills became clothed with vines and olives; corn took the place of stagnant waters; and the population, keeping pace

with a vast increase of produce, increased by 130,000 inhabitants.* All this under the establishment of the 'Three F's'.

So much for the external condition of the country. But a corresponding improvement took place with regard to the population. A moral improvement followed the material one, and the fierce Tuscan character was so far modified by prosperity, that the State prisons were sometimes empty for days together, a result which may perhaps also be attributed to the reform of the criminal law, the abolition of torture, and for several years, of capital punishment. The lessees of the alienated lands having to pay a fixed annual rent, were placed in the position of proving themselves perforce industrious labourers; and the facilities afforded to them by law to become actual proprietors of their farms, were a still further inducement to them to increase their agricultural returns by good and skilful management. The system of the Three F's giving in this way every motive to improvement, the land gradually came to yield more and more, so that the number of those tenants who were able to buy up their farms and become peasant proprietors kept increasing; the price paid for the purchase being transferred by the original owners to other undertakings than agriculture, but equally promotive of national prosperity. It was to the element of hope, to the prospect ever held before them of bettering their condition, that the historian of these changes distinctly and justly attributes the success that attended Leopold's efforts for the improvement of the agricultural classes; and he admits that all those efforts would have probably failed had he been content to keep them in their original distress, nor to offer them anything to look forward to in the future but the prospect of obtaining for themselves at most a bare maintenance by dint of hard and assiduous labour.*

Thus Leopold's success was great, greater by far than falls to the lot of most reformers, but there were elements of failure in his legislation which no less call for recognition and are no less full of instruction historically. The cultivators who became lessees of the alienated lands undoubtedly became a thriving class; but few of the families that acquired such lands belonged to the really poorest class, as was intended, and the latter were really left outside the reach of the beneficent intentions of the law, to become either *pigionali* or day-labourers to the tenant-farmers of individual landlords, or labourers for such of the *livellarii* as did not cultivate their holdings themselves, but were content to cultivate them by sub-tenants. Such sub-tenants became the poorer rural class, under the name of *métayers*, enjoying the right that had long governed that form of tenure of dividing the produce equally between themselves and the first lessees; they did not become, as Leopold hoped they would, peasant proprietors.

Here then a way was open to future misfortune. Leopold went so far in regulating the conditions of the tenure of the alienated land, that

* Compare Zobi, ii. 552, and Poggi, ii. 339.

† Poggi: "Cenni Storici," &c., ii. 324.

he might well have gone a little further, and insisted that the lessees should not sub-let, but cultivate their farms themselves; or he might have regulated the *métayer* tenure by making better terms for the cultivating *métayer*, with regard to the division of the produce. As it was, many of the *livelli* were acquired by capitalists who prospered indeed for some time while prices were high, but who fell into difficulties when, in the reign of Leopold's successor, the principle of freedom of trade was departed from in deference to popular clamour, and other causes brought a check to prosperity. Years of scarcity then again became frequent; the *livellarii* who cultivated through *métayers* had to make advances to them, and often to receive much less than half the produce; and the *métayers* sank from bad to worse, becoming more and more indebted and impoverished. Although they never reached the pitch of misery and despair in which our non-interference with the natural course of things has for generations kept the farmers and labourers of the greater part of Ireland, we meet with the same complaints against the *métayers* of Tuscany that have so often been expended on the Irish cultivator. They took no pains to improve the cultivation of the soil nor to adopt better methods of working; they were "immersed in the thickest ignorance;" near the cities, addicted to luxuries or vice, and ever ready for strife, and in remoter country-places prone to supplement their means of livelihood by thieving. In short, mendicity and crime became a marked feature of Tuscany as of Ireland, and the tenure of land to provoke in a minor degree the same dissatisfaction and discussion.

Sismondi has spoken with so much eulogy of the Tuscan *métayers*, that it is important to notice the evidence of other writers which alters in many details the colours of the picture. It may indeed be true that the *métayer*, provided with a house and all the agricultural capital requisite to work his farm, and, though liable to eviction every year, generally transmitting his holding to his sons and grandsons, was always in a far superior position to the unfortunate Irish tenant, generally obliged to make all improvements himself, even to build his own cabin, and then liable to be rack-rented at the end of it. But the stimulus which Leopold's legislation gave to the *métayer* system was its chief point of failure; and the prosperity which he desired for the rural classes only actually accrued in the long run to those *livellari* who cultivated their own farms themselves, and did not divide the produce with *métayer* sub-tenants. They, however, were a minority, and the *métayer* tenure became so much the commonest, that any other was considered an exception.*

The germ of failure therefore lurked in the very success that attended Leopold's efforts to promote free trade in land, and to establish the Three F's as the basis of tenure over a large part of Tuscany. The very

* Sismondi: "Etudes," ii. 286-9. In the Parliamentary Report on Land Tenure in Europe, Part IV. will be found the latest evidence of the present condition of the Tuscan *métayer*.

freedom of the tenant to dispose of his interest, a freedom which could not but operate as a temptation to a poor tenant to sell to a richer one, naturally involved the result that the class of *livellarii* was largely recruited from the class of capitalists of higher social standing, so that the only benefit to the agricultural poor was, that in ceasing to be mere workers for hire, they swelled the numbers of the *métayer* class. The very principle that Leopold consistently followed, of leaving everything as much as possible to the free working of economical laws, caused him to fail to reach the class he chiefly wished to benefit. With a few more restrictions on the tenure of land which would have offered no serious impediment to the development of agriculture, and which would not have exceeded many of the regulations actually laid down by him with regard to it, he might equally have promoted the prosperity of Tuscany, and not promoted the growth of a comparatively distressed *métayer* population. His legislation is, therefore, a warning against relying for prosperity in Ireland or elsewhere on the growth of a class of peasant proprietors, without taking security at the same time against the creation of a class below them likely to be as much at the mercy of their generosity as they themselves have been at the mercy of their landlords. Such security is evidently impossible without a much larger control of the tenure of land on the part of the State than has ever been thought possible in a free country ; but the need and justice of such control was implied in every word of Leopold's agrarian laws, and we may fairly believe, that could our legislature act in Ireland as he acted in Tuscany, enforcing the alienation of many estates on the lines of the *Memoria Istruttiva* and the *Notificazione*, and avoiding the failure of their intention by guarding against the weak points contained in them, we might witness a still greater revival of agriculture in Ireland than even Leopold effected in Tuscany.

J. A. FARRER.

ON PYRRHONISM IN SCIENCE.

THERE has probably been no period in which so many observers have engaged in the study of natural science as at the present time; nor have their investigations in former days ever ranged over so wide a field as that on which they are now being pursued. This extension of number and of range has both good and evil tendencies. On the one hand, minute facts, hitherto unnoticed, are being brought to light—and no fact is so minute as to be incapable of affecting such scientific generalizations as relate to it. On the other hand, the number and minuteness of many of the details to be explored compel a division of labour—or, in other words, create many specialists. Whatever narrows the range of the observer's work tends to contract his mind. Constantly dwelling upon minute resemblances or differences, his imaginative faculties are apt to become cramped. Engaged in multiplying detailed observations, he is in danger of overlooking wider relationships. The habit of "grubbing" weakens his faculty for propounding such comprehensive hypotheses as, in turn, give a right direction to his toils, and prevent wasted labour. Hence, when some critics have designated this an age of specialists, the designation has intentionally contained a sting. Nevertheless, friends and foes to the processes and products of modern scientific research are obliged to acknowledge that, whilst subdivision of labour has been a characteristic of the last half-century, that period has also been one of daring speculation. It has witnessed the advancement of magnificent conceptions respecting the correlation of the physical forces and the conservation of energy; the promulgation of the glacial theories of Agassiz and those grand biological views associated with the name of Darwin. These, and other generalizations that might be quoted, show that, notwithstanding the prevalence of modern tendencies towards specialization of labour, philosophic speculation has not ceased to soar on vigorous wings.

But these daring flights of modern science are regarded by many as having no more value than the wild dreams of the mediæval cosmogonists. Such persons are either forgetful, or more frequently ignorant, of the vast differences that exist between the inductive character of the former and the baseless nature of the latter. Unluckily for themselves, the cosmogonists and schoolmen did not live in an age when specialists abounded; but Groves and Joule, Agassiz and Darwin, have not only had the good fortune to do so, but have drawn from the discoveries of the specialists many of the facts upon which they have built their comprehensive theories.

But it is an inherent feature of the human mind, that the same evidence produces different measures of conviction. Hence such philosophic conditions as those referred to are received by different individuals with varied measures of trust and acceptance. So far as their relations to science are concerned, men may be divided into three classes—there are those who accept, those who reject, and those who are undecided whether to accept or to reject such theories as may be propounded. Both the first and the second of these groups contains men who decide on grounds other than scientific ones. Their knowledge of the subject is in an inverse ratio to their positiveness. But there is another and a very different order of men, who regard the solution of scientific problems as approaches towards the attainment of the knowledge of the *true*; and with them such attainment constitutes the highest duty of man. They yearn for a fuller understanding of the secrets of Nature. They crave, with Faust, to

"get to the root of those secret powers
That hold together this world of ours."

Longing to escape from doubt and uncertainty, yet they are critical as to the soundness of the foundations upon which their trust has to repose. Doubt in such men is surely commendable, whatever may be the topics in reference to which their assent is asked, whether those topics be scientific or theological ones. Too many theologians fail to see this; and whilst freely exercising their right to doubt the conclusions of philosophy, forget that in doing so they are justifying the philosophers in doubting the dogmas of theology.

If doubts in science and theology are alike legitimate when preceded by proper endeavours to ascertain the correlate facts, is it possible to assign any limits within which alone such doubts are admissible? The mental differences between individuals, already referred to, make it plain that no positive limits can be recognized, since the evidence which is convincing to one man fails to convince another. Such being the case, scientific men must surely be tolerant towards the theologians who shrink from accepting some of their philosophies. Take, for instance, the aspect which the doctrine of Evolution must bear to the clerical mind. Myriads of clergymen of all denominations believe in the historic truth of the "Mosaic" narratives. They attach

the greatest importance to the account of the creation of Adam and Eve, of the origin of sin, and of the history of the Fall. Realize what changes must be produced in their lives and teachings if obliged to abandon their faith in what they have long believed to be historic facts, and relegate them to the position of primæval myths. But if Evolution be a true doctrine, I cannot see how we can logically avoid including the origin of man amongst the facts which it explains. There are serious difficulties in the way of our doing so. The entire absence of any living links between the anthropoid apes and man, and the equal silence of the Tertiary and Post-tertiary strata as to the former existence of such links, constitute a serious hindrance to our pushing the doctrine of Evolution to its extreme length; yet, with this exception, every argument favouring that doctrine applies as forcibly to man as to the inferior Vertebrata. Hence the Evolutionist cannot possibly retain what Professor Huxley has designated the "Miltonic" theory of man's origin, and, in rejecting the historic claims of the Mosaic narrative, he sweeps away some of the foundations upon which the Evangelical school of theologians rests its faith. That those foundations are regarded by many as untrustworthy does not affect the question. But what effect is the pressure of this necessity likely to produce upon such professional theologians? They are men usually trained in schools that give but scant encouragement to scientific culture. Science demands as a primary condition the absolute verification of the alleged facts with which it has to deal. The neglect of this demand by any aspirant to scientific rank inevitably jeopardizes his chance of attaining to it. If statements are made that appear to contradict the whole tenor of preceding observations, science demands that such statements shall be supported by a weight of evidence that must increase in proportion to their improbability. Faith can have no place here. But in our theological schools a capacity for faith is too often regarded as a higher virtue than the judicial power of estimating the value of evidence. We cannot expect men thus handicapped by an early culture that is succeeded by the permanent pressure of special surroundings, readily to abandon faiths thus engrained, and accept without hesitation the doctrine of Evolution with all its inevitable logical consequences. Few among us but would hesitate at admitting issues so seriously affecting our entire life. Duty undoubtedly demands that we should fearlessly accept and follow truth whithersoever it leads. But how easily, if not unconsciously, men can turn the blind eye to the flying signal, and justify neglect of its commands.

Whilst pleading for patient tolerance of the many who are thus prevented from following the leadings of science, I have no intention of vindicating either the dogmatic tone or the ignorance of scientific teachings too often displayed by the Pyrrhonists; too frequently the former is based upon, and is intense in an exact ratio to, the measure of the latter. Such men may decline to accept our conclusions, but this involves

no necessity for language and tone that equally reveals the ignorance and the uncharitableness of the utterer; still less are they justified in affecting that pity for our supposed irreligious condition which is even more impertinent than ignorant abuse of our scientific views. On the other hand, whilst venturing to make the preceding remarks, I am bound to admit that, whatever value the claims of the theologians to be heard on theological subjects may possess, these claims are too frequently rejected by scientific or quasi-scientific men, with as little knowledge and as much dogma as many theologians display when treating of scientific matters.

There is necessarily more scope for the indulgence of Pyrrhonism in certain branches of science than in others. This is especially the case with biological and geological studies. The chemists and physicists can subject their attainments in knowledge to the ordeal of foretelling results, and their experiments justify their doing so. *They*, at least, prophesy safely because they know. The biologists and geologists cannot do so. Irresistible proofs of the truth of such doctrines as that of Evolution are incapable of being produced, and so long as such distinguished men as Agassiz, Von Baer, Barrande, and Virchow can be quoted as opposed to the doctrine, myriads of our contemporaries must conclude that the arguments in its favour are not so absolutely unanswerable as its more prominent advocates believe them to be. What under these circumstances is the position and duty of such science students as, though unbiassed by any theological difficulties, nevertheless are in doubt as to whom they must follow? In the present state of the hypothesis, the facts to be known before any student can settle the question on its merits, are far too numerous to be familiar to any but a favoured few. Men like Darwin or Huxley occupy this commanding position; but is the outside world bound to receive their utterances as infallible truth? Must anathema maranatha be pronounced upon it if it fails to do so? The present relations of the scientific to the unscientific or imperfectly scientific world are not new. Past times have witnessed similar relations between the major lights of science and the lesser orbs upon which their light is shed. The recollection of a few of our past experiences may perhaps guide us to some knowledge respecting the mutual duties of teachers and learners.

In seeking guidance from the past history of science it would be unfair to bring into court the wild speculations of such cosmogonists as Platt, Burnet, or Whiston, though they were deemed worthy of belief by myriads who listened to them. But the figures of other men rise up before us whose positions and responsibilities were of a different character; who, living in the early part of this century, had become familiar with the severe processes of scientific investigation now universally adopted. These men advanced hypotheses as daring as they were new, some of which were accepted and others rejected by the unscientific portion of the contemporary world. I will select three of the chief of these hypotheses, measuring their relative importance by the

interest which their promulgation excited. These refer to—1. The antiquity of the earth; 2. The evidences furnished by the structure of the globe of the occurrence and wide-spread operation of the Noachian Deluge; and 3. The supposed occurrence at several epochs of vast and sudden catastrophes, producing abrupt changes in the geography as well as in the animal and vegetable life of the globe.

At the time when these hypotheses were advanced Werner's ideas respecting the stratification of the globe were widely known; Hutton had published those far-seeing writings in which he recognized the power of the existing forces of Nature; William Smith had issued his celebrated "*Tabular View of the British Strata*," the foundation-stone of all modern geology; and the Geological Society of London, established for the purpose of investigating geological facts, had been in operation for several years. Hence geological science, both as to its methods and its aims, was placed upon its present foundation. Men treated at such a time occupied a very different position from that of the cosmogonists of preceding centuries. What was the reception given to their several teachings, and how far has that reception been justified by the subsequent progress of science?

The most important of the three questions just enumerated was that relating to the antiquity of the earth. Theologians of every sect and creed had persistently taught that only some 6,000 years had elapsed since the earth sprang into being. The suggestion of its greater antiquity was received with a storm of theological opposition, which underwent little abatement during half a century, and of which even yet the ground-swell may occasionally be felt in some of the dark recesses of ignorant minds. The majority of those who raised the storm were the social or professional ancestors of many of those who now, in like manner, oppose the doctrine of Evolution; but the change which has come over the latter races of combatants is itself some proof that evolution affects the minds of men whatever it may do to their bodies. Fifty years ago the full force of an anathematizing *odium theologicum* burst upon the heads of the assailed geologists, with a violence happily unknown amongst the opponents of Evolution. Then, as now, the representatives of geological science explained to the world the great facts upon which their conclusions were based. Then, as now, myriads of men were in doubt whether to resign themselves to the leadership of the geologists or of the theologians. But those who ranged themselves under the banner of Cuvier, Lyell, and Sedgwick, ultimately found themselves on the victorious side. One by one the theologians laid down their vituperative weapons. The late Dr. Chalmers early accepted the geological creed. Dr. Pye Smith received the fellowship of the Royal Society for his well-meant endeavour to reconcile the Mosaic narrative with the writings of the geologists, earning some hard names from the defenders of the orthodox camp for his supposed abandonment of their holy cause.

Meanwhile, the geological batteries made sad breaches in the defences of that camp. A late Dean of York valiantly confronted the assailing hosts when assembled in his cathedral city. Singly he faced his foes like a new Horatius, but speedily fell beneath the sharp arrows of Sedgwick's biting eloquence. The last Hypatian geologist who strove to restore the dying faith was Young, the clerical author of the "Geological Survey of the Yorkshire Coast." He, like the Dean, lifted up his warning voice in a geological section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, but in vain. Even a Julian could not have restored the ancient belief, and Young was not a Julian. Truth proved too strong for error; and though occasionally a theologian may still be found so ignorant of what is going on around him as to uphold the exploded doctrine, the race has almost become extinct.

What we learn from this struggle important to my present purpose is, that when a great question was being fought out in which the scientific leaders of one of the contending forces proclaimed their views with unwavering faith in their truth, time proved that they were true prophets, and that their utterances deserved that acceptance from the multitude which they finally received.

We may now see how far the second and third of the hypotheses to which I have referred, and which were advanced with equal confidence, met with like success.

In 1826 Cuvier published the first edition of his celebrated "*Discours sur les Révolutions de la Surface du Globe, et sur les Changements qu'elles ont produits dans le Règne Animal*," the sixth French edition of which appeared in 1830. In this work, after giving a succession of evidences satisfactory to himself, proving the modern origin of the existing continents, he says:—

"Je pense donc, avec MM. Deluc et Dolomieu, que, s'il y a quelque chose de constaté en géologie, c'est que la surface de notre globe a été victime d'une grande et subite révolution, dont la date ne peut rencontrer beaucoup au delà de cinq ou six mille ans; que cette révolution a enfoncé et fait disparaître le pays qu'habitaient auparavant les hommes et les espèces des animaux aujourd'hui les plus connus; qu'elle a, au contraire, mis à sec le fond de la dernière mer, et en a formé les pays aujourd'hui habités; que c'est depuis cette révolution que le petit nombre des individus épargnés pareille se sont répandus et propagés sur les terrains nouvellement mis à sec, et par conséquent que c'est depuis cette époque seulement que nos sociétés ont repris une marche progressive, qu'elles ont formé des établissements, élevé des monuments, recueilli des faits naturels, et combiné des systèmes scientifiques" (p. 291).

After thus recognising the occurrence of a great recent catastrophe, Cuvier proceeds to show that the effects of it were to be seen in the vast superficial series of deposits to which attention had been conspicuously drawn by the publication, in 1823, of the "*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*" of Professor Buckland, and which deposits, as is well known,

Buckland regarded as directly due to the Noachian Deluge of the theologians.* Cuvier says :—

“ Découvertes avec un soin particulier par Mr. Buckland, sous le nom de *Diluvium*, et bien différentes de ces autres couches également meubles, sans cesse déposées par les torrents et par les fleuves, que ne contiennent que des ossements d'animaux du pays, et que M. Buckland désigne par le nom d'*Alluvium*, elles forment aujourd'hui, aux yeux de tous les géologues, la preuve la plus sensible de l'inondation immense qui a été la dernière des catastrophes du globe” (pp. 296-7).

In 1829 the late Professor Phillips published his well-known work on the “Geology of the Yorkshire Coast.” In it he says :—

“ Though it cannot be supposed that, by investigation of its present appearance, we should be able to determine completely its former condition, enough is known to assure us that, after the earth was dried and made habitable, its whole surface was again submerged and overwhelmed by an irresistible flood. Of many important facts which come under the consideration of geologists, the “Deluge” is perhaps the most remarkable; and it is established by such clear and positive arguments that, if any one point of natural history may be considered as proved, the Deluge must be admitted to have happened, because it has left full evidence in plain and characteristic effects upon the surface of the earth” (p. 16).

“ And as to the extent, all countries acknowledge the wide-spreading visitation: the Deluge covered the whole earth” (p. 18). Several subsequent pages of the volume abound in similar statements.

It would be easy to multiply quotations, equally positive, from other leading writers of the same period, bearing upon the occurrence of the Deluge as demonstrated by the superficial deposits recognized under the name of “*Diluvium*,” but this is not necessary. As is well known, the further study of these *Diluviums* has demonstrated, not only their independence of any sudden cataclysm, like that recorded in Genesis, but that they were the products of varied agencies that had been active through vast periods of time. But though this correction of a long enduring error was ultimately made both by Buckland, Phillips, and other geologists, the principle involved in it was not abandoned. Most of the leading geologists still believed in the former occurrence of sudden marine and terrestrial convulsions, on a scale of magnitude that not only modified the structure of the globe, but which, at successive intervals, destroyed all the plants and animals living on its surface. That wholesale destruction of living things was supposed to be followed by a new creation, through which the earth was refurnished with entirely new forms, better adapted to its changed conditions than those which had disappeared. Elie De Beaumont not only believed in such paroxysmal phenomena, but he even suggested the possibility that the sudden elevation above the sea of the American Cordillera might have occasioned the

* I have purposely spoken of the Deluge “of the theologians,” meaning thereby the Deluge commonly described from the pulpits of all the orthodox communions. Such a deluge is a physical impossibility. At the same time there are few, if any, races of men amongst whom traditions of a deluge of some sort are not preserved. Such traditions obviously suggest the occurrence, during an early period of the history of our race, of some destructive and widespread, though local, inundation. This cataclysm, whenever it occurred, seems to have made such an impression on the minds of those who witnessed but escaped from it, as led to the transmission to succeeding generations of the traditions referred to.

Noachian Deluge. Sedgwick wrote in a similar strain. Murchison remained a "catastrophist" to the close of his life; and even Lyell, the leader of the school opposed to catastrophism, was not wholly emancipated from its influence when he published the first edition of his "Principles of Geology." Even whilst opposing the teachings of Cuvier and De Beaumont, he says, "that there are signs of local floods of extreme violence on various parts of the surface of the dry land is incontrovertible, and in the former volumes we have pointed out causes which must for ever continue to give rise to such phenomena" (first edition, 1833). But the paragraph just quoted is omitted from the edition of 1841, when we find him using very different language. Through the teachings of Venetz, Charpentier, and Agassiz, the tranquil action of glaciers and icebergs had replaced "floods of extreme violence," and Lyell was much too honest to reject the truth, even when the recognition of it exposed his own previous mistakes.

I need scarcely add that in the instances here described, notwithstanding the positive character of their utterances, Cuvier and those who held similar views proved to be mistaken guides. In their association of the glacial deposits with the Noachian Deluge this was unreservedly so, and in their recognition of cataclysms and other sudden cosmic catastrophes affecting both animate and inanimate creation, they were but little less in error. However modified as to minor details, uniformitarianism is now, with few exceptions, the accepted creed of the geological world.

It may be asked, What good purpose can be served by thus disinterring the buried *dijecta membra* of the science of a bygone age? Why recall errors from which we have escaped, when by doing so you only put weapons into the hands of men who will probably use them unfairly in order to show the worthlessness of *all* scientific conclusions, and "the folly of listening to the utterances of scientific men?" I reply that much good may be done to all of us if these recollections make us prudent when advancing our newer views. If, instead of making absolute declarations like those of Cuvier, Phillips and Buckland—declarations which two of these three great leaders lived to withdraw spontaneously—we substitute a more modest phraseology, we shall prevent all possibility of a wrong use being made of our past mistakes. The present position of the subject of Evolution affords the opportunity for exercising such caution. Propounded by Darwin, and sustained by an illustrious band of authorities both in the old world and in the new, it presents an imposing front not very dissimilar to that occupied by the cataclysmic theories of half a century ago. Some of its leading advocates do not hesitate to proclaim Evolution a great historic fact. That it is a theory which explains and co-ordinates numerous facts and phenomena is unquestionable, and personally I am as strongly convinced of its probable truth as are most of its advocates. Still it is a theory which, as we have seen, was rejected by such men as Von Baer, Agassiz, Barrande, and Virchow; and is propounded with certain limitations even by Wallace, one of its authors.

Whilst such is the case wisdom surely demands that we should be content to recognize its extreme probability as a philosophic hypothesis, and its incalculable value as a working one. Science will thus make every possible advance under its guidance, without having needless hindrances thrown in its way, through wounds inflicted upon the convictions—prejudices, if anyone chooses to call them so—of others.

But those who think themselves justified by the facts upon which the hypothesis rests in assuming a more dogmatic attitude in reference to it, may consider that the time for hypothetic language has gone by. So thought Cuvier and his contemporaries, yet new and unexpected facts were discovered which upset the generalizations based upon the more trusted ones with which they were acquainted; and though it is more than probable that the triumphant march of the doctrine of Evolution will be accelerated rather than retarded by the future progress of discovery, difficulties have yet to be overcome sufficient, probably, in weight and number, to occupy another generation of naturalists before the doctrine can occupy a position of stable equilibrium.

The experience of the vagaries of the human mind makes it extremely improbable that this doctrine of Evolution, or any other doctrine, the truth of which cannot be demonstrated either by the unerring symbols of the mathematician or by the experiments of the chemist and natural philosopher, will ever meet with universal acceptance. The theory of Evolution does now and will continue to rest mainly upon circumstantial evidence, and every department of human life and action demonstrates how differently specific evidence weighs upon different minds. The same historic documents were within reach of John Henry Newman and Channing, of Martineau and Arnold, of Colenso and the Archbishop of Canterbury; yet how different the convictions produced by the same testimonies upon the minds of these several theologians. Our learned judges sit *in Banco*, or listen to appeals in the House of Lords; the same facts are before them all, yet how varied their learned deductions! These divergent inferences are not due to peculiarities confined to theological or legal minds, but are the results of psychological variations inherent in human nature, and from which scientific leaders are no less free; we must not, therefore, be surprised if the absolute assertions of Professor Huxley in reference to Evolution are not shared by contemporaries like Professor Virchow. Such differences neither indicate the perfect faith of the one, nor indicate any scientific deficiency in the other. But they do make cautious assertions equally desirable on the part of those who affirm and of those who reject any theory that may be under judgment.

It may be asked, do not views like these render scientific certainty

impossible? In 1839 a vessel was indicted for manslaughter, the result of a collision between her ship and a fishing boat on the English coast. The question arose, whether or not an offence had been committed in the case. The judges were divided; Cockburn, Kelly, and Park held the vessel to be at fault, and Coleridge, Brett, and Gurney, Denman and Lindley in the negative.

an impossible attainment, and justify an interminable scientific Pyrrhonism? In certain branches of science it appears likely that absolute certainty may never be capable of attainment. Hypothesis may be incapable of advancing beyond a position of greater or less probability. In such cases I imagine that more or less of Pyrrhonism must be unavoidable. It exists at present, and I see nothing in the possibilities of the future calculated to extinguish it. This perennial existence of debatable philosophy will not be without its advantages. We may conclude with the philosophic Owl in the pilgrimage of Mr. Froude's travelled cat, that its incapability of settlement *is the beauty of it*. Anyhow, there is no danger of the scientific world stagnating for lack of philosophies about which to debate. What we may desire and hope for is, that as men grow older and wiser, they will be increasingly recognizant of these facts: that, alike in theology and in science, different conclusions will be drawn from identical premises; that universal identity of thought and feeling is an impossibility; that the progress of science will be promoted rather than retarded by the use of cautious language; and that every dogmatic assertion which has to be withdrawn at some future time, supplies a weapon to non-scientific opponents of which they will not be slow to take advantage.

W. C. WILLIAMSON.

THE FUTURE OF INDIA.

WITH its future Afghan policy undefined, with its Burmese Question untouched, with its native army in need of reform, with its public works in chaos and with its finances in confusion, the British Empire in India is at present passing through an acute crisis of its existence. That this fact, though undeniable, has not been more generally recognized says much in support of the truth of the saying that "most Englishmen know little and care less regarding Indian affairs." A few notes of warning have, indeed, been uttered, and Indian problems have of late obtained a share of public attention; we have heard of India bankrupt and bleeding to death, and cries have been raised of "Perish India," or "Why keep India?" On the other hand, India has had its defenders; but these, as well as its critics, have dealt rather with present circumstances and based their judgments on them than looked forward to the natural development of events and on that basis suggested any line of policy for future adoption and guidance. These warnings have, also, either passed unheeded, or have awakened but a passing interest. But whether India be regarded simply as affording a convenient field for the employment of some of England's children, or considered as a useful stalking-horse for politicians, or whether—and more worthily—looked upon in the light of a great trust assumed by England, the guardianship and proper maintenance of which involve the honour of each individual Englishman; in each of these cases any crisis affecting India in the present, together with the consideration of its probable results in the future, forms a question of more than passing interest, and every endeavour should be made to throw as much light as possible on such an important topic. Such a task is, however, by no means an easy one, partly from the difficulties inherent in all questions of policy in which personal bias plays such a prominent part, but mainly

on account of the fact, the truth of which is acknowledged by every Anglo-Indian, which may be expressed in the words "that it is difficult, if not impossible, to discuss Indian affairs with any one who has not been in India and there studied its history and the manners and customs of its inhabitants." And no casual observation suffices; no reliance is to be placed on the dicta of light-hearted observers who spend four or five months in the country, and who then return to England to pour forth gaily a flood of knowledge, deceptive and harmful because rooted in ignorance. The most eminent and the most thoughtful of Anglo-Indian statesmen have declared that, the longer they lived in India, the more they felt how little they really knew about the country or about the inner life and feelings of its natives, and how little able they therefore were to predict a certain effect from any given cause. But this is an extreme statement of the case and one which, if adopted in its entirety, would render futile all criticism of Indian affairs; for diligent study and intimate knowledge of the facts of a subject cannot but improve the critical faculty regarding it. From what has been said it is evident that the genuine English and the genuine Anglo-Indian views of Indian home and foreign policy are likely to be widely divergent—the one ignorantly confident the other wisely hesitating. The former view has, however, been put forward recently with so much prominence that a brief statement of the latter view can scarcely be out of place; and in this belief, in no boastful spirit and under no authority save that of personal conviction, based on lengthened experience, the following pages are devoted to an endeavour to embody it.

And first as to the method and then as to the matter of government in India. It is scarcely necessary to observe that the history of any country is a history of gradual development, and that no forecast of its future can properly be made without a careful study of its past. This much will be freely admitted, and does not involve the adoption of the doctrine of some historical enthusiasts who strive to make of history an exact science, and who would treat of it arithmetically, saying, "as the present is to the past, so is the future to the present." So far as the *matter* of government is concerned for the purposes and within the limits of this article, an acquaintance with the past facts of Indian history must be assumed, and, after a brief statement of the main lines of the existing policy, its natural development with resulting effects, based on this assumption, will be traced. But in considering the *method* of government all reference to the past cannot be thus conveniently omitted, for only those who have made a special study of the subject are aware of how the present apparently cumbrous form of administration has grown out of our first methods. These were based on the principles of the old native rules, which have been altered, improved, or sometimes weighed down by the grafting on to them of the laws, manners, and customs of a civilized community. The government of our first Indian provinces was in reality purely military. They had been won by the sword and

were held by the sword. But as our Empire developed, the military element necessarily became more and more confined to its own special sphere of duties, leaving the general administration of the country to be carried on by civilians. And, with various breaks in its course, due either to external aggression or internal repression, this change gradually developed itself, until now all the provinces of India are administered civilly; military officers, though frequently employed as administrators, being merely engaged in the performance of civil duties, not as soldiers. And the method of government up to within the last thirty years may be fairly described as paternal, and was, speaking generally, rather the development by trained and powerful minds of the old native laws, than an imposition of the codes and regulations of the dominant race, which are usually forced, however great their unsuitability, on to a conquered country. Such a method was the one of all others most suited to India, a country whose inhabitants are the most conservative in the world, who have lived as they now live, with their caste, their religion, their ceremonies, their manufactures, their agriculture, all unchanged through hundreds of years of change. Things may alter around them—the Moguls may invade the north; the Mahrattas may devastate the south; two small bands of white settlers of different nationalities may indulge in warfare in their midst; the one triumphing may spread over the country, may take the position of ruler everywhere, may be strange in their habits, uncouth in their dress, rough in their ways—but the mild Hindoo looks on unmoved and pursues the even tenour of his way through generations of apathetic indifference.

But the great outburst of civilization of the last half-century has had a very great influence on India. Railways traverse the peninsula, telegraph wires spread over it, and the communication with England is shortened to three weeks for passengers and to three minutes for messages. The country becomes a favourite winter resort for many eager philanthropists and political reformers. They see a people sunk in ignorance, and governed rather according to their intelligence than according to their humanity, and a great cry goes forth that England is not doing her duty by India. A fierce public light is brought to bear on the country; and soon, in quick succession, education is educated into a science, public service becomes dependent on examinations, towns are governed by municipalities, famines are scientifically treated, districts are made partakers of the mysteries of vaccination, of birth and death registers, of sanitary and census returns, of revenue survey and revenue settlement, of cattle-breeding and high farming. The great class of cultivators, too, is not exempted; new irrigation works are formed, new channels cut to their fields, new regulations are issued with regard to water supply, new returns of many kinds have to be submitted by them, and their only consolation amid all this forced change is that the fine old custom of compulsory village labour is allowed to fall into disuse. The great mass of the people look wonderingly on at all this sudden uprooting of

their old customs. An educated few follow, indeed, in our wake ; but the remainder lag hopelessly behind, taking no part, and only a dragging interest, in all the bustle of this new departure.

Such is the present method of domestic government in India, and, as it intimately concerns the well-being and happiness of the people, much prominence must be given to its development ; but this part of the question has been much lost sight of amid the controversy which now rages so hotly round the foreign and financial policies of the Empire. It is much to be regretted that such controversy should have arisen, for there is no country in the world that, from its past traditions or present requirements, more needs that its policy, once determined on, should be carried out with decision and in spite of all obstacles ; in spite, perhaps, of apparent failure in its beginnings, in spite, too, of the croaking of prophets as to its future. But though it is to be regretted, the fact is probably inevitable, for India is a country eminently unfortunate in its critics. It is a country that every tyro thinks he has a right, not to mention the power, to criticize ; and though there have been and are many critics other than these, men who have been eminent in India and who feel as if the country is half their own, yet these are but too apt to think the refutation of the grossest misstatements beneath them, and the tyros have therefore succeeded in attracting most of the public attention and have thus warped and prejudiced the public judgment. Public opinion being thus exercised—and often wrongly exercised—on Indian affairs, it naturally follows that Indian policy has now become a party question, that Governors-General change with the changes of Ministries, and that, going out to their new duties not to govern on the old lines but on those in favour with their political allies, they rely more and more on advice received from Whitehall. The convictions, based on the experience of a lifetime, of the responsible advisers of the Viceroy may be thus cast aside by the will of a Secretary of State, ignorant certainly of India and possibly of its affairs, and whose decision on any question is based rather on the political expediency of the moment than as regarding it as one link in a long chain of events in a predetermined line of policy. The result is inevitable. The feelings of unsettlement and indecision thus created in the supreme Government in major matters is displayed by them in minor matters, and from them the contagion spreads to provincial governments, or through these to officials generally, so that the pernicious system of “ new men, new measures,” is in full swing throughout the country. And what is the outcome ? No one feels confident that his work, approved of by his present superiors, will have the approval of their successors, and the feeling that just claims will be justly considered is gone ; so that officers begin to lose heart in their work and only go through the routine of it mechanically, and the traditional loyalty of Englishmen to their duty, be it obnoxious or be it even against their convictions, begins to fade. These are facts that

cannot be left out of sight in any consideration of the probable development of the future of India. Indeed it might be said that of the many questions affecting that future, none are of more paramount importance than those to which brief reference has just been made.

For the actualities in the policy of the future that have to be faced may be said in great measure to be previously known and to be inevitable, and the outcome mainly depends, therefore, on the method in which they are treated. The tendency of that treatment having been sketched, reference may now be made to the actualities themselves—that is, to the matter of government. And first of all as to the development of the country. Has India reached, as many other nations appear to have done, a halting-stage in the process of development, a period when production has gone ahead of consumption, and when, as a result, the enlightened policy of the time of prosperity is darkened for the moment by the shadow of the backslidings of adversity? We venture to think that this is not so, and that India, which, from its conservatism and the variety of its nationalities, is so hard to move, and, even when put in motion, travels on the path of progress so much more slowly than Western countries, has not yet fully responded to the new forces at work within it. Every year sees a development of her manufactures and trade, implying increased enterprise among her merchants, the profitable employment of hitherto unused capital, increased wealth in the country, and an improvement in condition of at least a section of the community. And that this development is likely to continue can hardly be doubted. The unexplored resources of India are so great and the means at work are, up to the present, so far in advance of the end that has been obtained, that slow but gradual progress becomes almost a certainty up to the point when end and means are about equally balanced, and by that time we may expect to see progress prepared to make a farther leap forwards.

A recent writer recommends the spread of technical education as the best means of promoting the development of the resources of India; but where there is an opening for the attainment of competence, or even of large fortune, it is certain that enterprise will push its way of its own accord, and the too rapid spread of education in India is much to be deprecated. "Make haste slowly" is a golden motto as applied to Indian questions; though in education, as in other problems, the direct reverse of this has been the recent, and is but too likely to prove the future, Indian policy. It may sound illiberal,—and no doubt many present-day reformers will characterize as such the recommendation of a somewhat reactionary policy as regards education,—but the fact that Indian questions must be judged solely on their own merits, and independently of what may be the preconceived notions of critics of the wisdom or folly of a given course of action, is brought to light most prominently by this very question. In Western countries the object of education, speaking generally, is that the subject of it may

maintain, or possibly improve, his status in life, that he may be ready to avail himself of all the chances that life offers and not be left behind by his contemporaries ; and this without being educated for any special career or profession, but as the best general means adapted to a general end. The demand for educated material has become great, and the supply has grown to it, the exception being the case of the miserable uneducated few to whom even the rudiments of education would be a loss, as not being required by their work, and as only serving to open their eyes to their misery.

In India the case is different. It may be said with perfect truth that the object in view for every boy that is sent to school in India is that he may obtain an appointment of some sort in the Government service. Were it not for this inducement it is probable that education in India would fail from want of pupils, ignorance being no disgrace, and the custom being for the young generation to be brought up to the trades of their fathers, the methods of which are unmechanical and rude. The proof of the high inducement offered by the Government service lies in the fact that for any appointment that falls vacant the applications are numbered by scores. And the mediocrity of the appointment or the hopelessness of the application are no bar to this. For the post of a punkah-puller on five shillings a month may be received a dozen applications, expressed in admirable English, all terminating with the orthodox remark that, "for this act of goodness the petitioner will as in duty bound ever pray for your honour's long life and prosperity." And as the salary of a vacant post improves so do the number and condition of the applicants, so that for £15 a year you may have to choose among the rival claims of several youths who, by a refinement of irony, have been educated up to the degree of a Bachelor of Arts. And this constantly-increasing mass of educated humanity finds for itself no other outlet. Appointments are comparatively few, vacancies fewer, while year by year universities, colleges, and schools turn out by thousands, like bricks from a mill, students cast in the same mould. The successful few even are not content ; they had formed great expectations and have to be satisfied with small fulfilment : while the unsuccessful many form an ever-growing class of hungry hangers-on, men who have been educated out of the occupations of their forefathers, who are the worry of over-worked officials, and whose only outlet for their induced energy is press-writing of a fantastic, deformed, and seditious type. A great mass of discontent thus formed cannot but have its influence on the future, and that influence, though not a dangerous one at present, may very well become so.

A plea that is put forward in favour of advanced education by many Indian philanthropists, and one that has found expression in even the very highest quarters, is that, as culture gradually makes its way among the natives, they can be admitted more and more to the various departments of government, and that by degrees some

of the highest posts of the Administration, the care of districts, even of provinces, and perhaps eventually, at the millennium of philanthropy, that the empire itself may be handed over to self-government. The question of how such changes are best suited to England's interests will be noticed presently; it is sufficient to remark here that, for such purposes and with such an object in view, it may fairly be doubted whether the course of education adopted is the best that could be devised—whether, for instance, a hybrid acquaintance with English literature and the classics is of much value to a prospective *bahsildar*, subordinate judge, or overseer. It may also be observed, with regard to this proposed gradual transfer of power to the native officials, that those who recommend it act in direct opposition to the opinion of the great majority of officials engaged in the actual administration of the country—the men, that is, who know the natives most intimately. Any one who maintains this latter view has, I am well aware, to be prepared to be told that he is a member of the most ignorantly prejudiced class in the world, and instances are held up to him of Provinces, administered solely by natives, that are patterns of well-managed States. So is England a well-managed State to the ignorant observer; so is India; so are many other imperfect things seemingly perfect to the untrained eye. For instance, a member of the Indian Famine Commission said to the writer some time ago: "What is your difficulty in administering famine relief? you have in your village officials the most admirable and reliable organization in the world." Ask a Madras Famine Officer what *he* thinks of this admirable organization.

Of duties to which the native of India has been deemed more specially suited few are of greater importance than that of employment in the Public Works Department. No question of the domestic policy of the future has been more vigorously discussed, nor on none have more diametrically opposite conclusions been arrived at, than that of public works. Is a large annual expenditure on them necessary as a measure of protection against future famines? Should such works, if necessary, take the form principally of railways or irrigation works? What are the best means of carrying out the works decided upon? What is the annual expenditure to be? Such are some of the questions that have been asked and that have been answered more or less correctly, but only in time for the logical sequence of the answer to be deliberately abandoned. For public works grants and establishments have been cut down to the lowest possible limit and the department has been thrown into confusion. The special taxation imposed for the purpose of providing protective works against famine has been deliberately devoted to other purposes; the college especially organized some years ago for the training of Indian engineers has just had its constitution altered; and as a climax, the Report of the Famine Commission recommending active progressive measures of administration appears just at the time when the new retrogressive measures have come into force.

That public works and finance are intimately allied is a very obvious fact, and it may be urged that a temporary suspension of activity in the former is an inevitable sequence of confusion, caused by muddled accounts and aggressive wars in the latter. But if famines are in future to be met and overcome, and if the proper meeting of them is, as is generally admitted, a public works question primarily, then it may be said that nothing should give place to the necessity of carrying out precautionary measures. A famine that in one year may cause an expenditure that can by no means be anticipated of perhaps ten millions sterling, is at least as important a question of policy as an Afghan war, and borrowing to meet the cost of the latter, which might be considered legitimate in any case, becomes a paramount duty when the omission to do so involves the necessity, not only of suspending the active prosecution of public works in the present, but also precludes the possibility of their early completion in the future, when affairs may have assumed a more settled aspect. For the organization of the Public Works Department has been altered and its strength dangerously reduced. Possibly a new method of officering it will now be devised, and a fresh start made in a system of procedure that has made Indian engineers notorious among their profession for want of training and incompetence. In the meanwhile, if another great famine like that of 76-78 should occur, the mortality will again be as great, the ignorance as marked, and the waste as scandalous as then.

The present and probable future condition of the army next claims consideration. No Indian question is of more importance than this, and from a financial point of view the army is by far the most considerable factor in the domestic economy of the empire, the annual expenditure on it amounting to £17,000,000, independently of any special war expenses incurred on expeditions beyond the frontier. The British and native portions of the army may be touched upon separately. Official and public opinion have agreed without a dissentient voice that the latter branch of the service is urgently in need of reform, and an influential Commission has, as in the question of famines, recently issued a voluminous report regarding it, pointing out the reforms in it that are deemed desirable. Is this report, like so many others on the same and kindred subjects, to be shelved, or is Sir Donald Stewart or some other general of talent and energy to be entrusted with the herculean task of sweeping out this costly Augean stable? Is the native army to be reduced in numbers and made more efficient in material? Is that premium on incompetent longevity, that wet blanket to military enthusiasm and regimental pride, the Staff Corps, to be abolished? Are some of the army departments to be shorn of a portion of their useless glitter and plethora of officers? Are means to be devised to attract to the regimental appointments, where their presence is so much needed, some of England's superfluous youths, now wasting their time in idleness? These are some of the questions that any future reformer of the native army

will have to find a fitting answer to, but having indicated these points, it is unnecessary for the moment to consider any of them at length, with the exception of the first.

For what purposes is the native army in India maintained, and why has its strength been fixed at its existing number? It is maintained at present primarily for the maintenance of internal order, and its organization is the result of its being the growth out of the armies organized when we were only one of many powers in India, and when we had to be prepared to repel at any moment any attack made upon our territory. Our power grew and at last became paramount, the native States being absorbed one by one, but though the necessity for the maintenance of such a large army thus became unnecessary for purposes of defence, its numbers were not diminished, even though the formation of a large and fairly-drilled police force has rendered the maintenance of internal order a civil rather than a military duty. In a secondary way the native army is still required for external warfare; secondary because the wars are mostly mere frontier expeditions, and also because the brunt of even these is borne by British troops. In the case of a campaign like that in Afghanistan, a large force of native troops is no doubt required, but even in such a case the number of troops in India is more than sufficient to meet such an extraordinary demand and it is also to be hoped that Afghan wars are not to become an ordinary factor of Indian politics. Thus the maintenance of the native army at its present strength being no longer necessary for the keeping of internal order or for expeditions beyond the frontier, it would seem to be a problem for the Indian reformer of the future whether its strength might not be advantageously reduced with benefit to the finances—*i.e.*, to the country—and also to the army itself. For instance, in Madras, where forty-one regiments of infantry are now maintained, the country is one of the most peaceful in the world, and the police are perfectly capable of maintaining order through the length and breadth of it. It has been proved, by recent experience, that the assistance of Madras troops is scarcely required in an extensive campaign. Some doubt has even been expressed whether the troops would be of value if actively employed; but that is beside the question. It would appear, therefore, that the reduction of the army by one-half—*i.e.*, to twenty regiments—would leave a sufficiency of troops for the performance of guard duties, and, assisted by the British contingent, for the garrisoning of Burmah, the Andaman Islands, Secunderabad and Bangalore. Lower Bengal might similarly be denuded of some of its regiments, and the Bombay army might also be reduced, though not, perhaps, to quite the same extent. This reduction in numbers would render possible an improvement in the quality of the remainder and, the abolition of the dangerous distinction now drawn between the Sikh, the Punjabi, and the Goorkha regiments and the rest of the native army. These constitute its flower, and being invaluable for frontier duties would be left untouched by any scheme of

reform; but to show them, as is now done, how greatly superior they are deemed, is to run into the obvious peril of arousing in their ranks not a spirit of just pride and emulation, but one of arrogance and conceit. "Without us the great Raj can do nothing, can make no wars, can fight no battles," is the feeling engendered. "We should, therefore, have special privileges," is the inference drawn. And they are thus led on to despise their possible comrades in a future campaign, the Bombay or Madras sepoy, and the feeling of mutual trust and confidence between soldier and soldier that may be all-important is lost, and a half-mutinious spirit of superiority, or the more dangerous one of conscious inferiority, takes its place in either case. This reduction in numbers would also render possible a corresponding reduction in the strength of the administrative portion of the army, which might, in common with the troops, be concentrated with advantage more than at present. And, moreover, the army when smaller would be more actively employed—a double advantage, as rendering the soldiers, individually, of greater efficiency, and as being the best possible bar to sedition. An unemployed army is a dangerous army, specially dangerous, too, when composed in a conquered country of its natives. It must never be forgotten that the great Mutiny was a mutiny of the army, and not in any sense one of the people.

And it may be observed that any considerable reduction in the numbers of the native army would render possible a proportionate reduction in the strength of the British troops maintained in India, which are kept at their present numbers partly to hold in check the native army, partly, too, to overawe the independent native princes. That the native princes should have it in their power to render any such precaution necessary is, perhaps, the greatest blot on our Indian administration. That we, living as one may say by sufferance, by the mere force of the superiority of our race, in the midst of an alien population, should allow to be maintained by some of these aliens a force that may some day strike us with fatal effect, is an anomaly which to a stranger can only seem an excess either of folly or bravado. Loyal these princes may be, and no doubt are—for the present—from motives of self-interest; but what can the longings, the ambition of Holkar, Scindia, or the Nizam be, other than that some day, when the great British Raj shall be weakened by attack from without or by supineness within, they may make a bold bid for independence, and may resume the sovereignty they fail not to see must be theirs once again could they but be rid of us, as it was theirs before we dispossessed their ancestors? And, though we see this, yet we allow each of them independence as regards their army, and suffer them to enrol troops that will compare not unfavourably with the best of our sepoys, and even permit them, after the German fashion, to pass by degrees the majority of their male population through the ranks. All this, too, in spite of the fact that troops have no *raison d'être* in their dominions. External enemies they have none, being surrounded

on all sides by British territory; any civil war or revolt would, of course, be instantly suppressed by us, and their police are sufficient to maintain ordinary internal order. Treaty obligations, it may be said, prevent any interference on our part with these armies. But treaty obligations, even between Power and Power, are not treated as of much account now-a-days, nor can they ever be binding between a paramount Power and States surrounded by and dependent on it. Must not the latter by the very force of changing circumstances be ever bound by the will of the former, and to conform to any laws it may lay down for its own and the general security? Take the case, and the very possible case, of a European war in which England was involved requiring her to put forth her utmost strength. It is certain that a portion, perhaps the majority, of the British garrison would be withdrawn from India, as well as, perhaps, some of the native troops. How would it be with India then if the native princes should think they see an opportunity that may be seized with success and break into combined revolt? I have no desire to adopt a pessimist view or to fan the flame of panic that recent experience shows still burns dimly, but can it be denied that these are the possibilities, nay, the probabilities, of no very distant future? Many Indian reformers have, partly on this ground, partly on others, advocated the resumption of the system of an Indian-European army proper—that is, an army recruited in England for service in India solely. The present system is an obvious gain to England at India's expense, but there are so many considerations affecting the question, such as the difficulty of recruiting two armies in England, that the mere notice of it must suffice for the present.

The same remark must apply to the great question of Indian finance, which has been treated of by so many specialists, the present state of the finances being as vigorously defended by its supporters as it is virulently attacked by its critics. It is only necessary to observe that though taxation now presses somewhat hardly on a portion of the poorest, the labouring classes, yet that, taking the community as a whole, it is light, and that the great native traders and merchants, who form the richest class, scarcely contribute to the revenue at all. From them a very large sum might with justice be demanded, and the question of the future therefore is, how to tap this source of revenue? An Income Tax has been tried and has failed; and the present Profession Tax scarcely fulfils the necessary conditions. But it must evidently be within the capacity of financial genius to devise some measure that will be equitable and successful, and, once this revenue becomes available, the taxes that now press most hardly on the poorer classes may be lightened or removed, all ground for complaint will be cut away, and the Indian revenue will be found elastic enough to meet all the requirements of a growing empire.

The fact that the empire is still growing brings us at once to

the question of its foreign policy, a somewhat dangerous subject. The wisdom or folly of the Afghan campaign; the retention or abandonment of Candahar—the one so strongly advocated by military critics, the other the announced policy of Her Majesty's Government—such are the burning questions of the moment. The former may perhaps now be happily relegated to the judgment of future historians, but round the latter the strife of tongues still rages. Is it, say the military critics—who are soldiers first and politicians afterwards—is it to be now abandoned, and are we thus to be left without one tangible proof of the millions we have spent and the blood we have shed, and are we thus to leave undefended the most available and the most dangerous route in the case of any future invasion of India? Are we, say civilians—who are politicians if you will but who are moralists also—are we, having kindled the martial fire, the fanatical passions, and the deep-rooted hatred of the Afghans, having placed the Amcer of our choice on the throne with the moral obligation to support him, to retire beyond our frontier-line, leaving the country but too certainly the prey to anarchy, and a ruler but too surely fated to assassination? To both these sets of critics reply the upholders of the policy of the present Government, Are we to consult the interests of India first or are we not? admitting our obligations, are they not too dearly purchased by impoverished India by the expenditure of two millions sterling a year which the retention of Candahar will necessitate?

Then there is the Burmese question still untouched, the consideration of which has been purposely postponed, it is said, until Afghan affairs have been satisfactorily disposed of. And yet the question is an important one. The British flag has been insulted and the British envoy compelled to vacate Mandalay, while the trade of Upper Burmah is suffering grievously from the insecurity felt by English traders. What is the outlook there? What is ever the prospect when a great, a powerful, a civilized nation is compelled by force of circumstances to interfere in the affairs of its barbarous neighbours? What is the teaching of history? We may pull down, but to build up again is beyond our power. And if we cannot reconstruct, then comes the only alternative, that of annexation; an alternative that has been freely proposed and supported by powerful arguments with reference to Burmah, but one that is faced with the utmost reluctance and dread by every thoughtful observer.

But how, and on what principles, are these and the other subjects to which reference has been made to be settled? No task is easier than that of criticism; none harder than that of government, however slight. In the case of India such a task may well appear to be insuperable, and really becomes so unless we can apprehend the true object and purpose of our sovereignty in India. And to the due accomplishment of this end all self-deception must be cast aside, with all expression of pharisaical philanthropy; and we must boldly acknowledge, what nine out of ten of us

deny with our lips though confessing in our hearts, that we are in India primarily for our own national good. What took us there originally? The opening out of a lucrative field of commerce. What kept us there and made us form our empire? The maintenance of that field. What keeps and will keep us there? Its continued maintenance and its growth and development, that go on increasing in compound ratio; the whole trade of the empire, which is in the hands of England, representing the employment of an enormous capital both in one country and in the other; the expenditure on the guaranteed railways representing the profitable employment of the savings of many an Englishman; the State expenditure, covered by loans on its own lines and irrigation works, representing a similar material advantage to each country; the Indian army, which keeps our English soldiers' swords bright and saves India from external aggression and internal anarchy; the field for employment for many of England's young generations, which develops in them and perpetuates some of the highest of manly qualities, independence of spirit, self-control, courage, and firmness. The list might be lengthened out indefinitely.

These are only a few of the direct advantages England derives from India. Nor are the indirect advantages less real though less patent. Not the least among them may be reckoned that, of the Englishmen who have worked or who have only travelled in India, few leave it without a deeper feeling of patriotism, without a prouder sensation of being a citizen of the greatest empire the world has yet seen. And these feelings must be shared by most of those who can read its history, telling of the noble blood that has been shed there and of the valiant and heroic deeds there performed. When these feelings exist no longer, then may the abandonment of India become a problem of practical politics. But the decay of these feelings will imply the absence of noble sentiment in England's sons and thereby the decadence and decay of England herself. When India is definitely abandoned, when our colonies are also handed over to self-government, and when we selfishly huddle ourselves in scurried miserly ranks round the gold bags of Lombard Street, saying: "Empire has no charms for us, we abandon for ever the field of foreign politics;" when this day comes, as some monomaniacs persist in asserting it will come, shall not that other day shortly follow when the bold robber will break into the miser's house, murder him, and steal his gold? But that day will never come, nor will India ever be abandoned. Some criticism has been indulged in regarding the present facts of Indian policy and their tendency, which is to keep on tinkering and patching the political machine and to drive it faster than it was intended to be driven. Quacks have been allowed to experiment upon it and with their ideas of sentimental legislation have given a wrong twist to many a portion, but once let the true facts be grasped that India is held by England for England, and that nothing

but experience of the country can render opinion valuable regarding it, and these, if acted upon, will carry India safely along the roads of prosperity and of civilization. Nor is there anything immoral involved in this belief, for its due maintenance does not imply any grinding down of the natives of India, any undue checks being thrown in the way of their admission to the public service, or the maintenance of any harsh privileges in favour of the dominant race. The truest policy in a conquered country is the most liberal policy. Be just, be kind, but be firm. Let there be no false hopes held out and no dangerous dallings allowed with independent princes. That we are in India and intend to remain there, let so much be clearly understood. This is the first factor of our politics, and after it let the end of the Government be to make the people as prosperous as possible.

HERBERT TAYLOR.

GUIZOT IN PRIVATE LIFE.

MME. DE WITT, née GUIZOT. *Monsieur Guizot dans sa famille et avec ses amis*. Cinquième édition. Paris: Hachette, 1881.
Monsieur Guizot in Private Life (1787-1874). By his Daughter, Madame DE WITT. Translated by Mrs. SIMPSON. Hurst & Blackett.

THE eldest daughter of Guizot, Mme. Conrad de Witt, desires to bring her father, whose figure in history can hardly be said to fluctuate, nearer the human heart. It is easy to understand the wish, and the undertaking has been fully justified, if success is a sufficient justification. In the course of a few months the book has passed through five editions, and it has been translated into English, for what reason is not very clear, since it might be supposed that those who take interest enough in Guizot's personality to read a whole volume about his private life, must possess at least some knowledge of the French language, and—we may add, anticipating what will be said further on—when these pages have been robbed of their brilliant French dress, their contents will perhaps be found to be a little meagre. In fact, the daughter has caught the secret of her father's distinguished imposing style, and the few passages which come from her own pen are by no means unworthy of the nine-tenths of the book, which consist of letters and memorials from Guizot's own hand. May we be excused for remarking that Mme. de Witt has carried her self-suppression a trifle too far? The greater part of these letters cannot have for the general public the interest they possess for the children and friends of the statesman. They are sometimes not only rather long, but even a little lengthy, if we may be allowed to speak so freely of one of the crowned heads of history. A passage of narrative here and there would have afforded an agreeable relief from the flood of words, and perhaps have supplied us with a better idea of the feelings and opinions of the hero, than all those words are able to do; and Mme. de Witt narrates well. Yet any one who did not bring to her book some general knowledge of Guizot's life and surroundings would hardly be able to form from the materials here offered a just conception of the circumstances among which he

moved. It is not, for instance, unimportant to know that the first Mme. Guizot was fifteen years older than her husband, and that before he was appointed, as a youth of twenty-five years, to the Chair of History in the Sorbonne, he had been a tutor in the family of the former envoy for Switzerland, M. Stapfer. The former fact is only alluded to: "The dissimilarity of their origin and education, far more than the dissimilarity of their age, often suggested to them different literary ideas." The latter is veiled, as if it had not been most highly honourable to both the parties concerned: "With a kindness which my father never forgot, M. Stapfer, not satisfied with placing his experience and advice at his disposal, drew him into the circle of his family, and allowed him to spend long months in his country seat near Paris." Can this really be clear to any one who is in possession of no previous information on the subject?

In Guizot's own letters too, which, as has already been said, make up by far the greatest part of the book, we find but little of actual interest. The men with whom or about whom he writes have as little real life as those in his histories and memoirs; they are all shadows, less than shadows—i.e., psychological analyses; excellent and careful analyses, it is true, but still analyses, not portraits. Perhaps the shadowiness and want of concreteness in the portraiture is also owing to the fact that those who stood nearest to the Minister in private life were not men and women of a commanding personality. Those who were, as the French say, really anybody (*quelqu'un*) stand out in relief even in the blunt outlines of Guizot's drawing. Among these is the pale and noble form of the son of his first marriage, who died away in the flower of his years; and also his old Huguenot mother, who stamped her impress on the whole future life of the author and statesman. Another character, too, stands vividly before us—not, it is true, by means of Guizot's or his daughter's description, but in her own correspondence—and she is a real discovery for us of a younger generation; it is Mlle. de Meulan, the first Mme. Guizot, who was so much older than her husband—his Rahel. Her letters, which are only too sparingly introduced, are the charming outpourings of a bright healthy mind and heart; there is a vividness in the impressions, a warmth in the feeling, a peculiarity in the language of these fragments, which we vainly seek in all the rest of the volume. Indirect and colourless as are Guizot's own love letters,—if we may apply the bright name to the amplifications of the venerable youth,—those of his wife are direct and full of colour: and what womanliness there was in the supposed blue-stocking, how much true tact and wisdom in all that concerns life! How amiably she puts the youth to rights, who, with the firm belief in settled principles of five-and-twenty, insists on his independence of the public: "Are we then so sure, even after long reflection, that a knowledge of the opinions of others, even though they should be false, may not modify something in our own, if it were only by generating new thoughts in our minds?" Or when he loses his con-

fidence in mankind because some one or other has behaved badly. "And then I must tell you I don't quite understand what you mean by having no further confidence in men; one never has a confidence that belongs to them, one has confidence in one's own judgment, which chooses them from the midst of others, and if one is deceived, one ceases to trust oneself. They lose nothing in that case, and we gain much—namely, the habit of thinking twice over a matter." And how charming and womanly is the feeling of weakness with which she leans upon the young man—how true, like sighs coming from the deepest heart, are the words in which she expresses her discouragement and her longing to step out of her narrow sphere, and to enjoy life a little, after so long and laborious a concentration! She, at least, is not, like all the other members of the circle, ashamed to be imperfect. "*A-t-on gagé d'être parfaite?*" asked Mme. de Lafayette, who also in spite of all her virtuousness always deigned to remain, like Goethe's Gretchen, "a foolish timorous woman." The young husband's long and wordy letters are, on the other hand, only variations on the old commonplaces of sentiment: "When you are not here, a part of myself is wanting to me, and I seek everywhere for this missing half whose absence causes that which remains to languish, as the blessed would languish, who, having known heaven, were then separated from it," &c. &c. If Mlle. de Meulan reminds us of Rabel, Guizot is here the very image of Varnhagen, and of a Varnhagen without his intellectual freedom; but, it is true, he is not yet the man who, whatever he might be in other respects, in active life outweighed a dozen Varnhagens.

I have said that the extracts from Guizot's letters here published contain little of actual interest; in fact, the few particulars they supply—about the painting of a country-house, for example, the purchase of a horse, and other expenses—are by no means interesting. For the rest, we have only thoughts and emotions, or rather words about thoughts and emotions. This circumstance renders it exceedingly difficult to criticize the book. The authoress is a lady; the feeling which induced her to prepare her work was a natural and admirable one; Guizot himself was, in his private life, so excellent a man, that one feels a certain repugnance to expressing one's true opinion when it is opposed to the impression which the reverent affection of his daughter desires to convey. If Mme. de Witt had printed the manuscript for private circulation, no man of gentlemanly manners, not to say of refined feeling, into whose hand a copy chanced to fall, would have thought of bringing it before the tribunal of publicity; to have done so, would have shown not only an unpardonable want of tact, but even something very like brutality. But the book has itself sought publicity; it has forced itself into the market, and by doing so has challenged criticism. The daughter disappears behind the authoress, or, let us say, she has assumed the position of a portrait-painter who has sent her picture to the Royal Academy. Were we to pass it by as if we had not noticed it, or to refer to it only

with a few empty compliments, she would have a right to complain that she was treated with a want of respect. Now, a want of respect is the very last feeling which either the painter or her model inspires.

If we ask ourselves, however, whether the picture is a good likeness, we find that here, as so often in real life, the painter has seen the face in one way, and we—i.e., the world—have seen it in another. The writer may reply that she foresaw this, and has therefore allowed her hero for the most part to speak for himself. But then, if we understand even these his own words in a sense different from that which they bear for his daughter, are we to blame? Those who stand nearest are not always those who see most clearly. Love, gratitude, reverence, admiration, even habit, all tend to obliterate the traits which first strike the stranger, and which are often the most characteristic. If even Mme. Pauline Guizot, with all her realistic knowledge of men, could only see her young husband with the eyes of love, how should his daughter view him otherwise? "When I think of the conception many people form of you," writes the first Mme. Guizot, "of the arrogant and ambitious man, with the cold heart and the calculating head, it is so strange a contrast to the truth that I cannot find it in my heart to be angry with such stupid criticism." And forty years later, Guizot himself complained that Renan made out of him "that tragic, lonely, unbending (*tendue*) figure which would probably grow into a legend, and was false, like all legends." Yes, and no. The details of a legend are always false, but it always contains a kernel of truth. A mere invention never becomes a legend. If there had been no ambition, arrogance, and coldness in the man, how could it have come to pass that he made the same impression on all his contemporaries when a youth of thirty as well as when an old man of eighty years? If naïveté and not effort had been the leading trait of his nature, must this not have appeared in the letters which he wrote to his mother, wife, and daughter, and which are here, I might almost say, forced upon us? He himself felt, and his intimates knew, that he was free from the pride of class; they knew how sincerely and entirely he despised all external distinctions. Had he not remained simple M. Guizot, in spite of all the baronial and ducal titles the King had offered him, and which few Frenchmen would have had the courage to refuse? They knew that, far from cleverly and coldly calculating his own advantage in money and estate, he had never even sought it. But there is an arrogance of virtue and intelligence, an ambition which desires power and not honours, a calculation which prevents spontaneous action and feeling without seeking any vulgar profit. These qualities are quite proper, at times they are obligatory; but may we not be permitted to feel a warmer sympathy with those who can sometimes let fall the reins and give their nature free course, who can now and then forget the kingdoms of the world, and associate with fools and ragamuffins as their comrades in this somewhat mixed existence of ours?

Who ever doubted that Guizot loved his wife and children,—that he sincerely loved them? How kind and helpful he was to the relations of both his wives we here learn in the most pleasant way—that is, casually, almost accidentally, without such acts being formally entered in the list of the hero's merits. That he was capable of deep feeling we see from the letters which refer to the loss of his son, not only at the time, but many many years afterwards. The wound does not heal; as often as he speaks of the youth so early taken from him, his voice quivers as if there were tears in it; had he not by that blow lost "every feeling of security" for all the rest of his life, as he wrote in a letter to Mrs. Austin? In other cases, on the contrary, his feelings, sincere as they doubtless were, find an expression as cold and empty as that in his love letters. No cry from the very depth of a riven heart, like that of Lessing on the death of his wife and child, here falls upon the ear. But all this, by the way, is properly speaking no concern of ours. The only question which should have an interest for us is whether this new publication should modify, in any important particulars, the picture which his contemporaries and successors have formed of Guizot. Such a thing is quite conceivable. Which of us does not know that Goethe, who from his thirtieth year was obliged to "entrench himself" in order to ward off the importunities of strangers, was represented by the latter, who were for the most part knights of the pen, as a cold and haughty aristocrat; and that the picture of the stiff old Privy Councillor maintained its place for tens of years in the popular imagination? But when the letters to Augusta von Stolberg and Charlotte von Stein were published, when one by one the fresh outpourings of his youth became known, even the blind began to perceive—what the seeing had never doubted—namely, that the author of "Werther" and the songs had not been wanting in sensibility. What the youthful Goethe was—what a world of stormy passion and delicate emotion the young healthy nature contained; how much hearty sympathy, how much true kindness of heart, continued to live on in the man long after he had carefully concealed them beneath an icy exterior; how even to the last this exterior would thaw as soon as it was touched by a really warm and loving hand—all this too we know now that the letters of Felix Mendelssohn and so many others lie open to us. Does anything similar take place in Guizot's case? Willingly or unwillingly, we are compelled to answer, No. In his twentieth, nay, in his fifteenth year, he was the same as at eighty-seven—a good son, as he was to become a good husband and father; an irreproachable man, as he had been a conscientious student; a sympathetic spontaneous nature he never was, and this is true of his intellect as well as his character.

A letter to his mother of the year 1806—Guizot was born in 1787—shows us him then as he remained all his life long—self-willed (he boasts of this himself) and strict, even severe. "They desired to lend virtue an everlasting smile," he says of the men of the eighteenth century, "and

they deprived her of all her strength. They were so amiable that they ceased to be virtuous. . . . I cannot restrain my indignation when I see how they were constantly endeavouring to rob virtue of her crown of thorns." Such a tone is natural enough in youth, which is prone to undervalue others, and in which intolerance is almost a merit, but what must be said when the experience of a long and changeful life does not soften such harshness but increases it; when virtue and piety bring pride and severity in their train, instead of pity and forgiveness? Madame de Witt, when speaking of her grandmother, says: "Madame Guizot's incomparable self-devotion seldom descended to caresses (*ne s'abaissait pas souvent aux caresses*); there was no room in it for weakness." The words might be applied to the virtue of the son, as self-devotion can and need hardly be expected of a man. But this sombre temper affects us less painfully in the mother, because it is explained by the events of her life. She grew up in the provinces, in the narrow circle of the oppressed, the almost concealed Huguenot Church of the last century, and though as a girl she seems to have been lively, cheerful, and fond of gaiety, the austere principles of the Calvinistic code of ethics must have become to her a second nature. She was united in the warmest affection to the one love of her life, a husband of the same age as herself, and after living with him for seven happy years, it was her lot to see him mount the scaffold while he was still little more than a youth. How could such a horror fail to cast an impervious shadow on her life? Death also robbed her of her beloved sisters, the companions of her youth. A solitary widowed life, passed in straitened circumstances, nay, almost exposed to want, and then the long, long separation from her son, cast her back upon herself and the memories of her grief. "The first impression of my sorrow has never been obliterated," she writes long afterwards in a tone the truthfulness of which it is easy enough to feel. "I am going to him," were the words with which she closed her eighty years of life; on her breast still rested the last letter of the husband of her youth—*κουρίδιος σποσις*—whose head had fallen more than fifty years before. The son, on the contrary, lived from his eighteenth year in Paris, amid the most stimulating intellectual society, and in the presence of great historical events. He prospered in everything. At twenty-five he was appointed professor in the first scientific institution of France, which the most celebrated scholars rarely succeed in entering before they are fifty. He was worthy of the patronage which at times makes so far more judicious a selection than the *vox populi*, or even the competitive examinations; but still it was such a piece of good luck as was well calculated to raise the spirits of the person to whom it happened. Two years later the young man even attained an influential position in the Government, for, in spite of his Protestantism, he became Under Secretary of State in the Home Office, at the head of which a Catholic dignitary then stood, and shortly afterwards he was made a Councillor of State. He lost, it is true, the wife to whom he was deeply attached,

but he found strength enough to marry again in the following year, as she had advised, and as it was very natural for him to do, for a man lives even less exclusively for the memory of a woman than he does for her love when she is still present with him. With this exception, down to the middle of life, everything smiled upon him, even—who would have believed it?—the favour of the people. His circumstances were easy. Of the struggle for existence he had hitherto known nothing but its successes—that is, its stimulating and exhilarating side. The hardness must therefore have formed an original part of his character and not have been the result of experience. Again, his mother could at times be gay. “The natural cheerfulness of her disposition reappeared now and then,” as her grand-daughter tells us. But the son is always serious, nay gloomy, as all men are who cannot come out of themselves, and for such persons children are only a protracted, and relations an extended self. Joyousness was wanting to his temperament, just as irony was wanting to his intellect. Finally, his mother belonged to an earlier time: “In her old-fashioned and simple dress, with the strong, deep, delicately serious expression which reminded me of the mothers of Port Royal, I still seem to see her in the salon of the Minister, through which she merely glided, and where she represented the belief, the simplicity, the living virtues of the wilderness and the persecuted.” Thus the historian of Port Royal.* The son, however, was not a man of the wilderness, but of public life, and in the battle of life he verily did not stand on the side of the oppressed. Besides, politics do not claim a place on the heights of the absolute upon which religion takes her stand. In public life concessions must be made to the weakness and even the wickedness of men, and no one understood better than Guizot how to make such concessions while keeping his own hand scrupulously clean. The incorruptible never hesitated to corrupt when it was a question, not of God and His gospel, but of King Louis Philip and M. Guizot’s policy. A man who has been brought into contact with this dirty side of life may have a right to despise men, but in that case he ought to begin with his own tools, and not with his opponent’s; Guizot always adopted the opposite course.

There can be no question that the society in which Guizot moved possessed a far higher culture, that it was in all respects more reputable, and in one morally purer, than that which came into power after his fall. It was no band of Bohemians, adventurers, boon companions, and gamblers, like that which, in consequence of the February revolution and the *coup d’état*, “floated, scumlike, uppermost;” the persons who composed it were, almost without an exception, men of regular lives and well-ordered households; and the egoism, the ambition, the greed, often

* In the eighteenth century the French Huguenots were accustomed to meet in lonely places (the wilderness—*le désert*) to hear the word of God from their preachers. In Port Royal the name *désert* was given to what other Catholics call *retraite*—that is, a temporary seclusion from all society for the purpose of devoting oneself to prayer and religious exercises. Sainte Beuve is evidently thinking only of the former meaning of the word.

also the vulgar love of material enjoyment which lay hidden under the smooth exterior of this middle-class morality, awakened no disgust in a man who never inquired into the inmost nature of things as long as they rendered it easy for him to remain upon the surface. It was enough for him that the surface was respectable. Guizot, entirely a man of conventions, insisted as strongly on a respect for social as for religious prejudices. A girl who had had the effrontery to fall in love without the previous permission of papa and mamma, would have seemed as contemptible to him as a man who took the liberty of being religious without belonging to a Church. In fact, he was always ready with his depreciation and contempt. There are persons, like Voltaire for instance, who in theory view mankind with scorn, but in their feelings and actions are always the friends of men, and for whom a misfortune which the sufferer has brought upon himself does not seem less worthy of pity than one which has come upon him by no fault of his own. From Guizot one seldom, if ever, hears the voice of compassion, whereas a sentence of moral condemnation seems to cost him nothing. The words of Christ to the woman taken in adultery, and still more those which He spoke to Mary Magdalene, do not seem to have stood in his Bible.

If he was severe to others, however, he was by no means indulgent to himself. His private life was one of the most irreproachable conscientiousness. He left the highest offices of the State as poor as he entered upon them, and after governing France for eight years he was obliged to take up his pen in order to provide for himself and his family. The nepotism of which he cannot be entirely acquitted forms so integral a part of the public life of modern France—it is so consonant with the moral ideas of the French to subordinate the duties one owes to the State to those which are due to one's family—that the severe censure which has been pronounced upon him on this account is, to say the least, unfair, particularly when it comes from the Republican party, which has carried this practice to so high a degree of perfection. Guizot's private life was spotless: in a country where liberty in the relations of the sexes is viewed with such indulgence, the shadow of a suspicion of laxity never fell upon him. He was no latitudinarian either in morals or religion, and he was so as little with respect to himself as to others. Splendour and the pleasures of the table were alike indifferent to him, and he seems never to have longed for music or the theatre. The only enjoyments which he knew, except the exercise of power, were found in the intercourse with men of similar tastes, and in his private life. But even here the *desipere in loco* was entirely unknown to him. It is always great and serious subjects, at the very least questions of political tactics, which fill his letters to his friends, as they probably did his conversation with them. We feel we have reached a fountain in the desert when he once and again tells a malicious anecdote like the following:—"Berryer asked Dupin (the President of the Chamber at the time of the imminent *coup d'état*), 'Show

me a little door by which one could get into the Chamber, and bring you support if you were attacked.' 'I am just looking for one by which one might get out,' replied Dupin." A joke is still rarer—indeed, there is not a single one in the whole volume; and in conversation we know that he never permitted broad jesting, far less, of course, would he have descended to it himself. Guizot had much of the English earnestness which Kant admired so highly, but still more of the English gravity which Sterne ridiculed with such charming humour; and this is the reason why he was so much liked in England—at least in some quarters, just as he himself was pleased with this side of the English character. Englishmen of the older school, like Palmerston, on the other hand, felt an invincible antipathy to the man who was so utterly wanting in the fresh spontaneity of old England, and who had no sense that responded to her humour. In his letters to his friends, as well as those which he addresses to his children, there is always the same monotonous seriousness; he always appears as a teacher. Take only the two intolerably pedantic, never-ending epistles to his eldest daughter upon her interpunctuation; or the way in which he recommends the poor girl—she was ten years old—to read Lingard and Hume methodically, epoch for epoch. He seems to find it inconceivably difficult to become a child with children, and we are only too glad to hear that he does sometimes condescend to play domino with them, or to tell them something about Van Amburg's menagerie. "I speak to you as I should to a grown-up person," he says to his little Guillaume—and that, in fact, is the impression his language almost always makes. "I do not demand of you that you should love me more than you love me, because I know you are not able to do so," he writes to his daughter who is only seven years old! What wonder the poor creatures grow the very images of little pedants! "The following was my conversation with the children" (his grandchildren), he writes: "The four eldest breakfasted with me. *Cornelis*—Robert says he loves Jeanne most. That isn't true. We all love her as much as he does. *Robert*—No. I love Jeanne most. *Cornelis*—No. *Robert*—Yes. *Jeanne*—You must not love me more than Marguerite; that is not just."

One can easily imagine the whole tone of the house; everything is regulated according to the model of the man who never unbends even for a minute. No folly, no impropriety; and yet these too form a necessary part of the true man, if, indeed, the whole perfection of humanity does not consist in being imperfect. These were wanting in Guizot, and France instinctively felt the want when it grew tired of hearing Aristides called the Just. He is always the blameless, the intellectually and morally superior. By these means he acquired what may always be acquired in the same way, particularly if a recipe as to conduct be employed, the ingredients of which it is not difficult to mix, though it is a rather wearisome process to weigh them out—namely, a reputation for virtue. "I too have never stolen silver spoons," my friend B. once said to me, "but I never could manage to attain to a

reputation for virtue." Poor fellow! In the course of a changeful and difficult public life his hands had always been clean; not the shadow of a suspicion could fall upon him. In his intercourse with crowned heads as well as with the sovereign people, he had always preserved his independence of action and his freedom of speech; he had neither asked a favour nor accepted one. He possessed neither titles nor dignities, neither office nor decorations. He never flattered the *victrix causa* even when it was his own party that had been victorious, and the cause of the conquered was sure of his sympathy whenever it could find acquittal before the tribunal of his judgment or his feelings. He never was false to his convictions, even when danger threatened their confessors. He had earned his wealth by hard and honest work, not won it by speculation on the Stock Exchange, and his purse was never closed to those who needed his assistance; no path seemed too long to him if his errand was to find employment for those who wanted it. He taught his children to work and to keep themselves clean. His speech was humanly cordial with the lowest, and frank with the highest. He was equally faithful in love and friendship. He had no debts either, and was never found drunk in the gutter; above all things, he was constantly truthful both to himself and others. Poor fellow! As if that had anything to do with the matter. Perhaps it was this very thing that deprived him of the reputation of an Aristides. Envy and avarice, egoism and hypocrisy, he might safely have cherished; but truthfulness, the genuine truthfulness which will not consciously blind itself to the dirt which forms the basis of all our cleanly convictions, the truthfulness which compels one to show oneself as one is, and to give one's nature free play—that is the suspicious quality; only he who never forgets the part he has to play—who is perpetually self-conscious and self-observant, who can never lay his personal dignity aside for a moment, as Lessing, for example, could do, "because he knew he could resume it at his pleasure and at any moment"—only such a man can attain a reputation for virtue. If, besides all this, he is careful never to pay a compliment to a pretty woman, nor to enjoy a good glass of wine or a bad pun; if "virtue" is continually on his tongue, and he piteously scolds at all the gay, the frivolous, and the unlucky; above all, if he is constantly in a bad humour, he can hardly fail to succeed. In Guizot's case it was principally the want of joyousness in his disposition, and the entire absence of humour in his intellect, which secured his reputation. There can here be no suspicion of hypocrisy and untruthfulness; it was unnecessary for him to play a part, because he was endowed by Nature with the requisite qualities, and it was therefore needless to assume them. Among these requisite qualities there are, however, some intellectual ones. Only a certain superficiality which renders any development of the mind impossible, can ensure that consistency of opinion which the world is accustomed to worship under the name of character.

Guizot was not an original thinker, and he had no direct intuitions whatever. There has probably rarely existed a man of such intellec-

tual power who was so entirely wanting both in a talent for abstract speculation and a feeling for art. His philosophy is the most threadbare rationalism. In reality he never went far beyond the metaphysics of his second wife, which are thus given in the volume before us:—"The proof of the existence of a God, which is based on the order of the world and the necessity of a first cause, proclaims the immortality of the soul as a necessary consequence of our moral nature, and justifies us in expecting* a future state of rewards and punishments, because the law of justice which should rule *de jure* does not rule *de facto* here below, and all that is right must be realized." And this is he who, with the arrogance and shallowness proper to the men of "solid" learning and character, without more ado, pronounced Vacherot, one of the first metaphysicians of France and a declared idealist, to be a "materialist," and on this pretext opposed his admission to the *Académie des Sciences Morales*! It is clear that he had never read, or, if he had read, never understood him. Even in his philosophy of history, if indeed his interpretations of history deserve the name, he never passes beyond Bunsen's point of view; he sees therein "a divine intervention . . . as clearly and as certainly as in the movements of the stars." No wonder if for him "history has many gaps but no secrets, if he ignores much in it but understands everything." His head was in fact miserably poor in ideas, for it is only to such heads the world appears so simple, only such who are so easily satisfied when once they have found a formula which they trust, like a skeleton key, to open every door. "Guizot is a great orator," Thiers once said;† "but, you will be surprised, in politics Guizot is stupid (*bête*)." "What he meant was," Sainte-Beuve adds, "that Guizot as a statesman was wanting in ideas; and that is true." In fact his importance lay in quite a different sphere. Even in his youth the little set of principles, which were constantly on his lips, had not sprung from his own mind, nor had they been formed by observation of the world around him; they were communicated to him by the circle in which he moved, and as they were congenial to his nature, he quickly accepted and obstinately retained them. The little capital of ideas with which he traded during the whole of his life was not only received from others without any *beneficium inventarii*; he never increased or modified it to any extent. The experience of a long life made no change whatever in his religious, his moral, and his political views. This experience, his deep and extensive knowledge of history, which was in fact the only solid knowledge he possessed, and his extraordinary talent, were employed during the long course of sixty years only in exhibiting and defending the ideas which he had accepted on his entrance into public life. (He cannot be said to have learned anything from life;) his mind was as incapable of development as it was inflexible. It is only the passionate warmth with which he defends his opinions which deceives

* French, *et compte*. But how is it possible to say in English that a demonstration *relève* or counts upon anything?

† *Cahiers de Sainte-Beuve*, 20.

us as to the activity of his intellect. For, in spite of all, the man was passionate; only passion is by no means synonymous with depth of feeling, still less does it imply alertness of mind. What we designate by the words heart and genius is always primal in its character, and in its activity it is selfless; for the heart forgets itself in the object of its affection, and genius in the subjects of its interest. Whoever brings only talent and passion to his work, never ceases to seek himself in others, and to make his talent the tool of his person. This is often consciously hidden, still oftener, perhaps, it lies by its own nature beyond the range of vision of the crowd; while, on the other hand, genius and true feeling often display a naive egoism which leads the observer astray. For they are dimly conscious that the deed or work which they alone can accomplish, the personality which Nature has entrusted them to develop, is endangered if they yield, and they do not shrink from sacrificing others too to this their personality, which is itself only the servant of an impersonal, a higher good; even over the broken heart of a Friederike von Lesenheim they must often pass forward on the path of their destiny. Such an egoism is always cheerful, because it feels itself guiltless; while the other is always gloomy, because the individuality is empty both of true affection and true interest,—because it seeks only its own things, and stands only in the service of the will. "*La joie de l'esprit en marque la force*," said Ninon de l'Enclos; whoever, therefore, compels his talent to serve the will, loses by that action in strength as well as in joy. Now, for Guizot, his great talent was at all times only a weapon in the struggle for existence; he never accepts the world as a given fact which cannot be changed; still less is he able to rise with an irony, like that of Cervantes, above life. No one has a right to blame him for this, as not to every one is it given to gaze upon the world from the point of view of the artist and the poet, or to devote himself to the investigation of truth. We cannot all pass our lives in either contemplation or research; there must be men of action as well; and the man of action must seek his own things if he desires to achieve anything great; only he too must know how to identify his personality with something that is impersonal, if his action is to bring forth real fruit.

Guizot was ambitious, and what reason is there why he should not have been so? Without ambition no man of parts and character would consent to enter public life at all; without ambition he would do nothing in it worth doing. Guizot was even something more than ambitious, he was greedy of power; and this, too, he had a right to be if he desired power only for the purpose of realizing his political conceptions. The event has proved that he exerted his rare talents, not in realizing such conceptions, but simply for the purpose of maintaining himself in power. His law of popular education belongs to the year 1838; the true period of his rule extends from the year 1840 to 1848, and of that period nothing has remained as a lasting boon to France. Guizot himself confessed that he loved to rule, and yet if we had any charge to bring against him, it would, perhaps, be that when

the occasion offered he governed this passion only too well. In order to be able to continue to set the officials and the representatives to rights, and to scold and preach to them to his heart's content, he was just a little too ready to comply with the wishes of his king even though he himself disapproved of them, even though they frustrated his own plans. The *omnia serviliter pro dominatione* which once, in the conflict with the Crown, he hurled against Molé, rebounded upon his own head, and the scar never entirely disappeared.* The man never felt well except when he could take a part in the business of Government, and so nothing could recompense him for the loss of power. In the whole volume we do not find a single word about poetry or music, painting or sculpture; it is written as if there were no place for art in the world. Politics, on the contrary, always force themselves into the foreground, even in a cosy chat with the children; for "of what the heart is full, the mouth speaketh." And why should it not be so; why should not he follow the guidance of his nature, and give himself up to the passion that consumed him? No reason could be given, if only he had confessed the truth to himself. But this he does not do. "Although I enjoy action," he says, "this is neither the natural bent of my nature, nor does it give me the fullest satisfaction. . . . The position of the spectator, mere intellectual contemplation, affords a far larger and more untrammelled pleasure." This is perfectly true, but would Guizot have been able to remain for an hour on those calm heights? Would not his passion for strife have drawn him immediately back into the noise and dust of the conflict? "I love power because I love the battle—" these are words that came from his inmost soul.

Even in the field of politics, however, where he felt himself most at his ease, the same want of humour and joyousness which characterizes his private life is clearly enough to be felt. The limits of his mind and temperament did not permit him to forget himself in the State—as a Friedrich II. and a Peter Leopold could do—and thus to create institutions of a permanent value; his ambition and arrogance prevented him from gaining—as a Thiers and a Palmerston did—the sympathy of his contemporaries and successors, when it was vain to hope for the gratitude and admiration of coming generations. Nor does the man excite the sympathy which the statesman failed to gain. Such, at least, is the impression of the reader, and these somewhat uncalled-for communications with respect to his family life are not likely to modify it.

KARL HILLEBRAND.

* See my "Geschichte Frankreich's von der Thronbesteigung Louis Philipp's bis zum Fall Napoleon's III.," vol. ii. p. 319 (second edition). I take this opportunity of referring the reader to the two already published volumes of the above work, which treat of the Kingdom of July, for a full account of the political life of Guizot, and therefore the most important side of his mind and character. We are here only concerned with his private life.

THE UNITY OF NATURE.

VIII.

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF THE UNITY OF NATURE.

IF any one were to ask what is the origin of hunger or what is the origin of thirst, the idleness of the question would be felt at once. And yet hunger and thirst have had an origin. But that origin cannot be separated from the origin of Organic Life, and the absurdity of the question lies in this—that in asking it, the possibility of making such a separation is assumed. It involves either the supposition that there have been living creatures which had no need of food and drink, or else the supposition that there have been living creatures which, having that need, were nevertheless destitute of any corresponding appetite. Both of these suppositions, although not in the abstract inconceivable, are so contrary to all that we know of the laws of Nature, that practically they are rejected as impossible. There always is, and there always must be, a close correspondence between the intimations of sensibility and the necessities of Life. Hunger is the witness in sensation to the law which demands for all living things a renewal of force from the assimilation of external matter. To theorize about its origin is to theorize about the origin of that law, and consequently about the origin of embodied Life. The Darwinian formula is not applicable here. Appetite cannot have arisen out of the accidents of variation. It must have been coeval with organization, of which it is a necessary part. The same principle applies to all elementary appetites and affections, whether they be the lower appetites of the body or the higher appetites of the mind. They exist because of the existence of certain facts and of certain laws to which they stand in a relation which is natural and necessary, because it is a relation which is reasonable and fitting. Really to understand how these appetites and affections arose, it would be necessary to understand how all the corresponding facts and laws came to be. But in many cases—indeed in most cases—any such under-

standing is impossible, because the facts and the laws to which every appetite corresponds are in their very nature ultimate. They are laws behind which, or beyond which, we cannot get. The only true explanation of the appetite lies in the simple recognition of the adjusted relations of which it forms a part; that is to say—in a recognition of the whole system of Nature as a reasonable system, and of this particular part of it as in harmony with the rest. Any attempted explanation of it which does not start with that recognition of the reasonableness of Nature must be futile. Any explanation which not only fails in this recognition, but assumes that the origin of anything can be interpreted without it, must be not only futile but erroneous.

Men have been very busy of late in speculating on the origin of Religion. In asking this question they generally make, often as it seems unconsciously, one or other of two assumptions. One is the assumption that there is no God, and that it must have taken a long time to invent Him. The other is that there is a God, but that men were born, or created, or developed, without any sense or feeling of His existence, and that the acquisition of such a sense must of necessity have been the work of time.

I do not now say that either of these assumptions is in itself inconceivable, any more than the supposition that at some former time there were creatures needing food and drink and yet having no appetites to inform them of the fact. But what I desire to point out is, first, that one or other of these assumptions is necessarily involved in most speculations on the subject, and secondly, that, to say the least, it is possible that neither of these assumptions may be true. Yet the method of inquiry to be pursued respecting the origin of Religion must be entirely different, according as we start from one or other of these assumptions, or as we reject them both. If we assume that there is no God, then the question how Mankind have come so widely to invent one or more of such imaginary Beings, is indeed a question well worthy of our utmost curiosity and research. But, on the other hand, if we start with the assumption that there is a God, or indeed if we assume no more than that there are Intelligences in the Universe superior to Man, and possessing some power greater than his own over the natural system in which he lives, then the method of inquiry into the origin of Religion is immensely simplified. Obviously the question how Man first came to recognize the existence of his Creator, if we suppose such a Being to exist, becomes in virtue of that supposition relegated to the same class as the question how he first came to recognize any other of the facts or truths which it concerns him most to know. Indeed from its very nature this truth is evidently one which might be more easily and more directly made known to him than many others. The existence of a Being from whom our own being has been derived involves, at least, the possibility of some communication direct or indirect. Yet the impossibility or the improbability of any such communication is another

of the assumptions continually involved in current theories about the origin of Religion. But no such assumption can be reasonably made. The perceptions of the Human Mind are accessible to the intimations of external truth through many avenues of approach. In its very structure it is made to be responsive to some of these intimations by immediate apprehension. Man has that within him by which the Invisible can be seen, and the Inaudible can be heard, and the Intangible can be felt. Not as the result of any reasoning, but by the same power by which it sees and feels the postulates on which all reasoning rests, the Human Mind may from the very first have felt that it was in contact with a Mind which was the fountain of its own.

No argument can be conducted without some assumptions. But neither ought any argument to be conducted without a clear understanding what these assumptions are. Having now cleared up the assumptions which are usually made, we can proceed with greater confidence in the discussion of the great problem before us. The origin of particular systems of religious belief is, of course, a mere question of fact. A few of these systems belong to our own time; others have arisen late in the historic ages and in the full light of contemporary evidence. Some, again, are first recognized in the dawn of those ages, and their distinctive features can only be dimly traced through evidence which is scanty and obscure. Religion is the origin of all these systems of Belief, but no one of them represents the origin of Religion. None of them throw any other light on the origin of Religion than as all exhibiting the one essential element in which all Religion consists. And it would be well if men, before philosophizing on the origin of Religion, had a more accurate conception of what they mean by it. The definitions of Religion have been even worse than the definitions of Morality. Just as the attempt is made to account for morals apart from the sense of duty or of obligation in conduct, so is the attempt made to account for Religion apart from the sense of Mind or Will in Nature. The great effort seems to have been to try how the essential idea of Religion could be either most completely eliminated or else most effectually concealed. For example, a feeling of absolute dependence has been specified by Schleiermacher as the essence of Religion. Yet it is evident that a sense of absolute dependence may be urgent and oppressive without the slightest tincture of religious feeling. A man carried off in a flood, and clinging to a log of wood, may have, and must have, a painful sense of absolute dependence on the log. But no one would think of describing this sense as a feeling of Religion. A savage may have a feeling of absolute dependence on his bows and arrows, or on the other implements of his chase; or disease may bring home to him a sense of his absolute dependence on the organs of his own body, which alone enable him to use his weapons with success. But it does not follow that the savage has any feeling of Religion towards his bow, or his arrow, or his net, or his fish-spear, or even to his own legs and arms. Any plausibility,

therefore, which may attach to the proposition which identifies Religion with the mere sense of dependence, is due entirely to the fact that when men speak of a sense of dependence they suggest the idea of a particular kind of dependence—namely, dependence upon a Being or a Personality, and not dependence upon a thing. That is to say, that the plausibility of the definition is entirely due to an element of thought which it is specially framed to keep out of sight. A sense of absolute dependence on purely physical things does not necessarily contain any religious element whatever. But, on the other hand, a sense of dependence on Personal or Living Agencies, whether they are supposed to be supreme or only superior to our own, is a feeling which is essentially religious.* But the element in that feeling which makes it religious is the element of belief in a Being or in Beings who have Power and Will. When we say of any man, or of any tribe of men, that they have no Religion, we mean that they have no belief in the existence of any such Being or Beings, or at least no such belief as to require any acknowledgment or any worship.

The practice of worship of some kind or another is so generally associated with Religion, that we do not usually think of it otherwise than as a necessary accompaniment. It is a natural accompaniment, for the simple reason that in the very act of thinking of Superhuman Beings the mind has an inevitable tendency to think of them as possessing not only an intellectual but a moral nature which has analogies with our own. It conceives of them as having dispositions and feelings as well as mere Intellect and Will. Complete indifference towards other creatures is not natural or usual in ourselves, nor can it be natural to attribute it to other Beings. In proportion therefore as we ascribe to the Superhuman Personalities, in whose existence we believe, the authorship or the rule over, or even a mere partnership in, the activities round us, in the same proportion is it natural to regard those Beings as capable of exercising some influence upon us, whether for evil or for good. This conception of them must lead to worship—that is to say, to the cherishing of some feeling and sentiment in regard to them, and to some methods of giving it expression. There is, therefore, no mystery whatever in the usual and all but universal association of worship of some kind with all conceptions of a religious nature.

It is to be remembered, however, that, as a matter of fact, the belief in the existence of a God, or of more Gods than one, has come, though rarely, to be separated from the worship of them. Among speculative philosophers this separation may arise from theories about the Divine nature, which represent it as inaccessible to supplication, or as indifferent to the sentiments of men. Among savages it may arise from the evolution of decay. It may be nothing but "a sleep and a forgetting"

* Professor Hale's definition of Religion corresponds with that here given:—"The relation between Man and the Superhuman Powers in which he believes" (*Outlines of the History of the Ancient Religions*, p. 2.)

—the result of the breaking up of ancient homes, and the consequent impossibility of continuing the practice of rites which had become inseparably associated with local usages. Among philosophers this divorce between the one essential element of Religion and the natural accompaniments of worship, is well exhibited in the Lucretian conception of the Olympian gods, as well as in the condition of mind of many men in our own day, who have not rejected the idea of a God, but who do not feel the need of addressing Him in the language either of prayer or praise. Of this same divorce among savages we have an example in certain Australian tribes, who are said to have a theology so definite as to believe in the existence of one God, the omnipotent Creator of heaven and of earth, and yet to be absolutely destitute of any worship.* Both of these, however, are aberrant phenomena—conditions of mind which are anomalous, and in all probability essentially transitional. It has been shown in the preceding pages how impossible it is to regard Australian or any other savages of the present time as representing the probable condition of Primeval Man. It needs no argument to prove that it is equally impossible to regard speculative philosophers of any school as representing the mind of the earliest progenitors of our race. But neither of savages nor of philosophers who believe in a God but do not pray to Him, would it be proper to say that they have no Religion. They may be on the way to having none, or they may be on the way to having more. But men who believe in the existence of any Personal or Living Agency in Nature superior to our own, are in possession of the one essential element of all Religion. This belief is almost universally associated with practices which are in the nature of worship—with sentiments of awe, or of reverence, or of fear.

It is not inconsistent with this definition to admit that sects or individuals, who have come to reject all definite theological conceptions and to deny the existence of a living God, have, nevertheless, been able to retain feelings and sentiments which may justly claim to be called religious. In the first place, with many men of this kind, their denial of a God is not in reality a complete denial. What they deny is very often only some particular conception of the Godhead, which is involved, or which they think is involved, in the popular theology. They are repelled, perhaps, by the familiarity with which the least elevated of human passions are sometimes attributed to the Divine Being. Or they may be puzzled by the anomalies of Nature, and find it impossible to reconcile them intellectually with any definite conception of a Being who is both all-powerful and all-good. But in faltering under this difficulty, or under other difficulties of the same kind, and in denying the possibility of forming any clear or definite conceptions of the Godhead, they do not necessarily renounce other conceptions which, though vague and indefinite, are nevertheless sufficient to form the nucleus of a hazy atmosphere of religious feeling and emotion. Such men may or

* "Hibbert Lectures," by Max Müller, 1878, pp. 16, 17.

may not recognize the fact that these feelings and emotions have been inherited from ancestors whose beliefs were purely theological, and that it is in the highest degree doubtful how long these feelings can be retained as mere survivals. It is remarkable that such feelings are even now artificially propped up and supported by a system of investing abstract terms with all the elements of personality. When men who profess to have rejected the idea of a God declare, nevertheless, as Strauss has declared, that "the world is to them the workshop of the Rational and the Good,"—when they explain that "that on which they feel themselves to be absolutely dependent is by no means a brute power, but that it is Order and Law, Reason and Goodness, to which they surrender themselves with loving confidence," we cannot be mistaken that the whole of this language, and the whole conceptions which underlie it, are language and conceptions appropriate to Agencies and Powers which are possessed of all the characteristics of Mind and Will. Order and Law are, indeed, in some minds associated with nothing except matter and material forces. But neither Reason nor Goodness can be thus dissociated from the idea of Personality. All other definitions which have been given of Religion will be found on analysis to borrow whatever strength they have from involving, either expressly or implicitly, this one conception. Morality, for example, becomes Religion in proportion as all duty and all obligation is regarded as resting on the sanctions of a Divine authority. In like manner, Knowledge may be identified with Religion in proportion as all knowledge is summed up and comprehended in the perfect knowledge of One who is All in All. Nor is there any real escape from this one primary and fundamental element of Religion in the attempt made by Comte to set up Man himself—Humanity—as the object of religious worship. It is the Human Mind and Will abstracted and personified that is the object of this worship. Accordingly, in the system of Comte, it is the language of Christian and even of Catholic adoration that is borrowed as the best and fullest expression of its aspirations and desires. Such an impersonation of the Human Mind and Will, considered as an aggregate of the past and of the future, and separated from the individual who is required to worship it, does contain the one element, or at least some faint outline and shadow of the one element, which has been here represented as essential to Religion—the element, namely, of some Power in Nature other than mere brute matter or mere physical force—which Power is thought of and conceived as invested with the higher attributes of the Human Personality.

Like methods of analysis are sufficient to detect the same element in other definitions of Religion, which are much more common. When, for example, it is said that "the Supernatural" or "the Infinite" are the objects of religious thought, the same fundamental conception is involved, and is more or less consciously intended. The first of these two abstract expressions, "the Supernatural," is avowedly an expression for the

existence and the agency of superhuman Personalities. It is objectionable only in so far as it seems to imply that such agency is no part of "Nature." This is in one sense a mere question of definition. We may choose to look upon our own human agency as an agency which is outside of Nature. If we do so, then, of course, it is natural to think of the agency of other Beings as outside of Nature also. But, on the other hand, if we choose to understand by "Nature" the whole system of things in which we live and of which we form a part, then the belief in the agency of other Beings of greater power does not necessarily involve any belief whatever that they are outside of that system. On the contrary, the belief in such an agency may be identified with all our conceptions of what that system, as a whole, is, and especially of its order and of its intelligibility. Whilst, therefore, "the Supernatural," as commonly understood, gives a true indication of the only real objects of religious thought, it complicates that indication by coupling the idea of Living Agencies above our own with a description of them which at the best is irrelevant, and is very apt to be misleading. The question of the existence of Living Beings superior to Man, and having more or less power over him and over his destinies, is quite a separate question from the relation in which those Beings may stand to what is commonly but variously understood by "Nature."

The other phrase, now often used to express the objects of religious thought and feeling, "the Infinite," is a phrase open to objection of a very different kind. It is ambiguous, not merely as "the Supernatural" is ambiguous, by reason of its involving a separate and adventitious meaning besides the meaning which is prominent and essential; but it is ambiguous by reason of not necessarily containing at all the one meaning which is essential to Religion. "The Infinite" is a pure and bare abstraction, which may or may not include the one only object of religious consciousness and thought. An Infinite Being, if that be the meaning of "the Infinite," is indeed the highest and most perfect object of Religion. But an infinite space is no object of religious feeling. An infinite number of material units is no object of religious thought. Infinite time is no object of religious thought. On the other hand, infinite power not only may be, but must be, an object of religious contemplation in proportion as it is connected with the idea of Power in a living Will. Infinite goodness must be the object of religious thought and emotion, because in its very nature this conception involves that of a Personal Being. But if all this is what is intended by "the Infinite," then it would be best to say so plainly. The only use of the phrase, as the one selected to indicate the object of Religion, is that it may be understood in a sense that is kept out of sight. And the explanations which have been given of it are generally open to the same charge of studied ambiguity. "The Infinite" has been defined as that which transcends sense and reason,—that which cannot be comprehended and wholly understood, although

it may be apprehended or partially conceived.* And no doubt, if this definition be applied, as by implication it always is applied, to the power and to the resources, or to any other feature in the character of an Infinite Being, then it becomes a fair definition of the highest conceivable object of religious thought. But, again, if it be not so applied,—if it be understood as only applying to the impossibility under which we find ourselves of grasping anything which is limitless,—of counting an infinite number of units,—of traversing, even in thought, an infinite space,—of living out an infinite time,—then “the Infinite” does not contain the one essential element which constitutes Religion.

Similar objections apply to another abstract phrase, sometimes used as a definition of the object of religious feeling, namely, “the Invisible.” Mere material things, which are either too large to be wholly seen, or too small to be seen at all, can never supply the one indispensable element of Religion. In so far, therefore, as invisibility applies to them only, it suggests nothing of a religious nature. But in so far as “the Invisible” means, and is intended to apply to, living Beings who are out of sight, to Personal Agencies which either have no bodily form, or who are thought of and conceived as separate from such form—in so far, of course, “the Invisible,” like “the Infinite,” does cover and include the conception without which there can be no Religion.

Definitions of meaning are more or less important in all discussions; but there are many questions in which they are by no means essential, because of the facility with which we refer the abstract words we may be using to the concrete things,—to the actual phenomena to which they are applied. When, for example, we speak of the religion of Mahomet, or of the religion of Confucius, or of the religion of Buddha, we do not need to define what we mean by the word “Religion,” because in all of these cases the system of doctrine and the conceptions which constitute those religions are known, or are matters of historical evidence. But when we come to discuss the origin, not of any particular system of belief, but of Religion in the abstract, some clear and intelligible definition of the word Religion becomes absolutely essential, because in that discussion we are dealing with a question which is purely speculative. It is idle to enter upon that speculative discussion unless we have some definite understanding what we are speculating about. In the case of Religion we cannot keep our understanding of the word fresh and distinct by thinking of any well-known and admitted facts respecting the beginnings of belief. There are no such facts to go upon as regards the religion of Primeval Man. Those, indeed, who accept the narrative attributed to the inspired authority of the Jewish Law-giver have no need to speculate. In that narrative the origin of Religion is identified with the origin of Man, and the Creator is represented as having had, in some form or another, direct communication with the creature He had made. But those who do not accept that

* Max Muller, “Hibbert Lectures,” 1878.

narrative, or who, without rejecting it altogether, regard it as so full of metaphor that it gives us no satisfying explanation, and who assume that Religion has had an origin subsequent to the origin of the species, have absolutely nothing to rely upon in the nature of history. There is no contemporary evidence, nor is there any tradition which can be trusted. Primeval man has kept no journal of his own first religious emotions, any more than of his own first appearance in the world. We are therefore thrown back upon pure speculation—speculation indeed, which may find in the present, and in a comparatively recent past, some data for arriving at conclusions, more or less probable, on the conditions of a time which is out of sight. But among the very first of these data, if it be not indeed the one datum without which all others are useless, is a clear conception of the element which is common to all religions as they exist now, or as they can be traced back beyond the dawn of history into the dim twilight of tradition. Of this universal element in all religions “the Infinite” is no definition at all. It is itself much more vague and indefinite in meaning than the word which it professes to explain. And this is all the more needless, seeing that the common element in all religions, such as we know them now, is one of the greatest simplicity. It is the element of a belief in superhuman Beings—in Living Agencies, other and higher than our own.

It is astonishing how much the path of investigation is cleared before us the moment we have arrived at this definition of the belief which is fundamental to all religions. That belief is simply a belief in the existence of Beings of whom our own Being is the type, although it need not be the measure or the form. By the very terms of the definition the origin of this belief is and must be in ourselves. That is to say, the disposition to believe in the existence of such Beings arises out of the felt unity of our own nature with the whole system of things in which we live and of which we are a part. It is the simplest and most natural of all conceptions that the agency of which we are most conscious in ourselves is like the Agency which works in the world around us. Even supposing this conception to be groundless, and that, as some now maintain, a more scientific investigation of natural agencies abolishes the conception of design or purpose, or of personal Will being at all concerned therein,—even supposing this, it is not the less true that the transfer of conceptions founded on our own consciousness of agency and of power within us to the agencies and powers around us, is a natural, if it be not indeed a necessary, conception. That it is a natural conception is proved by the fact that it has been, and still is, so widely prevalent; as well as by the fact that what is called the purely scientific conception of natural agencies is a modern conception, and one which is confessedly of difficult attainment. So difficult indeed is it to expel from the mind the conception of personality in or behind the agencies of Nature, that it may fairly be questioned whether it has ever been effectually done. Verb ces for keeping

the idea out of sight are indeed very common ; but even these are not very successful. I have elsewhere pointed out* that those naturalists and philosophers who are most opposed to all theological explanations or conceptions of natural forces do, nevertheless, habitually, in spite of themselves, have recourse to language which derives its whole form as well as its whole intelligibility, from those elements of meaning which refer to the familiar operations of our own Mind and Will. The very phrase "Natural Selection" is one which likens the operations of Nature to the operations of a mind exercising the power of choice. The whole meaning of the phrase is to indicate how Nature attains certain ends which are like "selection." And what "selection" is we know, because it is an operation familiar to ourselves. But the personal element of Will and of purpose lies even deeper than this in the scientific theory of Evolution. When we ourselves select, we may very often choose only among things ready made to our hands. But in the theory of Evolution, Nature is not merely represented as choosing among things ready made, but as at first making the things which are to be afterwards fitted for selection. Organs are represented as growing in certain forms and shapes "in order that" they may serve certain uses, and then as being "selected" by that use in order that they may be established and prevail. The same idea runs throughout all the detailed descriptions of growth and of development by which these processes are directed to useful and serviceable results. So long as in the mere description of phenomena men find themselves compelled to have recourse to language of this sort, they have not emancipated themselves from the natural tendency of all human thought to see the elements of our own personality in the energies and in the works of Nature.

But whether the attempt at such emancipation be successful or not, the very effort which it requires is a proof of the natural servitude under which we lie. And if it be indeed a natural servitude, the difficulty of getting rid of it is explained. It is hard to kick against the pricks. There is no successful rebellion against the servitudes of Nature. The suggestions which come to us from the external world, and which are of such necessity that we cannot choose but hear them, have their origin in the whole constitution and course of things. To seek for any origin of them apart from the origin of our whole intellectual nature, and apart from the relations between that nature and the facts of the universe around us, is to seek for something which does not exist. We may choose to assume that there are no Intelligences in Nature superior to our own; but the fact remains that it is a part of our mental constitution to imagine otherwise. If, on the other hand, we assume that such Intelligences do exist, then the recognition of that existence, or the impression of it, is involved in no other difficulty than is involved in the origin of any other part of the furniture of our minds. What is the origin of Reason? The perception of logical necessity is the perception

* "Reign of Law," Chaps. I. and V.

of a real relation between things; and this relation between things is represented by a corresponding relation between our conceptions of them. We can give no account of the origin of that perception unless we can give an account of the origin of Man, and of the whole system to which he stands related. What, again, is the origin of Imagination? It is the mental power by which we handle the elementary conceptions derived from our mental constitution in contact and in harmony with external things, and by which we recombine these conceptions in an endless variety of forms. We can give no account of the origin of such a power or of such a habit. What is the origin of Wonder? In the lower animals a lower form of it exists in the shape of Curiosity, being little more than an impulse to seek for that which may be food, or to avoid that which may be danger. But in Man it is one of the most powerful and the most fruitful of all his mental characteristics. Of its origin we can give no other account than that there exists in Man an indefinite power of knowing, in contact with an equally indefinite number of things which are to him unknown. Between these two facts the connecting link is the wish to know. And, indeed, if the system of Nature were not a reasonable system, the power of knowing might exist in Man without any wish to use it. But the system of Nature, being what it is—a system which is the very embodiment of wisdom and knowledge—such a departure from its unity is impossible. That unity consists in the universal and rational correspondence of all its essential facts. There would be no such correspondence between the powers of the human mind and the ideas which they are fitted to entertain, if these powers were not incited by an appetite of inquiry. Accordingly, the desire of knowledge is as much born with Man as the desire of food. The impression that there are things around him which he does not know or understand, but which he can know and understand by effort and inquiry, is so much part of Man's Nature that Man would not be Man without it. Religion is but a part of this impression—or rather it is the sum and consummation of all the intimations from which this impression is derived. Among the things of which he has an impression as existing, and respecting which he desires to know more, are above all other things Personalities or Agencies, or Beings having powers like, but superior to his own. This is Religion. In this impression is to be found the origin of all Theologies. But of its own origin we can give no account until we know the origin of Man.

I have dwelt upon this point of definition because those who discuss the origin of Religion seem very often to be wholly unconscious of various assumptions which are necessarily involved in the very question they propound. One of these assumptions clearly is that there was a time when Man existed without any feeling or impression that any Being or Beings superior to himself existed in Nature or behind it. The assumption is that the idea of the existence of such Beings is a matter of high and difficult attainment, to be reached only after some long process of

evolution and development. Whereas the truth may very well be, and probably is, that there never was a time since Man became possessed of the mental constitution which separates him from the brutes, when he was destitute of some conception of the existence of living Agencies other than his own. Instead of being a difficult conception, it may very well turn out to be, on investigation, the very simplest of all conceptions. The real difficulty may lie not in entertaining it, but in getting rid of it, or in restraining its undue immanence and power. The reason of this difficulty is obvious. Of all the intuitive faculties which are peculiar to Man, that of self-consciousness is the most prominent. In virtue of that faculty or power, without any deliberate reasoning or logical process of any formal kind, Man must have been always familiar with the idea of energies which are themselves invisible, and only to be seen in their effects. His own loves and hates, his own gratitude and revenge, his own schemes and resolves, must have been familiar to him from the first as things in themselves invisible, and yet having power to determine the most opposite and the most decisive changes for good or evil in things which are visible and material. The idea of Personality, therefore, or of the efficiency of Mind and Will, never could have been to him inseparable from the attribute of visibility. It never could have been any difficulty with him to think of living Agencies other than his own, and yet without any form, or with forms concealed from sight. There is no need therefore to hunt farther afield for the origin of this conception than Man's own consciousness of himself. There is no need of going to the winds which are invisible, or to the heavenly bodies which are intangible, or to the sky which is immeasurable. None of these, in virtue either of mere invisibility, or of mere intangibility, or of mere immeasurableness, could have suggested the idea which is fundamental in Religion. That idea was indeed supplied to Man from Nature; but it was from his own nature in communion with the nature of all things around him. To conceive of the energies that are outside of him as like the energies that he feels within him, is simply to think of the unknown in terms of the familiar and the known. To think thus can never have been to him any matter of difficult attainment. It must have been, in the very nature of things, the earliest, the simplest, and the most necessary of all conceptions.

The conclusion, then, to which we come from this analysis of Religion is that there is no reason to believe, but on the contrary many reasons to disbelieve, that there ever was a time when Man with his existing constitution, lived in contact with the forces and in face of the energies of Nature, and yet with no impression or belief that in those energies, or behind them, there were Living Agencies other than his own. And if Man, ever since he became Man, had always some such impression or belief, then he always had a Religion, and the question of its origin cannot be separated from the origin of the species.

It is a part of the Unity of Nature that the clear perception of any one truth leads almost always to the perception of some other, which follows from or is connected with the first. And so it is in this case.

The same analysis which establishes a necessary connection between the self-consciousness of Man and the one fundamental element of all religious emotion and belief, establishes an equally natural connection between another part of the same self-consciousness and certain tendencies in the development of Religion which we know to have been widely prevalent. For although in the operations of our own mind and spirit, with their strong and often violent emotions, we are familiar with a powerful agency which is in itself invisible, yet it is equally true that we are familiar with that agency as always working in and through a body. It is natural, therefore, when we think of Living Agencies in Nature other than our own, to think of them as having some form, or at least as having some abode. Seeing, however, and knowing the work of those Agencies to be work exhibiting power and resources so much greater than our own, there is obviously unlimited scope for the imagination in conceiving what that form and where that abode may be. Given, therefore, these two inevitable tendencies of the human mind—the tendency to believe in the existence of Personalities other than our own, and the tendency to think of them as living in some shape and in some place—we have a natural and sufficient explanation, not only of the existence of Religion, but of the thousand forms in which it has found expression in the world. For as Man since he became Man, in respect to the existing powers and apparatus of his mind, has never been without the consciousness of self, nor without some desire of interpreting the things around him in terms of his own thoughts, so neither has he been without the power of imagination. By virtue of it he re-combines into countless new forms not only the images of sense but his own instinctive interpretations of them. Obviously we have in this faculty the prolific source of an infinite variety of conceptions, which may be pure and simple or foul and unnatural, according to the elements supplied out of the moral and intellectual character of the minds which are imagining. Obviously, too, we have in this process an unlimited field for the development of good or of evil germs. The work which in the last chapter I have shown to be the inevitable work of Reason when it starts from any datum which is false, must be, in religious conceptions above all others, a work of rapid and continuous evolution. The steps of natural consequence, when they are downward here, must be downwards along the steepest gradients. It must be so because the conceptions which men have formed respecting the Supreme Agencies in Nature are of necessity conceptions which give energy to all the springs of action. They touch the deepest roots of motive. In thought they open the most copious fountains of suggestion. In conduct they affect the supreme influence of Authority, and the next most powerful of all influences, the influence of Example. Whatever may have been false or wrong, therefore, from the first in any religious conception must inevitably tend to become worse and worse with time, and with the temptation under which men have lain to follow up the steps of evil consequence to their most extreme conclusions.

Armed with the certainties which thus arise out of the very nature of the conceptions we are dealing with when we inquire into the origin of Religion, we can now approach that question by consulting the only other sources of authentic information, which are, first, the facts which Religion presents among the existing generations of men, and, secondly, such facts as can be safely gathered from the records of the past.

On one main point which has been questioned respecting existing facts, the progress of inquiry seems to have established beyond any reasonable doubt that no race of men now exists so savage and degraded as to be, or to have been when discovered, wholly destitute of any conceptions of a religious nature. It is now well understood that all the cases in which the existence of such savages has been reported, are cases which break down upon more intimate knowledge and more scientific inquiry.

Such is the conclusion arrived at by a careful modern inquirer, Professor Tiele, who says: "The statement that there are nations or tribes which possess no religion, rests either on inaccurate observations or on a confusion of ideas. No tribe or nation has yet been met with destitute of belief in any higher Beings, and travellers who asserted their existence have been afterwards refuted by facts. It is legitimate, therefore, to call Religion, in its most general sense, an universal phenomenon of humanity."*

Although this conclusion on a matter of fact is satisfactory, it must be remembered that, even if it had been true that some savages do exist with no conception whatever of Living Beings higher than themselves, it would be no proof whatever that such was the primeval condition of Man. The arguments adduced in a former chapter, that the most degraded savagery of the present day is or may be the result of evolution working upon highly unfavourable conditions, are arguments which deprive such facts, even if they existed, of all value in support of the assumption that the lowest savagery was the condition of the first progenitors of our race. Degradation being a process which has certainly operated, and is now operating, upon some races, and to some extent, it must always remain a question how far this process may go in paralysing the activity of our higher powers or in setting them as it were, to sleep. It is well, however, that we have no such problem to discuss. Whether any savages exist with absolutely no religious conceptions is, after all, a question of subordinate importance; because it is certain that, if they exist at all, they are a very extreme case and a very rare exception. It is notorious that, in the case of most savages and of all barbarians, not only have they some Religion, but their Religion is one of the very worst elements in their savagery or their barbarism.

Looking now to the facts presented by the existing Religions of the world, there is one of these facts which at once arrests attention, and that is the tendency of all Religions, whether savage or civilized, to connect the Personal Agencies who are feared or worshipped with some

* "History of Religion," p. 6.

material object. The nature of that connection may not be always—it may not be even in any case—perfectly clear and definite. The rigorous analysis of our own thoughts upon such subjects is difficult, even to the most enlightened men. To rude and savage men it is impossible. There is no mystery, therefore, in the fact that the connection which exists between various material objects and the Beings who are worshipped in them or through them, is a connection which remains generally vague in the mind of the worshipper himself. Sometimes the material object is an embodiment; sometimes it is a symbol; often it may be only an abode. Nor is it wonderful that there should be a like variety in the particular objects which have come to be so regarded. Sometimes they are such material objects as the heavenly bodies. Sometimes they are natural productions of our own planet, such as particular trees, or particular animals, or particular things in themselves inanimate, such as springs, or streams, or mountains. Sometimes they are manufactured articles, stones or blocks of wood cut into some shape which has a meaning either obvious or traditional.

The universality of this tendency to connect some material objects with religious worship, and the immense variety of modes in which this tendency has been manifested, is a fact which receives a full and adequate explanation in our natural disposition to conceive of all Personal Agencies as living in some form and in some place, or as having some other special connection with particular things in Nature. Nor is it difficult to understand how the embodiments, or the symbols, or the abodes, which may be imagined and devised by men, will vary according as their mental condition has been developed in a good or in a wrong direction. And as these imaginings and devices are never, as we see them now among savages, the work of any one generation of men, but are the accumulated inheritance of many generations, all existing systems of worship among them must be regarded as presumably very wide departures from the conceptions which were primeval. And this presumption gains additional force when we observe the distinction which exists between the fundamental conceptions of religious belief and the forms of worship which have come to be the expression and embodiment of these. In the Religion of the highest and best races, in Christianity itself, we know the wide difference which obtains between the theology of the Church and the popular superstitions which have been developed under it. These superstitions may be, and often are, of the grossest kind. They may be indeed, and in many cases are known to be, vestiges of Pagan worship which have survived all religious revolutions and reforms; but in other cases they are the natural and legitimate development of some erroneous belief accepted as part of the Christian creed. Here, as elsewhere, Reason working on false data has been, as under such conditions it must always be, the great agent in degradation and decay.

ABOYLL.

THE BOERS AT HOME.

"**B**UT one heart beats from Table Mountain to the banks of the Limpopo." Such were the words of President Burgers when addressing a crowd of sympathizers on his way towards the Transvaal Republic. And they were true; for excepting some English settlements, isolated and relatively small, South Africa is peopled by but one white race, of mingled French and Dutch descent, having in common the same language, habits, and religion, and being by perpetual intermarriage all brothers, cousins, or near kinsmen—the Boers.

It thus happens that when I describe one South African village in the far interior I describe them all, whether built in the vast Karroo, the Orange Free State, or the Transvaal. There will be differences in the local surroundings of each, according as they lie amid the sands of Namaqualand, the greener wastes beyond the Vaal river, or the deserts everywhere else; but the people inhabiting them are the same, and the local institutions are alike. At the present time, when the Transvaal Boers are in rebellion against us, it may be interesting to know something more respecting the customs, modes of thought, and ways of living of their race than is to be met with in the guide-books or in the notes of those who have passed a few brief weeks in the show places and the busier centres of our South African colonies. As a contribution towards this knowledge I am about to picture a village—for village it is usually called although the seat of a magistracy and the capital of a division—which was founded by Boers, is almost entirely inhabited by them, and which has a local self-government of its own. In a population of six hundred there are not a dozen Englishmen, nor a dozen other Europeans of any kind, although the Germans rival the English as to numbers. The place is, therefore, racy of the soil. Scarce thirty years old, grey-headed men amongst its founders can remember the

days when they fought with Bushmen and had adventures with lions. Its annals are brief. Like many of its congeners it had its origin in the spiritual needs of a people who profess but one form of religion—the Presbyterian—and that religion the very heaven of their lives. Similar "Church towns," as they are called, are still established ever and anon. The process is a simple one. Weary of living two days' journey from a place of worship, the farmers of a region large as an English county resolve to build one in their midst. They memorialize their presbytery and raise funds. A farm is bought. Now a farm means a tract of ten thousand acres, often of more, with a spring upon it. This forms the site and commonage of the future town. A suitable spot is surveyed and marked out in streets and squares. Lots are sold on some great auction day, after a series of religious services. The bidding is enthusiastic, and fancy prices are realized. With the sum thus raised, in the present instance something over £20,000, a church, parsonage, and school-house are erected, and the foundation of a good endowment fund is started. Each lot or *erf* is charged with an annual payment for church purposes; and thus, whilst European politicians are busy abolishing tithes and endowments, rising communities in South Africa are as busily creating analogous imposts. There is also a rent-charge for water service—an important item in a land so desiccated as the Cape. Some of these lots, intended for building purposes only, are dry and barren, whilst others have an hour's right to an irrigating stream of water twice weekly, and will soon be fruitful gardens. The purchasers are mostly Boers, who will build town-houses wherein to lodge when they ride in to church, once or twice a month, from their distant farms, with a large posse of servants and children; but some are storekeepers,—often German Jews,—and some artisans, who buy with a view to future trade. A small army of brickmakers, bricklayers, carpenters, and painters makes its appearance in due time, and retreats again to some more favoured spot a few years later, when the first fervour of building has passed away. A minister sufficiently young and sufficiently popular receives a call. After due delay, sometimes after delay deemed very undue and unreasonable, Government appoints a resident magistrate, who is also civil commissioner, with a suitable staff, including a clerk, a district surgeon, a gaoler, and some Kafir constables; and the town thus established pursues an existence at once useful, uneventful, prosy, and dull.

I have spoken of the place as peopled by Boers; I should rather have said by Boers and their coloured retainers, who, as a matter of fact, outnumber their masters, and form a servile class as utterly separate as tradition or social custom can make them; but who are, from the contact of many generations, imbued with the same ideas, and who flatter the superior race by an imitation that is simply perfect. But between the two there is a gulf which is impassable. The whitest half-caste would not presume to seat himself in the presence of the Boer,

nor the poorest Boer demean himself by marrying the prettiest half-caste. Neither do they worship together in the same churches; nor are they buried in the same cemeteries. In one case only that I can now recall, that of a Kafir of special and exemplary piety, did a Boer congregation follow a negro to his grave. This was, however, dug in an open common, and the funeral proceeded from an outhouse.

Of similar ancestry, and often of near kindred to the Boers, but of better education and relatively better birth, are the *Africanders* who hail from Capetown and the western districts, and who form the professional classes, the leading merchants, and the gentry of the colonial born. Some, descendants of the Huguenots, bear the proudest surnames of old France, and some count early governors and half-forgotten judges amongst their forefathers. Such men will show you ancient seals engraved with their coats of arms, and tell quaint legends of the *Landrost* or physician, the major or the chaplain, who owned it in the days when the colony was young. True, every white man born in civilized South Africa claims to be an *Africander*, but in the more restricted sense of the word it applies especially to the older colonists of the better classes. Some of these are found amongst the leading spirits of every township, often amongst leading officials. Dutch is the language spoken in their households, and the Boers regard them with an affection and respect which in the very nature of things could scarcely be accorded to the English settler, who comes amongst them a stranger and a foreigner at best.

Our village lies alone in the wilderness, a long day's journey from its nearest neighbour. A broad fringe of mountains passed, and the whole interior of the colony and the country far beyond its borders forms one great desert of stones and dull red soil, with small hard bushes grey or brown, scattered scantily about it. Here and there rise ugly hills or ugly mountains, black or russet as the case may be. This country is parcelled out into farms larger than English parishes, varying, as they do, from six thousand to twenty thousand acres of land. Each farm has its one spring of water where the homestead lies, and, if the spring be strong enough, a garden and cultivated land which it irrigates. There are rivers so dry that no drop of moisture can be found within their beds, and yet so large that the bridging them is expensive to the point of prohibition; so deep and rapid when it rains that no living creature can cross them. Along these rivers in the warmer low-lying districts stand thousands of mimosa trees; leafy sometimes, when rain falls and the right season has come; but bare otherwise, and with innumerable thorns as long as bodkins and sharp as skewers. Then, again, you come to patches of ground, an acre in size or more, smooth and bald through lack of vegetation, nothing growing in the saline clay; a soil absolutely waterproof, and used for roofs of houses and leaking accordingly. The roads are tracks across the country, with wheels of passing waggons, but patched and improved by the

good, indifferent, or bad,—mostly the latter,—employed by the divisional councils. As it seldom rains, these roads are very tolerable after all, save where deep rivers have to be crossed or where picturesque scenery has made the engineering difficult. Following a highway like this, we come, say, in the summer, when the leaves are green, upon the village I would speak of. Tired with neutral tints and the perpetual waste, the eye lights gladly upon a gardened hamlet lying four-square on the barren plain. There are many fruit trees, interspersed with willows and an occasional cypress, which half conceal low, one-storied houses, and a steepled church, white and stiff, of meeting-house Gothic and with iron roof. Beyond this line of herbage is the business quarter; red brick houses mostly, and bare earthy reddish streets. And farther off, with sufficient space for wind between it and the town's nobility, a negro location of beehive huts, backed by a quarry on a hillside and a tomb-like structure which forms the powder magazine. The village is flanked by a white-walled graveyard, and the water-furrow leading from the distant river may be noted by a narrow line of verdure. It is overlooked by a well-marked eminence, whose lichened boulders are a rusty brown, and whose top is dominated by a flagstaff.

We enter this oasis, whose vegetation is due to constant irrigation, and see lines of well-kept streets, bordered with quince hedges bending beneath a wealth of large yellow fruit, and with watercourses on either side. The streams are intermittent, for every drop of water is meted out to the gardens, each plot of ground having its special hour, day and night, alternately; unalterable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. In the dry allotments sold for building purposes reside the half-dozen Englishmen and the half-dozen Germans who do the business of the place. There are stores, not much to look at, with ploughs and agricultural machinery standing on the *stoep*, or pavement, outside them, and with everything that Boer humanity can require to be sold within. Great bales of wool are piled up in a shed adjacent, and skins of divers kinds of cattle, salted and stretched, lie drying on the ground. Somewhat ambitiously planned, this portion of the town is but partially built upon, unsightly gaps separate many of the best houses, and some erections stand distant and solitary, dreary sentinels that mark the direction of future improvements. Here is the court-house, one-storied like its neighbours, in whose inner chambers the resident magistrate and his clerk peruse much periodical literature, newspapers included, and dream of higher salaries and less exacting duties. In the audience chamber or court-room, a bare whitewashed basilica indeed, sits, amidst piles of newspapers, the chief constable, conjuring up, in his turn, visions of less work and better pay. On the *stoep*, which is a kind of terrace, paved, but very unpretending, before each house, in policeman's clothing, span, reposes a Kafir constable, tall, stalwart, and handsome
 not exercised, so far as his easier philosophy will permit,
 inent the less tardy accumulation of the wages he

delights in hoarding, and the amelioration of hardships generally. Far be it from me to hint that the even tenour of official life is never varied by stormier passages. Sometimes there are taxes to be collected ; sometimes thefts or breaches of the peace to be investigated ; now and then a murder ; and once a month accounts are made up, and all kinds of salaries paid, when the hapless officials groan beneath the extra work, and, greatly worried, reduce to order a chaos of ledgers, abstracts, vouchers, and reports.

The administration of justice under English rule is much the same in South Africa as it is everywhere else. The thief has a bad time of it, the murderer stands his chance, and the ruffian comes off scot free, or thereabouts. Public business is transacted in the English language, and the sworn translator is a necessary functionary at every sitting of the court. This is one of the events of the week, and, next to services and prayer-meetings, the favourite resort of *dilettante* Boers, who sit patiently through long-winded investigations, and find, in the dull but living scenes enacted in this humble forum, a faint reflection, though they know it not, of excitements yielded by the drama. The resident magistrate, who is often of Africander and sometimes of Boer descent, is mostly popular, and may even share a divided empire with the *Predikant* of the adjoining church. In the majority of cases the district surgeon is a young Cape doctor or a German, and not unfrequently a Jew. The very frequent transfer of property arising from the old Roman-Dutch law of inheritance, which divides estates amongst the children at the death of either parent, has given rise to a race of inferior lawyers known as "enrolled agents," whose one and sometimes only qualification is the preliminary payment of ten pounds sterling to the Government. Some of these agents are respectable Africanders of good family and education, but local satirists have made themselves merry at the early struggles and the ultimate success of less eligible pretenders. Conceive our land flooded with quasi solicitors of this description ! Still, as a matter of fact, they do get through their work somehow, live like gentlemen, as the saying is, and often end as moneyed men, or consummate an insolvency which is as good almost as a fortune.

I have said but little of the Boers themselves. Let us visit one of the many homesteads in the gardens. The white-walled house, although but one-storied, is well elevated, and its roof is iron. Outside shutters of a pleasant green flank the two windows, and the door between them is green and panelled. There is, indeed, some pretence to architecture, and the whole is well kept and substantial. The *stoep* is high and approached by steps. The watercourse beneath it is masoned out with solid stone and bridged with the same material. Leafy trees of divers sorts shade the place and the stables and outhouses in its rear. We enter a *voorkamer*, or front room, very lofty and but slightly furnished. Its walls are lined by benches, and a table stands in the middle. There are pictures, it may be, very quaint and old world ; scenes in the

the Prodigal Son, or limnings of the Manger at Bethlehem, or the Cross on Calvary. A new piano may be noted, and a good harmonium, and pious books with Dutch titles lie scattered about. And there are flowers on table and on mantelpiece, photographs and albums, for there are daughters in the house. In some place of honour lies a great old Bible, a massive folio bound in leather and with brass clasps; it is printed in foreign-looking type on ancient-looking paper, and full of the strangest pictures that ever delighted the antiquary or mystified the child. A companionable book upon a dull occasion, but disappointing, inasmuch as its date discovers it to have been printed but the other day. Spittoons stud this chamber's floor, for it is the great reception-room, and visitors sit round it and smoke their pipes at times and seasons of conference and waiting; and many such times there be.

At the back of this *voorstuk* is the dining-room, entered by large and even handsome folding doors. In both apartments the walls are painted light blue, or green, or mauve; in both the ceiling is raftered and wooden, varnished and dark. The great feature of the dining-room, apart from the usual furnishings, is a small table near the window, with a chair on either side. Upon this table stands a coffee urn with chafing-dish beneath it; and the day has scarcely turned before this urn begins to steam and to bubble. On its dexter side is seated the lady of the house, who pours out coffee for all comers, and, with feet well planted on a box-like footstool, rules and manages her household. Children play around her, a coloured girl sits watchful at her feet, and at favourable moments her lord and master occupies the corresponding chair, utters familiar maxims and remarks, and his friend, sitting hard by, carries on an intermittent conversation between wary mouthfuls of the scalding beverage. He is a well-built man, not unlike the English farmer of our early days, but more sallow and less cheery, more puritanical and staid. His ancestors came from France and Holland, but in this wondrous climate of the Cape, perchance for animal life the finest under the sun, their offspring have developed into a race *sui generis*, nobly grown and quite unlike the typical Hollander or Frenchman. We converse in Dutch, the only language he cares to speak, although his children are apt scholars in the English tongue, and by-and-by he takes us into his garden.

A shady place this is, with groves of peach trees, apricots, and almonds, a stray apple-tree here and there, and pears, walnuts, and nectarines, all in excellent bearing. Here a vineyard, there a patch of tall Indian corn rising far over our heads. At our feet a wilderness of gourds and water-melons—a veritable “garden of cucumbers.” There are white-hearted cabbages which would fill a bucket, and cauliflowers that would puzzle a boiler to cook them; enormous potatoes and carrots large as our mangold-wreath, and a weed to be seen: the ground was a desert before here, and grows only what is planted there by man. The soil is carefully flooded, and our

friend rises in the middle of the night for one of these hebdomadal spells of water leading. The region is hereabouts too cold for oranges, but in many a district from Capetown to the far Transvaal these beautiful and fruitful trees lead a romance and pleasantness of their own to the orchards of the Boers.

The poorer Boer lives in a humbler dwelling, with floors of hardened mud consolidated by frequent washings of liquid cow-dung. His rooms are ceiled with reeds laid cunningly on rough beams of yellow-wood. The attic beneath his comfortable thatch is a very storehouse of vegetable products, dried and housed for winter use. His furniture is ruder and of home construction. His walls are whitewashed, and in shelved recesses stand favourite pieces of crockery, mysterious bottles, and well-thumbed books of devotion. He spends his leisure in making boots of untanned leather, which he sews together with the sinews of animals which he has previously prepared for the purpose; and in mending the bottoms of his chairs and benches with leather thongs he has also manufactured to that end.

(In the Boers we have the remarkable spectacle of a nation holding but one religion, strict conformity to which is essential to respectability of any sort; whilst the devotee or active professor alone can hope for social leadership among them. In the district of which our village is the only town there are three thousand souls. On the occasion of a revival some years since, a religious paper stated there were but fifty persons of the number who had not been converted. The district was founded in order to support a place of worship, and the village is known technically as a "Church town." A scoffing European suggested it should bear a kirk rampant for its coat of arms. Nine thousand pounds were expended on the church and parsonage. The former much resembles a dissenting chapel, but is dignified by steeple and bell, and by a town clock which strikes the hours. At a cost of £500 and more an organ was added. The purchase was made in Germany. At a cost of £200, again, the building was lighted with hanging lamps. The parsonage—*pastorie* is the local word—large, low, convenient, and handsome, stands in a garden, with long vine-roofed walks and peaches of admirable flavour. The Dutch minister or *Predikant*—often a man of good Cape family who has studied at Utrecht or at Leyden—is the spiritual leader and director of his flock, subject only to the mild and hesitating control of his deacons and his elders. No English rector enjoys a higher social status. A bishop of Grahamstown, witnessing the comfort and the unlimited influence of such an one, ejaculated almost unconsciously, "You are little Popes." Not only are the ministers great men, but ecclesiastical discipline reigns supreme. Woe to the unlucky couple who have married too tardily for absolute propriety, to the young man who has been sowing wild oats, or to the jolly old fellow who has taken a glass too much! One and all are hauled up before the Consistory, in full conclave assembled, and publicly censured and punished.

An accused person whom the Solicitor-General had refused to prosecute for lack of evidence was summoned before the *Kerkraad*, witnesses were examined, and the culprit was regularly tried and condemned.

Church and people being thus identical, the first-class undenominational school is really a very denominational institution indeed. The head-master with his £350 a year, the head-mistress with her £200 or more (a young lady from Capetown, who is sure to be persuaded into matrimony by some ardent and eligible bachelor, almost before the year is out), and their subordinates, are managed and chosen to all intents and purposes by the Dutch congregation and its leaders. Nor could it well be otherwise. To the Boer stripling, even to the Boer child, school-going is a passion—a relief, it may be, from the monotony of home. Holidays are deplored, and the end of a vacation is hailed with delight. Dullards there are, of course, but some of the pupils make admirable progress. Some aspire to the ministry, and the University of Capetown is besieged by eager candidates from the haunts of the springbok and the ostrich. Young girls, too, some very sweet and lovable, more enthusiastic than their brothers, proceed to local examinations, and pass with *éclat*. Learning is the fashion, and a good one; and the professions begin to teem with scions of Boer houses who have sought pursuits more ambitious and eventful than the watching of harvests or the herding of sheep.)

The coloured people have a minister and a chapel to themselves, nominally autonomous, but practically managed and mostly paid for by the Boers. Their services are more emotional and often more interesting than those of their pale-faced masters. Their minister is a kind of curate, socially inferior to the *Predikant* of the Boer congregation; nor is he permitted to ascend the pulpit of the white man's church. He, too, has his elders, deacons, and churchwardens—Kafirs, Hottentots, or the mixed descendants of Malay slaves. Now these poor negroes have a passion for religious worship and for school. You will see men and women seated amongst the children, slate in hand; and boys and girls give up everything for their lessons. Servants will desert you at the school-hour and neglect their duties to con their spelling-books. The tyranny of some of their teachers is almost worthy of a School Board, but it is backed by the scholars themselves, and the much-enduring employer of labour has only to grin and bear it as best he can.

Foremost among the local magnates is the wealthy landowner—a Boer, as are all the up-country landowners, but whose intelligence, hospitality, and common-sense would be a credit to any nationality. He owns a first-class house in the town, which he inhabits on Sundays, coming on the Saturday with his entire family and riding off again on the Monday; a house which rivals his country residence in the excellence of its furniture and appointments. All kinds of people call to ask his advice or his assistance, to do business or to evidence their respect. All drink his coffee, shake hands round the circle

call him "uncle" or "cousin" as the case may be ; and with show of reason too, for the district is peopled by his kindred. The town is filled with such houses, whose closed shutters have a dreary aspect all the rest of the week. Such a rushing and plunging of horsemen, a rumbling of waggons drawn by trains of oxen, a whirling of tented carts, as Saturday comes round ; such buying and selling in the stores ; such throngs of men and women in the streets, where grass would grow at other times if the growth of grass were possible in such a desert ; such crowded services at church ; such crowded and hearty prayer-meetings ; such pleasant converse at those evening gatherings on the *stoeps* ; such thrilling love passages between the young and such cordial greetings amongst the old ; such fuss, noise, sensation, and life as we have long forgotten in these old and jaded communities of Europe.

The local supervision of the township is entrusted to a municipality, founded on European traditions and provided with regulations which have had the previous sanction of the Government. Here again the members, from the Chairman to the Town Clerk, are Boers and Afrianders. The large town lands are admirably managed. No one can quarry stone or dig sand without a license. Each householder is allowed to depasture so many sheep, horses, or oxen, and no more. Special laws are enacted respecting ostriches and pigs. Sanitary requirements are not forgotten. But the great bone of municipal contention, if contention there be in so peaceful and united an assembly, is the control of the water supply. A special contractor keeps in working order the trench or canal which conveys a stream some two miles long from the higher level of the distant river bed ; a stream on which depends the very existence of the town. Unpleasant for this functionary it is when the water-course, which winds sometimes along hill sides and sometimes in deep cuttings, becomes choked with sand, or breaks its banks, or gets too palpably full of frogs and weeds. The public are aggrieved, and it is easier to worry a subordinate than to have it out with a drought or a water flood. Then there is a pound filled sometimes with stray cattle, and there are rather lively sales when the said cattle remain unclaimed. Gangs, too, of prisoners have to be superintended, who clean and level the streets and construct earthworks and dams. A municipality, slow but honest, of well-to-do middle-class men, untroubled by the warfare of politicians or the hectoring of demagogues.

Such, then, is a Boer village from Anguillas to Kuruman, from Capetown to the Portuguese frontier. In some the European population is much larger ; in some anti-English feeling is more intense. In the Transvaal Republic the *Landroost* took the place of the Resident Magistrate, Dutch was the language of the Government as well as of the people, and the negroes were more palpably an inferior and subject race ; but there the distinction ended. English communities of any size are only to be met with in the coast districts around Algoa Bay, in Natal, and at the Diamond Fields. British rule is fairly tolerated, if

we except the older divisions about Capetown and the widespread settlements beyond the Orange River—and there we are hated with a hatred that affects no concealment. The causes of this dislike are not far to seek. We govern an alien race who hunger for the mastery. In their eyes England is represented by the unsympathizing stranger, the drunken navy, or the quasi-aristocrat whose arrogant puppyism has made us a by-word the whole world over. Their Church, with its pulpits filled by pastors trained in the Universities of Holland, or by the pupils of these men, is a propaganda, passive it may be, of anti-English sentiment. Stern Puritans of the Cromwellian type, and the children of baffled slaveowners, they deem the negro a veritable Canaanite, doomed to the hewing of wood and the drawing of water to the end of time. This dream, so dear to their hearts, we have rudely broken. The savage, raw from his kraal, and the cultured European, hedged about by moral restraints innumerable, are both alike in the eyes of our Government. The coloured thief, vagrant, or laggard, smitten aforetime with over many stripes, we now tickle with punishments of farcical mildness; and, legally speaking, the quondam slave is as good a man as his master. It is not difficult to conceive how intolerable such a turning of the tables must have seemed to the Boers, many of whom were ruined by the process. At a date so recent that some of us can well remember it, thousands of them sold their farms for anything they could get, and crossed the Orange and the Vaal, if only to be rid of the hateful stranger. Shirking our responsibilities, we gave them autonomy, and with statesmanlike elaboration planted angry Republics at our very doors. It was like the creation of another Ireland. To these new governments disaffected colonists have ever turned their eyes. When the Transvaal started into active life under the leadership of an enthusiastic and imaginative President, and made alliances with the Continental powers, Boer and Afriander alike looked forward to the day, now dawning upon their vision, when the strong young Commonwealth should wrest the Cape from the wavering grasp of England. The annexation crushed these hopes for awhile. To restore the independence of such a Republic would be the renewal of a terrible blunder, postponing to a distant epoch the pacification and the advancing civilization of the whole land. The Cape Dominion we have been endeavouring to construct, when out of its tutelage, and leavened sufficiently with English influences, will form a noble country of the future. But no argument can be adduced for the premature independence of any portion of it that is not equally applicable to all the white communities of Southern Africa.

J. J. MUSKETT.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THE NATIVE TRIBES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

IN and about the year 1870 the Cape Government entered into new relations with its neighbours, the native Kafir tribes. What was the moving cause which urged it to this work of benevolence it is hard to say, but the Cape authorities appear to have awoke at that time to a conviction that they had a duty to perform to the natives,—a mission to bring about a better state of things, and enforce peace and good order.

There was indeed some need ; for there had been, or there now was, war all round. The war between the Basutna and the Boers of the Free State had ended in the annexation of Basutland by the English, to save it falling a prey to the Boers. Soon after came the great raid made by the now fugitive chief Krelî on the Tembus—made, it is true, by express leave of the then Cape Government. More distant, and therefore of less importance, was the chronic state of war of the tribes towards the St. John's River—the Pondos, Pondomise, Baca, and Xesibi.

But our intervention was not altogether uninvited. Moshesh had long desired to be under British rule, and had more than once, previous to his difficulties with the Boers, asked for a Resident. Gangelizwe, the Tembu chief, when fleeing from Krelî in 1872, sent to his Resident, begging the Government to take him and his land. And in like manner the Pondomise, Baca, Xesibi have all repeatedly asked for British protection.

It is quite true that these requests to come under our rule arose from the desire for protection and relief from some immediate foe, or from general inability to stand alone. Still the native tribes had some knowledge of us ; the Gaikas, under Sandili, for instance, had long been nominally British subjects.

The terms of annexation were easy enough. They were, with more or less difference, generally threefold : the people would have to pay a tax of

ten shillings a year on every hut; the chief must surrender the right of putting people to death who were accused of witchcraft, and of confiscating their property; and an appeal would lie from his decision in any case to the resident magistrate; and, in return, he and his people would enjoy peace and prosperity as British subjects.

And so they did. In several cases their territory was increased: the Basutus received back a part of the territory conquered by the Boers; the Pondomise were enabled to leave the mountain fastnesses to which they had been driven by their enemies the Pondos, and occupy the fertile plains below; and the Tembus were able to spread themselves over the whole of their wide country without fear of a raid from either Galekas or Pondos.

Now, to these people territory does not mean wide lands for the purposes of the chase, as with the Indians of South America: land to them is wealth, in stock and grain; and accordingly, amongst *all* the tribes which have come under our rule, we find an enormous increase in their possessions, in cattle, horses, and sheep, and, in spite of drought, in the grain produced also. The Basutus, notably, are the grain growers of the Free State, supplying the inhabitants not only with mealies but with wheat also; and the quantity of wool which reaches the colony annually from Kafirland and Basutoland swells by no contemptible figure our whole exports. Increased wealth means increased population, and immigration and natural increase combined have raised the numbers in a fully equal degree.

We have now to face the question, How is it that, in spite of all this prosperity and security of property, we and our government are so unpopular? That this is so needs, I think, no proof; every one who lived among and knew these tribes previous to their annexation, is pretty well aware that such is the case. Especially was this patent three years ago, during the war with the frontier Kafirs, when tribes were doubted and suspected whose fidelity would formerly have been considered a matter of course. This was notably the case with the Tembus, who were expected by many to make common cause with their old enemy Krelî, and a laager was actually formed at the new township at the Umtata in case they turned against us.

From time to time loud complaints are heard from different quarters as to this state of things. The natives are accused of ingratitude, and of deliberately agreeing to conditions which they had no intention of keeping; the Government is charged with breach of faith; and the colonists are supposed to be actuated throughout by a desire for the broad lands of the native tribes.

Now, however base and ungrateful these people may be, they are quite shrewd enough to see the advantages they gain by our rule, and it is impossible that they should act in a manner so far contrary to their interests; it is incredible that they should dream for a moment of going to war with us, knowing as they do the certain and fatal results

of such a war to themselves, even if they were conscious of no injustice, if their grievances were wholly imaginary. On the other hand, the colony is governed by English Christians and gentlemen, and they are not in the habit of breaking faith; nor would men, actuated by greed, vote annually thousands of pounds for the education of the very people whom they are supposed deliberately to oppress. No doubt there have been isolated cases of seeming injustice on our side, and of want of honesty on the part of Kafir chiefs; and these last unquestionably feel more acutely the loss of power, and less strongly the increase of wealth, consequent on their coming under our rule, than their subjects. Still they will carry very few with them *without a real grievance*—real, that is, to them. It may be true that Masupha and Lerothodi are turbulent spirits longing for an outbreak, but they never would have numbered so many thousands of followers, had the very substantial grievance of disarmament been wanting.

Are the taxes too heavy? On the contrary, the Basutus the other day were willing to pay double; and already there was a surplus revenue over and above the amount expended in the government of the country.

The laws do not seem too many or too novel. For the most part Kafir law is administered. The people plead their own causes in their own language; justice is promptly executed in comparison with their own dilatory habits; and the peace is kept by policemen who are their own countrymen.

I think the answer to the question I have raised lies deeper, and I shall now attempt to throw some little light upon it, trusting that if I fail, the difficulty and the acknowledged importance of the question will be my excuse.

We have a subject race living side by side with ourselves; differing in every respect, and above all in colour—a difference which will prevent them ever really mingling and becoming one race with us. And this is a very important element in the question. Kindred races have conquered one another; but in a few generations it is difficult to distinguish individuals of the conquered nation from their conquerors. Between us and the Kafirs a contact which began in friendship and goodwill, breeds, as it is closer drawn, mutual dislike and suspicion. We are like oil and water—we do not mix. Conditions such as these require the most delicate handling. The greatest care should be taken that the machinery of our government may work with the least possible friction; remembering that the real problem is not to make them Englishmen, but how we and they can live side by side in peace and mutual benefit, each race in its own sphere adding to the power and revenue of the State. To bring this about, no doubt we shall have to modify many of their customs and laws; but this will be as a means to the end. We should pause before we take it for granted that institutions which have taken centuries to develop, and which may suit our

nineteenth-century civilization, will suit the Kafirs, and should hesitate before forcing them cut and dried, upon these barbarians—forgetting that they, too, have their constitutions, the growth of centuries; they, too, have been brought up under a system of custom, law (unwritten, it is true), and precedent; and that certain propositions appear to them as self-evident truths as others do to ourselves.

Let us, then, examine what the Kafirs consider to be the first principles of government, what are their ideas of the rights of man, and what are the existing relations between the people and their chief.

The chief is a patriarch. He is the father of his people, and, by a fiction, the owner of all the property of the tribe, whether land or cattle. His position as chief he considers to be his inalienable birth-right. When, then, he came under our government, he certainly became the Queen's man, but his people remained his as much as his cattle were. The chief expected that the Queen would no more meddle between him and his people than between a man and his actual offspring; and that although she now assumed all the sovereign rights which were formerly his, she would no more actually deprive him of his inheritance than he would attempt to deprive, without cause, any of his people of their cattle.

This view of affairs is utterly unknown to our law. According to our notions every man on the annexation of the country becomes a British subject, and has rights as such, and responsibilities too, quite independent of his chief. When, then, a native is summoned to appear at the magistrate's court, or is punished without the knowledge or approval of the chief, it seems to the latter to be a violent infringement of his birthright.

This appears at first sight an utterly untenable position. The family, it is true, was the earliest form of the State, but this will not do nowadays. Accordingly, the first lesson the Kafir learns when he comes to the resident magistrate's court is, that he has individual rights and responsibilities, independent of his family or his chief. But wait a moment, and let us see the other side of the shield.

Side by side with and springing out of this idea of the clan as a family and the chief as father, is a great principle which governs all their relations with one another, and which has been called "collective responsibility,"—meaning, that if a man steals, or commits any crime the fine for which he is unable to pay, his father, brothers, or nearest relations have to pay for him; and even where he is able to pay, the fine is demanded not from himself but from his clan (the tribe including many clans or families, all governed by the one sovereign chief). The injured party, or in some cases the messengers of the chief, will come to the village where the offender lives, and demand payment of the man's relations, or, in important cases, of the chief men of the clan—the culprit himself often keeping out of the way until the matter is settled. In like manner, when a spoor or trail of lost stock, presumably stolen, is

traced across the boundary of two districts, or if in the same district it approaches a village, by Kafir law the owners of the lost stock do not attempt to trace it any farther, but call the people of the nearest village, whose duty it is to pass it on, and show to the satisfaction of the original followers of the trail that it goes past their village. If they fail to do so, they are responsible and have to pay. In the early days of the Cape Colony, when a spoor crossed the boundary of Kafirland, and was lost, the whole of that neighbourhood used to make the loss good—when, that is, the chief wished to act fairly by his white neighbours, which was not perhaps very often. This principle is still supposed to hold good, though it is rarely put in practice, owing to the fear on the part of our officials of punishing the innocent with the guilty. In reality, punishment is rarely inflicted until the cattle are found, and the actual thief too. The bearing of this upon the relations between the colonists and the Kafirs is obvious. This plan of laying the guilt on the neighbourhood has generally the effect of bringing the cattle at any rate to light, and often the thief too; as, though some may know nothing about them, many will have a shrewd idea where the cattle are, but will keep their own counsel until the fear of trouble to themselves or their friends induces them to reveal what they know. This may appear to English people a trivial detail, but it is by no means so to the colonist, when we consider what a scourge the stealing propensities of the Kafirs have been to the colony,—that all the early wars were immediately caused by petty thefts of stock, the chiefs refusing or neglecting to put in operation this well-known Kafir law,—and that nearly all the bitter feeling and alleged uncharitableness of the colonists is caused by these thefts of stock. The thief gets away into Kafirland, knowing that pursuit is useless, and laughs at the beneficent laws of the white man, which enable him practically to efface his trail, as, though he may have passed village after village, he has no fear that the inhabitants will betray him, for they are not responsible, and therefore evade giving the owners any assistance, knowing that they will not get into trouble unless the cattle are actually found with them.

This principle is still fully recognized in theory, but is so entirely native in its character, and so alien to our ideas of justice, that it would be almost impossible for a magistrate himself to carry it out. It is more convenient for him to bring a matter of this sort under the notice of the chief, and place the guilt, as it is termed, on him and his people. The chief would then have to clear himself, by showing where the cattle are (as in a case which I remember a few years ago), or else make the loss good. The present usual practice places the English settlers at a double disadvantage: first the owner has to find his cattle, almost a hopeless task; and when even he is so lucky as to find them, it is almost impossible to bring the charge of theft home, and he gets a few of the original stock, and no compensation for the expense he has been put to what is more important to most men, the loss of his time.

Few will, I think, deny that the Kafir law in this case is more suitable to the existing state of things, and that the practice of it should be the rule and not the exception. But what then becomes of the rights of the British subject? how can he combine both states of things? More especially, will the chief be willing to surrender all control over his people to-day, and be ready to-morrow to find our cattle for us amongst his tribe? I think this is more than we can expect. And yet it is surely a false and short-sighted philanthropy which would count an occasional miscarriage of justice to the people at the hands of their chief, as outweighing the advantage which would be gained by enlisting him on our side for the suppression of stock-stealing. If he becomes a mere private person, with no more political rights than his people, we can hardly ask him to use on our behalf any influence that may still remain to him for a generation or two. Indeed, I believe the habit of stock-stealing is so injurious that, if not put down, it will be the bane of the race—more so, ay, far more so, than brandy. Men of different races cannot live side by side where one does not respect the property of the other; the acts of a few individuals will be attributed to the whole, and the Kafirs, being the weaker, will go to the wall.

Now we come to the land. This is nominally the property of the chief; he is the only landowner; the people occupy by a sort of feudal tenure, paying no definite rent, but being liable to military service as occasion arises. The pasturage is common; leave to plough is given by the headman of the neighbourhood, who apportions the arable land to each individual as he may require. Still no headman or petty chief is said to own land; "a chief that has land" is synonymous with an independent chief. Possession of arable land lasts only with occupation; on the removal of the occupier and his immediate heirs, it lapses.

An independent chief who has the undisputed right over the land which his tribe occupies, may have a paramount chief over him, to whom he may pay a somewhat doubtful allegiance, as Sandili the Gaika chief did to Kreli; but the paramount chief would not attempt to meddle with the land or the subjects of his feudal, but really independent, subordinate.

So when the British Government stepped in, we should suppose it would naturally have succeeded to all the prerogatives of the chief. The Kafirs, on the other hand, would consider that the Government came in as paramount chief, and would not expect it to interfere with the land or the subjects of the under-chief, but would merely accept his allegiance. They might expect the magistrate to hear appeals, as being superior, but all new measures would be introduced, they would think, through the medium of their chief, who, as they say, came under Government with his land.

"This has been the Kafir's view no doubt; and it was fostered, in some by the language of the Government when taking over the
"We do not take away the land from you," meaning—with a

distinction between sovereign rights and private rights which they fail to understand—that we were not depriving them of the use of their land, but reserving it for the exclusive use of the tribe. And this was still more impressed on them when the chief was allowed to locate the people, immigrant Fingoes and others being referred to him by the magistrate for leave to settle.

So that the relative positions of the magistrate and the chief are, that while the magistrate hears all the criminal cases, and most of the civil ones, and so is feared as holding the power of the sword, the chief is loved and courted as the owner and distributor of the land, the source of wealth, and the means of livelihood to every clansman. It was only just to reserve the land for the exclusive use of the tribe; but to leave it thus unreservedly at the disposal of the chief certainly strengthens his party at the expense of the supporters of the Government, for he who holds the land is the chief of the country, and every slight or affront to him—and slights and affronts cannot fail to come—is resented by the tribe as an insult to their “landlord.”

It is a most undoubted axiom, that the power of the chiefs has to be done away with: all wise men agree that this is the problem, and only differ as to how it is to be effected. This power I would briefly describe as having consisted in—

1. The fact of their being hereditary chiefs. Yet the Kafirs are most prosaic and practical men, and generally by no means inclined to fall down and worship an idea; rather they will adhere to their chief as being

2. Their father and the dispenser of wealth and cattle. Thus a poor man will go to the great place, the chief's place, to serve: he is sent errands of all sorts, very often he forms one of a party who are sent to enforce a fine, either for some crime or an infringement of the chief's prerogative, such as violence to another clansman, where blood is spilt,—the blood of the chief as they say,—or to carry out the judgment of the chief in some civil matter; in either case the fine is obtained by dint of hard talking, for force is seldom used, and the party brings home cattle, of which he expects to get one.

3. As being the owner and apportioner of the land.

4. As being the ultimate authority in all disputes and lawsuits.

5. As holding the power of the sword; for the chief alone can lawfully call out an armed force, either for war or to enforce law and order.

The English Government, on taking the reins, at once assumed the last prerogative, both for civil or military purposes; for it is at the magistrate's command alone that force can be used. The land, on the contrary, was left unreservedly, as we have seen, in the possession of the chief and the tribe. On the other hand, the decision of both civil and criminal cases has been, rather jealously claimed as the prerogative of the Government. No encouragement has been given at any time to the people to carry their causes to the chief. As a matter of fact

do go to him, and will continue to do so; but his decisions are not recognized as legal by the magistrate—*i.e.*, the case does not come before him as an appeal from the decision of the chief; in the eye of the law the chief is merely an arbitrator. I believe, however, in this respect the practice varies in different districts.

Now what about the people's rights? The Kafirs are by no means used to unquestioning submission to arbitrary rule; the chief has absolute power in a sense, but in reality it is limited by the general opinion of the tribe. They have laws, founded on traditional precedent, by which he is bound to decide all cases; and matters of general interest are referred to meetings of the full-grown men of the whole tribe, called together for the purpose. Even the Zulu chief, the most autocratic of all Kafir potentates, lately observed this rule, and referred the Governor's messages, which resulted in the Zulu war, to the tribe.

At these meetings there is practised a freedom of speech, and a boldness in expressing their opinions, which takes the place of and fairly represents our liberty of the press. Indeed, at every assemblage of men the Kafir can exercise the right—dear to him as a free press or Magna Charta is to us—of asking a question and expecting an answer; a right, too, as jealously watched as any of the bulwarks of their liberties are by Englishmen. All their arguments take the form of questions and answers; and at every meeting, whether it be those of the men of one family or clan met to decide any question of law or custom, or the greater meetings at the chief's place, every full-grown man has the right to ask a question and expect an answer. The chief or headman present acts as moderator, and may set aside one question as irrelevant, or another as mistimed; and he is the best speaker whose questions are most to the point, either by opening up some line of argument or some view of the case which had escaped the others, or by putting some point so as that rejoinder is impossible. In their own lawsuits this is very striking. Any man sitting in the chief's circle—*i.e.*, not belonging to either plaintiff or defendant—can investigate by keenly questioning either party. The chief, usually listening in silence, gives his decision according to the evidence thus elicited. Such a mode of procedure is of course unsuitable in our courts, although the Kafirs exhibit a patience and a courtesy which has often surprised me. I have gone into these details merely to illustrate their freedom of speech—to them the dearest right of manhood.

Now in dealing with the white man the chief is the recognized organ of the tribe, the representative man; and he claims this right, and it is duly accorded in theory (and indeed at public meetings he is often invited to speak out); but how does this work in practice?

Take an instance: some important question, say a long-disputed boundary between two tribes, has to be settled, or some question of peace or war is to be decided. The chief hesitates to decide it himself, and refers it to a meeting of the full-grown men of the tribe, who settle the boundary in accordance with the general opinion of the tribe.

dispute, or the case is reserved to be heard by the Secretary for Native Affairs. The Commission examines, or the higher authority hears the case. In either case judgment is reserved. The decision arrives by letter, and the chief is summoned. He has elaborately stated his case on several occasions; his points, arguments, or grievances have been reiterated *ad nauseam*. The letter is read; it is brief, cutting the matter short, and by no means forming a reply to the native arguments. The chief's eloquence is wasted on the unconscious paper—it can give no answer. The matter is out of the hands of the magistrate, who takes refuge behind the Government missive as it lies dumb upon the office table. The meeting ends in an unfinished and unsatisfactory manner; the chief going home with the grievance, oft repeated, that he cannot get an answer to his questions. And so the national, as opposed to the Government party, is strengthened.

It is not to be supposed that every question that might be asked must necessarily be answered; this would render all government impossible, their own as well as ours. And theirs, with all its faults, suits them, and would work well enough if their chiefs were but honest; but their dissatisfaction with the existing practice expresses their sense of a real evil—that they are not in actual contact with the real governing power. They are freemen, and have a very clear and strong notion of having a voice in their own government; and this is their idea of having such a voice—to be present and take part, in the persons of their chief men, in the discussion of every important measure. Under the present system they may and do meet their magistrate and discuss such matters; but while every question of any magnitude is referred to Capetown, and the Government answer comes by post or telegraph, they are unpleasantly conscious that they are not addressing their actual ruler. "Where does Government live?" is often asked. "How many Governments are there?" "Last year we were told that 'Government' came among us, and we told him what we had to say; now we see another who is called Government." Perhaps in one case it was the Governor himself, in the other the Secretary for Native Affairs; or the Secretary had been changed with a change of Ministry. Their real ruler or chief eludes them; they cannot get face to face with him; they seem to be governed, or rather frightened into obedience, by a phantom who lives far away and writes letters.

They want personal government: they are used to it in their chief, and no white man can hope to take the place of the chief until the people feel that he is really the fount, the source of power,—a chief in fact. And, after all, their teasing questions, which appear so endless and so useless, are often merely a safety-valve by which the chief lets off a little superfluous steam; but unless he is addressing the actual ruler, they feel that it is a mere mockery, and, to continue the metaphor, as useless as a safety-valve which has no connection with the outer air. His words are often a mere matter of form to satisfy his

people that he is making the best terms for them ; and when he has had his fair say, and has been heard and answered in full meeting by a white man in whom they have confidence, and whom they respect, it is surprising how soon they give way and obey the law. Mr. Sprigg knew this when he attended the Basutu *pitso* lately, and it was a true instinct which led him to go ; he failed it is true, but then the measure he went to carry weighted him too heavily. Disarmament is to them too strange, too unconstitutional may I say, or too unprecedented ; it is to them an infringement of their liberties.

To look forward to any scheme by which the Kafir tribes could be represented in Parliament, either by men of their own colour or by whites, seems quite utopian ; for the next few generations they must be ruled by large-minded men, living among them, who do not shirk responsibility, and who really are the rulers of the country.

As a matter of fact, our Government always does either too much or too little. A small tribe must either become British subjects by a stroke of the pen, full fledged in a day, or they are left entirely to their own chief's feeble and shiftty attempts at control and the anarchy of never-ending tribal wars.

There are two forms of dealing with these small tribes which have been practised by our Government. One is to appoint a Resident, who is a sort of Consul, with powers wholly undefined and vague. His instructions are, in a general way, to use moral influence, which may be interpreted as meaning never to give a direct order : such was the Resident with Kreli when the war broke out between him and the Fingoes in 1877, which ended in his tribe being scattered, and himself a fugitive ; such apparently is the Resident with the Zulu nation ; and Mr. Palgrave, among the Damaras of the West Coast, appears to hold the same position. The Resident can hear no suit, he can give no order, as he has no means of insisting that his order should be acted upon or his decision carried out. He is merely the ear and eye of the Government, to observe and report to headquarters, and occasionally to give advice, carefully telling the chief that he need not follow it unless he likes. Nevertheless, cramped as they have been for want of adequate powers, these Residents have done good service whenever men have been appointed with a thorough knowledge of the people they were sent to, and possessing the confidence of the chief.

The other alternative has been to annex the country, to appoint a magistrate who is the only legal power in the country,—a state of things such as I have attempted to describe, and which, I submit, produces a maximum of friction in our civil machinery. It gives rise to an unnecessary amount of jealousy on the part of the chief ; and instead of his being a useful Government servant, doing work for which he is peculiarly fitted from his birth and position, and which no one else can do,—I allude especially to the suppression of theft, as now—
—he is forced into the position of an obstructor and a

I ask then, "Is there not some middle course?" Can we not increase the powers of the Resident, whether the country be formally annexed or not, and govern the people in a way more beneficial to both races? The Zulus, we are told, are beginning to carry their cases to their new Resident. He is obliged to tell them he has no jurisdiction, and send them away to their chiefs, wondering what sort of a chief this is who cannot hear a case when brought for his decision. In like manner, the Damara chiefs have been begging their Resident to settle disputes between themselves, and he, too, has to decline. Can we not, I ask, have magistrates who should be collectors of taxes, which have never been a real cause of complaint; who should adjudicate in cases between members of the tribe and strangers, whether white men or natives from another district; and, lastly, act as a court, and especially a court of appeal, to which any one who chose could carry his case,—the chief magistrates settling any disputes which might arise between the chiefs themselves?

It is true this would leave a great deal of power in the hands of the chief,—and we are agreed that one main object is to destroy his influence,—and no doubt a good deal of injustice would go on under the name of justice; the people might be prevented from going to the magistrate with their cases by a secret and petty persecution; but there would be the magistrate's court open to all comers, and if they did not choose to avail themselves of it, why should we make them? For what blessing is not worth paying something for? If they are not capable of asserting their rights at the cost of some unpleasantness, they are not worthy of having any rights at all. Why should we take such trouble to force them out of a system against their will, imposing upon them the rights of British citizenship, which they neither understand nor value, being only too glad to slide back into their old ways, which have made them happy in the main, even at the expense of an occasional failure of justice? Let the white man's court stand side by side with the old system, as the higher court, and especially the court of appeal, letting it be well understood that any judgment of the chief can there be reversed; and then either the latter would have to raise his standard, or he would soon find his occupation gone; as indeed must be the case gradually and in course of time. Criminal matters might be dealt with as they are now—that is, as belonging to the magistrate's jurisdiction exclusively; though when we consider that theft is in their eyes a civil offence, and is usually settled between members of the same tribe privately and without reference to the chief at all, and that the only real *crime* known is violence done to a clansman,—the chief's *man*,—I am inclined to leave this to be dealt with by the chief, insisting perhaps that a portion of the fine should be brought to the magistrate's office, or perhaps that the whole fine should be surrendered and the chief receive his portion at the hands of his superior.

There is, however, one thing which would need correction,—perhaps

the only crying evil of Kafir rule,—and that is their summary way with supposed dealers in witchcraft. The Kafir doctor is the accuser, his knowledge being derived from supposed supernatural power, and his word is final,—at least the only appeal is to another of the fraternity,—and the penalty death, or banishment with the confiscation of all cattle. This has to be stopped; it is not an easy task, but it has in some instances been done, and it is doubly necessary when we consider that it is not only a cruel custom founded on a lie, but that it has the worst possible effect on the people. It is obviously a political engine of considerable power in the hands of the chief and of his councillors, who can so easily, by a charge of witchcraft brought through the witch doctor, remove any who have either from merit or wealth made themselves objects of envy, fear, or jealousy. The consequence is that under the old régime men shunned anything which could make them remarkable in any way. I have even known unusual courage and dexterity in the field to be the cause of jealousy, nearly ending in the death of the victim; the ostensible reason put forward being, of course, that the man had bewitched some of his relations. I have alluded to this practice to show how difficult it was for a Kafir to rise out of the common herd. Originality and enterprise were rendered pretty nearly impossible, and the result has been the dreary level sameness which is so surprising to strangers in the ways and manners of the Kafirs.

Abolish the levelling influence, and give the people a chance of justice in the magistrate's court, and I think we need not take a gloomy view of the future of the Kafir tribes. They are industrious. True, they do not understand a fair day's work in our sense, and often get the character of being idle, and the frontier tribes are more so than others, but no one could visit a village among the Basutus, Tembus, or Pondos, during the planting or weeding time, and call them an idle race. They are thrifty to a fault; they have the germs of a free people in the highest sense in their freedom of speech; they have Christianity among them, which has given them examples of men of their own race who have broken through the trammels of tribal influence, lived for higher aims, and begun to practise better habits; and they have an example of what they are capable of as a race in the Fingoes, who have from circumstances become British subjects, and owe allegiance to no other chief but the Queen.

I repeat, in all schemes for native government the problem is how to get rid of the power and influence of the chief: but we have gone too fast—this power is far too deeply rooted in the Kafir polity to be uprooted in a generation. It is the old story of the traveller and his cloak—the mild sunshine succeeded in divesting him of his garment, while the fierce blast only made him wrap it round him the tighter. The Kafir polity is an organization ruder than our own, but still complete in itself; it is like an aggregation of atoms crystallized into certain laws and conditions, and our object is to make

under a new law and new conditions ; but the movement must come from within—something more than a mere mechanical change of form is necessary to make the new crystal. It is no use attempting to exercise force and oblige the people to give up their old customs and institutions and habits of thought ; they may conform outwardly, but they will fail to understand the new-fangled notions. "Your rule is very heavy," said an intensely conservative petty chief to me, alluding to some small grievance. I could not see the hardship, for he himself was far better off than he ever had been before ; and yet he was sincere.

Let them see gradually that our ways are better, and they will begin to take to them by choice. The adhesion of the atoms, to go back to our metaphor, will become less and less, and they will gradually and spontaneously begin to assume their new form.

We have been here, as elsewhere, too meddlesome. Timid sometimes in putting down certain customs which might have fairly been made illegal on the score of public decency, we have not hesitated rashly to interfere with the dearest rights of chiefs and people, until our meddlesome policy has culminated in the Disarmament Act—an Act at once inexpedient, unjust, and futile. Inexpedient, as being certain, or nearly certain, to provoke rebellion ; unjust, as depriving the people of arms they had bought from us in open day with money earned by their own labour ; futile, because it is notorious that in ten years they will be armed again as well as they are now, in spite of any attempts the Government may make for the prevention of the trade.

Whether or not this Act is to be enforced throughout the country, the natives will all have to be governed. Are we going to extend our present system of government to all these tribes, and cause them to speculate whether they should join any local disturbance or petty rebellion ? Now they are safe, they will not join the Basutus ; but then, ten years ago, so were the natives in Griqualand East and the Tembus.

Surely we should pause before venturing on such a plan. Rather should we recede from some of our positions in the older annexed territories, and, leaving our magistrates to keep the peace between tribe and tribe, to collect the revenue, and to form a court of appeal for those who like to come, suffer the people gradually to develop the resources of the land in their own way. We may rest assured that when once there has become established a state of things in any district such as that now existing in Fingoland (where we find cases of men owning a thousand sheep, a waggon and span of oxen, a stone house, and an orchard of fruit-trees), the rule of the Kafir chief will from that time be on the wane.

BRANSBY KEV —

EDGAR QUINET.

IT would to-day be difficult to find in France a scene like that which surrounded the childhood of Edgar Quinet. A vast plain stretching far as eye could reach, made up of barren heaths, thick copses, fields of corn, and innumerable ponds; great part of it was a desert, while everywhere it was dismal and depopulated. On a slight eminence stood the ancestral home, half-cottage, half-chateau, surrounded by a few trees. The Quinets were an old legal family in Bresse, and had possessed this little retreat at Certines for three hundred years. Their affairs, however, often took them to Bourg, where Edgar Quinet was born (1803), but it was at Certines that he passed the greater part of his early life. It was without doubt a very unhealthy place, since from the fifteen hundred ponds of the neighbouring desert of the Dombes arose miasmas, gloomy or prismatic, often laden with fever and always depressing. Occasional changes to Bourg and Charolles probably saved the child from the fate of all his companions, for the deaths in this melancholy country exceeded the births. Its temper took possession of his mind, long exercising over it a kind of tyranny. Certines had much to do with that plaintive style, that dreamy wistfulness, that horror of subtle forms of decay and death, so characteristic of Edgar Quinet, and among the secrets of his power.

Although Quinet's family were Catholic, and his grandmother a stern old bigot, his father, Jerome Quinet, a man of the Revolution, had married a Protestant, very beautiful, and one of those women whom no man ever refuses to obey. Her husband and her son were not in sympathy, yet over both her influence was unbounded. Her ideas were at once religious and democratic. She made her son mix freely with every class in society. He acted as ploughboy, he went at with the harvesters to the hayfield, his chosen companion

boy. Madame Quinet had travelled more than most Frenchwomen, and had lived through a time when every conventionality had been swept into the gutter. She was a Calvinist who admired Voltaire, a primitive Christian who had by no means given up the world. Though her son was her most precious possession, she allowed him to run every risk; though of so pious a nature that she sometimes broke into prayer when walking with him alone, she taught him no other religious doctrine than the fatherhood of God; though an unwavering Protestant, she considered him born to be a Catholic, and helped to prepare him for his first communion. When he became a youth, and fell in love and made rhymes, she was his counsellor and his critic. In the midst of this strange education she never lost sight of her ideal, but was constantly endeavouring to give him right principles and the best culture. Very early she woke up his conscience, so that he could not endure the shadow of a deception, and religiously accepted all she told him. When he kneels at the altar of the Catholic Church, he mingles her prayers and the prayers of her Church with his Catholic ones; when he goes to Mass at college, he carries a big Bible under his arm; when alone in Paris he goes to a Protestant Church because he feels it to be hers. Never was a boy more absolutely dominated by the spirit of his mother than Edgar Quinet.

His companionship with the labouring people at Certines was no accident, for he mingled in the same way with the people at Bourg and Charolles. He was much in company with the soldiers who were ever coming and going through Bourg; he listened to their stories and imbibed their ideas. As his parents detested the name of Napoleon, he heard nothing at home of the events of the day; all his ideas of contemporary history being gained from the people, had an apocryphal and legendary character. The people were Bonapartists, so was he, and nothing could equal the anxiety and excitement this small boy went through for a fortnight after the escape from Elba. He was a little but perfect reflection of the popular sentiment.

Thus were his early years dominated by three influences: the Nature in which he was reared, the character of his mother, and the public opinion around him. In all this there was nothing peculiar; what distinguished Edgar Quinet is the way in which he gradually gained his freedom, developed his own individuality, and used all his personal experiences as a key to his study of the history of Humanity.

No effort of this kind was ever effected with a more complete absence of wilfulness and contempt, since few have had a deeper sense of duty than Edgar Quinet. Suddenly taken from a life as free as the squirrel in the woods, and immured in a semi-monastic institution such as French colleges appear to have been, the thought of his mother was quite sufficient to keep him from running away, and to make him work at lessons of which he could not conceive the good. In the same manner his relations with his schoolfellows, with the people, with his

party, with his country, were ever sincerely loyal. However good a son, or independent a thinker, or humanitarian in his sympathies, he recognized all the bonds of life, and scrupulously fulfilled each particular duty.

How then did he attain that independence which he came to consider his most essential possession? In following the line he has himself marked out in his "*Histoire de mes Idées*," we shall best discover.

At thirteen years of age he experienced an inner revelation. His confessor learnt that he had never made his first communion, and thought it high time. Set to learn his catechism he very soon passed.

"It was," he says, "the only real success I had in those college years, and I owed it to my director. He was a Provencal missionary, the first eloquent man that I had ever heard. He saw at a glance that my heart was isolated, thirsting for infinite love. He fed me on it, he filled me with it. He spared me the thorns of theology, he put aside all its asperities, all its sophisms. For the first time I gave satisfaction. I had wings. . . . I was perfectly happy. My only trouble was the absence of my mother, for it cost me something to enter without her into this living heaven thus opening before me. She sent me instructions, prayers which she composed for me. And it was with her Lutheran, Calvinistic, free, philosophic thought that I progressed in this journey towards a Church that condemned her. Oh, that I had preserved these prayers and instructions in order to enrich this recital! they might now have been of the use to others that they then were to me. . . . Thus I approached the mysteries, supported on the one side by a Protestant mother, on the other by a Catholic priest. . . . I felt nothing but peace and profound security. . . . I mingled, without making any difference, my Protestant prayers with my Catholic ones. Only, I recited the first, which I knew by heart, and read the second. . . . A new trial yet remained. My director ascended the pulpit; all my soul made silence to hear his word. On him it depended whether I should be filled with blessedness or despair. He was as I had seen him in the confessional, only a hundred times more touching. I could not but believe that he spoke to me alone, so much was my peculiar position cared for and considered! Not a single word against heretics. It was the first time that I was touched by a public discourse, and it pierced me to the very marrow of my bones. When it was necessary to rise and make a circuit round the church I could hardly stand; celestial tears blinded me. . . . The moment was unique. It has not returned, it will not return. It was to eclipse all others and to illumine them with their true light."*

Thus Edgar Quinet described this experience as he looked back upon it forty-two years later. Whatever may be thought of it, or by whatever name it may be called, one thing is certain: prior to this event his heart was becoming narrow (*ce cœur resserré, concentré*) and his mind dormant; while in a couple of years after, both heart and mind are bursting with a force almost beyond his physical endurance. And what is more, Conscience is impelling him to strike blow after blow for liberty, without which he has begun to feel that he cannot live.

Three important changes follow upon this religious revolution. An inward struggle between his belief in Napoleon and the principles of liberty, the seeds of which, planted in childhood by his mother, are now germinating in his heart; this goes on until he feels that he has quite broken away from the popular faith. Then another struggle takes place between his intellectual admiration for beauty and his

* "*Histoire de mes Idées*," troisième partie, iii. i

a condition of mind so painful that at one moment he seems to have lost his reason ; but from this, too, he is delivered. Last of all comes a great intellectual blossoming. Like everything that happens to this vigorous plant, it is long preparing, but the actual event is so sudden that it is realizable in time and place. He is fifteen years of age and at college at Lyons. Speaking of it, Edgar Quinet says :—

"After a violent crisis of the soul, each man is destined to a great surprise. In coming back after a sufficiently long interruption in his work to his profession, employ, or trade, to his instruments or tools, he finds that without study he has made progress of which he cannot doubt. For even the mechanical skill which seems only attainable by long practice has become incomparably more easy. His fingers, his tongue, are set free. His eyes see that which they did not see, his ears hear that which they did not hear, as if during his sleep he had been busily working. His whole being has gone up a degree in the scale of life.

"The spirit has leapt over an interval that it would have staggered the dulled senses even to measure. The soul has impelled the body and driven it forward into the strife. The moment had come for me to experience all that I have just said.

" . . . I laid hold of a Latin book ; I opened it. It was Ovid's 'Metamorphoses.' Great was my stupefaction at comprehending readily several lines, and reading them with pleasure. I renewed this proof on other authors—for example, Pliny the Elder : I understood him in like manner. My astonishment increased. Some months before the idea would never have occurred to me to attempt this proof, and certainly it would not have succeeded. It seemed to me as if the fetters of my mind were broken. Undying lights had been kindled. I saw that which I had never seen. Words of which I thought myself ignorant I divined. I cannot say how many new senses had suddenly been awakened in me."*

Is this a singular experience ? How many thousands now living could tell the same tale ! Here is a boatman on the Ohio Canal, hardly able to read and write ; a few years elapse—he is a professor at an Institute ; a year or two later he is its Principal ; to-day he is President of the United States. It would be surprising if the experience of General Garfield does not confirm that of Edgar Quinet. But as the latter says with reference to one of the moral miracles of the Gospels—

"Who has not known examples of this sort, not only in public but in private life, even the most obscure, where a day, an hour, or even less, rarely passes without a light being cast over it by one of these amazing illuminations ?"†

"How many miracles," he says in another place, "pass in souls, that book knowledge will not teach us ! Enthusiasm, and love, and revolutions, how far are they beyond our great masters ! What things are known to them which all the libraries in the world will never teach us !"‡

Nor was this all ; the impulse once given, it passed from heart to mind, from mind to spirit, until, all his faculties aroused, his whole being was on fire, waiting to be led to the great enterprise to which it instinctively felt called. He was now seventeen years old, he passed his examinations at Lyons, he was to go to the *École Polytechnique* at Paris ; it was the vacation, and he was wandering in the ne

* "Histoire de mes Idées," pp. 195, 196.

† "Examen de la Vie de Jésus," p. 326.

‡ *Ibid.*, p.

hood of the fifteen hundred ponds. Obscurely, but very really, he felt the influences of his time; all thought, all intellectual energy seemed dead, every illusion had been destroyed, and now in dull despair the French world condemned all new thought and new paths, dazzled only by certain lights that, playing over the stagnant pools of the old faith, gave to their miasmas all the brilliant colours of a sunset. In this intellectual desert, the Spirit of Life seemed moving in him alone. He felt his vocation; he must write; but despair seized him when he thought that all his sympathies lay on the side which was sure to bring him only incredulity and derision.

However, his decision was taken, and, young as he was, he resolutely stood out against going to the École Polytechnique. His father refused to support him, and he had to live for a short time how he could. He lodged with a young artisan friend, and lived upon what would be equivalent to a shilling a-day. He sold his mattress and chairs to publish his first book, which was in itself a protest in favour of liberty, and a daring act in face of the great burst of Romanticism which was then springing up in France. It bore the title, "Tablets of the Wandering Jew," and was a *jeu d'esprit* treating the Middle Ages in the spirit of the "Ingoldsby Legends." It was nothing in itself, only a sign that this young poet had separated himself from the tendency of his time.

He had felt his own individuality, the workings of his own conscience. In their assertion he had intensified his manhood and had made rapid progress. The thought now appears to have come to him that it was by this very assertion of the Individual Conscience and of the Moral Personality that every great change in the history of the world had taken place, and this young man of twenty set himself to trace their development through history.

It was at this juncture that Quinet met the man who was to teach him where his own genius lay. He came across an English translation of Herder's "Philosophy of the History of Humanity." To this vast cosmogonic mind, illimitable, poetic, serene, this ardent young Frenchman felt attracted, as Dante to Virgil. He followed his master reverently and joyfully. "This is the man," he said, "that I should like to have for my friend." He knew not a word of German, but he determined to translate Herder's great work into French. He made the translation three times before he succeeded, and when it was finished his mind and conscience had come into collision with his master's philosophy. He found him necessarian and pantheistic, and in the name of the Individual Conscience and Moral Personality he refused to follow him. From Herder he obtained many ideas—ideas which

his mind to the last.

he met at the house of Victor
the same thing for Vico,
helet and Edgar Quinet

became fast friends—brothers in soul and heart for fifty years, hardly thinking a thought or feeling an emotion which the other did not share.

In Vico, Quinet found the corroboration of a great idea which was already in his own mind. Vico taught that the beginning of every society was to be found in the influence of a common religion and a common belief, and that Religion was the formative and conserving influence in society. Quinet had already seen the relations of political institutions to religion, but in time he advanced to the point of declaring that Religion is the very substance of Humanity. Each society stands upon its religious belief, as a statue upon its base. Its social and political institutions, its literature, its arts, are as much the outcome of its religion as the stem, branches, and leaves of a tree spring out of its roots. Revolutions in belief are followed by revolutions social and political; new heavens imply a new earth.*

But what is the source of this powerful influence? Herder had declared that there was an intimate connection between the human mind and external nature; that the collision of the two struck that light which gave man his first ideas about God. The first dawn was the first revelation. Quinet, embracing this idea, explained by it the origin of the ancient religions. Each sprang out of the thought about God revealed by the aspect of Nature which most affected the mind in a certain locality; the men to whom this thought first occurred, or who were most deeply impressed by it, becoming its prophets. It was not the Jabals and the Tubal-Cains, but men like Zoroaster and Moses who founded society.†

Thus Herder's ideas were augmented and corrected by these two great thoughts—Religion, the formative power in human society; the Individual Conscience, the fountain-head of Religion. The nature of a society Quinet traced to its religion, the nature of a religion to the soul of its founder.‡ Thus he commences his powerful book "*Les Jésuites*" by a study of the character of Ignatius Loyola, finding in the peculiar nature of his soul the germ of the doctrine and history of Jesuitism.§

With such views it may be conceived that Quinet regarded with something like horror the corruption or the destruction of the idea of God in the human conscience. The more he came to understand of the times in which he lived, the more he saw that Christian society was tending towards one or the other.

The study of Herder led him to reside for a time at Heidelberg. Here he plunged into German philosophy and criticism, and lived in the constant society of the professors of that University. But Quinet was no bookworm; he was a great horseman and a great walker, fond of musical society, and a favourite with the German ladies. He wandered on foot about Germany, visiting its Gothic ruins and hobnobbing with several of its distinguished celebrities. In this way he seems to have

* "*Génie des Religions*," *passim*.

† "*Examen de la Vie de Jésus*," p. 336.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 30.

§ "*Les Jésuites*," p. 42.

obtained an insight so complete into the true meaning of German philosophy and criticism, that his friend Creuzer, the author of the "Symbolik," and a teacher to whom Quinet considered himself much indebted, said one day—

"A strange thing has occurred to me."

"What is it, my dear master?"

"Well, I can only understand German philosophy when it is explained by a Frenchman."

"Nothing astonishing in that," replied Quinet; "if you want to go down into a vault you must take a lantern."

This, however, was little more than a soldier's joke in the midst of battle, for Quinet seems to have found his explorations into German philosophy one of the saddest experiences of his life. What he suffered in the deserts of the Dombes was a type of that which he now suffered spiritually:—

"We had undertaken, I and my father, the hopeless, infernal work of draining our marshes. They were stronger than we, so that we could not make the least way. Physically they conquered me, morally they conquer me yet. . . . It has plunged me into an atmosphere where men can scarcely live, an atmosphere full of aspirations without end, of hopes without body, of imaginary beings impossible in this present existence. Evil breeds evil; without knowing it I began to take pleasure in these invisible, poisoned stings, and only half wished a cure. I was wandering in a vague infinite stretching out around me. What a long circuit before reaching a precise point, a distinct object! What efforts to order my own life when all was in disorder about me, when things offered only the image of a world in which man scarcely made himself felt! . . . Add to this the malign influence of the air. It attacked the principle of life, but secretly, softly, and with a honeyed breath. One breathed poison as if it were the sweetest of perfumes."*

What words could better describe the influence on the sensitive brain and heart of Edgar Quinet of the atmosphere, philosophic and critical, that he now breathed? He speaks of passing through a kind of death; he had awoke again, but it was to a sad dull pain, that nothing but constant movement could allay.† He had seen the shadow feared of man, doubt had taken possession of his soul, the foundations had gone, and he saw the eclipse of faith coming not only upon him, but upon the whole Christian world.‡

He wandered in many lands; he travelled over Greece,§ through Italy;|| he went about Germany; he was often flying between Paris, Certines, Charolles, Bourg: it was to no purpose—the fiend haunted him wherever he went. As David found relief on his harp, so Quinet found it in his pen. His note-book was truly the *tablettes du Juif-errant*. Among the ruined temples of Greece, in Italian cities, in German cathedrals, among the marshes of Certines or the Roman Campagna, in the sunlit islets of the Cyclades, he stopped to write a page, sometimes a groan, sometimes an a ; and these innum-

* "Histoire des mes Idées," p. 233-7.

† "Ahasvéros," Préface

§ "Le Grèce

|| "Mère," cxxxvii.

Italie" 1836.

able currents of feeling became at last that rushing tumultuous flood which in "Ahasuerus" carries the reader into the rapids, and plunges with him into the abyss.

Such a volcanic book would have exhausted a weaker soul. It seemed as if Edgar Quinet had thrown out the poison and had returned to moral health.

Poison and antidote, it is said, are sometimes found together. In the Germany that had almost driven him to despair he found one who was the means of restoring him to the peace that he had lost. Edgar Quinet called her his "*angel Rachel*;" how much that meant only those who have read "Ahasuerus" can understand. Yet he did not win her without a long struggle with the heart to which he was so much bound, that of his mother. He conquered at last, and thus made another step in the development of his moral personality, another breaking away from Nature.

In "Prometheus," which he dedicates to his mother, and in the "Examination of Strauss's Life of Jesus," we have the expression of his faith at this time. As "Ahasuerus" was the symbol of Humanity, doomed to wander through all time because it had rejected the Christ, "Prometheus" exhibits the crucifixion that religious Humanity must go through if it would fulfil its mission to be the leader, the guide of men to the new heavens. The two books contain in a poetic, mystical form the main ideas of Quinet's philosophy of history.*

But however mystical his poetry, when he came to deal with criticism his strength lies in his clear common-sense. In his "Examen de la Vie de Jésus" (1838), he shows Strauss to be too legal, too analytic, too much of a vivisector, to see the real principle of life in the Gospels. He has lived too much in his study, too much apart from the real world of men, to appreciate the power of a great personality, to comprehend the hold that an original nature has on its fellow-men. Quinet felt that this discussion involved the cardinal point in his belief; the Individual as the source of all life, the spring of all history. He believed in the personality of the Christ, as he believed in the personality of Moses and of Homer. His criticisms of Wolf and Strauss have a common ground, and that is the defence of the great personalities of history. Christianity, he declares, is the apotheosis of personality itself. Its permanent miracle is the reign of a Soul that found itself too great for the visible universe. As in Paganism, Nature, the sea, the primitive night, boundless chaos, each served as the basis for popular inventions; even so the infinite soul of the Christ has served as a foundation for the whole Christian theogony; for what, he asks, is the Gospel if not the revelation of an interior world?†

Some might call Quinet's own personal faith simple and compre-

* To give any proper idea of Quinet's poetical works would require much of the space devoted to this article; in a work shortly to be published, I have attempted to give an account of these most characteristic expressions of his genius.

† "Examen de la Vie de Jésus," p. 336.

hensive ; others would say it was vague and unsatisfactory. Asked to declare what was his Church, he said : " We belong to the communion of Descartes, of Turenne, of Latour d'Auvergne."* Accused of secretly believing that Christianity was really at an end, he replied that, so far from thinking anything of the kind, he was persuaded that it was exactly the contrary.

" No revelation," he said, " passes away until it has permeated with its entire spirit all the living institutions of the people under its influence ; and notwithstanding all its triumphs the spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ has only just begun to be applied in the civil and political world. The history of Christian Humanity has formed itself on the life of Christ. It has all been passed through even to the cross and sepulchre, but does the New Testament speak of nothing but struggle and suffering ? Do we not read of a society of brethren gathered together in one spirit, of pence among men of good-will, of the resurrection-dawn after the night in the sepulchre, of the Christ seated upon the throne of Israel ? And all these things have yet to be realized."†

After the revolution of 1830 a new religious movement commenced in France—nothing less than the reconciliation of Catholicism with Liberty. Its founders, De Lamennais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert, advocated in their paper, *L'Avenir*, the whole doctrine of modern Liberalism, even to the separation of Church and State ; while at the same time their notions of the sacred character of the priesthood would have satisfied Hildebrand himself. Liberty of education was one of their principal demands, and in 1831 Lacordaire defied the law on this subject with considerable *éclat*. In 1832 they fell under the Pope's censure : De Lamennais, as is well known, broke away from the Church ; Lacordaire became more obedient than ever. Eloquent, and preaching a language unknown in Catholic Churches, his conferences attracted six thousand at a time. His great idea being to revive Catholicism by means of monasticism, he joined the Dominicans, and appeared in the costume of his order in the pulpit of Nôtre Dame. He founded Dominican colleges, and greatly advanced the cause of Catholic education in France. His genius, nobility of character, disinterestedness, love of liberty, and popularity obtained for him toleration which probably would not otherwise have been accorded. And then what was permitted to one could not be refused to another. The courage and virtues of Lacordaire and Montalembert were new capital for the Church, to be used in the long run by those in whom she had more confidence. The Jesuits came back under the banner of reconciliation of Catholicism and Liberty, and in virtue of the great principle, Liberty of Education, began to mould the mind of France.

It was in the very year that Lacordaire made this demonstration in Nôtre Dame that Edgar Quinet was appointed Professor of the Literature of Southern Europe in the College of France. He had already given his fine course of lectures on the Ancient Rel in which

* " Les Jésuites," p. 121.

he had developed the great principles of his historical philosophy; and now on his arrival in Paris all things seemed to call for their application.

We find him lecturing on the Revolutions in Italy, the Jesuits, Ultramontanism, Christianity, and the French Revolution. These courses occupied four years (1842-45), but they are all linked together and have one aim—to show that the principle demonstrated to be true in the ancient world is equally true in the modern and Christian world, that everything in society springs out of its religious belief, and that according as that is good or bad, corrupt or pure, free or servile, such will be the character of the people it moulds, and such the character of all their social and political institutions.

It was very soon clear that his lectures were intended to be sermons to France in the highest sense. In dealing with "The Revolutions of Italy" he compelled consideration to the striking decay of all public spirit in Italy from the end of the sixteenth century, and the dearth for the two following centuries of men of genius, while in the midst of this general death one thing alone lived and grew in activity—the Jesuit Society.

In his next course, "The Jesuits," he unfolded the history of the Society itself, and that in a manner so crushing that it is simple truth to say that Jesuitism had never received such a blow since Pascal wrote his "Provincial Letters." Next year he went a step further in the same path, and in his course on "Ultramontanism" showed that the Jesuit spirit pervaded modern Romanism. He had spent his vacation in Spain, and was able to illustrate the effect of Ultramontanism by a description of the most Catholic country in Europe. Finally, he concluded by what, in some respects, was the most important course of all, "Christianity and the French Revolution."

The objection constantly raised by Romanists in France is, that the State separated from their Church must be atheistic. Quinet in this last course undertook to prove that the principles of the French Revolution were far more Christian than those of the Roman Church, and that therefore a State founded on those principles is more truly Christian than the Roman Church, more in harmony with Christianity according to Jesus Christ.

These lectures aroused intense feeling. Quinet had compelled men to consider a subject of infinitely more moment to France than what its form of government should be; he had forced men, by a series of historical illustrations that covered the whole of human history, to look at the very source of national well-being; and at their close no words would more fitly express the effort that he had made than those of the Hebrew lawgiver: "I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live."

Those who had followed the teacher through his various courses were filled with enthusiasm: the amphitheatre, the galleries, the passages were crowded to hear him, while around him sat a body of his most

devoted disciples, called "the sacred phalanx." Among the youth of both sexes who listened to him were representatives of various nationalities, one of whom was to carry the word of life and to suffer for it in lands more deeply affected than any other—the South American Republics. What Edgar Quinet said went home to men's consciences, producing all the effect of the word of a prophet. Society was at once sharply divided, and the air rang with mingled cries of denunciation and applause. The Government sought to allay excitement by withdrawing the word *institutions* from the Professor's programme, and suspending his lectures. Thereon commenced new demonstrations; the Schools came in deputations to his house; and a medal was struck bearing the profiles of the three popular professors, Quinet, Michelet, and Mickiewicz.

Among those who listened to Edgar Quinet in the College of France, and who were present when he received these marks of gratitude and sympathy from his auditors, was his mother.

It was one of the last acts of her life: she died early in 1847 at Charolles. In the absence of a Protestant pastor, her son himself conducted the funeral rites. He walked at the head of the procession, which was followed by nearly the whole population of the town. Arrived at the place of sepulchre, he solemnly invoked the Divine help, and then opening the Bible he read Psalm ciii., John xx., and 1 Cor. xv.—that liturgy, as he called it, of Christian immortality. A few strong-minded people seemed inclined to smile at the unusual character of the proceedings, but as soon as he began to speak all were hushed, and few went away untouched.

In 1851 his wife died. A Protestant minister conducted the service, but over her grave Edgar Quinet's friend Michelet concluded in these words:—"Full of grief, but also full of confidence, firm in hope, whatever may be our tears, we commit you to Him in whom you already live; we leave you in the paternal hands of God, O soul most holy, and sister, dear and well beloved." In 1856, in the land of exile, at the burial of his step-son, Georges Mourouzi, Quinet again acted as priest in his own house.

When it is considered how difficult it is at such times, and especially in a country like France, to break away from the established usages of society, these acts indicate extraordinary elevation and originality of character. And those who have read Quinet's "Letter on the Religious and Moral Situation of Europe" will see that it was more than a personal act; it was an example that he felt was much needed. Nothing, he conceived, was more ruinous to the conscience than the ease with which unbelievers took a part in the most solemn rites of the Church in the most solemn moments of their existence. They allowed a Church which they considered hostile to the best aspirations of their lives to baptize their children and bury their dead. It was against this spiritual cowardice that Quinet protested, while at the same time he wi

show that religious consolation and reverence for the dead did not depend on the presence of a priest.

The year after his mother's death, his "Warning to the Monarchy of 1830" was fulfilled. The Orleans dynasty fell, and the Republic was proclaimed. "Some people," said Quinet, "find it difficult to believe that in history it is possible to see things before their accomplishment. Nothing in the world, however, is more simple or more frequent. From a primary truth, be it ever so small, always spring a thousand others."

Perhaps the most striking instance of Edgar Quinet's prescience was the distinct manner in which he foreshadowed, as far back as 1831, the Franco-German War, asserting that Prussia was the power that would lead the new aggressive policy of Germany, and that Prussia was only waiting for the man who clearly understood its destiny. This was written when Prince Bismarck was only eighteen years of age, and twenty years before he himself had any idea of such a destiny.*

When, after the proclamation of the Republic in 1848, Quinet returned to his Chair in the College of France, he was greeted with loud cries of "The Prophet! the Prophet!" Like so many, he had welcomed the change with enthusiasm, but it soon afforded him painful illustrations of his maxim that no political revolution was to be relied upon that was not preceded by a religious one. An insurrection broke out in Paris, and Edgar Quinet went into the streets to defend the very existence of the Republic. Then Voltaireans, who had no other idea of Religion than that it was a terrible jailor with gyves and manacles, joined with Liberal Catholics and all the reactionists in voting to send the people back to the safe keeping of the Catholic Church. By the law of public instruction (May, 1850), the education of the people was handed over to the religious bodies, authorized and unauthorized; the higher education was allowed to be conducted in religious establishments on a footing almost equal to those of the University, and the general direction of education in France was entrusted to a council in which the clergy had a preponderating influence.

We may be sure that this law was not passed without the most strenuous opposition on the part of Quinet. As Deputy for the Department of Ain, and in his book on the "Instruction of the People," he tried to make Liberals see the folly of their course, and placed before them the true principles of popular education in France. He believed with the Catholic that Education must be based on Religion, but what religion? For such a purpose Religion must speak with authority, and which of the authorized religions could do so? Catholicism denied Protestantism, Protestantism denied Catholicism, Judaism denied both. Admit that Protestantism and Judaism were not worth considering, what then was the position? Two sources of authority, diametrically opposed to each other. Which was the schoolmaster to obey, the

* "L'Allemagne et la Révolution," p. 145.

maire or the *curé*? Was he to teach tolerance or intolerance, the doctrine of the State or the Church? The situation was impossible, and could only end in a weary round of revolution and reaction, reaction and revolution. This, he said, is the secret of all our failures and all our troubles.

What was the solution? Much as he had believed that a State should be founded on a national religion, he saw no other solution in such circumstances but the entire separation of the Church from the State, and laicizing popular instruction. Lay society, he said, is now more just than the Church; it possesses more truth, and its very existence depends on the principle that all its members are bound, without reference to creed, to care for one another.

The men who sent Liberty to a Jesuit school were not likely to think it a crime to strangle a sister republic. Edgar Quinet told them their fate; Republicans who upheld the Cæsarian principle in religion would soon be its slaves in politics. And so it proved; the French Republic followed the fate of the Roman Republic; the Empire came, bringing in its train Sedan, the siege of Paris, the Commune, and the 16th of May.

"Let me make the songs of a people, I care not who makes its laws," must have been the kind of thought which was in Quinet's mind when he composed his great epic, "Napoleon." It was written while in Germany, oppressed by the national feeling around him, growing in power every day, and tending to a great effort to reverse the position of the two nations in Europe. Its object was to arouse and animate the France of Louis Philippe, which to Quinet and the Republicans seemed to have lost all idea of its true calling. But although the poetry was of the very noblest order, and as a work of art perhaps the very greatest of Quinet's efforts, it did not succeed in effecting the object at which he aimed. It was a step in his own detachment from the power of a legend which, but for such "crowning mercies" as the *Coup d'État* and *Sedan*, would have led to the irretrievable ruin of France. Quinet is compelled by his instinct of truth to pillory his hero as a Colossus of egotism and selfishness.

And now that fidelity to truth and righteousness which so distinguished him, received its reward. He was by the sight of a great crime, and by the endurance of a long exile, to be entirely disabused of all possible illusion as to the tendency of this fatal legend. The 12th of December, 1851, he was hurried out of France and exiled to Brussels.

He was not, however, without a great consolation. The day upon which he was exiled saw him married to one who was the partuer of his mind as well as his heart, the most devoted of wives as well as disciples. The friend who thus chose to share and alleviate all the trials of his exile was the daughter of a Roumanian patriot, Georges Asaky.

In her book, "*Mémoires d'Exil*," she has made us acquainted with many details concerning the privation and suffering that

endured, and of the conception and growth of the great works to which he devoted himself during this sad time. We see him in one of those suburban streets we know so well, in a house where the rooms are small as cabins and the staircases narrow as foot-bridges, with its little garden enclosed by fifteen others equally small. The furniture of the cheapest possible kind, and the travelling trunks still packed, indicate how unable the exiles are to regard this place as their home. On all sides are miseries; friends around in greater privation than themselves. Yet after the first blow Edgar Quinet recovered his serenity, and even found a source of pleasure in ministering to the wants of his violets and his daisies, his geraniums and his roses. "Of all things in the world," said Lacordaire, "a great heart in a little house is that which has touched me most."

But what was still worse was to find that France was not only contented but delighted with the change, to see it giving itself up more and more to material good, and more and more indifferent to all that makes the true life of a nation.

The many-sided character of Quinet's mind and temperament, aided by the purity of his heart, helped him to sustain his trials. He found relief in new work, and the exercise of another order of mental faculties than those that had so long been on the strain.

Three mythic personages seem all his life to have had great hold upon his imagination—Prometheus, the Wandering Jew, and Merlin the Enchanter. The latter now became his hero, and the means by which he took the world into his confidence. More than thirty years had elapsed since he began to interest himself in the popular epics of various nations, and in 1831, being at Paris, he had discovered in the Bibliothèque Royale about seventy important manuscripts of Romance epics. He was so interested that he had determined to devote himself to editing "Parceval." However, he was prevented, but then formed the plan of the work which he now, thirty years later, commenced. The subject he proposed to treat was "the legend of the human soul until death, and beyond death," and in doing so, to reconcile all legends in taking them back to a single one, to find in the human heart the intimate connection of all these national and popular legends, and to link them together in one clear, calm movement, to bind between them the discordant worlds that popular imagination has enchanted. This work bears in its form something of the vast character of its conception, since it contains no less than twenty-four books. It is a mingling of autobiographic touches, bursts of indignation against the clerical and Bonapartist world of the Second Empire, and bold imaginings on subjects utterly beyond human knowledge. Thus Merlin visits the limbus of unborn souls, and Wordsworth's beautiful thought—

"The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar"—

is actualized after the fashion of Dante. Surrounded by a world in a state of moral decay, his voice silenced in his land, Edgar Quinet felt himself as a living soul shut up in a tomb, and it was well for him that he could create this fantastic world in which he could utter his inmost thoughts. It is a work that will afford abundant material to Quinet's biographer. "No poet," we are told on the authority of Viviane herself, "has so faithfully depicted himself in his hero as Edgar Quinet has in 'Merlin the Enchanter.'"

These descents into limbus took a very real turn when he actually brought back to the light of day the works of a great soul long forgotten.* The readers of Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" are familiar with the name of Marnix de Sainte-Aldegonde, the friend and counsellor of William of Orange; but to be thoroughly acquainted with him, and fully to conceive what manner of men the Reformers really were, and by what means the Reformation was accomplished, they ought to read Quinet's "Marnix, and the Foundation of the United Provinces," published with an Introduction to the writings of Marnix (1857). In this work Quinet shows himself, as in his "Italy," an art critic, full of originality, insight, and poetic feeling.

Like Marnix, Quinet taught the doctrine which he advocated with such ability in his "Religious Revolution of the Nineteenth Century," that the Church of Rome must be met with her own weapons, that the Catholic Church must be treated to Catholic law. We are naturally staggered at such a doctrine in this the nineteenth century, and should probably dismiss it at once if it emanated from the heated brain of some Nopopery fanatic who sees a Jesuit behind every bush, or even if it came from some philosopher who knew nothing of real life; but when a man who is at once philosopher, poet, patriot, and politician; who from early life has mixed freely with all sorts and conditions of men; who has wandered all over Europe, receiving a welcome everywhere; taking his share in all the revolutions of his age, and intimately acquainted with all their threads; with a mind so capacious that it is ever stretching into the illimitable, and yet capable of suddenly concentrating itself on a single difficulty, and then with what seems like a flash of divination, declaring the solution—a solution never in harmony with the ideas around him, but which in a few years is found to be the only possible one; when a man of this sort speaks, and solemnly says, "I have never uttered anything more serious," it is impossible to treat his word with indifference. However we may differ in opinion from him at first, or at last, we shall be sure to find in the explanation by such a man of a thought so opposed to received views, incalculable light, not only on this, but upon kindred questions.

The rain and fog of the Belgian climate tried Quinet very much, and in 1857 he was permitted to quit the Low Countries for Switzerland.

* Edgar Quinet published the principal works of Marnix: "Le Différend de La Roche Romaine," &c., in 1853.

The change from cramped rooms and a feverish life to the freedom and serenity of the Swiss mountains was in every way beneficial. This Alpine scenery was the true environment of his great soul, and in its pure atmosphere his heart could beat freely; and once again that cosmogonic genius asserted itself, the awakening of which had given him such delight in the study of Herder. Since he had written the Introduction to Herder, science had taken the place of philosophy, and was rapidly revolutionizing modern thought. Ever keeping himself acquainted with the progress of things, Quinet threw himself into the study of geology. As he had formerly pursued his investigations into the sources of human history, he now set himself to study the origin of being. The fruit of five years' study and meditation on the problem appears in "The Creation." In this work he has sought the relations between the new conception of Nature and all those branches of knowledge that especially concern Humanity—to establish, in fact, the link between natural history and the history of Humanity. The fundamental idea is to indicate the parallelism between science and human history, and the light that they may consequently be expected to cast upon each other.

It was a bold idea, not to say audacious. As a French critic has said—

"To lay hold of facts incompletely observed, scarcely grouped, and still full of formidable gaps, in order to reconstitute at a stroke the history of Nature, such as it ought to be, if the hypotheses of Lyell, Darwin, and others, are correct, was in itself a temerity that a *savant* could not excuse; the idea could only suggest itself to one of those minds still feverish who have preserved all the illusions of philosophy, all the fervour of their faith in human reason. But to go still further, to lead back to the same method naturalists and historians, to deduce from this idea that the method by which Alphonse de Candolle follows from spot to spot the saxifrage, the oak, and the heath, is at bottom the same by which Augustin Thierry follows step by step the migrations of the barbarians, or Ottfried Müller those of the Dorians, and to conclude that the changes of civilization are for man what the changes of the fauna and the flora are for the animal and vegetable world; to undertake thus to explain by the same laws the progression of beings at every degree in the scale of life; to make the synthesis of Herder and Darwin, or rather to make of Darwin, unknown to him, and perhaps against his will, the Herder of the future—this is what no one else in the world but Edgar Quinet would attempt."

But the powers of this intellectual Hercules are now at their maturity. When a young man, one important work absorbed all his thoughts; now two such vast conceptions as "Merlin l'Enchanteur" and "La Création" are not sufficient to occupy him—he must have two or three other works in hand at the same time. And these are in his own peculiar line, the line for which all his studies, all his experience and the nature of his mind specially fitted him—historical philosophy. One of them will prove to be the most important book he ever wrote, and the one upon which his future fame would probably depend.

Before he left Brussels he had published "Philosophy of the History

of France," a protest against that optimist theory of history which continually represents good results as springing from evil actions, leading to that confusion of light with darkness expressed by the philosophic dogma, "Whatever is, is right." With Edgar Quinet it was an axiom that evil produces evil, and naught else. The history of France, he conceived, was especially a witness against the optimist theory, and nowhere more powerfully than in a great fact slurred over by its historians, but the true key to its modern history,—the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. To that great crime, with all the horrors that followed in its train, he traced the disastrous history of France to the day in which he was writing. To the removing from France those who by their virtue and wisdom would have brought about timely reforms, he declared due the sweeping character of the Revolution. The Terror he regarded as the direct offspring of St. Bartholomew and the Dragonnades, giving birth in its turn to the 18th Brumaire, the parent of the 2nd of December.

" Blood follows blood, and through their mortal span
In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood began,"

is a law which, according to Edgar Quinet, is as inevitable in the history of nations as in that of individual men.

But this disposition to attenuate or justify evil, because of its supposed beneficial results, Quinet also detected in historical works issued by those with whose politics he sympathized. Efforts had been made to soften down the atrocities of '93, and to render their promoters less odious. Quinet, with a moral courage far greater than was required to write the "legend of the Human Soul," or even to reconstitute the "history of Nature," determined to write a history of the great Revolution. In "*La Révolution*" he has sought to show that the true source of its frightful crimes is to be found in the Catholic and despotic education France had had for twelve centuries, and that the suspicion and distrust which was at the bottom of its cruelties were the immediate product of a system that divided the nation into inquisitors and persons suspected of heresy. He went further: he proved the Terror not only a crime, but a mistake; that it failed because it wavered where it should have been firm—lopping off all the flowers of mediævalism, whereas to have succeeded it ought to have destroyed the root. He had the finest opportunity to develop his great thesis, that political revolutions can never be trusted unless they are preceded by religious revolutions, and he did not neglect it.

"The English Revolution has succeeded because it has had the sanction and authority of the Religious Revolution. The English nation has in reality this guarantee, that, having passed the Rubicon of the Reformation, it is impossible ever again to return to Catholic Jacobitism. Hence its confidence, its security, its calm in the midst of party struggles. This is to it as an acquired point, a certainty, an anchor, a port such as cannot exist in France. We have been unable to secure any moral point capable of preventing us from falling again into the abyss.

"The French, it has been said, have feelings, but no principle.

shown that this does not arise from their levity, but because it has been absolutely impossible for them to found their political principles on their national beliefs, or to reconcile them with those beliefs; hence their ideas hang suspended at the mercy of every chance or of every fanciful opinion. Have they built on the sand?"*

This work is now published with the official recommendation of the French Ministry of Instruction, as a book that ought to find a place in public or college libraries.

He followed up "*The Revolution*" with "*The History of the Campaign of 1815*," "*The Philosophy of the History of France*" forming its introduction. In the concluding work Quinet's indefatigable and multiform genius exhibits itself in the field of military criticism and history. By a complete and exhaustive review of the campaign which culminated in Waterloo, Quinet sought to dissipate the illusions fostered by writers like Thiers, and to show that Napoleon's fall was due to himself alone. "*La Révolution*" was published in 1865, so that Quinet's work must have appeared on the very eve of the final fall of the whole Napoleonic legend, of a defeat ten times more crushing than that of Waterloo, and an entry into Paris infinitely more humiliating than that made by Wellington and Blücher.

In addition to these works of imagination, science, and history, he published another great poem, "*The Slaves*," founded on the revolt of Spartacus. His object was to show the difficulties attending the enfranchisement of a servile race. He was thinking of Imperial France.

The last eleven years of Edgar Quinet's exile were voluntary. He refused to avail himself of the amnesty offered in 1859, since to do so would be to admit that he had been guilty of some crime or offence against France. The 4th of September, 1870, opened for him the road to Paris, and he threw himself with ardour into the national defence. His appeals to the people were carried into the provinces by balloon, and there reproduced by the press. It need hardly be said that they were at once spirited and uncompromising. His heroic soul was almost jubilant in the midst of those days of depression and deprivation. "Happy the time in which we ate our black bread mixed with straw, and in which the shells beat upon our roofs." The mental exultation and boldly suffering endured during the siege of Paris were the remote cause of his death.

Chosen a representative to the Bordeaux Assembly, he opposed the conditions of peace, and would have continued the war indefinitely rather than surrender Alsace and Lorraine. As he had never been seduced by any of the Socialistic utopias of 1848, he was not a likely man to ally himself with the Communists; yet he had his word for his fellow-rulers on that great difficulty, showing, in his work entitled "*The Republic*," that it was the greatest possible mistake to permit the future form of government in France to be in suspense, that it was this doubt which had given birth to the Commune. Against the

* "*La Révolution*," tom. i. pp. 239, 240.

Moral Order party he struggled with word and pen, showing that the regeneration of France could only be accomplished by the Republic sincerely understood.

In the midst of the countless worries born of this political life he found some relief in his new studies, begun among the Alps,—“*L'Esprit Nouveau*” is a continuation of the same train of thought and speculation commenced in “*La Création*,” but applied to the elucidation of the problems of the day.

How inexhaustible must have been the imagination, how great the originality of this old man, who could conceive the idea of applying the discoveries of Darwin and Wallace, the conclusions of Lubbock and Galton, to Versailles politics and Parisian society. In “*L'Esprit Nouveau*” he treats modern German philosophy as he treated its predecessors. As Quinet had drawn his arguments against Strauss from his own experience and the use of common sense, so he now criticizes Schopenhauer and Hartmann.

But how changed the style! Instead of that poetic grandeur, that sweet serenity of wisdom, lit up by brilliant gems of thought studding every page, he has adopted a style of writing simpler, more didactic, and filled with anecdote and illustration. The musical tender melancholy which was so entrancing in his earlier writings gives place to a biting, satirical humour. His new spirit is the spirit of Carlyle and of Ruskin, an ill-repressed contempt for the age upon which he had fallen.

It was no sense of neglect, for if the French are disposed to one idolatry more than another, it is the worship of genius, of a noble character, and a great career. The last time that Edgar Quinet appeared in the Assembly at Versailles the welcome that he received was more than he could bear. Nor was it a melancholy humour, such as troubled his early life, for this seemed quite to have left him; in his later writings all his autobiographic touches are in a tone absolutely triumphant, and he seems more than ever disposed to reflect with satisfaction on his own course. And well he might, for he had lived to see his warnings fulfilled and his political principles on the eve of triumph; he could look back to a long life spent in working indefatigably, and in struggling ceaselessly for what he believed to be the cause of Truth and Justice—to a public career of fifty years, in which it was impossible for any human being to point out the slightest deflection from the path of honour and principle. Very rare is it to find so powerful an individuality, rarer still to see it dominated absolutely by conscience.

Edgar Quinet died March 27th, 1875, one might almost say pen in hand. He was in the midst of a work, “*Vie et Mort du Génie Grec*,” when his last illness came upon him. Some hours before his death his wife said to him, “We shall not part from each other, we shall be reunited in eternity.” “And in the truth,” he replied, tenderly pressing her hand.

SOME NEW PHILOSOPHICAL VIEWS.

An Inquiry into the Process of Human Experience: attempting to set forth its Lower Laws, with some Hints as to the Higher Phenomena of Consciousness. By WILLIAM CYPLES. London, 1890.

THE book named above has now been before the public for more than a year. Having been myself interested by a first perusal of it, I have watched with some curiosity the reception it has met with from the critics. The precise degree of praise or blame given to his performance, the author may be left to measure for himself, with what philosophy the writing of a big treatise on that topic may have bestowed. But in what quarters appreciation has been shown, and in what others non-appreciation, of what purports to be, and I believe is, an original book in the higher field of thinking, is a matter of more public significance. A consideration of it will tell us something of the present intellectual activity of literary and philosophical criticism among us. I think I may, with interest to the reader, combine that aim, more or less, with the main purpose of the present paper, namely, to give some account of Mr. Cyples's volume itself.

Let me at once say that it is very curious, and must be significant of the condition of criticism, that the writers in several religious organs have quite failed to see that the book is a quarry from which may be got a variety of reasonings, each one of which is as a weapon in the hands of those who hold anti-materialistic views. These arguments, it is true, are not used by Mr. Cyples to point any doctrinal conclusions; but none the less there they are in his pages; and the very fact that he has come upon them, as it seems, in a mere way of exhaustively inquiring into psycho-physiological matters, irrespective of dogmatic bias, might have been urged by the champions of spiritual beliefs as a recommendation, rather than otherwise. The critics on that side appear, so far as I can judge, to have been confused, and, in some cases, perhaps, one should say alarmed, by the large extent to which Mr. Cyples uses the language of the physicists. But they ought

to be able to detect new psychical and physiological affirmations favourable to them (for the book purports, as I will show directly, to make a number of these), even if they are presented in the terms which the physicists employ. But a further remark requires to be made in order to state fully the explanation which is suggested to my own mind of the attitude which most of the writers in the theological reviews have taken up as to the volume. It is easy to see that all who hold orthodox views will be certain to be honestly dissatisfied by what will appear to them the altogether too large admissions it makes of the scientists' explanations of the physiological process of human consciousness, and of the reign of physical law in the world. That is a fair controversy, which the author must wage for himself. I am not, in this paper, going to intermeddle in it. I limit myself to repeating, that, in my own opinion, something which is the opposite of acuteness has been shown by the critics on that side in not recognizing a series of new reasonings available for their ends, because they were not couched in doctrinal shibboleths. The writer of one of the reviews of the book which I happened to read in a denominational publication made it a first objection to it, that, in an early chapter of this psycho-physiological Inquiry, the author has stated that a nervous system acting specifically, with adequate blood supply, &c., is needed for human consciousness. This is rather depressing when looked at as marking the mental level at which in those quarters philosophical criticism stands at this moment. It is tantamount to accusing Mr. Cycles of having wilfully and heretically invented such things as swoon, sleep, and death. I think he may fairly plead that he did not do so, but that he has only reasoned about them long after they were in existence.

I have turned to this aspect of the book first of all, but I scarcely expect the writer of "The Process of Human Experience" will feel that he owes anybody many thanks who does so. I infer that he would like what he would call the scientific element in the work to be first put forward. His treatment of the complicated problem of "Attention;" his tracking out of the working rules of the Association of Ideas; his more detailed appreciation of the use in intellectual operation of the Language-faculty; these would be, I suppose, the parts of the book he would wish to be earliest looked at. He has a passion for framing formulas, generalizing laws, and coining fresh and very unattractive words and phrases; doing this with what seems to me a very droll obtuseness to the fact that the ordinary reader wishes to have, not as much as possible, but as little as may be of this sort of thing. Even the most favourable critics—at least, all whose notices I have perused—agree that the book is very hard reading. Mr. Cycles has made his own defence on this score, in a paper published in *Mind*, entitled, "Four New Philosophical Terms;" but I am " " ; he has underestimated the obstacles in the way of getting " " accepted.

In my own opinion, too, there are special difficulties just now hindering the success of such an experiment, owing to the thinkers in the realm of English philosophy who for more than a generation past have had the public ear, studiously avoiding technology in their works. Certain critics of Mr. Mill state that they find his language loose when it is strictly scrutinized,—Professor Stanley Jevons has said so in these pages,—but it is undeniable that it has an appearance of lucidness. Mr. Darwin uses a few catch-phrases, but they are free from what is commonly meant by technicality, and, in fact, the ease of his style has greatly helped the spreading of his views. Professors Huxley and Tyndall have each a rare art of making plain what they urge; and Professor Bain is only a little less a master of simple statement. Mr. Matthew Arnold, of late years, has seemed to accumulate a phraseology of his own; but it consists not of new terms but of parts of sentences, familiar enough when the words are taken separately, and only made special by allotment to a particular meaning, and by a strenuous iteration afterwards in their use. In Mr. Herbert Spencer's works, a nomenclature of some intricacy is to be met with, but he, again, has shown much skill in habituating his readers to it. If Mr. Cyples says, as I gather he does, that in arriving at what he believes to be new conclusions, he found that the mental process developed these new terms of expression, and that he has had to work with them, it has to be allowed that he knows best what happened in his own case. All that he has now to do is to get the public to use his terminology, and to speak of "the neurotic diagram," "egoistic-actualisation," "the Executive System," &c. I myself think that he would have made his task not a little easier if he had just reversed the order of the contents of his volume, and begun with what is now the ending of it,—that is, the portion in which the use of the technology is the least frequent. Anyhow that is the plan which I, who wish to do what I think a notable book a service, find my judgment suggests.

In Chapter XXI., that is, in the last chapter, if we except the short conclusion of the work, the author deals with "Art: its Functions." I should like to let him speak at once for himself, by quoting the opening sections defining Art generally, or else by giving a novel hypothesis he puts forward on the once much-debated question of the origin of the Sublime. But I will go on to a shorter passage, where an explanation of the puzzle as to what may be called the emotional excess which has always been noted in the case of Music is thus hinted at:—

"The emotional charm of Music has struck men as a great mystery. There appears to be no doubt that it gets all the marvellous effects it has beyond the mere pleasing of the ear, from its random but multitudinous summonses of the efferent-activity, which at its vague challenges stirs unceasingly in faintly tumultuous irrelevancy. In this way, Music arouses aimlessly, but splendidly the sheer, as yet unfulfilled, potentiality within us."

Throughout this chapter, great use is made of the function ascribed to "the efferent-activity." For instance, our author, in considering the question which has bulked rather largely in critical literature of late, what bearings morality has on Art, thus speaks:—

"Before Art can effeminate, it must become petty; before it can make us morbid, it must descend to gross realism. So long as Art keeps the sense-impressions on which it relies large and noble, and does not carry them into such grouped detail as to give precise cues to the efferent impulses, the question of morality has no relevancy to it. Its true purpose is then seen clear and full—that of habituating us to larger living by fragmentary exercises of the actualising-process on a scale more magnificent than the previous practical experiences. But, for this, the inflations of the personality must be general: the Art inspirations must be left broad and anonymous, to be allotted definitely hereafter in some way of conduct. The efferent-activity must preserve its own real reminiscences intact; Art, or what passes for it, cannot touch those without killing them. Nor can Art be saved from its own corruption but by timely periodical infusions of the Sublime."

Further on, there is a passage as to the province of the Comic in Art, which may be quoted:—

"Art always stirs the ultimate sense of the human fortune, by either pretending that the world is lighter, gayer, easier than it had before seemed, or by arousingly challenging us ourselves to be nobler, larger, gigantic, in facing its difficulties. In both these cases, though in different ways, what is vitally concerned is the efferent-activity. . . . The Comic seems to borrow in its own queer manner from both the realms just mentioned. It is true, it must not present the world as really gay and light, having the appearance of being wholly trivial—that would give no comicality at all. On the other hand, its rough catastrophes must not fully challenge right sympathetic activity in us. This is saying, that while comicality apes seriousness, it must really be without permanent ill consequences. In fact, both the above Art-functions are in Humour essayed together, but are transposed in the fulfilling, and so are alike more-or-less nullified, though not before much gratification has been had. In Humour we have a burlesque appeal to the sense of human fortune, making of it nothing but fun; doing this by means of sheer blunder, stupidity, and miscarriage. The reason of the perennial popular charm of Humour is at once seen when this is remembered—it lies in comicality utterly resting the ordinary efferent-activity and relaxing the strain of every sensory nervous co-ordination. Comedy, taken in the broad meaning, asks for its full success even moderate ugliness in the persons most concerned in it, with awkwardness of gesture, inexact speech, irrelevancy of doing. But this is exactly the same as the eye, ear, &c., only half-attending; the first rude infantile groupings of the sense-activities again become sufficient, easing all the laboured additions of the later acquired nervous co-ordinations; and further, in spite of a great bustle and pother,—for this there must be the show of,—there is nothing to be done but to sit still and behold. The easily-afforded energy which is stirred by the first cues of this make-believe, bubbles away in laughter; the man finding himself perfectly efficient without an effort, for all obligation of duty is given up. Is it wonderful that most men like it?"

Another quotation will describe what is classified by the author as the realm of the lightly amusing. He says:—

"This realm of the lightly amusing is extensive. At its best it rises into glories of elegance and beauty, but, in the extremes, it descends to tinsel and filigree; and, for the furthest, lowest, dimmest points of it, mere gimcrack is enough. It would, however, save much well-intentioned but somewhat stupid

criticism condemning the unreality of the theatre, protesting against a kind of preposterousness in some parts of our dress, and in the upholstering of certain apartments in our houses, and as being also shown in some of the manners allotted to the more leisurely hours of social intercourse, if it were borne in mind that, beneath the grotesqueness, these things have a real use in the sudden and complete disengagement of our ordinary efforts of attention, new adjustments being in these ways challenged in their place. It is easy to ridicule the circumstance of the chief room in every house being tricked out in a style which would seem to be only befitting if we were sophisticated fairies playing at an ornamental domesticity for a few hours now-and-again of an evening; also, there undeniably is palpable absurdity in opera being performed in a foreign language, and the full dress of both sexes, though in different kinds, has an admitted preposterousness. All that can be said on the other hand is, that universal experience shows this artificiality to be in a manner natural; since alongside the world of business and of practical life, a long-descended, shining, holiday tradition of an opposite, unserious sphere, wholly unlike common reality, has had to be kept up by sheer way of balance. Periodically, the artificiality grows ridiculously elaborate; amusement becomes more laborious than work,—the two almost exchange places. Then, Satire finds its true duty in exposing the failure, and effecting a sobering through the freshness of a return to plain reality; the laying aside the ponderous triviality being a temporary relief and recreation. But there is an abiding need for positive, unmitigated relaxation. The proper test is, whether the influence of the artificiality is to really lighten the spirits; if so, this second function of Art is discharged by it. Criticism must wait for depression setting in—the ceasing of a light, natural laughter is Sauro's due signal."

I am tempted to find space for yet another passage, where the writer—still inquiring into the explanation of the feeling of Sublimity—argues that in Terror there is always a perception of more than Novelty. He observes:—

"A mountain with no scars upon its sides telling of the rage of storms; no dizzying sheer descents of plunging precipice; no gulfs; no inaccessible peaks; but a mountain showing all gradual, smooth, shining,—this would not be sublime in the second of the two senses above specified, no matter what its mere size. To give it sublimity of that kind you must mark it with violence. It needs here-and there singeing and seaming with traces of the flaming thunderbolt; fringes of black struggling pines must show dwarfed and painful on the narrow edges of its unsheltering cliffs; you must hang somewhere amidst its higher snows the fatal avalanche, held only by creaking faulty chains of ice; the beaked-and-taloned eagle has to sweep and soar about its cliffs; it must have mysterious ravines, usually black with silence, in which you know lie bleaching the bones of victims of the precipices and the eagles—those dark abysses changing at times into the sudden crash and roar of unexplained tumult. The secret of the fearful addition to sublimity thus got is this,—that each circumstance in that list covers a nervous disintegration."

There is a good deal more in the chapter that must be left unnoticed here—the author's views of the function of Tragedy, and of a certain art-effect which he looks for from the progress of physical science. Literature he styles the final department of Art, doing so on the ground that, by employing words as its medium, "it alone can use multiforimity of associations, being able in a single phrase to mix the cues for starting several senses." But it may take some readers by surprise to find what is the writer's last word on this subject of Art: it is a long way from being wholly eulogistic. He says:—

"Though Art, using the term with the above understood limitation, and reserving Literature, is able to give prompt, large actualisations of the Ego at an easy low level of untransformed, or very little transformed sensory-experience, yet, apart from the provisional uses we have spoken of,—viz., filling up otherwise empty spaces in life, restfully alternating attention, &c.,—none of these egoistic-actualisations can be estimated as of much intrinsic value. They only occupy the intervals between man's better living. Not only cannot Art give the very highest complexities of sentience, substituting the egoistic-actualisations which are rendered by Conduct, but at the times it is having sway, it must preclude these by a preoccupation of the sensory apparatus peripherally. The nervous system has to work the other way—from the interior—in all heightenings of character. As compared with Conduct, Art has small subtlety, little intricacy of inter-appeal to the consciousness, but only masses some simpler forms of sentience; it necessarily offers no reality answering to that of personal relationships stirred by practical doing. It is owing to this deficiency that many men seeking after what is termed spirituality are prompted so greatly to dispense with Art; though, let us hasten to add, if they neglect it wholly they do so at the risk of becoming narrow from the sheer lack of the larger habituations of the nervous-apparatus which it gives—these being always needed at some points."

Very likely, a reader of the above extracts who may happen to have also seen some of the critiques I earlier hinted at, speaking of the volume as written in an involved, confused, "Latinised" or "Grecised" style, will be a little perplexed at not finding the reading more difficult. Two of Mr. Cyples's largely-used technical phrases—i.e., "egoistic-actualisation" and "efferent-activity"—are brought into play; but for the rest, I myself believe that I see in the passages I have given traces of a practised, ready pen. The fact is, that the critics who have spoken in this way of the style of the author, have confused the deliberate and studied adoption of a set technology, used in perfect, and I may add relentless consistency, with a lack of ability to write simple composition. The above citations are from the plainest portion of the book, but the plainness there is owing merely to the absence of the new technical terms which are used so copiously elsewhere; and in any part of the book, the skill in composition, allowing for the nature of the topics dealt with, reappears whenever the use of the terminology is suspended.

I can conceive that the author had a misgiving that some of his reviewers would make the blunder of not knowing a technology when they saw it, and that he nearly wholly dispensed with it in the writing of this chapter, as providing himself with a trap wherein to catch them. If he did so, he has succeeded, for they have fallen right into it. At the same time, convicting your critics of not knowing their own business by first laying in their way a temptation to rail at your volume is not the height of wisdom in an author, and I think Mr. Cyples would have done much better to have made his book easier reading throughout. But he may, if he will, fairly retort that there is certainly some defect of skill in philosophical criticism among us at this moment when it makes no distinction between an author's purposed and careful use of a technical vocabulary, and mere ineptitude in

composition. If the reader finds any of the latter in the preceding quotations, he will do what I have not done.

But I wish to give some account of the book as a whole. Adequately to notice in a single article a volume dealing connectedly with all the fundamental questions of philosophy, and which in doing so itself occupies over eight hundred pages, is not easy. It is made the harder by the unusually large claims the author puts forward for originality, alike in matters of observed facts and of explanatory hypotheses. I will, first of all, attempt a rough catalogue of the leading instances.

Mr. Cyples, then, asserts that, by the observing of minute facts, which he specifies, connected with reverie, the management of Attention, &c., he has made out what he styles an initiatory law of human experience to this purport,—that no one of the senses can operate so as to give the consciousness belonging to it without a certain *aggregation* of its activity, which is only got by the associated working of muscular machinery connected with it. Obviously, this is a subtle point, but it is also a very important one, as any one will discover who notes the use the alleged generalization is made of in the author's detailed explanations of the puzzling phenomena of Attention; of the facts which have recently been made the basis of what is called the doctrine of Relativity; and of the circumstance that the conceptions of Space and Time enter into all our experience. I cannot myself say that I am satisfied the evidence the author puts forward is ample enough to demonstrate his case; I think that it should have been worked out with more particularity; but there is no denying that the alleged law seems, at the least, to throw a good deal of light on the process of Attention. It is only fair to quote a few words from the author's statement. He says:—

"Each of the senses is always being acted upon; the skin never fails to be in contact with something; there is no door to the passage of the ear; light can penetrate the eyelid when dropped; and the temperature of the air surrounding us is ever rising and falling."

"Everybody knows that we can have eyes open in broad daylight without seeing; that the ear may be fully vibrating without our hearing; and so with all the other senses."

"In smell, there is movement of the nostril; in taste there is always a degree of pressure."

"The allotment of the special sense-organs in the bodily frame—in particular the spreading of the apparatus of touch over nearly the whole external superficies, with the partial extension of it internally, in the mouth, &c.—make it impracticable for the muscular machinery (except when operating below the *minimum* fixed by the Law of Effectiveness) to act isolatedly."

"Immobility of the motory apparatus connected with the different senses, no matter how slight or momentary it may be, arrests experience in respect of the sense. Fix the eye, and if you do it completely, you cease to see; give over altering pressure, and the sensation of touch stops."

"In every sensation, there mingles the experience of Time and Space, which all thinkers now agree must involve the action of the muscular sense."

The writer argues that we manage our Attention, alike in the way of observing any object more closely and in purposed ceasing to attend, by

an acquired power of volitionally and automatically controlling this *coincidence* in activity between any sense and the muscular machinery having connection with it. In the *dissociation* of this conjoint activity through over-use, the influence of narcotics, &c., he finds the explanation of fatigue, swoon, sleep, &c.

As forming the second novelty of importance may be named the striking hypothesis on the subjects of Pleasure and Pain, propounded in Chapter III. So far as the problem of the phenomenon of Pain is not wholly shirked by the modern philosophers who found their psychology on physiology, the solution hinted at is that pain is the accompaniment of any abatement of vitality. This is the view of both Professor Bain and Mr. Spencer. But the explanation has not satisfied Mr. Cyples. In a long passage he points out what he terms the "irrationality" and irrelevancy which pain shows when it occurs. He says that some injuries and some diseases do not cause pain in anything like a degree proportionate to their abatement of vitality; while, on the other hand, the tortures of corns and toothache are, he affirms, penalties great enough for bad emperors who have abused the purple by all excesses of wrong indulgence. He points also to the fact, that anæsthetics, &c., can blot out pain. The hypothesis put forward by himself is to the effect that pain arises whenever a nervous grouping is "disintegrated" by being made to act in a way of partial non-repetition of its former full activity.

The view is followed out into minute detail; eight sub-laws being traced as operating in the occurrence of pain. I must confine myself to quoting a single passage:—

"The experience of fatigue, or tiring, offers a striking example of the law. It is an experiment within everybody's power. Put out the arm, leaving it to sustain its own weight. It will not be long before the not unsatisfactory sensation got from integrating the vigorous muscular co-ordinations decreases; the feeling will shortly turn into one of discomfort; if the position be preserved it will become painful. Rapidly the experience will be that of torment, and it is possible to make the pain accumulate to agony. What has happened to cause this alteration of experience? A progressive disintegration of the nervous co-ordinations, as one bundle of fibres after another becomes disabled in use."

The working of this alleged law is exemplified by instances given of all kinds, taken from the mental and moral as well as the sensory regions of our experience. That the reviewers of the book in publications whose main business is the defence of spiritual beliefs have not seen the favourable significance of this new speculation for their side, is one of the things which I have before said is to me surprising. Mr. Cyples, with the reticence in that direction which is a characteristic of his volume, stops short of urging the theory to its extreme point; but there is no question that if this hypothesis can be established, it cuts right into the heart of Materialism, striking at the very key of its chief position. I will cite just two or three sentences scattered in this

ether chapters, and which, I venture to think, ought to have been noted keenly by the critics:—

“Pain, as a first rough definition, may be said to be a protest which consciousness makes against its own dwindling.”

“In pain, the consciousness is somehow in excess of the lessened physical activity then in use. . . . Non-impression affects us, and becomes a real event in our experience.”

“The egoistic experience, in cases of pain, is not merely made feeble, or faint, or narrow; it is vividly ill, intensely self-unsatisfactory.”

“How comes pain to be, if Mind is only constituted in proportionate quantification by the neurotic-diagram then existing?”

It scarcely needs to be indicated to the reflective reader that all this reasoning points straight to the substantiality of the Ego, and its more or less independence (after it is actualized by and in sensation) of physical conditions;—these being the very cardinal points which the anti-materialists have to prove. Mr. Cyples's hypothesis of Pain, in a word, affects all the controversial reasoning on these subjects.

He has a related theory of Pleasure which, in the case of “sensory-experience,” he works out into what he proposes as a strict Law of the Beautiful. In the case of all the specific kinds of sensations, whether in colours, odours, taste, touch, &c., he affirms that the secret of their pleasurable-ness consists in their offering “accumulation of consciousness by multiplying identical impression.”

Not attempting to observe any strict order in cataloguing points which seem to me to be new, I may go at once to a novel view which occurs in the chapter on “The Will.” After conceding all the facts that the most rigid Determinists posit, the author leaves their final conclusion quite in the air by a series of subtle hypothetical suggestions, based on what seems to be a minuter observing of the physiological process of Conduct than has hitherto been made. I can only hint at his method. He thus sums up the objections which the scientists urge against Will:—

“It is mathematically demonstrable that any arrest, alteration, or extra occurrence of a physical process necessarily implies increase of Energy, and ultimately of mass of Matter in the world. . . . Any conceivable alteration in the prior order of atoms, centres of force, or elemental activities, reckoned in any terms of Motion, must, in fact, have the effect of increasing the sum total.”

But, in pursuing his exhaustive statement of the case, the writer points out that the mathematical calculus is not as yet perfect enough to deal particularly with all actual quantities. He says that if the increments of energy needed to make valid the persuasion we have of physical sequence being altered in our activity in Conduct, be below a certain limit of size and frequency, the present calculus cannot pronounce that the increments are not “masked” in the ordinary mundane dynamics. Next he makes a curious inquiry into the size and the frequency of the increments of energy which might subserve the needs of a Conduct that should be definable as moral in the old meaning of the word. In the course of the inquiry he affirms that in the case of the lower order of volitions,—

those connecting with the passions,—“ ideatory-cerebration ” ceases in the same quantitative proportion as muscular exertion takes place ; while he asserts that where the higher matters of Conduct are concerned—in every instance of which restraint of automatic impulse is seen—the above rule is precisely reversed, there being increase of ideation and abatement of habitual muscular activity. For this, he states, addition of cerebral structure is needed, but—and here is the significant point—the increment of energy required for it may be infinitesimal. But whence comes the addition of energy, and what determines its granting ? Here our author brings in an alleged “ duplicity of faculty ” in the Ego, in proof of which he quotes the facts on which the modern doctrine of Relativity rests ; and to this faculty, he says, if Conduct is not wholly illusory, must be ascribed a potentiality for which the best available name is “ aspiration ”—the opportunity for its exercise or non-exercise arising when previously-acquired cerebral structure is in full use, which it always is when Conscience is acting. As matter of fact, he points out that all the men in whom experience rises highest, affirm that if “ aspiration ” be exercised, a law or a Force comes into play by which a positive increase of energy is given from and by a Creative Source.

But, surprising to say, a writer of one of the critiques I have seen of this book, in a religious publication, thinks that the above reasoning is materialistic. On the other hand, Mr. James Sully, in his appreciative review of the volume in *Mind*, spoke of it, I remember, as the author’s “ new mysticism.” If these views be “ mysticism,” it is stated in a severely scientific form ; and it would seem that if “ physicists,” with the mental habitudes given by their studies, are ever to reach Faith, it must be along some such lines.

I had marked a number of other topics as to which the writer claims to have worked out original scientific conclusions. He explains that the fundamental process of the Intellect consists in our making our own “ efferent-activities ” represent, and practically measure, the larger operations of the physical world ; he seems, in considering the difficult question of Attention, to establish as a fact that the “ unit of impression ” and “ the unit of consciousness ” are not the same ; in his detailed inquiry into the Laws of the Succession of Ideas, he formulates no fewer than fifteen generalizations, as explaining what he terms the permutation of thought. I may just mention with respect to this last-named inquiry, that, in reading it, I was reminded that the late Mr. G. H. Lewes, in the last volume of his “ Problems of Life and Mind,” states that, as far back as 1868, Mr. Cyples communicated to him a newly-framed law upon the Association of Ideas. I note that the law as there quoted by Mr. Lewes is modified in the present book,—see p. 182. Chapter IV. is devoted to explaining a theory of the author as to the mechanism of Memory. In it, he asserts that for remi-

niscence cerebral fibres must "repeat the activity they underwent in the original act of experience." He quotes, in support of this, the curious facts witnessed in persons suffering from aphasia. It is here that he puts forward the technical term which has so staggered some of his critics,—*"The Neurotic Diagram;"* for he not only assumes that the cerebral fibres have, from moment to moment of our consciousness, to be acting in a specific grouping or configuration, but he intimates that, in reminiscent consciousness, as distinguished from consciousness which is being sustained by peripheral impression, a "duplicated set of fibres" and an arrangement of "central molecules" are brought into play. It Mr. Cycles has been inside his own brain, or anybody else's, when it was in full activity, and has seen all this going forward, well and good. But, in reading this chapter, and also other portions of the work, I was again and again reminded of Mr. Lewes's remark, that there is a strong tendency in some modern thinkers to assume a much more detailed knowledge of cerebral operations than it is possible for them or for anybody, really to possess in the present state of physiological science. It is true that Mr. Cycles may say that in a case where experiment is so greatly barred as it is in the case of the brain, hypothesis is the only tool left for an inquirer to work with. But the fact of your grounds being perforce conjectural, is scarcely a justification for hurrying to positive conclusions.

A great part of the author's big volume yet remains unnoticed. So far, not much more than its psychology has been dealt with. It would require another paper to give a detailed account of its philosophical doctrine. The author is a Realist in so far that he recognizes a physical system which exists independently of our consciousness, and gives, indeed, the occasions for the consciousness; but he says that this physical world is only "intellectually inferred" by us, not sensorially cognized. In his peculiar terminology, all that we know of it is that it is an "Executive System," extending beyond ourselves, in connection with some of whose events, and only with some of them, sensations, &c., happen to us. But all our consciousness, he resolutely argues, is, whenever it arises, so much addition to the sum-total of Being otherwise existing; neither the beginnings nor the ceasings of consciousness having any effect quantitatively upon the operations of the Executive System of Nature. A little space must be made for extracts, just to hint the author's arguments:—

"In all the brain-activities accompanying our experience, the physical and chemical changes go on in the same modes, observe the same order, and give the same quantitative results as if no sensation, thinking, and feeling had arisen."

"Motion-in-general does not condition consciousness; the movements along with which our experience occurs have to be specific ones. They must be of certain rates, volumes, &c."

"Either the added event of our consciousness is given by an increase of efficiency which develops in or along with Matter's activity within our bodily frame, or else it is assignable to such an increase occurring along with Matter's activity in certain larger, extra-bodily situations of the Cosmical Executive-System, operating at the same time on, in, and through the body."

"In reminiscence and imagination, we can have repetition of sensations without the events in the larger Executive-System with which they primarily occurred, and indeed they can exist along with very different events there happening. We can in dream see the sun in the sky at midnight; by means of waking fancies, we can at any time, with more or less of completeness, subjectively enjoy tastes, odours, contacts, sounds. . . . So little as this does the general cosmical situation necessarily avail."

"Strictly speaking, it is not the whole of the executive-operation in the volume, rate, &c., with which our consciousness arises, that connects causatively with the enlargement of efficacy giving it, but only *the small differentiating quantity* which heightens or abates the prior existing dynamics to just the specific volume, rate, &c., that is effective. But the intellect finds itself obliged to consider these differentiating dynamical quantities as *interchangeable*, since in the executive-operation itself they are simply equivalent, and subtractable and addable. . . . But each of them is found to be *singly ineffective* for conditioning consciousness."

Here, again, it is obvious that if this reasoning can be fully established, it makes a great breach in Materialism; rendering it necessary, in order to account for the human Ego and its experience, to bring in a potentiality for varying the quantity of phenomena in a way which limits physical conceptions to their own field, and adds another field beyond. The author's chapters entitled, "The Ego," and "Is there Evidence of Eutity other than Matter?" contain much novel reasoning, in addition to the above. The general effect of it, though he does not utterly push home the conclusions,—always seeming to affect the reticence of an inquirer merely who only states the facts as he finds them,—is that our "egoistic-actualisation" is to be referred to a system of Mind which extends beyond the present limits of the Ego; for, as to the latter, he says the "irrationality" of some of the "happenings" of our pleasures and pains, and the persuasion we all have of possessing a physical power of interfering with material sequence, seem to intimate that a historic catastrophe has at some time befallen the egoistic consciousness of the race. I cannot follow up these matters; nor can I find space for explaining Mr. Cycles's modification of the old, commonly-adopted theory of Impression. I may add, that, as most readers who have accompanied me up to this point would very likely expect, he adopts, with respect to merely physical organization, the principle of Evolution,—remarking that, so far as concerns the development of all physiological difference, it is rational to suppose that the field of modification in the later species would be intra-uterine, not extra-uterine. His airiness in making the concession is, I suppose, explained by the fact, that it in no way affects his other main conclusions. It will give some idea of the range of the author's inquiries, if I quote the headings of a few of the chapters:—"The Emotions: their General Mode," "Conscience," "Is there a Rational Basis for Dogma?" "Hypothesis of the Soul," "The Problem of Evil," "The Organization of Experience." Incidentally, the questions of Utilitarianism, Comtism, &c., are discussed at length.

I may just note a significant side-hint which the writer throws out in inquiring into the genesis of modern scepticism. He asks, whether

physical science, despite its priceless practical progress, has not really for a time simplified "cerebration" in respect of the chief generalizations of our meditative thinking on the human lot? I believe that he is right in thinking that this is so; and in that fact seems to lie whatever of hope there is of any recovery of Faith on the part of those who have lost it on merely intellectual grounds.

When turning over the pages, the eye not infrequently falls upon single remarks worth pondering. Take two or three specimens:—

"Scientifically regarded, the evil of falsehood is, that it is always in some degree destructive of reminiscence, which is the very stuff of our life."

"Bare potentiality is the conception of all others most native to man."

"A man may know whether or not he is improving or degenerating in conduct by noting if the emotions require larger or smaller sensory-cues. In the former case, he is certainly going backward."

"Such a word as 'ever' gives a reverberation more prolonged than suits mundane periods of time; it appears to the heart resoundingly to echo on into eternity."

In conclusion, I will only say that, though Mr. Cyples seems to me to indulge much too freely in hypothesis, and has, by the adoption of a difficult technology, placed a huge obstacle in the way of the popularization of his book, yet I believe no one who is a professed student in the higher fields of thought can neglect his volume, save at the risk of not being acquainted with some of the most laboriously worked-out philosophical thinking done for some time past.

THE EDITOR.

MUSIC OR WORDS?

(ON THE SEVEN LAST WORDS.)

1.

AND is it well what one* hath said?—
“Ye who shall watch beside my bed
“Get music, not so much to swell
“As to be half inaudible,
“Around my agony. While ye wait
“My passing through the shadowy gate,
“Speak me no word articulate.

“Touch for me, touch some tremulous chords—
“Touch—I am weary of all words;
“Of hearing, be it e’er so sweet,
“What hath capacity of deceit.
“Let then my spirit on life’s brink,
“Some undeceiving music drink—
“And so it shall be well, I think.

“Speak me no words—the poet sings
“That all our human words have wings.
“Ah! if those wings at times attain
“A golden splash on their dark grain
“From some blue sky-cleft far away,
“They mostly wear the black or grey
“That doth beseem the bird of prey.

“Speak then no words—but some soft air
“Play; as it scarcely ripples there,

* I refer to the beautiful and melancholy lines of a French poet:—

“Vous qui veillerez sur mon agonie
Ne me dites rien;
Faites que j’entende un peu d’harmonie
Et je mourai bien.”

" Or, rather say, as its true wing
 " With silver over-shadowing
 " Throbs—and no more—my soul beneath
 " Shall pass without one troubled breath
 " From sleep to dreams, from dreams to death.

" Wherefore be utter'd words kept far,
 " Such as may that dim music mar,
 " —That exquisite vagueness finely brought,
 " A gentle anodyne to thought—
 " Speak me not any words, O friend!—
 " At least one moment at life's end
 " I want to feel, not comprehend."

II.

How many words since speech began
 Have issued from the lips of man?
 How few with an undying chant,
 The gallery of our spirits haunt—
 And with immortal meanings twined
 More precious welcome ever find
 From the deep heart of human-kind?

Words that ring on world without end,
 Words that all woe and triumph blend,
 —Broken, yet fragments where we scan
 Mirrored the perfect God and man—
 Words whereunto we deem that even
 All power because all truth is given—
 We Christians only know of seven.

Three hours of an unfathom'd pain,
 Of drops falling like summer rain,
 Earth's sympathy and heaven's eclipse—
 Three hours the pale and dying lips,
 By their mysterious silence teach
 Things far more beautiful than speech
 In depth or height can ever reach.

O kingly silence of our Lord!
 O wordless wonder of the Word!
 O hush, that while all heaven is awed,
 Makes music in the ear of God!
 Silence—yet with a sevenfold stroke
 Seven times a wondrous bell there broke
 Upon the cross, when Jesus spoke.

One word, one priestly word He saith—
The advocacy of the death,
The mediation by the Throne
Wordless beginneth with that tone.
All the long music of the plea
That ever intercedes for me
To set upon the self-same key.

One saving word—though love prevails
To hold Him faster than the nails,
And though the dying lips are white,
As foam seen through a dusky night:
That hand doth Paradise unbar,
Those white lips tell of a world afar,
Where perfect absolutions are.

One word, one human word—we lift
Our adoration for the gift
Which proves that, dying, well He knew
Our very nature through and through.
Silver the Lord hath not nor gold,
Yet His great legacy behold,
The virgin to the virgin-soul'd.

One word, the *Eli* twice wailed o'er—
'Tis anguish, but 'tis something more.
Mysteriously the whole world's sin,
His and not His, is blended in.
It is a broken heart whose prayer
Crieth as from an altar-stair
To one who is, and is not, there.

One word, one gentle word, in pain
He condescendeth to complain,
Burning from whose sweet will are born
The dewinesses of the morn.
The fountain which is last and first,
The fountain whence life's river burst,
The fountain waileth out, "I thirst."

One royal word of glorious thought.
A hundred threads are interwrought
In it—the thirty years and three,
The bitter travail of the Tree,
Are finished—finished too we scan
All types and prophecies—the plan
Of the long history of man.

One word, one happy word—we note
The clouds over Calvary float
In distances, till fleck or spot
In the immaculate sky is not ;
But on the cross peace falls like balm,
And the Lord's soul is yet more calm
Than the *commendo* of His psalm.

III.

Word of the priest, the one forgiver,
Word of the atonement wrought for ever,
Of Him who bore in depths unknown
The burden that was not His own—
Word of the human son and friend
That doth true human love commend
Until humanity shall end—

Word that bestowed in one brief breath
The double gift of life and death—
Death to the sufferer sweet surprise,
Life in the lawns of Paradise—
Word in the passion-psalm once writ,
And lo ! earth-waters all are lit
Now with pathetic touch of it—

Word that breathes forth undying sense
Of more than a child's innocence,
The full assurance reach'd at length,
The laying hold upon a strength—
The commendation sweet and grand
Of self into a Father's hand.
Quietly passing from this land—

Be more to me, at last, O words,
Than aught that trembles from the chords !
Words that have no deceit or hate,
Be with me dying—I can wait,
If ye be with me on that day,
If your sweet strength within me stay,
A little for the harps to play.

WILLIAM DERRY AND RAPHOE.

FROM THE "ILIAD OF INDIA."

THE OPENING OF THE "SAUPTIKA PARVA" OF THE MAHÁBHÁRATA;
OR, "NIGHT OF SLAUGHTER," NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME
TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT, BY THE AUTHOR
OF "THE LIGHT OF ASIA."

*To Narayen, Best of Lords, be glory given,
To great Saraswati, the Queen in Heaven ;
Unto Vyása, too, be paid his meed,
So shall this story worthily proceed.*

"Those vanquished warriors then," Sanjaya said,
"Fled southwards ; and near sunset, past the tents
Unyoked ; abiding close, in fear and rage.
There was a wood beyond the camp—untrod,
Quiet,—and in its leafy harbour lay
The Princes, some among them bleeding still
From spear and arrow gashes ; all sore spent,
Fetching faint breath, and fighting o'er again
In thought that battle. But there came a noise
Of Pandavas pursuing—fierce and loud
Outcries of victory ; whereat these chiefs
Sullenly rose, and yoked their steeds again,
Driving due east ; and eastward still they drave
Under the dusk, till drouth and desperate toil
Stayed horse and man ; then took they lair again
The panting horses, and the Princes, wroth
With chilled wounds, and the death-stroke of their King.

* * * * *

"Now were they come, my Prince !" Sanjaya said,
"Unto a jungle thick with stems, whereon
The tangled creepers coiled ; here entered they—
Watering the horses at a stream—and pushed

Deep in the thicket. Many a beast and bird
 Sprang startled at their feet ; the long grass stirred
 With serpents creeping off ; the woodland flowers
 Shook where the pea-fowls hid, and where frogs plunged
 The swamp rocked all its reeds and lotus buds.
 A banian-tree, with countless dropping boughs
 Earth-rooted, spied they, and beneath its aisles
 A pool ; hereby they stayed, tethering their steeds
 And, dipping water, made the evening prayer."

" But when the ' Daymaker ' sank in the west,
 And night descended—gentle soothing Night,
 Who comforts all, with silver splendour decked
 Of stars and constellations, and soft folds
 Of velvet darkness drawn—then the wild things
 Which roam in darkness, woke ; wandering afoot
 Under the gloom. Horrid the forest grew
 With roar, and yelp, and yell, around that place
 Where Kripa, Kritavarman, and the son
 Of Drona lay beneath the banian-tree,
 Full many a piteous passage instancing
 In their lost battle-day of dreadful blood ;
 Till sleep fell heavy on the wearied lids
 Of Bhoja's child and Kripa. Then these lords,
 To princely life and silken couches used,
 Sought on the bare earth slumber, spent and sad,
 As homeless outcasts lodge."

• " But oh, my King !
 There came no sleep to Drona's angry son,
 Great Aswatthâman. As a snake lies coiled
 And hisses breathing, so his panting breath
 Hissed rage and hatred round him, where he lay
 Chin uppermost, arm-pillowed, with fierce eyes
 Roving the wood, and seeing sightlessly.
 Thus chanced it that his wandering glances turned
 Into the fig-tree's shadows, where there perched
 A thousand crows, thick roosting, on its limbs ;
 Some nested, some on branchlets, deep asleep,
 Heads under wings, all fearless ; nor, O Prince !
 Had Aswatthâman more than marked the birds—
 Save that there fell out of the velvet night,
 Silent and terrible, an Eagle-owl,
 With wide, soft, deadly, dusky wings, and eyes
 Flame-coloured, and long claws, and dreadful beak,
 Like a winged sprite, or great Garood himself

Offspring of Bhārata ! it lighted there
 Upon the banian bough, hooted—but low—
 The fury smothering in its throat, then fell
 With murderous beak and claws upon those crows ;
 Rending the wings from this, the legs from that,
 From some the heads, of some ripping the crops ;
 Till, tens and scores, the fowl rained down to earth
 Bloody and plucked, and all the ground waxed black
 With piled crow-carcases ; whilst that great owl
 Hooted for joy of vengeance, and again
 Spread the wide, deadly, dusky wings."

" Up sprang
 The son of Drona : ' Lo ! this owl,' quoth he,
 ' Teacheth me wisdom—lo ! one slayeth so
 Insolent foes asleep. The Kuru Lords
 Are all too strong in arms by day to kill ;
 They triumph, being many. Yet I swore
 Before the King, my father, I would kill
 And kill—even as a foolish fly should swear
 To quench a flame. It scorched ; and I shall die
 If I dare open battle ; but by art
 Men vanquish fortune and the mightiest odds.
 If there be two ways to a wise man's wish,
 But only one way sure, he taketh that ;
 And if it be an evil way, condemned
 For Brahmans, yet the Kshattriya may do
 What vengeance bids against his foes. Our foes,
 The Pandavas, are furious, treacherous, base,
 Halting at nothing ; and how say the wise
 In holy Shasters ?—' Wounded, wearied, fed,
 Or fasting ; sleeping, waking, setting forth,
 Or new arriving ; slay thine enemies !'
 And so again : ' At midnight, when they sleep ;
 Dawn, when they watch ; noon, if their leaders fall ;
 Eve, should they scatter ; all the times and hours
 Are times and hours good for killing foes.' "

" So did the son of Drona steel his soul
 To break upon the sleeping Pandu chiefs
 And slay them in the darkness. Being set
 On this unlordly deed, and clear in scheme,
 He from their slumbers roused the warriors twain,
 Kripa and Kritavarman."

* * * * *

EDWIN ARNOLD.

MONTE ROSA.

ROSA ! thy battlement of beaming ice
Burns, like the battlement of Paradise !
One block of long white light unsullyable
Glow in deep azure, Heaven's cathedral wall,
Gleams, a pure loveliness of angel thought,
With Heaven's inviolable ardour fraught.
A myriad flowers play fearless at thy feet,
And many a flying fairy sips their sweet,
While with the Sun of souls, the Paraclete,
Thou communest up yonder, rapt from earth,
Robed in the evening gold, or morning-mirth.
One cloudy surge from thy tremendous steep
Recoils, and hangs a warder o'er thy sleep,
Whose awful spirit in deep reverie
Above the world abides eternally :
While seraphs roam around thy silver slope,
Nestle in thy hollows, and with fair-flying hope
Temper the intolerable severity
Of holiest Purpose : many a floweret blows
In the unearthly Honour of thy snows,
Like innocent loves in souls erect, sublime,
Who breathe above the tainted air of time :
While many a falling water kisses
Tinkling emerald abysses
Of shadowy cavern with cool rain,
Clear gliding rills in polished porcelain
Channels descending o'er a crystal plain
From the Frost Spirit's palace bowers

Of sea-green pinnacles, and toppling towers,
And grim white bastion defiled
With rocky ruin of the wild :
While over all thy luminous pure ice
Rears the stupendous radiant precipice,
High terraces the seraphim have trod,
Stairs dwindling fainter, as they near the abode,
Where in light unimaginable dwells God.

But now around thee sullen, murmuring Storm
Flings his dark mantle ; such around the form
Of awful Samuel, summoned from the tomb,
At Endor rose : then all is rayless gloom
About thy Presence for a little while ;
Until God draws in His cathedral aisle
The folding shroud from thy dread countenance.
Behold ! above the storm, as in a trance,
Thy grand, pale Face abides, regarding us,
As from Death's realm afar, like risen Lazarus !

Isled in dusk blue, one star thrills faintly shining
Over thy crest in mournful day's declining :
Far away glens deep solitary blanch
With snow fresh fallen of the avalanche ;
Forested prowls the haggard wolf, the craven,
While o'er me croaking weirdly wheels the raven ;
Yonder in twilight, fretted with fierce fire,
Lower vast vans of hungering lammergeyer !
Dark vassal crags, who guard thine awful throne,
Wearing dim forests for a sounding zone,
Divide to let thy torrent coursers flee
With thunderous embassy to the great Sea.

Behold ! on grand long summits bowed
A huge ghost-cataract of cloud !
Niagara motionless, unvoiced,
In dim rapt air portentous poised !
But ruffled plumes of Tempest lower
Where the giant cliffs uptower,
While their impregnable fort frowns
Defiant, and their haughty crowns
Their vapoury veils,
Livid ice-ribs, and wolf-fanged teeth
Threaten implacable with death
Rash mortal who assails !
Beneath them the heart fails.
One rayless wilderness of stone
Upreared, they warn from their bleak throne ;

Ruined halls of lonely storms,
Whose are weird dishevelled forms,
Dark as eerie crags that loom,
Brooding haggard in the gloom,
Assuming semblance of rent thunder,
While they wait expectant under.

Lo! one wide ocean of tumultuous sound
Terrific bursts! flooding Heaven's profound,
Shatters the concave! hark! how, one by one,
Each monarch mountain on his far white throne,
Shocked, buffeted by that infernal word,
His own portentous utterance hath roared,
Tearing night, startled with flame sweep of sword,
And bellowing fierce frantic wrath
Into the steam of that hell-broth
Around: white fires flash swift unfurled
Over dim ruin of a watery world!
Hark! huge war-standards ponderous unrolling
Over wild surges of tempestuous blast!
While storm-stifled bells are tolling
For souls of pilgrims who have passed
Home at last!
But here amid earthquaking shocks,
Whirlwinds rave around the rocks:
Great pines, agonizing horrent
O'er the white terror of the torrent,
In wild lightning-fits leap out
From death's womb, a ghostly rout,
And all wild demon chariots roll,
Hurtling, chaotic, blind, reft from control;
Until the elemental rage subsides;
Ebbs the fell fury of etherial tides;
Atlantic billows of slow sullen sound
Subsiding, wander o'er the immeasurable Profound.

. . . . Rosa! the Moon soothes thine uncarthly rest,
And Peace pervades the snows upon thy breast!

RODEN NOEL.

Val Anzorra.

THE ARROGANCE OF MODERN SCEPTICISM.

A LAYMAN'S PROTEST.

WE might almost conclude, from some of the recent writings of the most prominent advocates of sceptical opinions, that the mantle of dogmatic intolerance, which was once regarded as peculiar to Theologians, had now fallen upon the Philosophers of the Agnostic and Positivist schools of thought, including those among them whose scientific training should have secured them from so unscientific an investiture.

The advocates of what is called "the doctrine of evolution" are prominent offenders in this respect. According to their well-known theory, all organic beings originated in one common ancestry and are essentially of one nature, varied only through the action of a principle termed by them "natural selection," by means of which many various groups have been formed, and these, ever more and more diverging from the original stock, have arranged themselves into different species. This process, they moreover maintain, has been carried on without the operation of any but secondary causes—that is, without an original creation or the direction of an overruling Deity—in other words :

"Nature has in herself a reason for all that is,
And God is an unscientific, needless hypothesis."*

This theory has been accepted by not a few scientific men, and some of its most enthusiastic and able advocates have displayed what must appear to any candid mind most unscientific dogmatism and unjustifiable intolerance in its support. For example, Professor Haeckel remarks that "mankind may be divided into two classes, those who believe in these doctrines, and those who do not ; the former being the thoughtful, and the latter the thoughtless."

Professor Huxley pronounces those who fail to see in the arguments urged by his party a sufficient reason for casting away their belief in a

* "Hilda among the Broken Gods."

first great Cause and in separate creations, to be "people who have not yet reached that state of emergence from ignorance in which the necessity of a discipline to enable them to be judges dawns upon the mind;"* and again, says that "the question is not, Has this development by evolution occurred? but, How did it occur? for any doubt as to the fact of its occurrence is not worthy of serious consideration."†

It would, perhaps, be difficult to find any instance of Theological arrogance surpassing that contained in these utterances, more especially when it is considered that, with respect to the question under discussion, many eminent men of science are in doubt as to whether the doctrine of evolution is at all sufficient to account for the diversity of species which we see around us.

Our object is not, however, to enter into this scientific controversy, but simply to protest against the claim of sceptical professors of science to force upon us, as an ascertained fact, that which any person of ordinary intelligence can at once perceive is a mere conjecture; a conclusion founded on arguments of which the premises have not been proved. For instance, no evidence has yet been produced of the occurrence in Nature of the phenomenon upon which the whole theory is founded—namely, a favourable variation: that is to say, an instance of a favoured individual possessing such an advantage in the struggle for life as to become the progenitor of a new species.

Nor has any plausible explanation been given of that which is set forth as the efficient cause of the development of the new varieties—viz., the supposed development in the favoured parent of the early rudiments of useful organs not found in others of the species. On the other hand, it has been conclusively proved that when slight variations have been produced by artificial means, the tendency has always been, not to divert from, but to revert back to, the parent form.‡

Still further, no adequate explanation has yet been given by the holders of this theory, of the development of such structures as the eye, with all its wondrous contrivances for adjusting its focus to different distances, and for admitting different amounts of light, which development is due to the simultaneous growth of parts from within and from without.§

But supposing the theory of the Evolutionists to have been proved, the greatest difficulty still remains—how, when the idea of a Creator has been rejected, we can reasonably account for the existence of the primary germ from which the universe is supposed to have been unfolded, and in which in embryo it must therefore have been involved before it could have evolved itself from it, or whence came the force which, according to another theory, made the atoms to cohere and brought forth from them the universe they contained: for probably

* "Force and Matter," Pref., p. 148; quoted by Dr. Elam, *CONTEMPORARY* May, 1880, p. 716.

† "Anthropogenie," p. 160; quoted by Dr. Elam, *CONTEMPORARY* p. 716.

‡ See "Gospel of Evolution," *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, 1880, p.

§ See *idem*, p. 721.

even these scientific men will acknowledge that nothing could have been developed from a germ, a slime, or an atom, except that which first existed in it; or, in other words, that nothing could have come from that which did not originally in some form contain it.

A great demand is made upon our faith by these sceptical philosophers when they ask us to believe that the wondrous universe, in its diversity of animal and vegetable life, sprang from a molecule or a congregation of atoms driven about by force; but it would be more easy to accept even such a doctrine if they could only give us some reasonable hypothesis as to whence the primary germ, the wondrous atoms, or the marvellous slime originated, and how it happened that, independently of a Creator, any of these came to possess in themselves the power of developing a universe.

Men of science, of all persons, should seek to be free from bigotry and prejudice. Yet it is evident that when once entangled in the deadly meshes of sceptical pride, while "they profess themselves to be wise, they become foolish," and in very truth "worship and serve the creature more than the Creator." As has been well said: "It is asking too much of inanimate material to make a system of worlds such that one star shall send heat and light upon an earth, and make its soil send forth violets, grasses, trees, then animals, and finally man. It is asking too much of material things to have them arranging the deposit of dew at night, the showers of rain, and the ripening influence of the autumn months. It is asking too much of dust and ashes to expect them to make beautiful birds to fly in the air, beautiful gold and silver fish to live in the crystal brooks—too much to expect of the power of dust to originate the idea of purple grapes and blushing peaches. We know that the material forces of Nature can help along all these shapes of the wonderful; but if dead material can do such wonderful works, man should lament that he has a mind, for he has at the outset been wholly surpassed by clay that had neither life nor mind."

Passing from the arrogant scorn with which the sceptical scientists treat those who refuse to accept their doctrine, that the manifold forms of animate and inanimate Nature evolved themselves from some mythical germ without the guidance of any superintending mind, we meet with another form of arrogance—exhibiting itself in similar, but, if it be possible, in still more unattractive colours—on the part of those who not only treat with contempt the belief in a superintending God and a divine revelation, but attribute to society in general the most odious falsehood and hypocrisy.

Mr. Leslie Stephen may perhaps be considered one of the ablest of our modern sceptics—that is, of a school of thinkers professing ignorance on everything that is not material; in his own words, of "all those to whose minds the word of God is a fable, and Theology is a collection of fabulous chimeras."

A recent article by this writer,* on the subject of Mr. Bradlaugh and his opponents, will serve to show the mental and moral condition of those who thus distinguish themselves. The object of Mr. Leslie Stephen's essay is to suggest a reason for the intense opposition manifested to the admission of Mr. Bradlaugh into the House of Commons, and he undoubtedly succeeds in showing very clearly how much want of wisdom was displayed by those who thought that by excluding Mr. Bradlaugh they would further the cause of religion. Probably every thoughtful person will now acknowledge that the evil was not so much the admission of Mr. Bradlaugh into an assembly from which no form of religious belief or unbelief is now allowed to be a cause of exclusion, as the fact that a large community of Englishmen could be found willing to return a professed Atheist as its representative, and that one holding Mr. Bradlaugh's views should be sent to speak in its name, and influence by his votes the laws relating to the moral, religious, and social interests of the country. Such a phenomenon is, without doubt, worthy the most serious attention of all who value religion and morality; but to attempt to meet the evil by closing the doors of the representative assembly to one who had been duly elected, would be little wiser than for a physician to endeavour to cure a dangerous disease by treating only its outward symptoms.

It is not, however, with the professed object, but with the tone of the aforesaid article, and the incidental assertions it contains, that we purpose dealing; and in order to demonstrate the state of mind regarding man which is evolved by a loss of faith in God, it will be sufficient for our purpose to quote a few of Mr. Leslie Stephen's statements and remarks. Speaking of the fact that there are many other Atheists in Parliament besides Mr. Bradlaugh, he adds: "Some people may be daring enough to deny it, but I can hardly imagine any one denying it with a grave face, out of the pulpit, or in any atmosphere accessible to the influence of common sense;"† thus implying that the occupiers of the pulpit, amongst whom we must enumerate Chalmers, Whately, and other men at least the intellectual equals of Mr. Leslie Stephen, have dwelt and are dwelling in an atmosphere which is not "accessible to the influence of common sense."

Referring in another place to the House of Commons, he says: "I have no fear of contradiction when I say that the majority of its Members are either infidel or sublimely tolerant of infidelity;"‡ an asseveration which, notwithstanding Mr. Leslie Stephen's fearlessness of contradiction, will probably be considered by those who have any knowledge of the constitution of the House of Commons as simply an unfounded and unjustifiable libel.

It may be, indeed, that a certain coterie, with whom Mr. Leslie Stephen is best acquainted, do justify such an imputation, which the more likely since he includes among his Parliamentary friends

* *Portnightly Review*, Aug. 1880.

† *Ibid.*, p. 177.

‡ *Ibid.*

least one very peculiar individual, whom he quotes as a probable type of many others, "a most intelligent gentleman," who, when asked by him what he thought of the great question of Theology, replied that "he had never been able to bring his mind to take the slightest interest in the subject ;"* in other words, that he had never been able to take the slightest interest in the question, whether he was merely a superior animal or a spiritual being, whether those whom he loved (if, indeed, such an "intelligent" individual could be weak enough to love) were destined at death to be lost for ever or to be found again, whether the friends about him were simply the creatures of a day or the heirs of immortality. Judging from this example, we may conclude it to be true that amongst Mr. Leslie Stephen's Parliamentary friends, Atheism, and the hypocrisy which conceals it, are dominant principles ; but to assert that the majority of our representatives are Atheists, and, still more, hypocrites, since they profess to be Christians, is an insult to common sense. We may rest assured that Atheism and Agnosticism have not yet succeeded in destroying the truth and honour, as well as the faith, of the majority of our legislators.

It is not a little suggestive of the loss of moral sense which would seem to be the natural fruit of Agnosticism, that Mr. Leslie Stephen should be able to affirm the existence of such wide-spread dishonesty without a single expression or sign of indignation ; a dishonesty which he calmly assumes to be general, not only among Members of Parliament, but also among the great majority of those whom he describes as his "cultured countrymen." "Such Members of Parliament as *condescend* to deal in Theological questions have," he says, "very much the opinions of ordinary cultivated Englishmen ; they are much *too respectable* to say anything shocking to their clergy or their wives, but if they are not saturated to the core with the opinions which clergymen denounce as Atheism, my experience must have been of a most exceptional nature." It is probable that those who are not Agnostics will conclude that Mr. Leslie Stephen's experience *has* been "of a most exceptional nature," and that while he is judging from the limited circle in which he moves, the majority of cultured Englishmen have not lost their faith either in God or in truth, and would scorn a hypocritical profession even to avoid "shocking their clergy or their wives." How sadly must the word "respectable" itself have become degraded in the mind of the Agnostic when it is considered applicable to such conduct as Mr. Leslie Stephen describes !

It is almost a relief to turn from the cynical utterances of Agnosticism to that aspiration after an ideal object of worship which is evident in Mr. Frederic Harrison's description of Positivism. In reading his essay on "New,"† the brilliancy of the style fascinates us less which pervade it ; yet the strongest emotion

it must produce in most minds will be surprise at the utter ignorance evinced with regard to the Christian creed of Protestants. The picture of Christianity presented is simply a grotesque caricature, and it will not be difficult to show that the excellences claimed for Positivism, whilst logically inconsistent with the Positivists' creed, are the legitimate fruits of the religion of Christ, and that what Mr. Harrison denounces is not Christianity at all, but a selection of some of the parodies of the Christian faith which individuals and sects have from time to time assisted to propagate.

Having regard to the reputation and ability of the writer, it is not a little astonishing to find Mr. Harrison speaking of Protestantism as a "creed," and thereby giving to the word a meaning which is utterly incorrect and misleading, since it is self-evident that there never has been, nor could be, either a Protestant creed or a Protestant faith. It is true that these words are often used by popular speakers, but Mr. Harrison should know well that what is really meant is the creed of the Catholic Church, transmitted to us through the eighteen Christian centuries, but freed by the Protestant Reformers from the excrescences that became attached to it when the Pagan world adopted Christianity under Constantine, and from later corruptions introduced from time to time to serve the exaltation of the priesthood and the worldly ambition of the Roman hierarchy.

Protestantism is undoubtedly an existing reality, and Mr. Harrison is unquestionably a Protestant, however much he may shrink from the name, since he, no less than members of the Reformed Churches, protests against the claim of Rome to control the freedom of the human mind, and the assumed right of bishop, priest, or council to compel the acceptance of those doctrines which reason rejects. Further, had Mr. Harrison lived in those days when the Romish Church held sway, and possessed withal the courage to avow his convictions, he himself would have shared with the early Protestant martyrs the penalty of the prison, the rack, or the stake.

But Protestantism is no *creed*—it is simply the rejection of certain false assumptions; so that while both Mr. Harrison and the writer are essentially Protestants, their creeds are far as the poles asunder. His belief is in an imaginary humanity which never existed, "a pure, noble form, from which the substance of his thoughts are derived, a humanity which man can honour and love, the author and minister of all that he possesses and hopes; a common principle whereby his whole nature is glorified in its moral, intellectual, and practical sides at once, by devotion to a power, human, real, demonstrable, lovable, which appeals to our noblest affections and sympathies, on which we can look with veneration, attachment, and gratitude, so that our devotions grow to be the dominant motive of our lives."

A beautiful ideal, truly; but whence, we ask, the Positivist evolve the humanity he professes to

seen on the earth, nor did man even conceive the idea, until it was exemplified in the life of the Divine Man, Christ Jesus, to whom alone may the words be applied without exaggeration. He it is, in truth, who becomes to those who believe in Him "a power, human, real, lovable," which "appeals to their highest affections and sympathies," and to which they "look with veneration, attachment, and gratitude, so that their devotional instincts grow to be the dominant motive of their lives."

The Positivists' faith is founded on a myth, the very acceptance of which is in direct contradiction of the first principle of their creed, which is "facts alone." Otherwise let them show us the humanity of which they speak. It is not to be descried in aught that we see around us, or encounter in our daily intercourse with the world. This humanity is not a "lovable" thing which "appeals to our noblest affections and sympathies, and on which we can look with veneration and attachment;" nor do we find it descried in history. Whence then, we ask, does the Positivist evolve his God?

It may, perhaps, be urged that the humanity spoken of is neither that which we see exhibited in the world around us, nor that which is portrayed in such dismal colours through the pages of history,—a humanity in which vice, selfishness, lust, and cruelty have always largely predominated; but an ideal humanity in which virtues alone exist. But this is an imagination, not a reality; and the Positivist, whose boast is that he walks by sight and not by faith, that he deals only with facts, has no right to speak of such a humanity.

Having attributed to Protestants holding the Catholic faith an imaginary Protestant creed, Mr. Harrison proceeds to describe its supposed effects and to pour out upon it a torrent of invective which would be amply justified if such a creed existed. No such creed is, however, held by Christians, but the evils he denounces will, if candidly examined, be found to be the legitimate outcome of the Protestantism of those who hold Agnostic, Positivist, or Neologian views, and are strikingly displayed in those Protestant countries which have become for the most part sceptical as well as Protestant.

Having unsuccessfully endeavoured to free himself from the charge of Protestantism by contending that Positivists, while they reject the dogmas of Romanism, perpetuate much of its moral and social spirit, Mr. Harrison proceeds to make the following astounding assertions:—

"Protestantism has now nothing that Catholicism (i.e., Roman Catholicism) has not got in far larger measure, and it has deliberately rejected very much of value that Catholicism has."

"It is nothing but the servile worship of a Book. . . . Read the Book like any other book, and Protestantism becomes nothing but a shapeless pile of commonplaces of the Hebrew literature."

robs the oppressor . . . nor humanizes the degraded."

is a dividing, anti-social, dehumanizing influence."

portunity of marriage and generosity towards the

personal lawlessness, industrial selfishness."

"In the name of God and the blood of Christ it everywhere teaches the gospel of minding oneself, saving one's own soul.

"It has no answer to the problems of our age, to the question of labour, . . . of government, . . . of social duty, . . . the relations of parent and child, of husband and wife, young and old, employer and employed.

"It has nothing to offer us but the literature of a small and peculiar tribe in Asia, artificial interpretations wrung from the words of these miscellaneous old books, and after that an ecstatic but equally artificial eagerness after what it calls our Personal Salvation."

It is impossible for those who know what Christianity is to believe that such statements could have been put forth by any one who had made a candid examination of the creed he was attacking, or who had studied without blinding prejudice the New Testament, upon which the creeds of all Protestant Christians are alike founded. If it were true, as Mr. Harrison alleges, that Protestants worship this Bible, then a simple reference to its teachings, which are the antithesis of all that he says it has the tendency to produce, would suffice to confute his accusations.

To take an example, let us consider what must necessarily be the effect of the teaching of the Bible with regard to marriage upon those who acknowledge its divine authority, or, as Mr. Harrison says, "worship" it. "Its triumphs," he asserts, "are towards divorce." How, we exclaim, can this thing be, when we find it declaring that marriage is no mere civil contract, as Protestant sceptics maintain, but ordained of God; that those who enter it are no longer "twain, but one flesh;" that "what God hath joined together man may not put asunder;" that "whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery, and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery;" and finally, that no adulterer or adulteress "shall inherit the kingdom of God?" Is it possible, in the face of this teaching, for any reasonable person to maintain that "the triumphs" of the faith which is held by Christians who are Protestants and take the Bible for their guide are "towards divorce?"

Mr. Harrison further states that the Bible "has nothing to say with regard to the relations of parent and child, of husband and wife." How superficial must have been his reading of the Book which he thus describes (if, indeed, he ever read it), when the commands—"Children, obey your parents in all things;" "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath;" Let the husband "love his wife even as himself;" "Let the wife see that she reverence her husband," have evidently escaped his notice.

With regard to the "question of employer and employed," which Mr. Harrison considers it ignores, we find in it the injunctions—"Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal, know also have a Master in heaven;" "Servants, obey in the Lord masters according to the flesh, not with eye-service as men in singleness of heart, fearing God."

Now, these commands, if followed, would provid

"influence to mediate between classes," another subject on which Mr. Harrison says the Book "has nothing to offer;" not to mention that golden rule, which, if once obeyed, would reconcile all conflicting claims—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets." The Divine Book does not, indeed, profess to deal with individual cases, which would have demanded endless volumes, but it does lay down principles capable of being applied to all cases, and offering help for all difficulties.

Finding such teaching in our sacred Scriptures, are we not justified in asking whether it is wilful ignorance or simple bigotry which leads a man of such ability as Mr. Harrison to attribute to the faith of the Protestant Christians of his country, influences thus shown to be the very reverse of those which must need flow from the Volume they accept as a Divine revelation and an authoritative guide, and which he himself alleges they worship?

The foolish sarcasm so often levelled against Protestants, that they worship a Book, is hardly worthy of notice. It is true that they hold it in the highest honour and regard it with deepest reverence, as containing that revelation on which their faith is founded, the history of the life and death of Him who was emphatically the Truth. But the fact that this history has been transmitted in a Book is, so to speak, simply an accident. The revelation of Christ would have been equally acceptable had it been received through authenticated tradition or in any other way, for it is not the Book which compels our belief, any more than the miracles which it states accompanied Christ's advent. It is because He is in Himself the most stupendous miracle of the ages, because His life and character were such as no mere man could have invented or described; and, indeed, the miracles themselves become credible from the greater miracle of His life, for it would have appeared strange if, when Incarnate Divinity was manifested in the world, no unusual display of Divine power had occurred.

Let it not be thought that this Catholic faith is claimed as the peculiar property of Protestants. Deep down beneath the rubbish with which it has been overlaid, the Romanist accepts the same faith. It is the creed of the Greek as well as the various Protestant Churches, and however much they may differ upon questions of inferential Theology or Church government, just so far as the influence of this true faith, which has its centre in the life and teaching of Christ, prevails, it produces those exhibitions of virtue and beauty which happily are the glory of all Churches.

Protestant Christians have rejected no particle of this faith; they have but striven to free it from the parasites with which, in the dark and infested it; and it would be interesting to know those are which Mr. Harrison says Roman measure" than Protestants. Are they the Pope, the power of the priesthood, the magic of transubstantiation, the

celibacy of the clergy, the intrusion of the confessional into family life? These are the principal errors against which Protestants protest and which Protestantism has rejected. Which of them is of so much value in the eyes of the practical Positivist?

It may perhaps be justifiable, in answer to the grievous misrepresentations of our faith which are contained in "*The Creeds—Old and New*" (and which evidently obtain some credence, since the lecture was thought worthy of admission into a Review which would not permit the utterance of ignorance, at least on any other subject than religion), to state what the Catholic faith is, which, notwithstanding our Protestings against Roman error, we hold, as we believe, in the purity with which it was first delivered by the Apostles to the Christian Church.

It is faith in a God, whose moral essence is perfect purity, justice, benevolence, and goodness: the Creator of the universe, which came from His hands, arrayed in the perfection of order and beauty, but fell with the fall of man, who, from some cause only dimly hinted at, had become separated and alienated from his Maker, and so degraded: which fall of man is indeed a scientific, no less than a theological fact. We believe that the Creator, in His infinite love, after having prepared the world by earlier dispensations and a gradual unfolding of His will, at length manifested Himself in the person of His Son, who, taking a human form, revealed to man, so far as man might comprehend it, the moral character of God, and by His own perfect human life, exemplified at the same time that ideal of humanity to which it is God's desire that each man should attain.

We believe that Jesus Christ displayed in His life and teaching that perfect law of love which is God's being—a perfect love of complacency towards all that is good in man, even in the most faulty; a perfect love of sympathy with all that is truly, purely human; a perfect love of benevolence to everything that is suffering and sad—and that, having lived a life of spotless purity, absolute unselfishness, and voluntary self-denial, to be measured only by the descent from the celestial glory of heaven to the manger of Bethlehem, from the adoration of angels to rejection by the world, from the fellowship of perfect purity to companionship with publicans and sinners, from the bliss of heavenly peace to the cross of shame and agony, He gave up His life in sacrifice for man.

We recognize His life as not less majestic in its perfect simplicity and perfect gentleness than in its uncompromising severity against all that was false and evil, a life in which His enemies have never yet, except by first misrepresenting it, been able to detect a flaw, which combined a never-swerving force of character with consistency, calmness, and tenderness—in a word, a character in which is displayed every element of the sublime, an ideal perfection which man of his world would never have conceived, which is in itself the greatest miracle of the universe, which appeals to everything that is noble in man, a sufficient proof that He who expressed it was that which He to be—the very Son of God.

Such is the miracle which persuades us of the truth of the Christian faith; and if any other were necessary, we find it in the triumph of Christianity, which, first preached by a few poor peasants in a despised province of the despised country of the Jews, gradually and resistlessly won its way, in spite of the hatred of Jews and Gentiles, the persecution of prince and priest, the enraged hostility of the populace, the cold determined cruelty of politicians, philosophers, and rulers, and without the assistance of "carnal weapons;" triumphing by its inherent truth and beauty, which evoked a response from whatever of the Divine remained in humanity, till at length the world laid down its arms, and, casting aside its cherished idolatries, was content to call itself by the name of the obscure Nazarene.

To the objection, that, after all, the Christian religion is only one among many, and little, if at all, superior to the Mahometan, the Confucian, or the Buddhist, we reply, that to compare them is to refute the suggestion. Place beside the life of the blood-stained conqueror, Mahomet, the life of the meek and gentle Christ. Contrast the moral teaching of Confucius, grand though it be, with the life-teaching of the Saviour. Even the self-denial and philanthropy of Buddha, in approaching most nearly to Christ, do but display the vast gulf which exists between them.

It has, indeed, been suggested that the doctrine Buddha preached was the more unselfish, inasmuch as no future reward, but only cessation of existence, was the goal he set before his followers. But this in itself was a heaven to those who considered existence as entirely evil. The motive to moral obedience set forth by the religion of Christ is, on the other hand, perfectly unselfish. Christ does not say, live morally that you may obtain freedom from existence or the happiness of heaven, but, because I have loved you. For this cause, not because of self-interest, holiness is enjoined. "Be ye perfect," says Christ; strive after an ideal perfection of justice, honesty, unselfishness, purity; "Love thy neighbour as thyself;" "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," because thus you will best return My love by becoming like My Father and yours.

Such is Christianity, which Mr. Harrison, quoting, apparently with approval, the words of a brilliant man of science, tells us is "a physical disease which has afflicted mankind for many centuries." Let us for a moment consider how entirely this "disease" would transform the world were it to become in reality the motive power of humanity. First, how it would elevate the individual character of men and women, producing perfect truth, perfect justice, perfect purity of thought and deed, an equal regard for others' interest and others' feelings as for their own, in place of the falsehood, injustice, vice, and selfishness which are found prevailing! Next, what a change it would work in family life, when "home" would become the synonym for peace, love, kindness, brotherly affection! But a change it would produce in the world at large, when, viz. crime being unknown,—

each man's word being his bond,—none covering, none oppressing,—soldiers, police, judges, prisons, would be unnecessary, and the message would be fulfilled of perfect "peace on earth!" Such would necessarily be the effect of the complete triumph of Christ's religion, which the Positivist's brilliant man of science describes as "a disease which for many centuries has afflicted mankind."

But our opponents may reply that these results have not been attained by Christianity; which is true enough, yet only because Christianity has hitherto but slightly permeated humanity, and therefore but slightly influenced human society. Even thus far, however, its achievements have not been small. Let any unbiassed man compare the condition of society in pre-Christian ages with that which exists to-day; let him consider the abolition of slavery, an institution the prevalence and cruelty of which in ancient times now horrifies us; or compare the positions occupied by women; let him visit the hospitals, the reformatories, the refuges, which Christian feeling has suggested, and Christian self-denial established; or note the amelioration in the conduct of war; the purity of family life where Christianity is accepted; and, finally, the Christian lives, exhibited, alas! too rarely, yet sufficiently often to testify to the power of the love of Christ.

It may perhaps be said that to attempt to reply to attacks upon the Christian faith, which are evidently for the most part mere declamations, and will certainly fail to influence any candid student, is useless. Unhappily, however, such attacks have their injurious effects, not, indeed, upon the minds of sincere seekers after truth, still less upon the belief of those who have embraced the Christian faith after careful study of its claims. To such persons the sarcasms of the Agnostic and the calumnies of the Positivist appear what in truth they are, mere expressions of helpless ignorance; as if a blind man were heard declaiming against the light because the only effect he had perceived was the noise and hubbub which at sunrise broke the quiet stillness of the night; or as if a deaf man were heard declaiming against music from observing what would of necessity appear to him the meaningless and grotesque movements of the musicians. Just as these lack the corresponding senses which would enable them to appreciate the beauty of light or of music, so our sceptical writers seem to have no corresponding sense whereby to appreciate anything which is not provable by sight or touch. On their principles they would be justified in denying the spiritual power which breathes in some noble book, because the soul which pervades it cannot be perceived by a microscope; and because all their chemical tests and scientific dissection would only precipitate the constituents of paper and ink.

It is in such a spirit they examine the great book of creation, refusing to recognize the Mighty Spirit which speaks through Nature in not provable by their scientific methods.

But though their attacks on the Christian faith are harsh and candid and sincere student, they are too often hurtful and others, who are only too anxious to find some support in re-

to that which condemns their life; and to many an ambitious youth eager to be thought worthy of a place in the ranks of culture and to sit at the feet of the illuminati.

If a further objection be raised to a man of business presuming to enter the lists with the learned scientists and the erudite advocates of unbelief, it may be replied that such a training as commerce affords is not unfavourable to the development of those qualities which fit the mind for the examination of the arguments upon which theories are founded. Moreover, if the dogmas of these sceptical philosophers were generally accepted, no class would suffer more severely than those engaged in commerce. It needs some stronger motive than the shadowy idea of "a human synthesis—the ideal of a transfigured humanity in which the past and the future are bound up,"* to keep commerce pure amidst the intense competition and the endless hollow casuistry of the day, when falsehood too often passes free under the name of finesse, fraud as diplomacy, adulteration as only one amongst the legitimate weapons of competition.

So long, however, as men of business are possessed, however imperfectly, with the Christian faith, and as Protestants accept as binding the teaching of that Book which condemns all falsehood, fraud, and injustice, a barrier is raised against the spread of corruption; but should the idea come to be generally entertained that Christ is a myth and His teaching unworthy of regard, then commerce would inevitably become more and more a mere contest between unscrupulous knaves, amongst whom honour would be a synonym for selfish expediency, truth for a clever concealment of deception, honesty for the avoidance of discovery in fraud.

But sceptics are not enemies to men of business only. It is the influence of the life of Christ which alone preserves all society from corruption, and is not less needed by the statesman amidst the slippery paths of politics, the professional man amidst the conventionalities of his profession, the merchant amidst the manifold temptations to injustice, than by the labourer or peasant to whom it is the only influence capable of rendering his condition tolerable, as it points him to the noble, unselfish life of One who was content to take upon Him the lowly form of a carpenter's son, in order to exalt earth's toilers and earth's sufferers, and holds out to him the hope of eternal peace when the painful conflict and discipline of life is past.

The life of Jesus is in very truth that mighty "power which appeals to our noblest affections and sympathies, on which we can look with veneration, attachment, and gratitude, so that our devotional instincts grow to be the dominant motive of our lives." It is the sole illumination of the dark mystery of existence, without which human life is an unmeaning comedy, a serious tragedy, death a horrible catastrophe, eternity a blank.

FRANCIS PEEK.

A STUDY OF CARLYLE.

THE winter of 1880-81 will leave a long trace in the memory of many of our contemporaries. The inclement season has ended two lives—one above, one below the average duration of man's sojourn in this world—which have played a great part in the mental history of their time. The common season of their departure records a revolution of thought. Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot, though separated by the interval of a bare generation, represented two intellectual eras:—the great Englishwoman who has made fiction the vehicle of an impressive moral doctrine belongs wholly to the present; the great Scotchman who has done the like by history belongs to a phase of development that we have already left far behind us. With all the characteristic tendencies of the day he was out of sympathy, with most of them we might say he was out of relation. His figure stands out clearly only in the light of the past. To our own mind we confess there is something very refreshing in the sense that everything given forth in the latest dialect, and bearing the brand-new stamp from the mint of to-day's speculation, may be laid aside in the attempt to estimate a contemporary. There is a repose in this return to the past that unites in a wonderful manner the charm of things new and old. For from this point of view we may say that the old is new, absolute novelty passes unrecognized from the mind, we must remember before we truly recognize. The world that lies within the scope of recollection is the only world which we can truly know, and it is to a part of this Past, most accessible to memory, yet divided by an impassable chasm from the experience of the present hour, that we would invite the reader's attention. We would lead him away from the din and the stir of to contemplate, not only a finished life, but a vanished world.

It may seem strange to write thus of one from whose pe

production is put into our hands as we write.* A new book from Thomas Carlyle! What memories revive at the words! We breathe again an atmosphere of vague, vast possibility, we live once more in the sudden sense of wealth with which every one first yields himself up to the influence of a great genius. And how many a grave gives up its dead! How as at a magician's wand do the tones revive—the very accent and cadences, though the words escape our longing ear—of voices unheard through long years, and never on this earth to be heard again. Is it always so as we recall a great man? do the memories of those who loved and admired him always revive with such vividness? or was there in this man some special virtue, which drew from others a characteristic appreciation, and made the thought of him a harmony rather than a keynote? Perhaps both are true. Carlyle was a man greatly beloved; he inspired an affection that in those who knew him best was blended at once with pity and with reverence, and we could fancy that even his faults deepened the peculiar kind of interest which was thus roused in a small circle, and to some extent passed on to a much larger one at second-hand. His conversation has been called more striking than his writing.† We suspect that view is due to some confusion between the added impressiveness which any words of a great writer gain when they come to our ear associated with the living presence, and added impressiveness in the words themselves. He was not a sufficiently good listener to be a brilliant converser; his writings are full of wit; but *vivid voce* wit implies an attention to what other people say, of which he was incapable; and the most assiduous Boswell would have compiled from listening to him, we suspect, little but a repetition of some parts of his writings, and a collection of jokes which, apart from the laughter that is so much more distinct on the ear of memory than its cause, would seem hardly worth chronicling. But though we think the expression to which we refer is exaggerated, yet it is impossible to exaggerate the impressiveness of the mere aspect and manner of the man. No one would have passed him over in a crowd; if one had been told that he was in a room with fifty other men there would seldom have been any danger of mistake in guessing which was the man of genius. Thus a transient glimpse was enough to fix all second-hand record, and to have seen him once was to keep a sensitive plate ready for all the photography of subsequent impression, through whomsoever transmitted. He was, as his friend Thomas Erskine used to say of him, “a vernacular man”—the most vernacular of men, and the impression left in the minds of his contemporaries is the most unique, probably, they have ever known. The “Reminiscences” in our hands seem thus lost in those which they awaken. The thought of what he was

any contribution to our knowledge of him, even
 we turn the page, many a name and many a

these seem to indicate the actual point, and lead away from the narrative that contains them. The genius expands till the vessel which has contained his form is forgotten; he reaches the clouds, and we cannot believe that he was ever enclosed in the jar that lies tangled in the fisherman's net as our first. But on that vessel itself we must say a few preliminary words.

It is very important to remember that this book is not a work of Carlyle's in the sense that any previous book has been so. His editor reminds us in the Preface that not only have these records received no revision from his pen, but that it may be said of a large part "perhaps it was not intended for publication." Carlyle has left a retrospect which Mr. Froude, with a strange haste, almost suggesting the notion that he had no trust in the permanence of the interest to which the book appeals, has taken the responsibility of putting before the public. The mingled authorship is satisfactory to Carlyle's admirers, for we, at least do not remember to have read any record of a great man with feelings so mingled as those with which we have perused these two volumes. His picture of his father is the most beautiful filial tribute that we know in literature, and will inspire every reader with a real reverence for the noble peasant who seems to have united the tolerance of a large-hearted thinker with the deep faith of a Puritan. The account of Irving also has much beauty, and a keen biographical interest. But had it lain with us to decide whether these materials for a biography should have been published as they are, or not published at all, we should have found it difficult to decide between alternatives which would have seemed to us almost equally deplorable. The way that they are put before the reader recalls Carlyle's own outcry against writers who have edited "as you edit broken bricks and mortar, simply by tumbling up the wagon." Surely this is to disguise, not to interpret the illustrious Dead. We do not reveal a man when we give to the public what his mature, deliberate judgment would have withheld; nor does any sense of enlightenment afford compensation for the pain with which we have read much that is given here. Whatever was given to the world from the pen of our greatest literary man should at least have been a contribution to literature, and that which at first sight will most jar on the critical reader is the spirited indecency (as it seems to us) of publishing these wailings for his wife. To print, as the poor feeble hand left them on the very morrow of the shock which appears for the time to have enfeebled his mind, those incoherent jottings, with their tangled parentheses and their incessant repetitions, seems to us the same kind of mistake as to exhibit some sketch by a great master, almost blotted out by his tears. It is a pathetic blur, but not a portrait. The piquant image, where something of French brilliancy mingles with the Scotch raciness—the bright, half-feminine, but masculine creature who might have made Carlyle know
hand, i
not been known as his wife, has vanished &
have more blotted colour. Hid in its portfi

sacred: we can imagine those who had a right to gaze on it drawing it forth reverently, and feeling their own eyes moisten at the sight. But hung on the Academy walls, the effect is far otherwise. We, who find it there, can only pass it in mournful silence.

For our own part, however, the exposure of the feebleness of sorrow is not what we most regret in these volumes. This at least is a tribute to a deep love, though not the kind of tribute we would have given to the world, and we can understand the temptation to give the world all that speaks of a deep love. But the temptation to publish some of these specimens of Carlyle's scorn is utterly unintelligible to us. His criticisms of Lamb and Wordsworth seem to us to teach us nothing whatever about them, and nothing about him but that he could sometimes express judgments that were valueless. And even these are not what we most regret. To our own mind, the most painful parts of the present memoirs are the allusions to various unpretending people, now probably all dead, but any of whom may have left children to watch eagerly for any mention of their names, and who will find them here evoked from oblivion for a few words of scorn merely! Is anything gained by such references? We will undertake to say there is not one that could not have been wiped away with a mere stroke of the pen as a speck of dust from a picture, leaving Carlyle's work no more injured than the painter's. It is a strange mistake, but from a perusal of a good many biographies it seems to us a not uncommon one, to suppose that a disparaging mention is unimportant if it is also slight. The exact contrary is true. If you have to say much about any one, many things may be said, each of which standing alone would be very depreciatory, and yet leave the whole effect not ungracious. But if all you have to say is that he or she was in some way contemptible, you need surely a very imperative reason for mentioning him or her at all. A study of any human character is full of interest, and the light and shade must be taken together, but a mere allusion should be either kindly, or absolutely indispensable. As we think of the numerous references in this volume which are neither, we are tempted to rejoice, instead of lamenting, that such a judgment as that on Lamb was permitted to see the light. If any one lays down the book wounded at some mention that revives the tender recollections of childhood to blot them with the ugliness of contempt, turning to this part of the volume he may dismiss the image with a smile rather than a sigh. If it is no more of a likeness than this of Lamb, he need not feel hurt by it. This is how the master-hand works, when the artist tries to paint without light. This is what we shall be in danger of—though happily not with the same power of vision—if we try to judge our brother without love.

Carlyle's moral influence need not linger over the mis-
 amous editor. Perhaps they may not do unmixed
 without hopes that one compensation for the pain

aimed by this book will be that all who take it lead to set forth their will-must lead to the world will receive, as they close these "Reminiscences," that whatever severe judgments they may feel called on to express or render in imagination, about man or woman shall ever be softened by a more word from the same heart to them, that they will renounce the cheap pretensions of literature, and forget all that, from a higher level of existence, where truth and love are both more prized than here, the honoured dead would wish them to forget. And with this hope we turn from all that is to be regretted in the last writing of Carlyle, and revert to it only so far as it illustrates the views formed on literature where we think the time that speaks most clearly.

His mind it seems to us may be compared to some lofty cathedral window through whose panes of pure amethyst and sapphire are scattered whenever the sun's rays emerge, and ward admit, on the darkest day, a certain sonnet radiance. We look at it, not through it, and it does not occur to us to complain that the space might admit more light. Perhaps sometimes the colour is mistaken for light. We feel the difference when we try to put in few words the lesson our age has learnt from him. It was a lesson so closely associated with his writing individuality that the actual range of thought, perhaps, seems greater than it is, and the critic who translates it into his own poor words may appear, even if he is a faithful translator, to bring it down to something very commonplace. Let us begin with what is the least difficult part of the task and ask what was his place in the great genealogy of genius. Is it a hard matter even to define the spiritual neighbourhood of such a man as Thomas Carlyle. To trace his affinities with other men seems like fixing the place of a meteor in a constellation. We can recall no writer equally classical who is quite so peculiar, and the differences between such an intellect and any other will always appear to his admirers, and many who are not his admirers, greater than the resemblances. Among his contemporaries he had no relationship but those in which he was the superior, and for all the issues of *Leeds School* among them he had no interest whatever. That great intellectual movement characteristic of our day—whether we name it the philosophy of Humeism, Darwinism, Positivism, or, taking it on its negative side, Agnosticism,—which makes physical science the keystone of human thought, was to him as though it were not. He did not join it, he did not oppose it, he simply ignored it. It came upon him, no doubt, when his day's work was done; and though it was a long evening through which he watched its development, yet the time for taking in new ideas was past, and we do not mention it as noteworthy that he had no time to either side of a movement which began after he was sixty. But without one definite acquaintance to a particular development

have some relation to it, and the way has often been prepared for great ideas by those who did not consciously apprehend them. In reviewing his work, on the other hand, we feel that it afforded no point of junction whatever with that which is the dominant spirit in this year of grace 1881—he was no precursor of it, or of that which opposes it; it seems impossible to affiliate it with anything that strongly interested him in any way. And though this is much less true of the great political than of the great philosophical movement of our day, for he certainly was the opponent of democracy, yet, if we come to examine all that was most characteristic in his sympathy and most permanent in his work, we shall be led to feel that it is altogether misleading to inquire whether the Radical or the Conservative of our day had most of his sympathies, or even (for that is the more natural way of putting it) most of his antagonism. We should probably always end by deciding that of these two parties the one he had spoken of last was that to whose principles he felt the deepest aversion. And till we take up a historical point of view, till we accept the past as a living reality, and return to that belief which had so strong a hold on him, and which he so often symbolized in the myth of the tree Ygdrasil,—the legendary symbol of the growth of Time, which he loved to oppose to all mechanical explanations of the universe,—the belief that the past lives in the present, we shall fail to apprehend any part of his message.

We shall understand it best, we believe, if we connect it with that recoil from the spirit of the eighteenth century which marked the dawn of its successor. His characteristic expression for that virtue which may be regarded as the seed of all excellence is *Veracity*. It is with a true discernment of the importance of association that he substituted the Latinized version of "truthfulness" for the homelier word. *Veracity*, in his sense, is not truthfulness, does not even necessarily include it; at least, the thing he meant was compatible with many a deliberate falsehood. He meant the power and the will—it is not possible to separate the two things—to look behind the veils and curtains that drape realities, and to grasp the facts of life. Now, it was exactly this which the men of the eighteenth century abhorred. They regarded every attempt to penetrate behind formulas to principles with the dread—a dread surprisingly long-lived if we look at it with our associations of rapid change—of some return to "the fanaticism of the last age." The influence of the Puritan rebellion, throughout a large part of the eighteenth century, resembled the influence of the French revolution throughout the early part of this. The men of that time were like certain Irish peasants whom Carlyle somewhere describes as moving warily across a
the timbers of which were already giving way, and
ng to the side of the walls, where they felt themselves
Or perhaps we may better describe them as the

dwellers in some carelessly built house, who still trembled with the recollection of a recent fall, and in every movement had an eye to its possible repetition. They trod daintily, they shrank from admitting anything weighty, they insisted that all movements should be slow, and that as a matter of life and death all vehement action should be avoided. The Puritans had a firm standing-ground: they believed that God was the ruler of this earth, and called upon men to hear and do His will now as He had done to the Jews of old. The Jacobites had a firm standing-ground: they believed (such of them as were absolutely sincere) that God had appointed the rulers of this earth, and that He called upon men to submit to His delegates. But the true children of the eighteenth century did not thoroughly believe either of these things; they did not even believe that both contained a truth so much as that both contained a falsehood; and they felt, accordingly, that whatever theory was taken up as a working hypothesis of life must be stopped just short of either of these views. Thus they insisted that all thorough, logical acceptance of ideas in their extreme consequences,—all consistent pursuit of a true hypothesis of life throughout all practical issues,—in short, all thorough-going surrender to any belief whatever, should be set aside as enthusiasm. For their views, political and religious alike, were such as would not bear carrying out far in any direction whatever without landing them in a contradiction. We must not believe that God was ruling the world just as George I. was ruling England—that was a belief that led to enthusiasm and profanity; nobody could say what we should have to do if we believed that. But neither could we say that God had appointed George I. to reign over us; for there had been all kinds of trouble about the Protestant succession, and we had, in fact, appointed that for ourselves. The true way out of the difficulty would seem to be to deny that God had anything whatever to do with the government of the world, but if words had to be taken literally, that was just what the Bible seemed to assert. Hence there arose everywhere a dread of everything ultimate, a sense that every line of thought would land the traveller on a contradiction if carried too far, a belief that wisdom consisted in the art of setting up impassable barriers and walling in the course of speculation within manageable limits. The revolution of 1688 was a virtual claim for a remodelling of our theory of Government; but the old phrases were to hold good, only they were not to be examined, not discussed—in short, not thoroughly believed. The whole course of speculation was adverse to the received theories of religion, the average mind rejected neither theories nor the new views which were to be fatal to them, but aimed at a certain illogical *modus vivendi* between the two. To the mind of that day there was difficulty in believing the premisses and disbelieving the conclusion. It would be truer to say that neither premisses nor conclusion we

entirely believed or disbelieved, but it was agreed that one could not be denied and the other need not be asserted.

If the spirit which we have here endeavoured to describe were confined to the eighteenth century, it would not be to the point to discuss it in referring to a person who was five years old when that century expired. But it is one to which Englishmen are strongly inclined at all times, and it does not seem extinct at the present day. How little we mean to speak scornfully of it will appear when we say that in some ways (not in all) we should be inclined to find its typical exhibition in, perhaps, the noblest Briton of the eighteenth century—Edmund Burke.* But whether we think it a good thing or whether we think it a bad thing, we must all agree that this is the spirit which Carlyle most hated. As we study it, we feel that this is the mould in which the molten lava took its shape. What is concave here is convex there; in following the lines of one surface, we have the reversed impression of the other. Much of what seems extravagance in Carlyle is explained when we look at it in this light. His obscurity disappears, his exaggerations are softened, and his originality emerges with new lustre, when we see him as a rebel against a dominant spirit of compromise. How exaggerated, for instance, seem his diatribes against Cant! In truth, the danger of our time lies in the very opposite direction from any insincere echo of other people's opinions, rather in a hasty and exaggerated expression of our own beliefs. But that is the feeling of a time completely revolutionized, a time when the reaction against the Revolution has died away, when its discoveries have become commonplaces, and all its theories are well worked into practical life, and taken for granted. Against this background, we shall never understand Thomas Carlyle. His antagonism to the age of compromise is commemorated, not only in his chief historic work, but in the whole bent of his moral sympathies and his intellectual taste. If we forget this, Carlyle will often appear to us like a student who trims his lamp when he might draw his curtain. His words were most eagerly read when a large part of their lesson was identified with the impulse of the hour, and we remember with difficulty that the two were once deadly foes.

His true affinities, therefore, seem to us with the men who were impelled by a common recoil from the spirit we have aimed at describing—the same impulse which, in political life, created a French Revolution. Of course a recoil will take the most various forms. A common starting-point does not mean a common goal; people may move in twenty different directions, all of them being influenced by the same wish to leave a particular spot far behind them. The ages, the nations, the literatures, the modes of thought that the eighteenth century

ador, as an illustration of this view of Burke, to his elaborate principles of 1688 from the principles of 1789. Nothing seems to "at Carlyle meant by "formulas."

had thought barbarous became suddenly full of attraction; but the field was various, and the hunters would not have all recognized each other for brethren. But what Carlyle meant by *veracity* was the common aspiration of all the typical men of this time. We will try to make our meaning clear by a comparison between him and two poets, for one of whom he never had any feeling (to judge from this posthumous notice) but an unintelligent contempt, and for the other of whom we should say he had a distinct repulsion. Yet it appears to us in both cases that his watchword was also theirs, though in a sense so different that perhaps neither he nor they would have recognized it. The poetic revolution effected by Wordsworth was that he broke down the barriers by which previously certain sections of life and phraseology had been fenced in, as appropriate subject-matter and dialect for poetry, and declared that its true material was life as it is, nature as it is. Others had done it before him, in fact, but he first carried out the reform consciously, systematically, didactically; he first reclaimed the waste that lay beyond these trim gardens, and showed that flowers bloomed here too. Is not this a translation into the region of poetry of what Carlyle preached in the world of morality? Respect Nature, respect the facts of everyday life—this is the Wordsworthian lesson; and the message of Carlyle—more emphatic, less simple, more elaborate—seems to us not essentially different. And that the two men were probably too different to be able to understand each other (these “Reminiscences” prove that at all events the incapacity existed on one side), only makes their common truth the more conspicuous. Wordsworth joined that reaction which Carlyle hated; but he and Carlyle were spiritual brethren, though they knew it not.

Again, to turn to one whom Carlyle, at least, recognized as a force to be taken account of: his repulsion to Byronism, we believe, expresses, in part, that feeling with which we all turn from a caricature of ourselves. Byron’s is the defiance hurled by a wild, nature-loving spirit against the decorum of a smug, heartless respectability; he is full of the turbid exaggeration with which passionate, self-asserting sincerity strives to brand and crush the hypocrisy to which, in truth, it thereby supplies an antiseptic. It seems to us that some such words may be used also to describe an important part of the ideal that Carlyle regarded with most sympathy. The pirate—

“Who knew himself a villain, but who deemed
The rest no better than the thing he seemed,
And scorned the rest as hypocrites who hid
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did”

has much in common with the Carlylean hero. The Corsair flinging aside his disguise in the Pacha’s hall is a sort of type of that spirit which Carlyle sympathized with, on its worst side, no doubt; but on a side which had a powerful hold in him. For remember, it is the Pacha:

not the Corsair, who is the true robber ; the Corsair is the true commander, the true ruler of men : his lightning-stroke destroys that which has only assumed to itself untruly the aspect of justice, and the support of a befooled and duped society. And what Carlyle scorned in Byron was the casting of " pearls before swine ;" the alliance of the spirit that he regarded so sympathetically with the spirit against which all the scorn of his nature was most powerfully stirred—the weak self-indulgence, the moral cowardice, the pampered spirit which marks all the dangers of an aristocracy. To the modern spirit, at its best, this temptation is always despicable ;—to Carlyle, in whose veins ran the blood of the Scottish Lowlands, who would speak with pride of his own father's careful work, and who always felt loftiness of position a claim for arduous effort, it was peculiarly despicable. His loathing for the life of the idle aristocrat is expressed in " Sartor Resartus ;" indeed, with a repulsive distinctness which seems to us the only blot on the most characteristic of his works. And this entanglement of the Byronic ideal with so much that is false and poor, seems to hide from him what it shared with his own,—the refusal to accept any belief that could not be fully acknowledged, the protest against limits traced by a timid and artificial age, and the claim for man's whole being of at least a full and fearless recognition. It is with those who joined in this protest that we would class Thomas Carlyle, though he was so much the junior of any of them, and though there were none of them whom he seems to have adequately appreciated. He was a deeper nature than any, and where he takes up their protest it is as if a violoncello should repeat the melody of a flute. But the air, we believe, is the same.

To say that the influence of a great man must be explained by a review of the past, is, if he has died in extreme old age, almost the same as saying that its later aspects are misleading. In truth, the moral influence which we have tried to indicate, appears to us to have ceased long before even the close of Carlyle's literary career. Roughly speaking, we should say that it waned rapidly after what he calls " the disastrous and humiliating year, 1848." Of course we are not speaking of his popularity, which was at its height, we learn from himself, when he went to Edinburgh to address the students of the University as their Rector in 1866 ; nor are we speaking of his literary activity, the visible record of which is almost as great, judged by mere bulk, since that time as before it. We mean that after 1848 his writings became a part of mere literature. " The French Revolution," the " Essays," above all " Sartor Resartus," are a part of literature, but they are also something more. They form a channel of moral influence, in the same way that the speeches of Mr. Gladstone or the sermons of Dr. Newman form such a channel. They are impassioned appeals to the moral nature of man ; they stir the whole being ; they were *dynamic*

writings. Of the literary work of his later years this cannot be said. It is an indispensable study for any one who wishes to understand the eighteenth century, and that is all. It does not, therefore, come within the scope of an essay which deals with this deeper influence; and in what follows we shall touch on it lightly, or not at all.

We must revive old recollections if we would describe that deeper influence. But the old recollections are among the most vivid in memory's store. The first moment that his spell was felt is remembered as the first sight of the Alps or the sea. No doubt it is easier to say what that influence was not than what it was. It was not that of an instructor, enlarging the field of intellectual vision and bringing new facts to the storehouse of thought; nor yet that of a critic, supplying new logical machinery for the working up of these facts into theories; it was a power which told not alone on the intellect but the whole nature, and did not so much present new material to thought, as new life to thought itself. Carlyle appears to us the great witness to the permanent inspiration of humanity. He belonged to a race powerfully influenced by the idea of a partial inspiration, and felt a sympathy with this belief curiously strong for one who did not share it. He was thus educated to appreciate the effect of an actual conviction, as compared with a mere undisputed hypothesis; he discerned a force in the lives of those who lived under the sense of a Divine mission, which it seemed to him was the actual condition of all true work. He made us feel—for who that had not felt his power would venture to try to describe it?—that

"Die Geisterwelt ist nicht verschlossen,
Dein Sinn ist zu, dein Herz ist todt."

He showed us that the influx of Divine power was no privilege of a peculiar race or a particular age, but the very atmosphere of all vigorous life whatever, national or individual. As Wordsworth had vindicated man's homely, unheroic life for poetry, discerning the ideal element in old beggars, and village schoolmasters, and leech-gatherers, and all sorts of prosaic people, as they would have been thought; so Carlyle brought that which is to the soul what poetry is to the intellect into common everyday life; he saw a Revelation of God not in one age or book, but in all. Conventional opinion had made distinctions between one part of history and life and another, which were as unreal as a classification which would refuse to allow our earth a place in the same category with Mercury and Venus. But we too inhabit a star: our world is a member of the heavens, and shares their brightness, if it be regarded from the right point of view. In his own words—

"May we not say that the hour of spiritual enfranchisement is even this? When your ideal world, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed and thrown open; and you discover with amazement enough, like the Lothario in 'Wilhelm Meister,' America is

here or nowhere.' The situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal: work it out thyself, and working, believe, live, be free."*

Two opposite convictions lay involved in this teaching—opposite, yet, perhaps, in reality, only the active and passive side of the same belief—in which, if they penetrated the whole being, lies man's true redemption. One is a sense of the sacredness of work, that, though every true worker, even in the humblest sphere, must have felt it, was never, till the time of Carlyle, admitted to any adequate expression in literature. Carlyle is the first poetic thinker who has raised industry to that position from which, at first, the associations with slavery belonging to a classical ideal, and afterwards the associations with poverty belonging to an aristocratic ideal, had apparently excluded it; and this outer or social part of his influence we believe to be commemorated in the unquestionably changed ideal of our higher classes. Doubtless, the most universal of all human temptations, as indolence is, will generally be victorious, when it has no ally in circumstance, with every generation. But no one can say that in our time this is the ideal of the high-born and the well-endowed. It has become the social creed of the upper classes that they must in some way justify their position, they must and they may do many things that were out of the question when Carlyle was young, or even middle-aged. A breath of manly life has passed over the world, and if the Honourable Felicissimus Zero is still to be found in fashionable life, at least we could not make him our type of the parliamentary leader. This new spirit has taken odd forms, no doubt; but on the whole it has been the parent of many useful and manly aspirations among a generation of Englishmen, and has, through them, coloured all English life, and we cannot doubt that in a great measure it is due to the influence of Thomas Carlyle.

This we would call the outward result of his lesson, and we think it obvious. The inward result cannot, in the nature of things, be in like manner unquestionable, but it seem to us equally real. His words had a peculiar influence in bringing this fundamental belief to lull the tossing of egotistic unrest, and appease the clamour of a mere personal demand for happiness with the sense of a mission in the humblest fate. Strange that one who so worshipped force should have had so mighty an influence in clothing the idea of resignation with some attractive power that changed it, for some minds, from a word to a thing! Yet, perhaps, not altogether strange. Perhaps a manly submission to the force that is felt divine is the first condition of successful work. "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you," was a paradox that Carlyle heartily accepted. A surrender to that divine voice was submission and effort in one.

* "*Sartor Resartus*" (Everlasting Yea).

How slight a variation in the statement of truth opens the door to error! The belief in the inspiration of humanity is the strength of Carlyle's creed. The belief in inspired men is its weakness. As a belief in the inspiration of the Bible has been often a disbelief in the worth of any other literature, so his sense of the dignity of the hero and the prophet became in its distortion a scorn for average humanity; that is the most blinding medium through which we can contemplate our fellows, and which it is deplorable to remember his editor has forced on our attention in these last words from his pen. It cannot be denied that his personal character bore some traces of this scorn; he was sometimes overbearing, a fault which we think the world condones too readily in great men, and which we cannot, therefore, pass over quite without notice. But beneath the scorn lay a deep and tender reverence, not alone for those who claimed it in right of the massiveness and force of their character, but for many whom one would have expected him to despise. And the reverence, we think, was a deeper thing than the scorn. But it was less obvious. His scorn, indeed, derived nourishment even from his withered faith. It reminds us of the fine saying of Nathan der Weise—

"Der Aberglaub' in dem wir aufgewachsen
Verliert, wenn wir ihn auch erkennen, darum
Doch seine Macht nicht über uns."

We have no right, indeed, to say that Carlyle grew up in any superstition. These volumes prove it to have been a pure and holy faith. Nevertheless, in speaking of a large part of his creed, an adverse critic might borrow Professor Huxley's epigram on Comtism, and describe it as Calvinism without Christianity. He was intensely a Calvinist. If all beyond this world were dim, at least in this world the division of the elect and the reprobate was a mighty reality. It was his indictment against our modern society that we had broken away from this creed, and refused to recognize a division which was as fundamental as any in science. "Yes, my friends, scoundrel is scoundrel: that remains for ever a fact; and there exists not on the earth whitewash that can make the scoundrel a friend of this universe. He remains an enemy, if you spent your life whitewashing him."² Carlyle's virulence against the friends of the negro seems to us a curious symbol of this political Manichæism (to go back to the purest form of Calvinism); it was as if the black skin had become an actual type of the black nature on which modern philanthropy wasted its purifying efforts. He seemed to feel sometimes as if men were divided into black races and white races to express in an outward and visible form the inward distinction which our stupidity was constantly confusing.

There was not much interest in this rather childish piece of symbolism, nor have we ever heard any friend of Carlyle's speak of these pro-

² "Latter-Day Pamphlets" (Model Prison).

slavery harangues with any feeling but weariness and regret. But there is another aspect in which much that was harsh in his political views seems illustrated by Calvinism. The Calvinist idea of virtue is adherence to divine law; that law itself, therefore, must be something deeper than virtue. If goodness consists in obedience to the will of God, we cannot say that God himself is good; there is no superior will in conformity to which we may trace goodness in Him. And the great Reformers did not shrink from this audacity of logic. Luther, who in this respect was as Calvinistic as Calvin, answered Erasmus boldly, when he reproached him with ascribing to God conduct which would be hateful to man, that this was just what he had a full right to do. For man to decide that fellow-man, for no fault of his, should be doomed to frightful punishment, was an offence against the law of God. But God was not bound by His own laws, and He might thus deal with the creatures who, as mere results of His own power, could claim absolutely nothing at His hands. We must not endeavour to find in His dealings with us that material for *approbation* which was inseparable from all merely human reverence. This elevation of power above morality was never, we think, put forward in all its naked repulsiveness after the Reformation; when later Calvinists tried to justify their scheme, they took refuge in the *incomprehensibility* of God's dealings, and always seemed to be ready to fall back on the belief that our moral sense might be fully satisfied with the "scheme of redemption" if our intellectual powers were sufficiently enlarged to take it in. It seems to us that though Carlyle was never, in a religious sense, a Calvinist, yet his strong sympathy with the traditional creed of his country left its influence on his political creed in the distinct form which had been impressed upon it by the more robust logic of the earlier thinkers. Enthroned above all that man can discern of the laws that guide his fate sits an awful Power, of whom Carlyle less and less spoke in any language that denoted personality, but for whom he never ceased to claim an absolute, unfaltering submission, in a sense which no thinker could claim submission for a mere *thing*. And though he often used language that implied justice in the Divine Ruler, yet often also—and more and more—he seems to have felt, as the Calvinists did, as if God were rather the fountain of justice than just. The impression left by his allusions seems to be that all we *can* know of God is power. And if the rulers of men were powerful, it was because they were at one with the designs of the Ruler of man. Thus his worship of Force was in fact always a part of his worship of God. His reverence for power—even when it took such forms, for instance, as that glorification of Frederick William of Prussia which seems to us the most repulsive thing he ever wrote—should never be regarded apart from his profound sense that all strength was divine, that there was no power which was not an actual participation of nature with the will that ruled the world, and in submission to which lay our highest duty.

How far this worship of force has influenced those who have learned from Carlyle we have much doubt. It has certainly had some direct influence, important as far as it goes. On the whole, however, it appears to us that Carlyle's sympathy with tyranny has actually been an influence on the side of democracy; for people naturally suppose that when a wise man is driven to violence and extravagance in his advocacy, he is advocating a bad cause. And then, too, it must be remembered that he was, in spite of his peasant birth, in sympathies an aristocrat. His hatred towards an indolent and luxurious aristocracy is the hatred of an aspiring nature for those who deface a fine ideal, and his sympathy with such a peasant nature as his own father is the sympathy with which we regard those who provide a fitting background for such an ideal. The true test of aristocratic feeling, in the exclusive, negative sense, is the feeling with which a man regards not the peasantry, but the *bourgeoisie*. On this side we think both Carlyle, and those who learnt much from Carlyle, were apt to exhibit some of the weakness of aristocracy, and some touches of this we imagine ourselves to discern in the volumes. It should be borne in mind that the *bourgeoisie*, the class that was least to his taste—to which he had no ties whatever—was at his best time the dominant political body. His contempt and dislike for "respectability," "gigmanity," and the like, would take a different aspect in our day. From 1832 to 1867 the dangers of "gigmanity" were the dangers of England—its prejudices, its stupidity shackled public life; it was, in fact, the governor. The cause of popular government was associated with the class most remote from his sympathies. It would never have much sympathy from him; but we think the recoil might, in other circumstances, have been less contemptuous.

But however we explain it, we must allow that Carlyle's influence in favour of that which is true in Conservatism, has not been so large as we should have hoped. For we cannot imagine any teacher more valuable to our generation than one who should point out clearly and emphatically the dangers of Democracy; and it seems to us that here was a man of genius who did so point them out, and that this part of his lesson has been vain. And this failure is the more striking, because the political world has been so much governed, even to this very hour, by men who were not very greatly Carlyle's juniors. It is not as if a new generation had arisen who knew not Carlyle; it is the old who have gone over to the enemy. We suppose that the current towards Democracy in our day has been too strong for the strongest swimmer to resist. And in all our disappointment at feeling that the prophet has here spoken truly, and spoken in vain, we may console ourselves with the belief that no words are wholly wasted which teach that hardly-learnt lesson—that the union of truth with scorn is sterile.

Perhaps we may see the truth in Carlyle's protest against Democracy more clearly if we approach it from a side on which he himself never

opened it. No great man who ever lived had less sympathy with Liberty, in the modern sense, than he had. But do we not too much forget, at times, that it has had any but the modern sense? It is strange that a word of which the most brilliant associations are classical should be invariably used in a sense that a Greek or Roman would have had much difficulty in understanding. It is not that he would have disagreed with an Englishman or an American; he would never have been able to see exactly what he meant. Liberty, to the citizen of classic antiquity, meant dominion. To be free was to have a share in government. Freedom as much implied servitude as the convex implies the concave. Much of what is most wild, most offensive in Carlyle's utterance becomes intelligible when we regard it as a protest against the substitution of the modern ideal of liberty for the ancient. We do not mean that he strove to resuscitate a Roman ideal of liberty; his sympathies were all with the romantic, not the classic past, and for anything of the nature of a revival he would have felt a strong distaste. But for that, in the modern ideal of Liberty, which is contrasted with the ancient, (which we may roughly indicate by describing the ideal ruler as a mere policeman)—this he hated just as Plato would have hated it. Listen, for instance, to this voice from the first volume which comes within what we would call his period of mere protest :*—

"I do not suppose any reader of mine, or many persons in England at all, have much faith in fraternity, equality, and the revolutionary millenniums preached by the French prophets in this age; but there are many movements here, too, which tend inevitably in the like direction; and good men who would stand aghast at Red Republic and its adjuncts seem to me travelling at full speed towards that or a similar goal! Certainly the notion everywhere prevails among us too, and preaches itself abroad in every dialect, uncontradicted anywhere as far as I can hear, that the grand panacea for social woes is what we call 'enfranchisement,' 'emancipation,' or, translated into practical language, the cutting asunder of all human relations, whenever they are found grievous. . . . Let us all be 'free' of one another; we shall then be happy—free, without bond or connexion except that of cash payment, fair day's wages for the fair day's work, bargained for by voluntary contract and law of supply and demand—this is thought to be the true solution of all difficulties and injustices that have occurred between man and man. To rectify the relation that exists between two men is there no method, then, but that of ending it? The old relation has become unsuitable, obsolete, perhaps unjust; it imperatively requires to be amended, and the remedy is, abolish it—let there be henceforth no relation at all. From the 'Sacrament of Marriage' downwards, human beings used to be manifoldly related one to another, and each to all; and there was no relation among human beings, just or unjust, that had not its grievances and its difficulties, its necessities on both sides to bear and forbear. But henceforth, be it known, we have changed all that by favour of Heaven: 'the voluntary principle' has come up, which will itself do the business for us; and now let a new Sacrament, that of *Divorce*, which we call emancipation, and spout of on our platforms, be universally the order of the day. . . . Cut every human relation which has anywhere grown uneasy sheer asunder, reduce whatever was compulsory to voluntary, whatsoever was permanent in us to the condition of nomadic:—in other words, loosen by assiduous wedges in every joint the whole

"Latter-Day Pamphlets."

fabric of social existence, stone from stone, till at last, all now being loose enough, it can, as we already see in most countries, be overset by sudden bursts of revolutionary rage, and lying as mere mountains of anarchic rubbish, solicit you to sing Fraternity, &c., over it, and to rejoice at the new remarkable era of human progress we have arrived at."

In those words you have, we believe, the feelings, however differently they would have been expressed, with which those of the ancients who most admired liberty would have contemplated our modern society. To make man free by annihilating, in the eye of the law, almost all relation except that which is the result of a bargain, would have seemed to them like making a solitude and calling it peace. Society, in the ancient ideal, was a highly organic thing, consisting of groups, the members of which were connected by a most elaborate system of relation, so that the State was repeated in every family, and the graduated system of civil right, which buttressed Roman power, was reflected in every household. Society, in the modern ideal, is a collection of individuals. It is idle to wish to undo the work of two thousand years, and the volume from which our quotation is taken is little more than a lament over the process by which this change has been brought about. Still, while we lament that a great man should have given his support to tyranny, it is well to remember that in this protest Carlyle would have had on his side the wisest men of that era of the world which, from its pre-eminence as a school of thought and of expression, we are wont to speak of as classical. Are we not, perhaps too ready to imagine that neither he nor they had anything to say for their belief? For our own part, what we most lament in that monotonous vehemence is that we believe it deafened its hearers to the element in it that was true.

Human character is a many-sided thing, and every true description of a human being must be full of apparent contradictions. We do not think Carlyle was specially so; his inconsistencies were all lighted up by genius, but he was about as consistent as most people. And yet we have to say of this fierce hater of democracy that he was its prophet and singer. He, who had no sympathy with liberty, has bequeathed us, as his most characteristic work, what may be called a sort of imperfect trilogy (the first part being wanting) of the great drama of the modern Revolution, of which Liberty became the watchword. Even in the very expression of his sympathy, however, we discern its sharp limitation. The two periods lit up by the flash—the Puritan uprising in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the still greater Revolution which closed the eighteenth—are both succeeded by sudden dimness. When Whiggism replaced Puritanism he could only sneer at the "beautiful Revolution of 'eighty-eight" which steps over the bodies of dead heroes filling the trench "in official pumps and silk stockings and universal three times three."* A civil-spoken, lawyer-like, decorous Revo-

* "Heroes and Hero-Worship," p. 236.

lution, especially when it stood so near the real thing, and seemed to pretend to some inheritance of its fame, was an abomination to him! And then, again, when Whiggism takes up the message of the Revolution he turns away in disgust. Let us borrow an illustrative touch from these "Reminiscences." "You are so terribly in earnest," said Jeffrey to him after one of their battles. There spoke the eighteenth century to its successor and its predecessor alike! Carlyle embodied what was common to both, but his deepest sympathies were given (against the grain, we believe, of his intellectual convictions) to Puritanism; and we cannot but regret that it is the Puritan revolution which he has set before us in the least finished and literary form. There is something very remarkable in his sympathy with the faith that inspired it. The whole spring of its energy was to be found in beliefs that he did not share—that is to say, that he thought untrue. And yet he always seems to feel that the Puritans were stronger men than their descendants simply in virtue of their belief. It has always been a marvel to us how he contrived to dismiss, as something insignificant, the enormous differences between his creed and theirs, and we can never quite get over a sense of infidelity to his own idea of veracity in this *belief in the power of belief* apart from its truth. Something of this feeling seems to us to come out in the way he comments on such a notice, for instance, as that Cromwell appointed a day of humiliation and prayer. "If modern readers suppose these paragraphs to be cant, it will turn out an entire mistake. I advise all modern readers not only to believe that Cromwell here means what he says, but," &c. &c. It is almost as if he wanted to assure himself that belief then was real. Were, then, these tremendous transactions in which the Puritans believed, just as he believed that Charles I. was put to death,—were they matters of so little moment, that the words which seemed to assert them might be used as a mere circumlocution for the belief that an awful Power lay beyond our scrutiny, but was manifest to us in His judgments upon us? Nothing that Carlyle despised as a "formula" seems to us more unreal than this. Yet this is what he seems to have felt. The Puritans did not believe in the eternities and the immensities; they believed in God and Christ. They would not have said the difference between their creed and Carlyle's was insignificant; they would never have said, like Margaret to Faust:

"Das ist alles recht schön und gut
Ungefähr sagt das der Pfarrer auch
Nur mit ein bisschen andern Worten."

And Carlyle, if he had justified himself in those words of Faust which we suppose contain his creed—

"Wer darf ihn nennen?
Und wer bekennen
Ich glaub ihn?
Wer empfinden
Und sich unterwinden
Zu sagen, ich glaub' ihn nicht?
* * * * *

Ich habe keinen Namen
Dafür ! Gefühl ist alles
Name ist Schall und Rauch"—

was pronouncing the most distinct condemnation against those who dared name the Unnameable, and accept very definite propositions about it. And herein the two halves of his nature seem to us not in harmony.

There are two interesting passages in these "Reminiscences" where, in referring to the faith of his parents, he drops a few words which throw a great light on his relation to Puritanism. The first seems to us so typical of his attitude towards the past, that we could imagine having it explained away as an allegory, if the circumstances admitted of it :

"It was 10 P.M. of a still and fine night when I arrived at my father's door hearing him make worship, and stood meditatively, gratefully, lovingly, till he had ended : thinking to myself how good and innocently beautiful and peaceful on the earth is all this : and it was the last time I was ever to hear it. I must have been there twice or oftener" (after that), "but the sound of his pious psalm and prayer I never heard again. With a noble politeness, very noble when I consider, they kept all that in a fine kind of remoteness from us, knowing and somehow forgiving us completely that we did not think of it quite as they" (ii. 160).

And then, in a still more touching outburst of filial recollection, after speaking of a time of great misery on his part :

"Unwearied kindness was always mine from my incomparable mother. I did at last contrive, by judicious endeavour, to speak piously and agreeably to one so pious without unverity. Nay, it was a kind of interesting exercise to wind softly out of those anxious affectionate cavils of her dear heart, and get real sympathy, real assent under borrowed forms. Oh, her patience with me ! Oh, her never-tiring love !" (i. 181.)

That picture of his reverently listening to his father's prayer outside the closed door seems to us a type of his whole attitude towards Christianity. It was a very strong sympathy, rooted in the deepest part of his nature ; yet it appears to us that the line which divides that kind of sympathy from what he called *unverity* is an exceedingly subtle and faint one. At another moment, and when the narrow faith was not associated with his reverence and love, he might have spoken scornfully of this pathetic craving for "real sympathy under borrowed forms." For think a moment of the dissent which Carlyle must have been contented to ignore in these touching theological conversations with his mother ! We doubt not that in his parents' simple creed were articles that they would have died rather than deny, and he would have died rather than assert. Yet the sense of harmony between them was a deeper thing than the sense of divergence. Love was the interpreter here, and doubtless that love interpreted their faith to him always, by whomsoever it was held. It showed him their faith as the root of noble lives, and vindicated his own deep conviction that a noble life must be always rooted in the truth. And in the case of historic Puritanism a less valuable element came in.

His sympathies were always given to faith in its militant form; the love of a truth always expressed itself most naturally as a hatred against the opposite falsehood, and this also is the Puritan spirit. It is Puritanism as a revolt against Sacerdotalism, that engages his energetic sympathy. Sacerdotalism he hated with more thoroughness even than he loved Puritanism. Puritanism was true in a certain sense, but Sacerdotalism was false in every sense. He could not even believe that any one believed it. It seemed to him, we fancy, a sort of spiritual flunkeyism: his protest against it was a refusal to be shown into the Divine Presence by liveried menials, a claim to meet his God alone. When the dear associations of the revered past, and the protest of a vehement, rugged independence join in one impulse, no wonder that impulse should be strong enough to bear down all merely logical barriers. But we think his *picture* of Puritanism would have been a truer thing had he recognized how high these logical barriers were.

While on the one hand we feel Carlyle not always entirely loyal to his own ideal of veracity, on the other we owe him no unmixed gratitude for that ideal itself. A large part of the effect of this on general morality (if indeed we must trace to his influence the raw unreserve which characterizes so much of the thought of our day), seems to us not gain, but the reverse. And though we are not sure that the two things, as a matter of fact, have much to do with one another, we still feel that the certain danger of making truth an aim is to conceal the duty of reserve. There were personal characteristics in him which lessened the danger,—his own natural dignity, his reticence, his massiveness of nature,—but we by no means think he escaped it, either as a man or a writer. As a writer, indeed, the richness and the peculiarity of his style are so much connected with the unchecked utterance of a unique individuality, and the occasional touches of Swift, which illustrate the danger of giving utterance to all one thinks, are so rare, that on the whole, perhaps, that might be passed over. But as a man (though not, of course, in this direction) the danger was much oftener evident. His temptation was not to anything we usually associate with the name of unreserve, but the rough, needless plainness of speech, and occasional utter disregard of other people's feelings—sometimes, we believe, bitterly regretted by him, but often repeated—form, to our mind, a telling exhibition of the danger of changing a negative to a positive duty. Every one should beware of the *impulse* towards veracity. The love of truth does not show itself as anything rapid or impressive. It is modest, temperate, it is averse to all vehemence, it dies with the touch of exaggeration. Perhaps it is the rarest of all virtues. Every kind of predilection is mistaken for it—the taste for rhetoric, the taste for logic, party spirit, and above all that sense of the value of a particular truth which has no more connection with it than the sense of the value of a particular medicine has. Most of these things are harmless, some

of them are good, but none of them are the love of truth. And indeed the love of truth itself seems to us a wrong expression; we would rather name the virtue thus indicated a dread of falsehood. It is our duty never to let our words or deeds suggest what is false; but it is only the duty of particular persons in particular circumstances to make them suggest what is true. The duty of truth means the duty of avoiding falsehood; in no other sense is it a duty. It is poor work putting all our crude, rough, hasty judgments into words, and calling that a love of truth. The virtue which Carlyle admired in what he called veracity, as far as it admits of paraphrase in a single word, was, we think, courage; but danger and courage vanish together. There is nothing now, in ordinary circumstances, that needs so little courage as speaking the truth, unless the truth be merely personal. It is an evil thing to add to that impulse which most of us feel to give our nature its full swing, and which, in every one who feels it at all, is quite strong enough, any sense of self-laudation for not being afraid to speak our minds. Is it to further the truth to *speak* our minds? "The society in which the greatest amount of falsehood should be uttered," it was once said in our hearing by a wise man, "is the society in which each member should make it his object to utter the whole truth." It would be a strange irony if Carlyle had done anything to help on this state of things! It would have seemed to him a stupid misunderstanding to suppose that there is any antagonism between the praise of silence and the praise of truth. But we believe that experience would prove the hostility a real one; we are sure that, in actual life, no one will always suppose that truth is a duty, and always remember that reticence is so likewise.

Carlyle was faithful to his own ideal, at all events, in the career which he chose for his activity. He combines the historic spirit of our age with a poetic fervour that belongs to our fathers. So powerful a dramatic genius, we believe, never before chose history for its field. Dramatic power is discoverable in many a chronicler of the past, from Herodotus downwards; but dramatic power as it is shown in the works of Carlyle has hitherto been exhibited only in the field of poetry or of fiction. In some ways, indeed, we might compare him rather to the actor than the author of the piece. He studies a character as an actor gets up his part, throwing himself into his hero's position, adopting his sympathies, apologizing for his temptations, and prepared throughout the whole of his career to make common-cause with him. Nor is it merely in vividness of character-painting that his power is shown; the outward representation is equally vivid. His description constantly embodies some hint of costume, of adventitious accessories, such as almost suggests the stage. King John appears on the scene "in a suit of cramoisy velvet with a superabundance of plumage and fringing, and sort of a blackguard quality air;" or the etymology of Hohenzollern is illustrated by a little vignette of the High Toll, where travelling merchants unload their

mules and unstrap their wares at the lofty castle gate. We are never without some hint of scenery for his narrative. It is to the same characteristic, we fancy, that we owe the odd little devices of his style, his constant extracts from an "unpublished work not sure of ever getting published," and his other forms of recourse to that self-quotation, the object of which we fail quite to understand, but in which we can fancy that he found a sort of stage where he might partly recognize and confess the nature of his own sympathies, and make himself a personage in his own drama. Yet the driest of compilers does not exceed him in accuracy, and his histories might be read as records of fact if they had no other attraction. So far as we know, no single statement made by him has ever been questioned (of course we do not mean the general effect of his statements),—surely a remarkable fact when we consider the scale of some of his narrations, and the quantity of books consulted by him at which he must have been satisfied by a mere glance. He will even pause to mention that something happened on Monday instead of Tuesday, as his authority has mistakenly reported; and these little asides to the reader are so full of his own individuality, that there seems a certain racy flavour even in the correction of an insignificant date—a carrier who dies in January, for instance, and, owing to his biographer forgetting the "old style," proceeds to forward parcels in February, fixes old New Year's Day in our memories with the flavour of epigram. The picture, at once so richly coloured and so definite, claims a degree of confidence which perhaps it does not entirely deserve. Because he enables us to remember what he tells us about a character, we suppose that he justifies us in believing it; but the vigorous dramatist is not, in the nature of things, an absolutely trustworthy guide through the tangled labyrinth of human motives. Truth, it is often said, is stranger than fiction. But it is not so dramatic. In the best of men and in the worst of men there are strange inconsistencies, which spoil them both for effective presentation before the eyes of men with that completeness which satisfies the dramatic sense. We have heard that Macaulay refused to look at papers which proved William III. to have been responsible for the Massacre of Glencoe. He could not bear to recast the part of his hero. Carlyle would have read every word, extracted what was telling, illustrated it with all sorts of genealogy and geography, and then flaunted the evidence in our faces as proofs that massacre was part of an heroic ideal. But even where his sympathies are misleading their truth exceeds their error. The man or the period they exhibit is lighted up by a blaze of light, in which, as distinguished from the surrounding darkness, we can make out but little gradation. Within that charmed circle every outline is indeed sharp and definite, but light and shade hardly exist. Still such flashes are most revealing; they at least reveal to us that the men of the past were of our own flesh and blood—no pale images on faded tapestry, but warm living human beings, full of love and hatred, of hope and fear, of passionate desire and

passionate aversion. It is not a small debt to owe to any one that he had made the Past real to us. Much even of the moral distortion which we occasionally find in Carlyle's histories may be forgiven to him who forces us to believe that the Past *was* present. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the gain which it would be to men to believe in History—to realize that legend of the tree Ygdrasil where the Past is a root of the Present. How impossible would all baseness seem if we could realize that we must bequeath our deeds to our children! The permanence of national life is the one great lesson in the forgetfulness of which all national crime seems to have originated, and no historian has ever preached this as Carlyle has done.

We believe that this testimony is even a larger one than it sounds. In that sense of a Divine plan for which he honoured the Puritans, and for which we can fancy he turned back to them when his own sense of it was faint and dim, lies the great idea of history, which may be translated into many dialects and used by those who deny that an aim implies a mind, but apart from which, we are certain, history would become a dreary and meaningless imbroglio. Carlyle was too much of a Calvinist to see it in its truest form, as a Divine education. But as a sort of "apostolic succession"—a spiritual genealogy of inspired men, and therefore born rulers of men—he felt it, and preached it as only, we believe, by the Hebrew prophets it has been preached before. It seems strange to say this of one whom we should describe (though the description would have been repudiated by himself with much energy) as the last of the sceptics. We have almost forgotten what doubt means. Carlyle saw the difficulties in the way of Faith, but he felt that man must act not upon what he fails to see, but upon what he sees. The darkness seemed to him to be ignored, the light to be used. What he saw, he saw clearly. When the twilight came down he spoke doubtfully; when the night he was silent. A sense of Divine power was one of his strongest convictions; his feeling as to the source of that power was dim and vague. At times he spoke as if it was something which man could only recognize as a current of irresistible impulse, as if he could never rise to its source and find there a loving will; and this seems to have been more and more his feeling as the years went on. In the narrative of the mysterious stranger who brings the hero of his philosophical romance to his foster-parents, we sometimes imagine a sort of parable of man's destiny on earth—the mystery which surrounds his origin being shown as one no living voice will ever dispel. But leaving the region of doubt, the world of humanity exhibited this divine influence in the clear daylight of certainty. There must be a divine influence, for there were inspired men. There was an unseen Ruler of men to whom men were accountable; there were inflexible laws which expressed the decision of a First Will—it lay too far beyond our ken to be expressed in any word we could use; but, however our words might fail in expressing it, it was something above, not within, Nature, and more, not less, than man. There was a claim for

allegiance, and there must therefore be some object for allegiance, though man's conceptions might be too dim to express it in any form that was free from error, and the purest faith that had been exhibited on this earth might therefore be full of delusion. He seems to us to have believed at once more and less than any other man who ever strongly swayed our race. No one who gave so much fervour to Faith ever gave it so little form. He believed in a righteous ruler of the world that man inhabits, and he believed in a universal Spirit breathing through the Cosmos, and the Pantheism strangely coloured the inherited Puritanism without altogether blending with it.

This belief in the inspiration of humanity could not, as he preached it, have been preached at the present day, nor, we think, at an earlier day. At an earlier day he must have spent so much energy in vindicating for himself the right to claim for secular human beings a divine mission, that his message would have been emphasized differently, and with him emphasis was everything. He would have had to defend himself against the charge of "enthusiasm," and whatever form the defence took it would have made the message a different thing. And then, in our own day (for we have recorded our conviction that all that is valuable in that message belongs to the past), he would have had to overcome the very opposite danger. He would have had to consider how his lesson would have sounded in the ears of those who would turn all his vagueness to negation, and understand his eternities and destinies as something quite different from what he meant by the words. He appears on a narrow isthmus between the age of criticism and the age of denial; he must have been different from the man he was had he belonged to either. He belonged to the age of doubt. But in a time which confuses doubt with denial, it is hard to recognize the doubt of one whose sympathies are all with faith.

The canon of judgment, in endeavouring to appreciate a great man, lies in disentangling his assertions from his negations. The last will always appear the most distinct, no doubt, but let us beware of confusing distinctness and truth. When we speak of his creed as *political Calvinism*, we describe in it that which, if we believe in a Divine education of humanity, we must pronounce false. When we speak of it as a belief in *the inspiration of humanity*, we design that which has been felt by many a spring of unmixed strength, an upward beckoning that seemed at once to guide and to invigorate, a sudden light that flashed on the dark places of life, and bore the test of later gropings when the flash was past. Let it not be said we cut ourselves off from declaring Carlyle's creed to be true on its positive side, if we begin by declaring it false on its negative. Before we apply these logical tests to any belief we should consider how far the human intellect is capable of converting propositions so vast as those which define the basis of a creed. No source of error is commoner than the fallacy of antithesis. We cannot say that the effect of cold is always the reverse of the effect

of heat, nor is there any department in physical investigation in which it could be safely assumed that if you reverse the cause you would simply reverse the effect. Though no one can love good who does not hate evil, we should greatly err if we endeavoured to measure the love of good, in our own hearts or in those of others, by our hatred of evil. It seems to us the lesson of Carlyle's life that he who does this grows narrower with the progress of experience. But his life taught much beside this, and we would not bid him farewell in contemplating any of his mere negations.

What we have called his political Manichæanism must, it seems to us, be the working theory of a part of man's life at all times. Uncompromising hostility towards the army of the devil is the condition of all that is energetic and beneficent in human action; Carlyle has not preached this truth with too much energy. We shall never exaggerate the importance of the battle between the forces of good and evil, and even the distortion which brings home to our feeble minds its transcendent issues is valuable to us—if we can learn this truth in no other way, is necessary to us. He who has to fight cannot fight too resolutely. Our age has inadequately realized this truth, and Thomas Carlyle, we believe, was sent to teach it to us. All in life and duty that is *warfare* was lit up by him with a full sense of its meaning, and none who have drunk in his lesson can forget how large a part is warfare, how much we misread the lesson of life when we think that the soldier's task is the result of a mere blunder, and that wiser arrangements would unite the hostile banners and bid the serried hosts embrace. But Carlyle's view of life and duty errs in being too simple. He has, in one of his most striking writings, spoken of man as the revelation of God, and we might, we think, have found in this reference some meaning in the despised creeds, which speak of three persons in one God. Assuredly there are many persons in one man. When we look on any man as a soldier in the devil's army, it may be that we interpret rightly all that we need to know for the work that we have to do; but if we deem that this is all that is to be known, great is our error. If God is Redeemer as well as judge, man must be so likewise, and none can truly judge his brother who has not sought, and is not ready a thousand times to repeat the attempt, to be his saviour. Carlyle seems to us to have changed the inward battle into an outward battle. But the battle to which all his more earnest, his more characteristic words bear witness is an inward one, and it is this witness which will live when all that is weak and exaggerated in his teaching is forgotten.

Reluctantly we bid him farewell, for it is a whole world from which we are turning. He has left no successor among us. But it is a world that cannot die. Let us bid him farewell in his own words—words true indeed of the humblest among us, but true in a special sense of the company of lofty and gifted souls, among whom he of whom we take our reverent farewell stood high, and might, had he

been more faithful to his own ideal, have stood among the very highest:—

“It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man, that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end. What is done is done; has already blended itself with the boundless, ever-living, ever-working universe, and will also work there for good or for evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time. But the life of every man is as the well-spring of a stream, whose small beginnings are indeed plain to all, but whose ulterior course and destination, as it winds through the expanses of infinite years, only the Omniscient can discern. Will it mingle with neighbouring rivulets as a tributary, or receive them as their sovereign? Is it to be a nameless brook, and will its tiny waters, among millions of other brooks and rills, increase the current of some world-river? Or is it to be itself a Rhine or Danube, whose goings forth are to the uttermost lands, its flood an everlasting boundary-line on the globe itself, the bulwark and highway of whole kingdoms and continents? We know not; only in either case we know its path is to the great ocean.”*

THE AUTHOR OF “THE MORAL INFLUENCE
OF GEORGE ELIOT.”

* Essay on Voltaire.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S SCHEME OF COMPULSORY INSURANCE.

THE appearance of Prince Bismarck's compulsory insurance "project," which has at length been laid before the Federal Council, has been debated and approved by the newly established Prussian "Economic Council," and is shortly to be brought forward in the Reichsrath, has been anxiously expected, and, as may be imagined, has awakened the liveliest interest in Germany. And no wonder, for it is not in England only that the subject of industrial insurance has lately become especially prominent. The statement in the *Concordia* of January 10th, asserting that "the question of industrial insurance is the one which, at the present time, engrosses public attention to a hitherto unexampled degree," shows the air in Germany to be full of the subject; and it may therefore seem a little surprising that here in England, the appearance and discussion of Prince Bismarck's Bill should hardly have called forth any criticism worthy of the name, and should in fact have been passed over almost without remark of any kind by most of our organs of public opinion. The reason, however, is a very obvious one. The Bill, doubtless with a most subtle purpose, has been draughted on the narrowest lines, and its title seems to limit its scope in a manner well calculated not only to disarm all suspicion, but to discourage all examination. For this much talked-of measure, when announced to the world, appears in the most innocent manner to aim, not at an universal compulsory insurance against destitution (such as readers of English Reviews have heard much of in the last two years), but merely at promoting the insurance, against accident only, of factory workers earning wages below a certain limit, in certain stated industries where fixed machinery is used. This being so, it is little wonder that the general public have given no further attention to the mouse which has come to view, or to the mountain whence it has crept. Hasty opponents of the

larger, but only logical measure of universal compulsory insurance, lay aside the Chancellor's Bill (or rather the brief abstract of it they have seen) with the feeling that if this be all that Prince Bismarck, with his power and opportunities, can do, the troublesome subject may for the present be dismissed from English view altogether. And hasty advocates of national insurance lay the Bill aside as well, saying, "This Bill, in its microscopic range, its dangerous principle, and its different method, has nothing, good or bad, to do with that proposal we uphold as a hopeful means of remedying the pauperism which degrades our people and dishonours our name." I hope to show that persons of both classes are mistaken in such hasty judgment of the Bill.

For the limitation of the Chancellor's scheme is, as a matter of fact, only a temporary one.* The putting forth of the small proposal is a mere *reconnaissance* to prepare the way for a demonstration in force on the lines of action which the plan suggests, if only the proposal made prove, *rightly or wrongly*, acceptable to the German nation. And, therefore, as both the blessings and the dangers of any such measure are most distinctly seen by considering them on a large scale, it may prove best to examine the subject in the following pages, not as being merely what it modestly calls itself, a means of amending an employers' liability law, but as being what it avowedly aims at becoming, a means of introducing and compelling insurance, on behalf of every wage-earner, against almost all conceivable possibilities of want and destitution.

I purpose in the following pages, 1st, to set forth the terms of the proposal itself; 2nd, To examine its leading principles; 3rd, To touch on some points of its practice, and 4th, To compare it briefly with the proposal of national universal compulsory insurance against destitution in sickness and old age, with which we are already familiar in this country.

The following short abstract will give a general idea of the scope and purpose of the measure, which, as already stated, is not merely presumably, but avowedly, only the very thin end of a very thick wedge; for were it (and could it be) limited to its present scope, the smallness of the results aimed at, in proportion to the greatness of the change required, would deprive the proposal of every claim upon serious public attention.

"All persons engaged in mines, salterns, quarries, docks, buildings, and iron-works, whose yearly earnings do not exceed 2,000 marks (say £100 or £2 weekly) must be insured, in proportion to their average earnings, against the consequences of accidents resulting from their occupations.

* Section 45 of the Bill expressly states that the extension of the system to insurance against inability to work, arising from sickness or old age, is held in reserve. And Prince Bismarck, in his reception in honour of the New Economic Council on February 1, is reported to have said, "The Insurance Bill was a mere beginning; the design, to be perfect, must be applied to the pensioning of all labouring men in old age. Insurance must be extended much further than to accidents," &c. &c.

"The estimate of annual earnings is to be made on a calculation of 300 times the daily wage.

"Details of organization, appointment of boards, sub-offices, reserve fund, management and investment of funds, bases of calculation, rules of audit, publication of reports, &c., to be determined by the Bundestag.

"The rates of payment to be subject to quinquennial revision.

"The policy shall secure against loss caused by accidental death, or by bodily injury incapacitating from work for any period exceeding four weeks.

"In case of bodily injury incapacitating from earning wages, the policy shall provide for the expenses of the patient's cure from the beginning of the fifth week of sickness, and a payment during the incapacity. If entirely incapable of work, two-thirds of the wage; if partially incapable, a payment, proportioned to the incapacity, but neither less than one-fourth nor more than one-half of the ordinary wage, shall be claimable.

"The policy shall, in case of death, secure a funeral payment of one-tenth of the annual earnings; medical attendance from end of fourth week till death, and two-thirds of wage till death; one-fifth of annual earnings to the widow while unmarried; one-tenth for each child till fifteen years old (but total not to exceed fifty per cent.). Dependent relatives up to same limit shall also be provided for.

"The sums found necessary to effect this compulsory insurance are to be contributed as follows:—

"Persons earning wages above fifteen shillings and under £2 per week, will have to pay half the cost, and their employers the other half.

"Persons earning less than fifteen shillings weekly will have nothing to pay; the employer being required to pay two-thirds of their contribution, and the State providing the remaining third.

"The sum to be paid by the State Insurance will vary, in case of partial incapacity for work, from one-fourth to one-half of the sufferer's earnings, and in case of total incapacity, will amount to two-thirds.

"Workmen desirous of effecting a higher insurance than the compulsory one will be enabled to do so voluntarily from their own resources, up to, but not beyond, half the amount insured by law.

"Voluntary insurance on behalf of workmen not included in the action of the compulsory law, may also be effected up to certain limits.

"The sphere of the Imperial Assurance Institution may be extended so as to include the undertaking of Life Insurance up to the amount of £300, and the extension of its operations to insurance against want in sickness and old age by means of future enactment is contemplated."

II.

In turning to examine the principles of the proposed law, we are greatly aided in our judgment by having before us, not only the text of the Bill itself (which is comprehensive enough), but also, appended to it, a very lengthy (and in many respects a very able) essay on the proposal, covering some thirty-five large quarto pages, setting forth the bases on which the plan is founded, explaining its reasons, defending its measures, and suggesting its extension.

This *Begründung* is well calculated, at the first blush, to satisfy a good many superficial readers of the desirability, the justice, and the advantages of the measure proposed. Its *practicability* does not come into question at all just now; for that seems to all German writers on the subject (so far as I have had occasion to notice) a matter of very trifling detail indeed. All seem quite satisfied that if action

in a certain line be desirable, it must be possible, and appear quite willing, if they can agree on a principle, to leave the question of practice to the Government alone.

The *Begründung*, which many of the German newspapers refer to as the *Motivirung*, or the "motives," of the measure, the Chancellor himself speaks of, far more accurately, under the name of its "*Basis*;" it contains the reasons he *gives*, in order to influence other men in its favour; the reasons, or some of them, which influence *him*, he may be quite justified in keeping to himself, and these are what come more strictly under the sense of "motives," which we will examine briefly by-and-by. For when a great proposal of this sort is put forth by a man, who though long a warrior and long a statesman, has only lately taken up the line of social economy in order to qualify for self-appointment to a new and untried office (that of Minister of Trade), and who has entered, at his age, on such heavy labour, for the avowed purpose of promoting measures such as these, the very act must set the thinking world inquiring not only "What will this proposal do?" but "What does its proposer want?"

And here his deliberate and so often puzzling candour, which tells what he wants us to know so frankly, without telling what he prefers to keep secret, gives an urgent reason for the passing of his Bill. He admits, in a word, that the powers of Socialism are getting too strong for him. The *Begründung*, to those who can read between the lines, tells us this by implication, if not in definite words. Its opening sentences remind us that in the debate on the Socialist Law (in October 1878) the necessity was admitted of combating the Socialist position by measures tending to improve the condition of the working-classes; and, not in this sentence only, but in many another spoken and written, we are told the same thing, that this measure is virtually, to put it in a familiar form, "a sop to the Socialists."

It would be mere waste of time to quote authorities on this statement. We may be quite content to assume that were the fact untrue, Prince Bismarck would never have admitted it to exist. The state of affairs is not badly described in the following lines from one of the latest out of the many contributors to the German literature of this subject, a literature which Dr. Otto Arendt, the writer I quote, himself describes in his preface as "growing like an avalanche."

"During the discussion of the 'Socialist Law' the Government declared that it regarded the measure merely as a truce made with the enemy in order to give time for successfully combating Social Democracy on the lines of Social Reform." Dr. Arendt goes on to say, "The operation of the Socialist Law has been prolonged, but hitherto we have heard but little of the promised Social Reform."*

Prince Bismarck's present proposal, however, will remove this cause of complaint. In the *Begründung*, as I shall presently proceed to show,

* "Allgemeine Staatsversicherung und Versicherungs-Steuer," von Dr. Otto Arendt. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot, 1881.

we find a number of principles stated, with which it appears really impossible for persons who have at all deeply studied the subject before us to agree.

And this may account for the apparent singularity of the fact that when, with much promise of acceptance and likelihood of success, a great measure of "National Compulsory Insurance" is brought forward in Germany, the present writer, who, for two years past, has been bold to assert and advocate the desirability of a great measure of National Compulsory Insurance for England, should be foremost to denounce Prince Bismarck's scheme, as, if not wrong in object, wrong, at least, in direction, mistaken in principle, faulty in detail, hurtful in method, and almost demonstrably certain to prove disastrous in result.

It is true, indeed, that this measure is made to sound popular in Germany; that it is welcomed, as we are told, by the "professorial Socialists" as a class, with a flourish of congratulatory trumpets, and is likely enough, at first sight, to commend itself to the lowest class of wage-earners as a matter of direct advantage to themselves; and it is true that it may tend, as its proposer desires, to satisfy the working class, gravely discontented as it is at present with the inefficacy and supposed injustice of the existing law on Employers' Liability. It may be, too, that the employers, as a class, weary with long striving, may be supposed willing to adopt its provisions readily enough, as giving them, even at an apparent increase of cost, some reasonable means of estimating liabilities which otherwise, on the occurrence of any great disaster in their works, might cause them utter ruin. That this should be so is, after all, only to say, that in this particular direction, they may be willing to avail themselves of the generally beneficent and calculable principle of insurance, which gives to men, in so many ways, definite certainty instead of limitless risk. And therefore (though I shall vastly wonder if the assumption prove correct) I shall be willing to assume, for the purpose of my present writing, that German opinion is unanimous in favour of the Chancellor's proposal. And it may also, for argument's sake, be admitted that this insurance, less far for what it gives than for what it promises, may indeed make the task of guiding the governmental chariot more easy and less perilous, and may allow the veteran charioteer, at least for a little while, to relax the tension of the tightened reins which stiffen and gall his wearying hands. But, because statesmanship should be concerned with the interests of a nation as a whole, not with those of mere classes and individuals, and because a true saviour of society should work for its permanent, not for its mere passing, advantage,—should provide remedies instead of palliatives, and introduce measures of lasting good instead of hand-to-mouth expedients, it seems important to show, that though a National Compulsory Insurance on sound principles promises measureless social blessings to the people that adopts it, Prince Bismarck's National Compulsory Insurance would, in the long run (so far from improving

the condition of the poor, at which it aims), do more harm than good to every class, and aggravate the evils which it was designed to heal.

The Chancellor at once takes the bull by the horns, and claims acceptance for his proposal, not because it is not, but because it is, "State-socialistic" in its character. He says: "The fear of introducing a socialistic element into our legislation need not deter us; for, so far from this being a novelty, it is only a development of the modern State idea, springing from Christian morality—that the State is bound to promote the prosperity of all its members, and specially of the necessitous." And he goes on to declare that the only measures possible for improving the condition of the unpropertied class consist in a better organization of State provision for the poor.

Now, though limits of space forbid my quarrelling needlessly with words, there is much here which must be challenged. Firstly, that State provision for the poor is a development of Christianity; in other words that it is a form of Christianity at all. Quite the contrary; the levying of poor-rates (to call State provision for the destitute by the term most familiar here) is directly opposed to Christian charity. Not one single penny of poor-rate is given in Christ's name, for Christ's sake. It is all exacted by compulsion, not offered by love. It is true that it is socialistic, or, more properly speaking, communistic, in its character, but Christian it certainly is not, so long as persons who are not Christian are compelled to contribute, and so long as it is all taken as a tax, and not one farthing of it offered as a gift. Nor, if the terms were accurate, would the argument be sound. Granting that "the State is bound to promote the prosperity of all its members, and especially of the necessitous," it does not at all follow that any one class is to be benefited to the disadvantage of any other, since this would certainly fail to promote the prosperity of all.

And lest, in pointing out this fallacy, I be supposed to object to the aid of the poor by the rich in any form whatever, I hasten to add the expression of my conviction that such a method of State-socialistic quasi-"promotion of prosperity" as here proposed, would prove *most hurtful of all to the very poorest*. In a word, I object to the proposal not because it is socialistic in character, but because it would be injurious in effect.

And this injury, to go to the very root of the matter, will be caused by acting on the altogether false assumption, laid down in the *Begründung*, pp. 25, 26, as follows:—"However reasonable it may be that employer and employed should share equally the cost of insurance, it will only be possible to carry this idea out to a very limited extent. For, in the case of a great mass of our workmen, the wages earned barely suffice to defray the cost of living which present social conditions render indispensable."

The qualification of this large postulate is very subtle. What the

Chancellor wants to show is, that few wage-earners gain enough to be able to pay for any insurance. But as (in face of the law of supply and demand) he would not commit himself to the statement that wages are absolutely too low for life, he is content with saying they are too low according to the earner's idea of the style in which he would like to live, or, in the terms quoted, "too low to defray the cost of living which our present social conditions render indispensable." For we must remember an important fact in discussing the sufficiency of wages for existence. It is this: that no matter how low wages have ever fallen, and no matter how high cost of existence has ever risen, there have been people found (few, perhaps, on a general percentage, but quite enough for convincing illustration) who have lived, saved, thriven, risen, and even become wealthy men, in spite of all alleged insufficiency of earnings to sustain life. It may indeed be almost confidently laid down as a rule, that if the whole amount (not indeed earned, but) earnable by any class of workers, be insufficient to enable that class to live, and to live with a margin, it must be because the natural rate of wage is not allowed to adjust itself, but is disturbed by some extraneous force, such as rate-aid to the thriftless, or wanton charity to the undeserving, which enables the indolent to sustain an unfair competition in the labour market with the industrious, and thus to keep the general rate of wages down.

If this were not so, it would be perfectly plain that no industry could flourish, no race of men could live, and that, certainly, no population could ever increase, unless the labour of each individual could provide sufficient to secure, not merely the existence from week to week of each man in his very prime, but the whole existence, from manhood till decease, of every son of toil. For, just as fully as the decree is true that man must work to live, so fully is it true that he can live by work; it is at least as much a law that man shall eat bread as that he shall eat it in the sweat of his brow. And if, under ordinary conditions of health and reason, any but rare and temporary exceptions to such general laws be found, their existence will be clearly traceable to the folly of governments or to the improvidence of individuals, or to both these causes combined.

A striking illustration of this truth may be given in passing. The immediate result of abolishing out-door relief in Whitechapel was, not to drive masses of recipients into the workhouse, but to raise the rate of so-called starvation wages, and to put an end, within three months, to the lowest class of slop-work. Where the unsupplemented wage was too low to provide for existence, the effect was, not to stop production and leave workers to starve, but to send some of them to more remunerative work, and thus, by diminishing supply of labour, to leave better wages for those who remained.

Another ground assigned for adopting a socialistic measure, apart from the false assumption that it is any necessary outcome of Christianity, is

this; "that society is bound to use the disposable means of all its members to advance the positive prosperity of each individual, especially that of the weak and necessitous." This elaborate statement may be accepted as true, but we must bear in mind that it assumes *all* the members to contribute *in some degree* to the "means" disposed of, and that it does not warrant the deduction which is falsely drawn from it that "society is bound to use the disposable means of *some* of its members to advance the positive prosperity of others."

These are large preliminary assumptions which it is well to challenge at the outset; more definite errors of principle will appear from an examination of the measure itself. It contains, then, a definite proposal in two parts, each of which I will separately examine. Firstly, that earners of more than fifteen shillings a week shall pay half their insurance, the other half being paid by the employers; secondly, that earners of less wage shall be gratuitously insured, their employers paying two-thirds, and the State one-third, of the cost. As the Chancellor says, it is not likely that the former class of earners will much object to this stipulation at first. It will certainly better their present circumstances, in one way, even though it may tend, as we shall see, to lower their wages. For, at the present time, the returns show that "Employers' Liability" has only been proved in seventeen cases per cent. or thereabouts, whereas this new rule would render the employers liable at once for three times as large a charge, namely fifty per cent.; besides saving the employed all possible loss, and all risk of uncertainty or disappointment in attempting to prove the employers' liability.

But there is, at the same time, no sort of doubt that, demand for production and market competition remaining unchanged, this larger sum to be thrown upon the wage fund must tend to lower the wages; or, supposing it possible to keep the wages unchanged, must diminish production, and cause want of work to many.

It is true that there are some German writers, who lay stress on the fact that if such a measure really handicapped production and industry, the remedy would be found in extending this principle of insurance to other nations as well, so as to reduce the supposed inequality. They imagine this object attainable by giving special trade advantages to nations that would, and withholding them from nations which would not, follow the lead they set. This sounds like a mere threat of arbitrary protection or free-trading, empty and useless, as most threats are,—the result of such a course being about as speculative for Germany as it would be to disband her whole army on the chance of all other nations disbanding theirs under penalty of restrictions on their international trade.

It will be hard indeed to show how such an insurance, equally borne by employer and employed, which I shall not call unreasonable or unfair *per se*, could fail to check production and lower wages. As a fact, any compulsory insurance whatever, levyable during the whole working

life of the employed, must, however convenient, useful, and secure to the party insured, prove a tax upon labour in the end.*

The other branch into which the Chancellor has divided the wage-earners to be insured consists of those earning under fifteen shillings a week. And for these a different sort of treatment is proposed. Earners of wages above this line must insure, to some extent at least, for themselves. But those below it *are to be insured by other people*. For such the employer is to pay two-thirds, and the State (in one form or another) is to pay one-third; and thus the largest class of earners in the nation is to be given the *damnosa hereditas* of a claim to have each free man's duty done for him by others, and is to pay for it no less a price than the free man's independence for evermore!

"But," it will be said, "this will be the greatest possible blessing to the poor. A scheme so beneficent, so liberal, so generous, should not be opposed by carping doctrinaires. These are not the men to consult on this subject. Ask the people who are really concerned. What will the earners of the lowest wages say to such a proposition? Will they not clutch at it with grateful avidity as the greatest boon and blessing that could have been conceived? Will they not say that this indeed is something like a true redressal of inequalities, and that the man who confers this blessing on the poor will prove indeed the greatest saviour of society that Germany has ever seen?"

Of course they will. That is exactly what is desired, and just so children, if allowed, would often poison themselves with sweetmeats, and would even look on those from whom they drew a limitless supply as benefactors and as friends. The whole plan and purpose of this measure is that it should fascinate the masses, and win their adhesion to its terms and their enthusiasm to its purpose, by appeal to short-sighted selfishness instead of to considerate reason. Prince Bismarck would have never been a prince at all but for his knowledge of this means of winning men to his support. It was not the force of reason or the victory of argument that lost the battle of Prussian constitutional freedom so keenly waged in 1864; it was enough to whisper to the would-be Hampdens of that time, the promise of extended empire, to make them drop the banner of Liberty, in order with both hands unencumbered to clutch at Conquest with a fuller grasp; and this sacrifice of principle to selfishness we must perhaps regard as natural to imperfect man. But, just as the course adopted then, though it widened the limits of a kingdom, has not, in result, been an unmixed blessing to its people, so the prospect that the poorest Socialists of to-day would abandon their struggle against authority for the bribe of this supposed spoliation of capital on their behalf, is no

* I may be excused for pointing out that such an universal compulsory insurance destitution as I myself advocate, levyable only during a short period of late beginning of life, is entirely free from this grave objection. See my "Essays on the Prevention of Pauperism," p. 68. C. Kegan Paul & Co.

guarantee that their doing so would result in greater prosperity to the nation or in greater happiness to themselves.

It may, however, for discussion's sake, be admitted for a moment that all earners of the lowest wage will rejoice in the measure, and that all earners of the higher wage will at least acquiesce in it, at first. If, however, it prove demonstrably a real boon to the former class, how long will the latter be content to forego it? At first the Chancellor will seem to himself, and perhaps to the world, to have gained a victory. The claims of the Socialist being really based on the alleged miseries of the poorest, in conferring a large apparent alleviation upon them he will have taken away the *raison d'être* of socialistic opposition; or, to put it in another way, by committing the nation to Socialism he will have quieted it for the time. Of course he is astute enough to see that this is only throwing out the first baby from the endangered sledge into the jaws of the wolves. He would divide his pursuers into two packs, hoping, by this sacrifice, while they contend together, to guide the sledge of State to a place of safety. By pensioning the lower and larger half of the Socialistic wage-earners gratuitously, and making their money interest depend on the stability of the State, he would counterbalance the more intelligent and active-minded half, and, if unable for ever to silence their complaints, would succeed, at all events, in neutralizing their action. And then there would be peace and calm; to carry on the simile, society would reach the post-house, and the howling of pursuing wolves would shock its ears no more. This assumes the post-house, however,—and there is none; the nation must move on; the flight, for flight it is, must continue, for the pursuit will never end on conditions such as these; the nation, weakened by each unwise concession, its enemies strengthened by the prey they gorge, will draw nearer to ruin every day. In a word, if, as I have assumed, the gratuitous pensioning of the lower class of earners be a good thing for them, as we are told it will be, the upper class of earners will have a logical reason for asking, and they will ask, "Why are we debarred from such a boon as this, and why should the difference of a sixpence in our wage bring us under a compulsion to make payments for ourselves while these other men are paid for by the State?"*

It is worthy further to note, as showing conclusively that the prin-

* Since the above was written a remarkable corroboration of the opinion it expresses has transpired. The new "Economic Council," one of whose first tasks has been to consider this proposal of insurance, previous to its being brought before the Reichstag, has actually resolved upon an alteration of its terms exactly in the line I have indicated. Its standing committee has pronounced in favour of a still larger proportion of the insurance being borne by the employer. The bill proposes that earnings above fifteen shillings a week should contribute half their own insurance and their employers an equal amount, but the Economic Council requires the earner's contribution to be only one-third and the employer's two-thirds, and would establish the rule that no person earning on the average less than twenty-four shillings a week should be required to pay more than one-third of the true cost of his insurance. That this should be the conclusion the new Economic Council arrives at in the very first use of its functions may be regarded as a strong testimony to Prince Bismarck's knowledge of his countrymen, though weak enough as establishing the economic infallibility of this new and unauthoritative Bill-endorsing Machine which he has invented.

ciple the Chancellor wishes to establish must be wanted for a measure enormously more comprehensive than mere accident assurance, the microscopic nature, in money value, of the supposed great boon it would, as now brought forward, confer on the workmen. An appendix to the Bill gives an actuarial estimate, by Dr. Heym,* of the cost of accident insurance proposed. He puts this, on an average, at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the earnings. For an earner of 10s. per week this would amount to 3d. As the employer will have to pay two-thirds, 2d., which will fall on the wages; the State will only pay one-third, 1d., per week, which may, for argument's sake, be regarded as clear gain to the workman. If this be all, will so contemptible a pittance turn the most necessitous Socialists into contented State-pensioners?

The answer of common sense is in the negative. Their price, especially now they are so publicly bid for, is much higher; and the Chancellor knows them too well and dreads them too much to dream that they can be bought, like savages, with a looking-glass and a string of beads. If, therefore, on the other hand, this be not all, and if the plain intention be to carry out, not only in factories, but in all occupations, a compulsory provision against the contingencies included in the Bill, not merely when due to accident, but to circumstances of every ordinary sort; and, if it be carried out on the principles which the Bill lays down; the boon which, in the first instance, is too contemptible to effect its avowed purpose, of conciliating Socialists, will, in the latter case, be so enormous in its cost as to swamp production, to cripple trade, to aggravate taxation, to destroy the State.

For what would it amount to? Here is the result of Professor Lujo Brentano's important study of this subject, given in few words. He comes to the conclusion that under present conditions the sum necessary to secure a working-man from becoming, in any contingency, a burden to public charity, would amount to one hundred and seventy-three marks (say £8 10s.) a year out of his earnings, or, in rough figures, some three shillings and sixpence a week!

This, indeed, might bribe the poor Socialist earning the lowest wage, say ten shillings a week, to keep his tongue silent and his hands quiet, but only so long as he felt that the State would literally be handing him a money value of fourteen-pence a week through all his life; and this security could only last so long as the State could pay the money; the rest of the insurance, two shillings and fourpence per week, would, after all, have to be taken from the wages; life would be harder, earnings would be less, factories would close, wage-earners would diminish, claimants on the fund from want of work would multiply, and the State would have to make good incalculable, because daily growing, deficiencies; men now classed as earners of seventeen shillings a week, contr

* It should be stated that the accuracy of Dr. Heym's estimate (or rather baldness of the bases on which it is founded), has been vehemently contested insurance experts.

in the semi-independent scale, would come down to fifteen shillings a week, and be contributory no more; the wage-earners would be poorer, employers more heavily handicapped, the taxation intolerable, and the State worse off than ever. A very short calculation will show the force of this objection. The number of persons exempt in Prussia from *Klassensteuer* (a sort of poll-tax, modified by rates of earnings) as not earning more than four hundred and twenty marks a year (say eight shillings and sixpence a week) is about three millions and a half; the number earning from that amount up to seven hundred and fifty marks (say fifteen shillings a week) is about the same number. Thus, seven millions of persons would be insured gratuitously at a rate of three shillings and sixpence per week. This would give an annual cost of fifty-seven million pounds, of which general taxation would have to bear about nineteen, and the production of the nation would have to bear thirty-eight. And even if we reduce Brentauo's estimate by one-half, the figures remain so enormous as to show the utter impossibility to the nation of bearing a burden so tremendous. The proposal, as I have said, is the thin end of a wedge, which, if not driven home, should never be introduced, and which, if driven home, would split society in pieces.

III.

With regard to the practical part of the scheme, as it stands, we are told but little; though the *Begründung* shows much knowledge of practical detail on the subject of industrial insurance.

There is one point certainly to be praised, and which gives a suggestion likely to be of very great value in cheapening the rates of some of our own Friendly Societies in providing sick funds. It is this, the claim on the insurance only arises at the end of four weeks of sickness. This leaves the wage-earner liable, not at all unreasonably, to make proper provision from his own resources for the first month of sickness; the knowledge of this necessity would naturally incline him to keep at least a fortnight's earnings at hand in the savings bank. If our Friendly Societies generally adopted a modification of this, not commencing to pay sick-insurance till the beginning of the second or third certified week of incapacity, a very large burden for trifling ailments, and nearly the whole burden for malingering, would be removed from their funds, either largely lowering the rates of contribution, or increasing the sick pay needed in longer and more pressing ailments.

Another practical point to be commended is, that the insurance is made payable on every class earning wages in proportion to the wages earned, inasmuch as it admits, without any additional burden to the State, the ~~possibility of voluntary~~ insurance in other directions, if desired, in a State

under the proposed conditions can give a national guarantee without
tion. The insurer getting

State security will have to pay the true cost himself, a state of things not exactly manageable just now by our own Post Office arrangements for savings and annuities, as long as rates of interest and contributions are fixed while value of money fluctuates.

A certain number of other advantages are obvious in the scheme. For example, no one will dispute the difficulty, the uncertainty, and the embitterment which the present German law of "Employers' liability" occasions. And it is contended that a law which shall provide, by one or other means, a compensation, not merely for accidents due to neglect on the part of others, but for every sort of accident whatever, the unavoidable and incalculable as well as the preventible, would give a desirable security to the employed, and save the employer from the odium of defending (as he often has to do) actions brought for compensation by persons who have really suffered injury less by his fault than their own; the presumption in such cases being, as is natural, always, from sentiment, against the employer, whether such presumption be founded or not on any basis of fact, or be capable or not of establishment by any conclusive evidence whatever. It may be granted that the new project would, in regard to these points, make for peace.* For the law of 1871 naturally causes discontent. This very presumption against the employer has, doubtless, often charged him with an unfair cost, while, on the other hand, many a poor artisan, failing from want of evidence to establish a fair case for compensation, has been left an unprovided and destitute cripple from no fault whatever of his own. But allowing, as we do, the general advantage of an arrangement which would certainly make for peace; which gives, at whatever cost to others, full security to the workman against any possible destitution resulting from any possible accident; and which, at all events, saves the employer from much ill-will and disturbance; a very serious disadvantage would necessarily result from the measure, namely,—that the number of accidents and the cost of their compensation would be certain to increase.

This must be perfectly obvious to any person familiar with operative conditions. The individuals most careless of danger in perilous trades are the persons most constantly exposed to it. It is not the casual visitor to a mine, but the coal-winner himself, who thinks of opening his safety-lamp; it is not the tourist, but the quarryman on our dangerous slate-cliffs; who, though he obey the rule to have a rope beside him, in case of falling, refuses to utilize it by attaching it to his body; it is not the commandant, but the powder-packer, who will "take chance" of smoking in a magazine. Familiarity with danger breeds contempt or forgetfulness of it, and makes men regardless of their hourly risks. If all fear of destitution or even diminution of earnings as a result of accidents be removed, I simply state a rule of Nature

* But even this is questionable. For section 3d of the law of 1871 provides that in the case of an accident caused by gross negligence (i.e., by the fault of the injured person) the employer is not compelled to pay compensation, and the injured person is left to his own resources.

being less motive for circumspection left to the workman, and his caution diminishing with his risk, he will naturally become more careless, or less careful, than before, and accidents and their necessary cost must multiply. And this general risk of producing a higher accident rate is increased by the particular premium the Bill before us places on the incurrance of wilful damage under the pretext of accident.

For paragraph 43 contains a provision which, however reasonable it may sound, adopts a principle of undoubted injustice and probable danger. It not only opens the door wide for over-insurance, but for an over-insurance the cost of which will, in no sort of fair proportion, fall upon the person who may claim it.

The tenor of the paragraph is as follows:—In order to secure a larger provision than that required by the Bill, workmen may effect, *at the same rates as it provides*, an additional voluntary insurance with the national office, which additional insurance shall not, however, exceed one-half of the amount already secured by the law. Suppose a workman earning on an average fifteen shillings a week to avail himself of this provision. The proposed law secures him already in case of total inability to work (say he have lost a hand) a payment of ten shillings a week, of which six shillings and eightpence will be paid by his employer and three shillings and fourpence by the public, in one form or another. Now, even supposing (which in the want of a tariff we must do) that this workman, in availing himself of paragraph 43, pays really the full amount of premium out of his own pocket to secure an additional insurance, we find the State provides him with a simple organization for systematic over-insurance, inasmuch as it enables him, by a small payment (which he may have made for only a couple of months), to secure, when disabled from all work, as large a payment, as long as he lives, as he could have ever hoped to earn in fullest health.

His average earnings being fifteen shillings, if he have used the permissive clause to its full extent, he will have a claim, resulting from an entirely incapacitating accident, to a compulsory pension of ten shillings, and a voluntary one of half the money, making his full wages. No one will contend that such an arrangement as this will not have much attraction just for the class most naturally thoughtless and idle. There is now, while motives for caution abound both on the side of the employer and the employed (and chiefly, we may admit for argument's sake, on the side of the latter), a certain ascertained percentage of permanently disabling accident. It is on such an ascertained percentage that the scale of contribution must be based. Moreover (and this is an important point affecting the finance of such a calculation), a whatever it may be, of such accidents, occur to middle-aged men, whose pensions would burden the insurance fund for years.

Paragraph 43, a new and most serious element of disturbance is introduced into the calculation. It is well known that

many young men, merely to avoid the necessity of three years' military service, are actually guilty of the folly of some wilful self-mutilation. just as our own army surgeons find the experience by no means uncommon of young men, in order to obtain their discharge from the army, actually destroying a finger, maiming a hand, or mutilating a foot. Now, to persons capable of such conduct, what a temptation is offered by this provision of the Chancellor's Insurance Bill. Where such a man, say of twenty-three years old, earning fifteen shillings a week, sees that by paying, even for a month, one shilling (it could not be more) to secure a pension of five shillings a week additional to that which others would have to secure for him of ten shillings, on an average of *bond fide* disabling accident, he may, by deliberately sacrificing one of his four limbs, be provided for life, without ever having to work again, with as much as his best strength, if constantly employed, has any prospect of earning, it would soon appear that the number of pensions chargeable to the fund would enormously increase, and that their cost would increase in far larger proportion than their number; since the pensions, so basely acquired, would be claimed at an age far earlier than the calculated average, and the voluntary contributions paid in for the increased rate of pension would be, in such cases, simply infinitesimal in their relation to the mass of the insurance fund. The moment a National Insurance of any kind makes it possible for a man incapacitated for work to be as well off, in a material sense, as when in full health, at that moment it introduces into the man's mind the temptation to become incapable of labour. And though all the best men, and some of the worst, may rise superior to such temptation, the percentage of the latter class will always be large who will avail themselves of any means of escaping the necessity of labour, and who will assert their claim, which under this law would be entirely indisputable, to a full maintenance for their whole lifetime at the hands of other and of better men.

Let no man answer the assertion of this possibility by any outcry against such a cruel misjudgment of the labouring class. Those who would raise such an outcry simply know very little about the subject, and far less about human nature itself. When, as we know, only a few weeks ago a poor French acrobat could be found ready to risk his life (and lose it, as he did) by ascending to the clouds on a trapeze attached to a balloon for a single payment of fifty francs, no one will contend that men will not be found quite willing to sacrifice a limb, if certain of the loss returning them fifteen shillings every week they live without the necessity of ever toiling more.

IV.

But, after all, the immediate advantages or disadvantages in practice connected with the proposal are of very slight importance indeed in comparison with the question of its principle, which I have endeavoured

to show faulty in some respects and dangerous in others. And I feel bound to return upon this point the more vigorously in comparing my own proposal of National Insurance with this, from noticing the almost incredible complacency with which, so far as I have seen, Prince Bismarck's extraordinary leap in the dark is being regarded by public opinion in Germany. Selfish objections enough are urged no doubt, but the grand social objection of all seems to strike nobody. If it mulct the rich unduly, I would leave the rich to make their own objection; if it increase taxation, the taxpayers may speak for themselves; if it stultify the dictates of the wise, let them teach their rulers better wisdom, and it need be no affair of ours on this side of the Channel either to meddle, to remonstrate, or to reprove. If a foolhardy man try how close he can walk on the edge of a precipice, or a wealthy spendthrift fling his purse over, or a scientist try to prove to demonstration, by walking into the abyss, that the fall will not hurt him, there is little for plainer people to do than to leave them to their own devices. But who that sees an eager simple child flying all unconscious towards the horrible brink, with its hands stretched out to grasp a butterfly, will not shout a word of warning to stay its perilous course? Yes, it is the *people*, the ignorant, unsuspecting, discontented poor, whom this measure professes to benefit, and whom it will destroy; the very class in seeming pity for whose needs, in seeming answer to whose pleading, in seeming effort for whose consolation, this deadly gift is given. It can never satisfy their need, or still their cries, or console their sorrows. It will plunder part of the population, enslave the other, dissatisfy both; it will put forth no shoot of peace, no bud of promise, no flower of contentment, and no fruit of blessing. Were it a mere experiment which might be tried and fail, the nation might be left to suffer it for a time to bring it to a better mind; but this is no limited experiment, but an irrevocable concession to a principle of wrong-doing which points to a future of misery.

Perhaps the advocates of this measure may say, "After all, this is mere assertion of opinion; and our opinion may be quite as good as yours. At all events, experience will prove which is right." The newspaper of the day on which I write reports an inquest on a self-poisoned man. Before his death he had time to scrawl upon a piece of paper the following words, with others which his agony had made illegible: "Poison, which foolish curiosity has made me take." He was a theorist in poisons, and died of an experiment. And, after all, a theorist may experiment on his own life, where a Minister may not experiment on the life of a nation.

I can, however, reply that the opinion I have expressed is not based on theory. Quite the other way. The theory is already proved by practice. For, the true name of this measure, by which, in the last instance, the State classifies its members by their money worth from day to day, and provides for one class, not necessarily the best, at the cost of another,

not necessarily the worst—is PAUPERISM, and not PHILANTHROPY; and is a curse instead of a cure.

For we in England can speak thus from knowledge: we have it before our eyes from day to day. It shocks our sight at every turn, it saddens our thought, it breaks our very hearts. We look, how many of us? upon thousands, tens of thousands, of hardworking, industrious peaceful men, against whom we know no wrong, of whom we think no evil, and yet concerning whom we know, as they themselves bitterly, deeply feel, that all they have to look to when their bodily power is worn away, and all their work is done, must be—what? Just this Bismarckian blessing, neither more nor less—compulsory insurance paid by others, by poor-rates, by the State. And we see men whom the assurance of such aid, when needed, makes, all through life, neglectful of the natural duty of self-provision, keeping them wasteful, sensual, degraded, hopeless, semi-destitute, and altogether discontented; a woeful, almost intolerable, load of shame to the nation and of sorrow to themselves. And all this is caused by Pauperism; by giving to the ignorant, uninstructed, unrestrained youths the pestilent promise of State Aid in all contingencies, which makes them turn their backs once and for ever upon the glory and the gladness of independence and self-help.

And all this mass of misery and shame, which even German economists point at with mockery and scorn, has sprung from 300 years of a system which provides in all contingencies for barely *three per cent.* of the population at the cost of others than themselves. For, in spite of the badness of the system, there is nobility and independence enough in many millions of our people to provide for themselves as they ought to do, even though the law compel them to provide for the thriftless and wasteful too. No statesman, no doctrinaire, no economist, can formulate the hate and horror of pauperism entertained by our laborious, honest, thrifty, working class; and in spite of difficulty, privation, risks of failure, and terrible loss by fraud, they secure themselves, at all events in our good Friendly Societies, as far as men can do; so that, after all, the permanent pauperism of our country is kept down to three or four per cent. of the population. But Prince Bismarck's plan would not only compel Insurance, but it would compel Pauperism too. There would be no choice left for the independent-minded man. His insurance must be paid for him, whether he will or no; he must be, by law, a recipient of forced alms, a pensioner on State pay, a pauper from his first day of earning to his last, to-day, to-morrow, evermore. A glance at the numbers exempt from or rated for *Klassensteuer*, compared with the whole population, will show a horrible percentage.

I have thus tried to show ground for believing that the National Compulsory Insurance we have been considering is an evil principle, and produce bad results if established anywhere else upon earth. Let me conclude by a few words that the proof I have given in no

National Compulsory Insurance established here or anywhere else on sound and rational principles.

Prince Bismarck's insurance is wrong, because it is, 1, partial; 2, excessive; 3, precarious; 4, extravagant in cost; 5, unequal in incidence; 6, degrading in character; 7, pauperizing in effect.

1. He only compels the insurance of one class—all wage-earners up to two pounds per week.

Why should not every one, of every class, be made to ensure the State against his becoming a claimant for State support? There can be no good reason except his possession of wealth, which, however, he may lose. Any logical compulsory insurance should compel the rich quite as reasonably as the poor.

2. His insurance is excessive. He would eventually insure against want of work, funeral, orphanage, widowhood. A good compulsory insurance which took in every individual, need only insure, and cheaply, a minimum provision against personal destitution in sickness and old age. The other items could take care of themselves without compulsion, for a man sick, would have his insurance pay; and well, would be able to work for the market value of his labour. Except temporarily, want of work is due, not to absence of work to be done, but to disagreement as to the price it is to be done at.

And Bismarck would insure against funeral expenses by compulsion. This is entirely needless; most men will do it of their own accord. In the case of those who will not, their interment is just one of the few things which the State should properly and readily undertake for its own sake, not for theirs.

And he would insure against widowhood; but in an universal compulsory insurance the widow would have her own sick pay and pension secure. And with sick pay and pension secure, orphanage would be either voluntarily insured for by parents, or met by spontaneous charity.

3. And sound compulsory insurance would be secure instead of precarious, every farthing being paid in advance from the surplus easy earnings of early youth, instead of becoming a monthly burden on the wages of earners at every age.

4. It would also be obtainable by a deduction of wages during three years at about fifteen pence a week, consequently on very cheap terms; while Prince Bismarck's scheme, if fully developed, would require an extravagant amount to be compelled from every man's wages of every week of his life.

5. And his scheme would be unequal in incidence, for it would take the money of the taxpayers to insure one class of the workers; while a sound compulsory insurance would only call on each individual to pay

touched.

indeed, degrade and pauperize the
ed; those whom it touched would

be tormented instead of comforted. And this, in view of the proof of my statement drawn from the deplorable, visible, ubiquitous evidence of pauperism in England, is so much plainer to us than it can be to Germans, who have never yet tasted of its full bitterness and shame, that I could wish the thrifty working men among us, whose opinion has much weight amongst the Socialists of the working classes abroad, would for very brotherhood's sake, show them plainly the peril they undergo from what, to their inexperienced eyes, appears so great a blessing; and that, knowing what a hell upon earth is made for the best of our working men by our present Compulsory State Insurance (which compels the thrifty to provide for the wasteful by poor-rate), they would speak a word of timely warning: For, in this case, before, for German workers, the great gulf impassable be fixed between the independence every honest man should have, and the pauperism this measure offers, it must be Lazarus, rather than Dives, who should yearn to send a messenger to his brethren abroad, "to testify to them, lest they also come into this state of torment."

WILLIAM LEWERY BLACKLEY.



HEBREW ETHICS IN EVIDENCE OF THE DATE OF HEBREW DOCUMENTS.

THE ethics of a nation are a good test of the age of documents of disputed date. History records the growth, the maturity, and the decay of a moral sense, explains the causes which promote, retard, or arrest it, telling in some cases of steady progress upward, in others of a constant rise and fall in recurring cycles. To take an instance of unchecked advance and its critical use as determining the date of disputed documents:—Our national idea of cruelty from the age of the Tudors to our own has grown by regular steps from a depth we cannot conceive to a height which looks forward to a far loftier attainment. In our treatment of the vanquished, compare Sir Richard Grenville and Sir Henry Sidney with Cromwell, Cromwell with Marlborough or Wellington, these last with any English commander of our day. Between Grenville's, and even Cromwell's, Irish Despatches there is a step, between the story of the Peninsular War and such a document as Lord Strathnairn's General Order at the close of the Central Indian campaign, there is an almost measureless chasm. In our notion of what humanity owes to the criminal the same movement is discerned. In the duties to the lower animals we have equally advanced. Bear-baiting and cock-fighting are historically extinct, and though not long since a great critic lost a county contest because he had the courage of his opinions in the matter of field sports, they are the scorn of many educated men and nearly all educated women, and both morally and politically doomed. Supposing we find a document which, though of undoubted antiquity, has been redacted in a modern form, like Percy's own edition of the "Reliques," the mention of some barbarous sport or cruel punishment will at once give us the later limit of its origin. It is a historical test where the evidence of style and the statement of date are alike wanting.

Ὅν μὲν γὰρ τι γυναικὸς ἀνὴρ ληΐζῃ· ἀμείνων
 Τῆς ἀγαθῆς, τῆς δ' αὖτε κακῆς οὐ μίγνιον ἄλλο,
 Δειπνολόχης, ἥτ' ἀνδρα καὶ ἱφθίμῳ περ' ἔδοντα
 Ἔθει ἄτερ δαλοῦ, καὶ ὡμῶ γῆραι δῶκεν.—Op. et D. 702-5.

The age between Homer and the great outburst of Hellenic genius which followed the repulse of the Persians, shows the swift decline to a lower level. The luxury of the Ionians told upon the idea of love, and satire on women was a natural reaction.

In the time of the bloom of Greece, putting Sparta aside as an exceptional Dorian State, artificially preserved in archaism by peculiar laws, we note that the status of women was lowered to a condition almost oriental, and perhaps not wholly undue to Asiatic influences on the Ionians. Athens was the very centre and heart of the highest Greek life. There women were secluded, and statesmen no less than philosophers obliterated family life from the scheme of political existence, and even lacked the sentiment of marriage. In the great tragic drama a nobler level is imagined. Besides friendship and the love of parents and children, married love is one of the worthy motives, but love before marriage is wholly wanting. How is Haemon put aside by Antigone! The subject of nearly all the great dramas of modern times, the subject which, reduced to sentiment alone, is fitted only for high heaven in the tremendous poem of Dante, is unworthy of the Attic drama. But not alone are the loftier heights unseen: the whole ideal of woman in relation to man has fallen beneath the Homeric level. Only compare the Helen of the Iliad and Odyssey, as Mr. Gladstone, in the finest moral criticism of modern days, unconscious that an old ballad writer had so read Homer, has seen her,* with the fatal Helen of Æschylus, playing on whose sweet name he sums up the ill she wrought—

Ἑλένας, ἑλάνδροι, ἐλέπτολοι;

not to go lower still to the depth of 'woman-hating' Euripides, with whom in the Orestes there is no trace of the delicate light in which the epic creation moves.

The chivalry of Alexander and the high place and worthy actions of many of the queens of his successors, as Phila, the second Berenice, and the first Cleopatra, led the way to a finer sense of the relations of men and women. A virtuous queen made a virtuous Court, and enlightened and warmed those who obeyed her influence to the utmost limits of her system, not planets alone, but unseen asteroids and comets rare in their coming who carried away a new force into the unknown darkness whereto they returned.

Yet it is not until Christianity had become the religion of the Empire of Rome, and in its thoughts and the higher aspects of its life then more
 hat we discern the dawn of the sentiment of love.
 Idea of the new imaginative literature, the Greek

nce de la reina Elena" has in ballad form a simple outline con-
 development of the Homeric view.

novel, and not unfitly the first author is a Christian bishop. So pure an essence could not live in a corrupt air uncontaminated; it is often obscured and debased by passion; still it asserts itself, and we recognize the more balanced proportion and the purer atmosphere of late mediæval thought. It lingered until, for instance, the Spanish ballad-writers, freeing Arab poetry from the shackles of Islâm, produced at once the delicately-fragrant flower of chivalry in the later period of the *Romancero*.*

Thus in Greek literature the periods of production are marked by three aspects of the ethics of love and marriage. Into the causes it is not needful to go any farther. All I would urge is the marked definite character of the morals of the three groups, as portrayed in their imaginative literature.

Not less true is the test in the case of Arab literature. At the very beginning of that ample treasury of the song which resounded through the East, soon to be accompanied by the sterner voices of history, of philosophy, and of religion, we find the greatest works of the old Arab poets. These masters of their art lived the hard life of the desert, enjoying in their strife for existence liberty, glory, and love. Their poems are lyrical; the master-piece is the ode (*Kascedeh*). The plan of the ode is in general uniform, beginning with the lament of a lover for his lost or absent love, and then turning to the events of desert warfare, the prowess of the writer, warrior as well as poet, the swiftness of his camel, the noble qualities of his tribe. The first theme is never married love. According to the poet, whether pagan, theist, Christian, or early Muslim, and in consonance with his moral level, these passages vary from the chivalrous to the luxurious. Of the seven prize-poems, but one, that of the worthless 'Imr-el-kays, who Mohammad said would be the leader of the poets into hell, is the strain of a voluptuary; the six are single in their love, and make no boast of any but the conquests of war. Their tone, when we have once allowed for the simplicity of the age, is not to be mistaken by any intelligent reader. Taking the odes as a body of poetry, the chivalrous reigns and the traits we dislike are due more to traditional interpreters than to be discerned in the documents themselves.

Mohammad, finding the marriage-law scarcely existing, divorce more than easy on both sides, and the rights of children precarious, framed a system which was better, but in the one important particular of abolishing the equality of women, and this is a tremendous exception.

* I do not speak of the spring-tide, when the same wild flowers blossomed alike in Spain and France, nature-born and uncultured, but of the summer, when the gardens of stately palaces shone with a brighter but more artificial bloom. As in art so in poetry, we pass from the Gothic age to one in which the scene is deeply tinted with the hues of Moorish fancy and passion. The sentiment of the ballad is changed: it becomes at once chivalrous, but its chivalry is of a type both warm and elevated. The technical dryness of this discussion may be relieved by recalling to the reader the poem which opens with these lofty words:—

“ Vida de mi vida
Gloria de mi alma
Viva en la memoria
Muerta en la esperanza.”

To carry out his change, he allowed polygamy and legal divorce. Unfortunately the Kurán was published, and has always been received, as verbally inspired. Consequently, as the races who accepted Islám moved on to a higher ideal, they were ever arrested by the limits of that fatal circle in which the first Muslims had freely moved. Again and again they have pressed to the very edge of this cruel boundary, the *flam-mantia moenia mundi*, to fall back in hopeless retreat to its very centre.

In the Kurán, in contemporary and later writings, we may search in vain for more than scanty remains of the old chivalry, echoes of the music at once delicately tender and heroically strong, which moved the hearts and nerved the arms of such men as Antara and Hátim. To 'Alee, Mohammad's cousin, who may be called the patron of the Persian sect, and of all who share their doctrine, is assigned a charming little book of proverbs or sayings, of which, many years ago, I gave the readers of this Review some extracts to show its high religious and moral level on all points save the greatest of moral duties. "Where are the virtues of married life? All I find is a stray saying, such as this—'No truth in woman.' Here, alas! is the blot and shame of Islám."

In later works there are echoes of the ancient melodies. The inferior poets, like musicians who pretend to compose when they only adapt, repeat the old Kaseedeh; but its simplicity is lost in rhetorical ornament, and the reader who has a fine ear, accustomed to the antique harmonies, can easily trace the academic style of Apollonius Rhodius, weakly attempting the strong lines of Homer. But the body of literature, save here and there, is true to 'Alee's dictum. *Dove la femmina?* is the question of every judge of manners in the tales, the constant refrain, "Excellent is the saying of him who said, 'Verily, women are deficient in sense and religion.'"

Only in the romances do we find a better soul. At their head stands the voluminous story of the old poet Antara, perhaps the purest work of its class in any language. It is of doubtful date, but this does not concern us here. Enough that one Arab could imagine the type of national chivalry as tender in love, nor less after than before marriage, for at the last, sore wounded, the hero sacrifices his life for the spouse whom he had fought for with his life's devotion. This is the great exception, a protest of a manly heart, a vindication that God has left no nation without the revelation of his light. The curious mystic poetry of the Persians is at once a recurrence to the old Arab thought applied in a new form, and an unconscious protest against polygamy. But this subject belongs not to pure ethics, but to ethics in their combination with religion.

Here, again, the movement of imaginative literature is consistent with the march of morals.

It must be remarked in closing this comparison that a descent from a lofty height does not forbid the recurrence in the literature of imitation to its thoughts. We do not find the converse, for neither poet nor

philosopher will condescend to repeat ideas below the level of his age; in doing so he would cease to deserve his name, and should he win a moment's applause must soon sink into lasting oblivious contempt.

We may now with more confidence apply the test of ethics in the same province to the Hebrew documents. To avoid begging the question, and to concede the utmost latitude to critical opinion, it will be best to begin with the documents as to whose date there is no material disagreement, omitting, of course, such as do not present sufficient evidence bearing on the problem. These documents may be thus classed:—

Proverbs, from tenth century to seventh B.C.

Song of Solomon, tenth century.

Ecclesiastes, after return from Babylon?

The Prophetic Books from Amos to Malachi, from eighth century to beginning of fourth.

The prophets do not speak very largely of the ethics of marriage save by inference. The leading passages are in Hosea, Joel, the second Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Malachi. They enforce the duty of fidelity through life to the wife espoused in youth, and they take that relation as the type of the relation of God and his people; consequently all idolatry is adulterous. If the direct portrayals of the ideal beauty of monogamy are few, the indirect references are abundant, and they prove in the most emphatic sense the doctrine of married life according to the prophets.

Ecclesiastes, a book of doubtful date, has the same point of view so far as practical life is concerned.

The Song of Solomon is a pastoral idyll. Any one who will take the trouble to read the earliest Arab poets will see this at a glance, and when it has been explained in a subsequent part of this paper that the mystic later poetry of Islâm, which has been compared to it, arose from other conditions, no one will admit in this case the allegorical interpretation. It is perhaps the earliest Hebrew document which has at its root a truly noble idea of love before marriage. Let one passage prove this: "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love [is] strong as death; ardent love obstinate as Hades, the flashes thereof [are] flashes of fire, even a flame of the Lord. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned" (viii. 6, 7). This lighting up of love by the shadow of death is well fitted to the song of a pastoral maiden's fidelity to her love in spite of all the temptations of the splendour of the greatest king of the age, a poem true to Shemite nature, for we have the faithful echo in the story of the Arab wife who preferred her poverty-stricken husband to Mu'awiyeh, the Khaleefeh, the greatest warrior of his age, and the most potent and wealthy sovereign.

True to this ideal of unmarried love is the portrayal of married love in the Proverbs of Solomon. If the passages that are most noteworthy

are of the king's writing, the contrast to his life is strange, if we take the position of the critics; but not less so are the morals and doctrines in all times of men who, like the Roman poet and his modern imitator, have

"Skill enough to see the right and choose the wrong."

The result of all the passages in the prophetic, moral, and poetic books, from the tenth century to the fourth, is that the doctrine of monogamy is the ideal, and that it rests upon the sentiment of love.

The historical books of the regal age present a different aspect. The Kings are many, if not all, polygamous, and their custom is not directly censured save when it involves foreign marriages. The inevitable results are portrayed, as in the story of David's family, but no moral is directly drawn. It may, however, be conjectured that polygamy, though the rule with the Court, was the exception with the people, throughout the period of the Kings.

Going upwards through Judges, Joshua, and the historical parts of the Pentateuch, we find polygamy throughout, and the cases of monogamy are so rare that we may hold that the state of society was in the contrary condition to that conjectured of the time of the Kings.

Passing from the History to the Law, we discover throughout the legal enactments an implied sanction of polygamy. This is as true of Deuteronomy as of Leviticus. The law of divorce is not counteracted by any precept of life-long fidelity. Marriage is not the type of the relation of God to the faithful. The condition is different from that described in the other documents, the moral view is altogether on another level.

The idea that idolatry was best symbolized by that loss of virtue which accompanied the Canaanitish rites is found in the Law and in the historical books, as in the prophetic, but there is a marked difference in its limitation. I can find no passage outside the prophetic books in which this loss of virtue is distinctly loss of married virtue, and here negative evidence is good, for under polygamy the relation of the Divinity to his people could not appear in the type of marriage; when monogamy was the ideal, the application was instantly appropriate. This is not begging the question of the date of the books. All I assert is that polygamy is side by side with the typifying of religious by moral aberration; monogamy side by side with the typifying of the abandonment of a higher faith by the breach of a sacred covenant, sacramental, if not a sacrament. The *sic vivendum sic pereundum* (Tacit. Germ. 18), inherited in our paraphrase in the Saxon troth-plight of the English service, means much more than the solemnity of the *confarreatio*.

Thus in the order of the historic books from Genesis, and the gnomic poetic and prophetic writers, we find a gradual moral progress from polygamy to monogamy, with apparently a time of transition between. In the Law we see the legislation of the earliest period, a legislation as a whole anterior to the moral view of the tenth century B.C.

It is well to return for a moment to the history of Islâm. In

the days of the early poets we find the ideal of the relations of man and woman to be love before marriage. With Mohammanism this ceases, save in the academic studies of mere imitators. Polygamy reigns supreme, and woman is without hope of restoration to her lost rights. Yet religion demands a sympathetic human form to symbolize the divine relations with the soul of man. The Persian mystics, unable to think of wedded love, fall back on the human ideal of the old poets. Hence a body of religious poetry in which devotion appears in the guise of love before marriage. The contrast to Hebrew thought is curious and instructive. Love with the Muslim poet dies with marriage, with the Hebrew prophet it but begins its unending life.

Obviously the inference drawn in reference to the Hebrew documents is hostile to the usual results of the 'advanced' school of German and Dutch criticism, both as to the style of the documents and the growth of the Hebrew religion. It is supported by the unconscious evidence of the Egyptologists, who take the Egypt of Genesis and Exodus to describe accurately the country under the Empire (B.C. circ. 1600-1200), the Egypt of the prophets to portray with equal truth the changed condition of their days. The evidence of language is of the highest value, and the question of Deuteronomy is hard to determine. The theory of the growth of the Hebrew religion is merely a theory, and as neither Renan nor Maspero admits it, no one can be called a bigot who takes their side.

It is much to be desired that the hypothesis here founded on ethics should be thoroughly examined. Certainly the evidence of ethics has been neglected by the advanced critics, and one is amazed to find the careful and acute Kuenen giving scarcely any attention to the earlier moral writings. This virtual rejection is like excluding the Sermon on the Mount from the Gospels, or the Pirke Aboth and the much finer stray moral sayings from the Talmud. Treat the Kurán thus, and what a moral elevation does it gain by the elimination of its ethics of marriage.

The problem of the date of the Hebrew documents depends upon the weighing of the linguistic, historical, religious, and moral evidence. If the result should seem contradictory, the work should be done again and again. The letter must not be taken too literally; the spirit must never be forgotten. Behind all the technical knowledge and imaginative power that is needed lies the hardest problem of all to an Aryan, the Shemite character, which in the strife of theological and critical conflicts has too often been forgotten.

This is but a brief and inadequate statement of a theory worthy of examination by unprejudiced scholars. External historical evidence, mainly new, might be brought to its confirmation; but as yet I can do no more than draw attention to a neglected line of inquiry which I recommend to men of larger reading, more science, and that ample and enviable leisure which ought to be fruitful of great results.

REGINALD STUART POOLE.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

THE assassination of the Czar has momentarily diverted attention from the negotiations at Constantinople, but it is still there that the real interest of foreign politics centres. If the negotiations between the ambassadors of the Powers and the Porte prove fruitless, war with Greece must ensue, and when once the spark is applied, no one can pretend to say how far the conflagration may extend. We confess that we watch the negotiations with considerable disquietude, and not without grave misgiving as to their ultimate result.

What are the circumstances? The ambassadors, in plain language, ask the Porte to sacrifice the whole of one province, and—as far as we are at present informed—a large portion of another, in order to escape a war with Greece. But consider what the views of an ordinary Turk are with regard to this war? He never doubts for a moment but that, if war is to come, his country will achieve a signal victory. And putting remote contingencies aside, there is much reason for this view; sufficient, at any rate, to render the proud Osmanli—who even now dreams of reconquering the lost provinces of Servia and Bulgaria—certain of its correctness.

He thoroughly despises the Greek as an antagonist in arms. It must not then be expected that any qualms as to the result of war will keep him one moment from pressing for a policy of no-concession. As for the advantages to be gained by fighting, it is true they are not very clearly defined; but the Turk thinks that after a successful campaign he will be left in peace, to govern or misgovern after his own fashion, and not be badgered on behalf of every nationality which has money and cleverness enough to make itself appear crushed down in the eyes of Europe. Moreover, he still keeps in mind the clause in the Treaty of Berlin which gives the Sultan the right to garrison the Balkan Passes.

Although this right has not been exercised, the intention has always existed of enforcing it on the first favourable opportunity. If 30,000 men could be spared from Adrianople at the outbreak of a war with Greece, it is well-nigh certain that they would be sent across Eastern Roumelia to occupy the defiles north of Shipka, Hainkeni, and Slivno. What the ultimate consequences of this action would be he does not trouble himself to consider, but he has a vague notion that Russia is too busy with Nihilists and home politics to be inclined to interfere, and that if she were so inclined, Austria is fully willing and able to keep her in check. Meanwhile, within the Ottoman dominions, he sees that a war could not possibly render things worse than they are. Financially, nothing is more costly than a state of armed expectation; a short successful war would not cost more than T15,000,000, and then the Redifs could be sent home and the army and navy diminished. A war, too, would cure the disaffection which he admits is beginning to prevail among the troops in Thessaly and Epirus. It would satisfy the Northern Albanians, who are inclined to rebel, while a new proof of the power of the Caliph would frighten the disloyal Arabs back to their allegiance, and force them to respect the central authority at Constantinople.

It may be asked, "But what does the opinion of the ordinary Turk matter, since public opinion has no force in Turkey?" We reply that the Sultan is now so insecure upon his throne that he is controlled by the will of the Stamboul crowd more completely than any democratic Minister would be. It might be thought that the patriotic Moslem would now think of reform rather than war, but the truth is, that he is thoroughly weary of all talk of reform and concession. He declares that he cannot reform without money, and he is answered that he shall have no money until he does reform. Notwithstanding expressions of beneficent desire from the Sultan, and from those Ministers who know how to gain the ear of Europe, there was probably never a time when there was less hope of any practical improvement being carried out.

The Sultan, however, is a master of the art of deception, and knows well how to give colour to the assertions of his friends abroad, when they say that he is a second Mahmoud.

A prominent M.P. or powerful capitalist comes out to Turkey and seeks the honour of an audience. He has no very special aim, but thinks that it will please his constituents to see that their representative is considered a personage of European importance, to whom even crowned heads take the trouble to be civil; or he has a vague notion that it will lead to some great concession for opening up the undiscovered wealth of Asia Minor. He proceeds to the palace, and is received in great State. The Caliph greets him with urbanity, assures him that he has often heard his name mentioned as one of the most prominent men of his country. The conversation naturally turns upon the condition of Turkey. The visitor unfolds a scheme which is to regenerate

everything, restore the finances, establish the power of the Sultan once more in its pristine splendour, and render the country a smiling garden, with here and there a factory or a coal-mine. The Sultan listens with marked attention, requests the delighted reformer to explain two or three points in his scheme, which his Imperial Majesty has not grasped, and finally states that he had already imagined something of the same nature, but had not been able to work out the practical details so ably as the English Effendi. He has, indeed, been so struck with the proposals that he desires the Effendi to call on the Prime Minister the next day, in order to discuss the matter more fully. His Imperial Majesty would have enjoyed another interview, but he adds, pathetically, "I am so pestered by the Ambassadors with demands for the surrender of territory, or with complaints of some imaginary outrage, that I have not a moment free." He begs the Effendi to assure his countrymen that directly he has arranged foreign questions, he will set about the reform of the administration and the commercial development of the country. He will then ask the Effendi to pay him another visit in order to give advice. Meanwhile he will be glad to receive a letter on these subjects once or twice a month if the Effendi has time. It will be opened in the Imperial presence, and translated immediately, lest the secretaries should omit anything. After an interview which lasts an hour, the traveller goes away in the seventh heaven of delight, and convinced that the Sultan is the most maligned of men. He sees a glorious future before himself and Turkey, if the Powers would only give a little respite. It is they who oppose progress, and who delay reform. Were it not for their importunity all would soon be for the best in the dominions of the best of all possible Caliphs. With these ideas in his head, our friend is interviewed by "Special Correspondents," to whom he is only too glad to give an animated account of his interview. This is telegraphed all over Europe, and the public are expected to receive it as a proof of the good intentions of the Sultan. The interview with the Grand Vizier takes place duly the next day, and any doubts the traveller may feel as to whether his Imperial Majesty was in earnest, are removed by the Grand Vizier speaking in astonishment at the great impression the audience has produced on the Sultan, and his repeating the request with regard to sending two or three letters every month.

When read, this farce appears too gross for any one to be taken in by it, but it has been repeated time after time by the original company, with immense effect upon distinguished travellers of all sorts. Last autumn we remember to have heard the Sultan become almost pathetic about his difficulties, and the impossibility of making concessions to satisfy Europe without breaking up his empire; so that his visitor, a man whose feelings are not generally thought to be particularly sensitive, was moved well-nigh to tears. We need hardly state that these scenes are merely acted. There is as much truth in the expressed desire for amelioration—

except in as far as amelioration means money—as there is in the desire for the fortnightly letter on the development of the resources of the country. As for concession in the present frontier difficulty, we doubt whether any important territory will be nominally ceded which was not included in the Note of October 3, and we are certain that if it is, the actual cession will never take place, except after the use of force.

The question of peace or war really depends not so much on what the Porte can be induced to yield, for that will be next door to nothing, but on what the Powers can be induced to yield, and on whether Greece will tamely accept their revocation of a former decision. To convince oneself how skilfully the Porte has played its game, one has only to consider how different is the way in which the proposition of October 3 was treated when the Note was first published, and now.

Then it was considered ludicrous and well-nigh impertinent: it was thought by many that the Note was intended as an insult to Europe, and that it implied, "We have had enough of your interference; you must leave us alone, or support your interference by force, for we will have none of it willingly." Now, on the contrary, the line of the Note of October 3 is taken as the basis of negotiations. It has quite supplanted the line of the Conference of Berlin. The point of departure is not the formal decision of the Six Great Powers in Conference, declared by these same Great Powers to be final and irrevocable, but a proposition of the Porte put forward in opposition to the above, and offering about one-third of the territory adjudicated.

The latest telegrams, indeed, imply that the Porte refuses even the line of October 3, which included a small portion of Epirus, and offers only a portion of Thessaly. The alternative would appear to be the cession of Crete.

In favour of this island being handed over to Greece, many arguments may be brought forward. The population is almost entirely of Greek origin, and Greek-speaking, although a large portion have adopted the faith of Islam. The Christians would receive the change of rulers with delight, at any rate at first, and the Cretan Moslems would be more easily reconciled to it than their fellow-believers in Thessaly or Epirus. The island is rich, and would aid in enabling Greece to stave off the financial crisis which is now so imminent. The Greeks, however, will not hear of the exchange. In the first place, they say, it is ridiculous to compare it with the territory ceded to them at Berlin, either in size, in population, or in wealth. Even as an alternative to a portion of Epirus, it could not be accepted. By its position Crete is certain to become part of Greece at no very distant date. "We are in no hurry for it," they say. "It does not help us on our way to Constantinople. It does nothing to keep back the Slavonic tide which threatens to overwhelm Hellenism. It is a rich island, but we could not at once begin to tax it heavily, since under the Turks

it has for the last few years been free from all Imperial taxes, except the Customs. We should be forced to allow the Assembly of the Island to continue its work, and settle all taxation, as heretofore, and we doubt whether they would send any large sum to Athens." Unless the Powers intend to set the will of the Greeks entirely at defiance, no arrangement by which Crete is ceded in exchange for some portion of the mainland has a chance of acceptance.

Meanwhile at Athens events are coming to a head. Ever since last October, when the Decree of Mobilization was issued, the excitement has been increasing. This could not indeed have been otherwise. The whole country has been turned into a vast camp. All the young men between twenty and thirty have been forced to enter the army. Commerce has flagged, the factories have been forced either to stop work or to keep working without profit, owing to the high price which has now to be paid for labour. The agriculture of the country, which forms its chief source of revenue, has suffered perhaps more than either commerce or manufactures. The young men have been withdrawn, and the old men, in such a time of excitement, cannot resist the temptation, inborn in the Greek, of discussing the question of "*πόλεμος*" at the village "*καφευσίον*," leaving the fields to produce whatever they please. There are now close upon 60,000 of these troops, and they constitute perhaps the most dangerous element in the situation. It is not necessary to assure any one who knows Greece that it would be impossible to disband this force without the greatest danger of internal disorder. It is more than probable, if a regiment were disbanded, that it would mutiny, and that, aided by the populace and by other regiments, it would either force the responsible Minister to take back his order or hang him. If it were decided to reduce the army gradually, by discharging small numbers from time to time, a riot might be averted, but the country would soon be again infested with brigands. After six months of political discussion, tempered by occasional drilling, it is not in Greek nature that a man should be able to resume his ordinary avocations quietly, while the object for which all his time has been sacrificed is unattained. Were the Greek Ministry to accept any decision which did not satisfy the people, they could not escape popular violence. In Athens especially, disturbances would ensue, and shots be exchanged; the fury of the mob would in the first instance be directed against the Ministers, then would come a suggestion that it was through the influence of the king that the dishonouring compromise had been accepted; the mob would proceed to the palace, and the reign of King George I. be at an end. At a moment of political excitement the Athenian populace hesitates as little about changing a dynasty as we do about replacing a Minister who has been indiscreet or inefficient. The sentiment of devotion to the throne does not exist as in England. There is no love for what is established; on the contrary, that an institution has existed for some years is a reason for destroying it. Just now King George is popular,

because his people think that he managed well for them in France and England last summer, and still more because they believe that he proved himself a better diplomatist than Gambetta or Granville, and tricked them into giving more territory than Greece had any claim to. But this liking is merely temporary, and might change to bitter hatred in an hour. An Athenian regards the king much as the head of a party, like Tricoupis, or Comoundouros, or Delyanni; but yet inferior to these politicians, because they are Hellenes, and he is not. He has an innate dislike to monarchy, and only tolerates it because Europe has a prejudice in favour of this form of Government, and Greece is too weak to disregard even prejudices. It may be true that there is a good deal of bluster in the present military preparations, but still we cannot believe that they conceal an intention to give in as soon as the critical moment arrives. Even if such a policy suggested itself to the king or to his Ministers as the most politic for the country, they would be afraid to carry it out. The former had far better resign his throne, and retire peacefully to Denmark while there is yet time, than hang back when the crowd surges forward. Unless he place himself at its head to lead, it will either cast him aside or trample over him.

Reports differ greatly as to the character of King George, but we shall find the true man if we examine his past history. In disposition timid and somewhat idle, he possesses tact and a readiness of invention which would have made him the first of diplomatists had his career not been marred by acceding to a throne. The great Napoleon would have found in him his ideal of a representative abroad. It is needless to say that he is charming in conversation, of cultivated mind without having read much, an admirable linguist, speaking five or six languages with fluency and great purity of accent, and that he knows how to flatter with condescension. But with all these qualities, he lacks power. He is in no sense a "ruler of men." He would be better able to divine the wishes of a superior, and suit his own thereto, than to impose his will upon subordinates. Perhaps, had he not these defects, he would not have remained so long in his present position. It is only by constantly yielding that a Greek king can keep his throne. The present crisis will try him severely. If there is war, he must take command of the army in the field. Although he is uneducated in the military art, yet it is the wisest course both for himself and his troops. The only alternative course which has been proposed is to divide the command among four generals. It appears that, as none of them have ever seen a shot fired in anger, their claims are considered equal; and that to give one the supreme command would raise such a storm from the adherents of the other three as to incur the risk of war with the Turks being postponed in order that their rival claims might be settled by the arbitrament of arms. To send four generals into the field with equal powers would be certain defeat. If the king goes as commander-in-chief it may be possible to harmonize conflicting pretensions by

giving each general a division, and rendering each directly subordinate to the king. Even under these circumstances we greatly doubt whether the force of discipline will be strong enough to prevent the army from splitting up into disorganized bands, owning no authority but that of their individual leader. If in the first few encounters the Greeks are unsuccessful, the young troops will become demoralized. If, on the other hand, they are victorious, every individual battalion commander will attribute the result to his own heroism, refuse to receive any more commands, and lead as many of his men as will follow him to the mountains to maintain a brigand warfare against "the savage Turks," and live in the fashion of the old Klephs. Many officers, high in the Greek army, openly assert that this will be the case, while one has only to read the history of the War of Independence to see that precisely the same thing occurred in 1820-21. It makes little difference that the troops now wear French uniforms, are armed with the most modern rifles, and have been drilled for six months; they are still of the same stuff as their fathers, and will go back to the old irregular methods of fighting directly their discipline and military cohesion is subjected to the trial of a campaign.

This brings us to the examination of the question, "What will be the result of a war? Will the Ottoman troops at once sweep aside the raw Greek levies and march upon Athens?" We doubt it; not so much from any great belief in the Greek army and its commanders, as from a disbelief in the energy of Turkish generals. Although it may need an immense superiority in numbers to drive the Turks back, it requires but a small force to prevent them from advancing. Time after time this was proved in the war with Russia, that the Ottoman commanders were incapable of executing offensive movements with vigour, notwithstanding the ability they might display in defence.

The Greek army at present consists of close upon 60,000 men, and it could in a few weeks be raised to 75,000 by calling up the reserve men, who have already gone through their army training. These troops are all well equipped, and armed with the Gras rifle. The artillery is numerous, and of superior efficiency to the infantry. It is armed with Krupp cannon. The cavalry is unimportant. The best troops are the "Rifles," or "*Εἰρηνοὶ*," of whom there are eight battalions—men from the mountains of Acarnania, of magnificent physique and accustomed to hardship. The weak point of the army is the staff. There is no one capable of directing the strategical movements. None of the officers have any experience in war. They are for the most part ignorant even of a theoretical knowledge of it. Another deficiency is in the transport arrangements, but on this it is perhaps well not to insist too strongly, as it is within the recollection of all what the Servian militia were able to do without any transport or commissariat arrangements. With regard to the ignorance of their officers, the Turks are still worse off, but they have this enormous advantage, that they have experience of war,

and have been under fire. They are therefore less liable to those panics which often seize upon young troops, and in five minutes seal the fate of a campaign. Our expectation is that no very important engagements will be fought at the outset, but that the war will be confined to irregular skirmishes between small bodies. If the enthusiasm of the Greeks, or a desire on the part of their commanders not to risk unpopularity by a policy of delay, induce them to risk a general battle in the open field, we have no hesitation in asserting that they will be beaten. Their last chance is to defend the passes into Greece by earthworks, to send out flying expeditions into Thessaly, in order to encourage their friends, to stir up rebellion by all means in their power both in Thessaly and Macedonia, to endeavour to involve the Bulgarians, that the war may spread, and to come to terms with the Albanians.

It is extraordinary that some arrangement should not have already been made with the Southern Albanians. They are, with the exception of the Tchamurs and a few other small tribes, Christian; the majority speak Greek, and a large number would welcome annexation to the Hellenic kingdom on any terms. Many others would join the Greek cause, if a promise to respect local privileges were given; but no move in this direction has been made from Athens. The national Albanian feeling has been considerably exaggerated, or rather, we should say, that the geographical limits of the district, in which it exists as a real power, have been exaggerated. South of the Kalamas there is little or no real desire for a large Albania. The Tosk Albanians know that if such a province were to be created, the Ghegs would have it all their own way. Several meetings of leaders from the north and the south have been held, but they have always broken up in confusion, with no result but that of convincing both parties that it was well-nigh hopeless to reconcile their opposing pretensions. The famous Albanian League, which has its head-quarters at Trizuend, is hated at Zannina, and all attempts on the part of its emissaries to exert authority have been treated with contempt. It cannot be too clearly recognized that any attempt to include the southern portion of Epirus in the autonomous province of Albania, which every one looks forward to in the future, can only lead to internal dissension and the probable disruption of the province. The attempt to weld Mahomedan and Christian, Gheg and Tosk, into a homogeneous State, must end in failure. It is because we look forward with hopefulness to the establishment of an autonomous Albania, and because we believe that such a State would serve for much good in the south-east of Europe, that we argue against extending its limits too far. The true distinction in Epirus is not that of race, but that of religion and language. Let the districts where the Greek-speaking and Christian population is in a majority, be annexed to the Hellenic kingdom; the districts where the Mahomedan and Turkish-speaking tribes predominate, be preserved, for the present, to Turkey, until events have prepared the way for the establishment of autonomous Albania.

We have purposely refrained from touching upon the possible action of the Turkish fleet, as such action is necessarily contingent upon the decision of all the Powers not to interfere in the struggle either individually or collectively. We have reason to believe that although such a decision would readily be taken by the majority of the Powers, there are two who would consider themselves justified in placing constraint upon the liberty of action of the Ottoman naval commanders, and in wholly, or as far as possible, confining the hostilities to the mainland.

How far the conflagration may extend northward it is hard to say, but if the agitation once begins among the Bulgarians of Macedonia, it will be impossible for the Principality of Bulgaria not to come to their assistance. On the other hand, if the Porte execute its intention of occupying the Balkan Passes directly war is declared, the Bulgarians will necessarily become involved, as they would have to send reinforcements to the East Roumelians in order to resist the Turkish advance from Adrianople. Unassisted Bulgaria and East Roumelia could not long hold out. But would they be unassisted? Should events come to this pass—as we believe is by no means improbable—there will be cause for thanksgiving if the struggle terminates without involving the two great rivals in the Balkan Peninsula—Austria and Russia.

EDGAR LENORMAND.

THE COURT OF HANOVER.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SOME CHAPTERS OF SECRET HISTORY.

IN the beginning of October, 1859, I entered the service of the King of Hanover as Assessor to the Landdrostei Government (Local) at Hanover. The Landdrost von Bulow, who is long since dead, will ever be remembered by me as a skilful and far-seeing administrator, and as one of the most lovable of official chiefs.

On my entrance into the Hanoverian service action had already been taken in regard to Press affairs, and I was specially commissioned to do that work in addition to my immediate duties under the Minister Von Borries. Moreover, the general purpose of my engagement at the Landdrostei was to make me practically acquainted with the whole organization of the Hanoverian administrative system. My entire official position, accordingly, was a somewhat difficult one.

In order to make the condition of matters intelligible, it is necessary first to describe and characterize the persons who were then the most influential actors in public life.

King George V., that much attacked, much mistaken, and even intentionally traduced prince, was one of the most peculiar characters that were ever called to fill a place in history. In the first place, a very special cast was given to his character by a corporeal cause—viz., his blindness. George V. had injured one of his eyes when a boy. Its power of vision was lost, and the other eye became sympathetically affected and grew worse and worse. As he grew up to be a youth, the celebrated Gräfe, the father of the still more celebrated son, treated him, and during an operation at Herrenhausen, in 1840, cut the optic nerve right through by an accidental but irretrievable slip of the hand. Gräfe died of despair in a tragical manner after his return from Hanover: the Crown Prince remained sunk in impenetrable night. He gradually attained the serene calm which is so often found with the blind; but the terrible stroke

which thus took from him the vision of the bright world, the sight of wife and children, left permanent traces deeply engraved in his whole being. He refrained, however, from all repining; on the contrary, he came to cherish a remarkably firm belief in God's guidance. This childlike confidence, free as it always was from every tinge of pietism and bigotry, was at once elevating and touching. I remember one day in Norderney, when working with the king in his room, that he sent me to search for a paper which was in my house. After some little time I returned and entered the room, as was the custom in such cases, without announcement. The king was on his knees beside the sofa he had been sitting on, and, with his head resting on his folded hands, and his blind eyes turned upwards, was so deeply sunk in prayer that he did not hear my entrance. I withdrew softly came and back again after a longer interval, when I found him sitting on the sofa, his whole countenance beaming with calm joy. But I confess that tears rose to my own eyes.

Here let me say that his authority and his kingly dignity were articles of faith with him. The more firmly he was convinced that God himself gave every man his place in life, and the more he strove, in earnest zeal and real self-renunciation, to fulfil all the duties of his royal office, the more jealously did he watch over the least of his royal prerogatives, whether they concerned his independence towards foreign powers, or his supremacy over his own subjects at home. He was peculiarly suspicious towards his Ministers, even when he valued and loved them personally; because he dreaded, and had indeed often undergone, attacks upon his authority at their hands; and he was perhaps more suspicious still towards the higher bureaucracy who, in Hanover as in other countries, were masters in the art of turning aside those commands of the king or his Ministers which were inconvenient to them, and of causing affairs that displeased them futilely to run into sand.

The king was educated while he still possessed his sight—otherwise he would never have been capable of governing at all; and he was educated in the grand ideas of a prince of the English Empire. He had in his early youth seen King George IV., then the most brilliant and powerful prince of Europe; he was himself regarded by the political party of his father, the Duke of Cumberland, as the heir-presumptive to the English throne, for it was in contemplation among the Tories at that time to introduce the Salic Law by an Act of Parliament, and thereby exclude Queen Victoria from the succession. The king spoke German, English, French, and Italian with purity and ease. With his extremely refined and cultured mind, and his exact acquaintance with history, he knew very well that he was ruler of a country of very small resources, and never even thought, as he was often accused, of wishing "to play the great power." But of course in his monarchical prerogative he considered himself the equal of the first potentate in Europe; and he deemed the House of Guelph to be the noblest of all the reigning

families of Europe,—a view which, if we have respect to the age of princely houses, is certainly borne out by history.

But pride in his own rank and in the nobility of his house never prevented him from exhibiting the most amiable friendliness in personal intercourse. He was in the highest degree a gentleman. For example, he always had one of the windows of his room open, and the fire in his stove was little better than symbolical. But he never neglected to ask those who came to him for a conversation of any length if the room was not too cold for them. He sent me once from his Cabinet to Minden, where my father-in-law was Prussian Provincial Councillor, in order to bring to the latter on his birthday the Ernest-Augustus Order. Another time he heard that my mother-in-law, an old, infirm, and then quite blind woman, was in Hanover; he invited her, along with my wife, to a little dinner with his most intimate circle at Herrenhausen; and there gave his servant orders to prepare my mother-in-law's food just like his own, so that she might get it easily by feeling with the fork. Then after dinner he conducted her, along with my wife, into his Cabinet in order to show them the place where he worked with me, and that he might give them, as a souvenir of the spot, costly bracelets which he produced from his writing-table. I could mention many incidents of a similar nature in which he personally showed the most thoughtful and delicate solicitude in contributing to the pleasures of others.

He never thought of concealing his blindness; he often used to declare that, of all the senses, the sense of sight is the most easily dispensed with, and he had a certain ambition to make his statement true in his own case. He was an excellent rider, and managed his horse perfectly. Of course he could not unassisted keep the right road; the aide-de-camp riding by his side had to retain the king's horse in the proper direction by means of a leading rein, which it was often difficult to do, for the king was a wild and bold rider, and frequently gave express instructions to choose paths over tolerably rough ground. Other blind men are wont to turn their ear towards those they speak with; but the king turned his eyes to every person he addressed, and he did so with perfect accuracy. At large meetings of the Council, and even at the Great Board, as soon as he had once heard the voice of each he could conveniently fix the place where he sat. He had an astonishing faculty of determining the quarter of the compass in any place where he happened to be, and could tell quite correctly which way was east and which west. I remember one day climbing a tower with him on a hill at Goslar, and he stood with his face to the north and then explained the whole prospect round the horizon, naming the various localities and hills without committing a single error.

His English education gave him large and free ideas in every direction. Paradoxical as it may sound, the king was in a certain sense the most liberal-minded man in his country, in which so much stiff, firmly-ingrown formalism, and such inextinguishable caste spirit existed

and still exists even with those who belong politically to the liberal parties, and carry liberal phrases in their mouth. Of course he had no appreciation of parliamentarism ; but that did not prevent him, in personal intercourse and in the discussions in his Cabinet, from listening to, respecting, and weighing every adverse opinion, even the flattest contradiction, in the most amiable manner. Nay, he even encouraged this to be expressed if he observed any hesitation to express it.

Along with these effects of his English education, the king had much in him all through that was Prussian, in consequence of his long residence in Berlin, where his father, the Duke of Cumberland, lived before he ascended the throne. The king's favourite reminiscences of his youth dated from that period. He was inexhaustible in his anecdotes of the old Prince Wittgenstein the chamberlain, of Count Neale, and many other personages of the old Berlin Court ; and he cherished a deep, almost devotional reverence for King Frederick William III.

The king's personal disposition towards Prussia was not, as was sometimes alleged, entirely hostile. His view of German unity, starting from his monarchical prerogative and the absolute independence of his Government, was a strictly federalistic one ; and in this respect he was firmly convinced that Hanover, from its situation, its population, and its dynasty, might form the bond of understanding between North and South Germany—between Austria and Prussia. He often used to say,—“We small States must always support the unity between the two great Powers of the German Confederation, for so long as they are at one, we are secure at home and abroad, and can peacefully and without distrust follow their combined lead ; but if they are divided, then woe to Germany !” This conviction always gave the key to his leanings. He did not like Austria. Little tokens were often visible showing that the Court of Vienna stood hard and fast on the standpoint of the old Emperors towards the Electors who were elevated into Kings, and on this point the pride of the king was very sensitive. In a single word, George V. was “every inch a king.” He was firm and proud towards the world, humble before God in whom he believed, and full of a warm feeling for another's sorrow.

The ruling personage in the Government at the time of my entrance into the Hanoverian service was the Minister of the Interior, Herr von Borries. The king did not like him, and entertained, besides, a certain jealous distrust of him just because he happened to be a Minister. Herr von Borries had passed through the usual stages of the career of a Hanoverian functionary. He had studied at Gottingen, was judge at Delm, then member of the Aulic Council in Stade, and finally Government Councillor to the Provincial Government of Stade. In the year 1848 he had inclined to the Liberal side, but, frightened by the course of events, he soon after connected himself with the strict Conservative party. Herr von Borries was at this time fifty-eight years old ; little, spare, and angular in his figure. His dry keen face was lit with dark flashing eyes,

kindling with fire and life. When he believed he was right he proceeded without thought of self, and with a firmness which sometimes hardened into the stiffest obstinacy; but his bitterest political opponents were never able to raise a breath of reproach against his character and private life. He possessed a clear, acute, and rapid mind, which could devote every hour of the day to the severest labour without fatigue; he suffered no independence beside him, and his inexhaustible power of work led him to seek to do everything himself, by which he dissipated his activity very much upon trifles. He spread over the whole land a tight bureaucratic net, which was as objectionable to the old nobility of the country as it was to the Liberal parties.

In order perfectly to understand the circumstances of Hanover at that period, it must not be forgotten that for more than a century the sovereigns of the country were not resident in it. The king lived in England, and, even when he had a Hanoverian Minister at his Court in London, the resident Ministers in Hanover governed the kingdom almost without restraint. A kind of *corps bureaucratique* had developed itself, which did the real work of government. Hence the residence of the king in the country, after the separation of the Crown from England, was inconvenient both to the nobility and to the bureaucracy in Hanover. This was less striking under Ernest Augustus, because he, an old English Grand-Seigneur, interfered very little. But when he was succeeded by George V., who devoted his whole energy and attention to the business of Government, and when a man of such eminent force and such persistent will as Herr von Borries stood at the head of the administration, then all those circles which had previously governed the country were injured in a thousand interests, which they counted acquired rights. Two measures in particular made Herr von Borries many enemies: the new organization of offices and the division of the domain-lands of the Crown. This latter measure, entirely unassailable in principle, was practically carried out in such a manner as to excite much criticism. Herr von Borries had, at the time I entered the Hanoverian service, almost no downright friend in the whole kingdom. Jars frequently arose, which led, in many cases, to very strained relations. The king often used to say: "Borries would like to put me in a room of which he alone had the key; he desires to be a Richelieu, and forgets that I am not Louis XIII."

Herr von Borries wore almost always the Minister's blue interim-coat with black collar; his toilette was not very elegant, and the manner in which he received visitors corresponded ill with the position of the most influential Minister at a Court of such great pomp as the Hanoverian. The visitor was often shown into a dark room. The Minister would call out from a side room and ask him to wait a little; then he would appear, always in the blue interim-coat, with a little cap on his head, grey felt slippers on his feet, and a yellow brass candlestick in his hand. He would set this candlestick on the table, and the conference would

begin. It was often exactly in this way that the reception was made when I brought strangers to him on important business. Of course one soon forgot the peculiarities of the Minister's manner in the excellence of his intellectual and acute conversation. These peculiarities were the occasion, however, of incessant sneers, especially among the Hanoverian nobles, who were very formal and stiff towards strangers, and of whom Count Platen considered himself the special representative in the Ministry, without, however, really being so.

Count von Platen-Hallermund, who was destined to play so fatal a part in the downfall of the Hanoverian kingdom, was then forty-six years old, but looked younger. He was in every respect, outwardly and inwardly, almost the perfect opposite of Herr von Borries. His external appearance was the model of finished elegance; his face, with its carefully dressed black hair and its well-trimmed black beard, had an air of nobility, and could assume an expression of winning friendliness. He had an uncommonly receptive mind, a power of acute apprehension, and a gift of keen observation that often tempted him into malicious sarcasms. His culture was versatile but not very deep. He had been from early youth occupied in diplomacy at foreign embassies; and he had thus a larger horizon and a wider vision, without, however, having any superior statesmanlike clearness or accuracy. He thought diplomatic skill lay in *moyens termes*. To encounter obstacles boldly was impossible to him. This was less due to a want of courage—for he was capable of chivalrous and high-minded action—than it was to his unusual receptivity of the views of others and to his absolute incapacity for fixing his own ideas. Count Platen was thoroughly Austrian in his leanings. Vienna society had received him with extreme *empressement*, and his favourite reminiscences were associated with that city. The Count's decided preference for Austria did not, however, prevent him from constantly maintaining good formal relations with Prussia, and in his desire to do this, he said much which subsequently did not correspond with facts.

Count Platen, who was proposed to the king for the office of Foreign Minister by Herr von Borries, became the opponent of the latter the moment the party of the nobility separated itself from him; the two departments of home and of foreign affairs accordingly stood like antipodes to one another; and this animosity spread itself down to the subaltern officials.

The other Ministers—Count Kielmannsegge, Finance and Trade; Herr von Bothmer, Spiritual Affairs; and the Hereditary Landdrost von Bar, Justice—had no higher aims than to be heads of departments. The latter was the most absent-minded of men.

A specially outstanding and remarkable person was Wermuth, the General Director of Police, a man of great activity and equally great ambition. He would somewhat exaggerate the dangers of opposition, by pointing to the previous Communistic conspiracies, in order thereby

to create an impression of the necessity of police administration, and especially of *his* police administration.

Standing farther behind the scenes, but yet at times exercising an important influence, was State Councillor Zimmermann, originally a Gotha journalist, who had in earlier days made himself very useful during the controversies about the Constitution by working up questions of constitutional law for the Confederation, and had then stood in the closest relation with Herr von Borries. But on the breach between the latter and Count Platen he allied himself with the Count, who got Zimmermann appointed Resident Minister at Hamburg. He had many connections with the Press, and Herr von Borries was not wrong in guessing, as he frequently did, that he saw Zimmermann's pen in the hostile articles of many of the great German papers. He was at this time fifty years old, with a fine and even feminine delicacy of build, and a pale sickly face, brightened by the flashes of his keen dark eyes.

A person who must still be mentioned was Dr. Lex, Privy Cabinet Councillor of the king; a little feeble dry man bodily, but of inexhaustible power of work and encyclopædic learning. He had been appointed by King Ernest Augustus tutor to the Crown Prince, and when King George succeeded to the throne he retained him as his private secretary, with the title of Cabinet Councillor. He had to be the king's hand and eye; to read to him everything that came in, and to write everything the king dictated. He lived only for the king. He was as silent as the grave. If one had wished to create a secretary for the blind king, he could have done nothing else but create Dr. Lex.

The Court, as such, was indifferent to politics. The king held with uncommon strictness by the rule that no one should speak with him about things that did not belong to his official duties. His three aides-de-camp—Count Wedel, Captain of the Cavalry, Major von Heimbruch, and Major von Kohlräusch—never ventured, without bringing upon themselves sharp repulses, to touch upon political topics in conversation with him, although the last was a friend of the king's youth, who was *thou'd* by him, and treated with unbounded confidence.

The Queen, while exercising as she did so great an influence in family affairs and in purely Court matters, never made any attempt to mix in political affairs proper. The most she ever did was to make persons she disliked feel her ill-will somewhat decidedly. Brought up at the little Court of Altenburg, ceremony was a burden to her, and her aversion to it often led her into acts and into omissions which carried injurious consequences. Her aversion to all presentations was, perhaps, the reason why the Hanoverian Court came so little into association with other Courts; which was especially to be lamented in respect to Berlin, for many misunderstandings might have been avoided or explained by personal meetings between supreme rulers who were so nearly related. The Queen was happiest in the small family circle, with a few intimates; the life she would have liked best would, perhaps,

have been that at a farm ; she had without measure all the virtues of the wife and mother, but the exclusiveness of these was perhaps her defect.

Confronting the Government thus constituted stood the Opposition, under the leadership of Herr von Bennigsen. He was originally driven into opposition through disappointed ambition. He was a man of great natural endowments, and of deep and well-grounded culture, and he had chosen his position with great skill. The Gotha idea was not popular in Hanover ; Prussia was disliked by the whole people ; and the National Union would, perhaps, have obtained but few members in the kingdom of Hanover, had not Herr von Bennigsen been at the same time leader of the Opposition against the Government, and had not Herr von Borries on that account taken up a personal antagonism to the Union. In fact, it may be said that while Herr von Bennigsen founded the National Union, it was Herr von Borries who established it in Hanover. In a special bureaucratic rescript, the latter forbade all provincial authorities from committing any public works or business to members of the National Union. Nay, a special list was drawn up of the persons to be excluded in such cases.

There existed a club which bore, for what reason I know not, the name of *Lemförde*, and which numbered among its members councillors of all the Ministerial departments. In it all the measures and doings of the Government were mentioned, and discussed with the most unreserved openness ; so that hardly any secret which passed beyond the persons of the Ministers themselves remained unknown for more than four-and-twenty hours. In this way Herr von Bennigsen learnt of the rescript just named, and of the prepared list, which quickly got the name of "The Black Book," and the whole German press raised an immense outcry against it. This made an impression even on the friends of the Government, for the measure seemed, in the form in which it was issued, to be a kind of proscription which violated public opinion. Herr von Borries committed similar mistakes in the sittings of the Chamber, in which he did much every day to strengthen the position of Herr von Bennigsen. Sometimes whole sittings were occupied with nothing but an oratorical duel between Herr von Borries and Herr von Bennigsen. The former thought he won a great victory when he printed his speeches afterwards, without reflecting that the speeches of Herr von Bennigsen, which he had occasioned, were pushed into a much wider publicity. This made his opponent figure, in the eyes of the public, more and more as the equal of the king's whole Government, and a greater nimbus gathered round his person because the other members of the Opposition were much his inferiors in mind, culture, and oratorical skill.

Such was the situation of public life, and the position of the Government of Hanover at home and abroad, when the task was given to me of organizing a systematic representation of the principles and measures of the Government in the newspaper press.

The condition of things which I found existing was an excessively primitive and almost comical one. The Government possessed an official journal, the *Neue Hannoverische Zeitung*, which published in its official section the notices of all the authorities, and in its unofficial section political articles and correspondence, which were written for it by order of the Minister of the Interior. The publisher received Government printing to the extent of 10,000 dollars annually, and all Government servants were obliged to take in the journal, and all administrative authorities to insert their intimations in it. Herr von Borries permitted no other influence to interfere with the journal thus personally inspired through means of his subordinates, and the articles in it were couched exactly in the style of his own parliamentary speeches—argumentative, bitter, often irritating, but generally somewhat stiff and tedious. All the other newspapers in the town of Hanover belonged to the Opposition. At their head was the *Zeitung für Norddeutschland*, edited by Dr. Eichholz, a highly honourable but deeply embittered enemy of the Government. Then came the *Hannoverische Courier*, which much distinguished itself by its malicious but often piquant wit, and whose editor, Friederichs, had manifold opportunities, as member of the club *Lemförde*, already mentioned, for framing criticisms of the indiscretions of the Ministerial reporters. The remaining journals in Hanover, the *Tagespost* and *Tageblatt*, as well as nearly all the daily and weekly papers in the provinces, printed the articles of the *Zeitung für Norddeutschland*, if not in form, at least in sense. The articles of the *Neue Hannoverische Zeitung* were thus but a solitary sound, like the voice of the preacher in the wilderness; while all round, down to the pettiest print of the smallest provincial town, the entire press and public opinion were ruled by the Opposition.

The whole foreign press was equally hostile, with the single exception of the *Hamburgischen Correspondenten*, with which Herr von Borries had formed a personal connection,—I know not when or how,—and which willingly accepted all the Minister's articles. The Hanoverian Government was the object of the hottest and bitterest attacks from the Gotha, as well as the general Liberal, standpoint. Moreover, our relations to Prussia were then as bad as possible.

The first variance between the two countries was occasioned by the Provisional Government of the new era, which wrote distinctly on its flag the Gotha idea of a Federal State (*Bundes-Staat*) with Prussia at its head, and by the action of the National Union, which combined this idea in close association with its opposition in domestic affairs. The two excited a profound public distrust, hinting, as they did even then, at possible annexations, and pointing Germany to the example of Italy.

Already in March, 1860, on the occasion of a debate in the Chamber on the union of the Ministries of Finance and of the Royal House in the same hands,—which brought the administration of the Crown lands and the State lands under the same chief, and which was regarded by

the Opposition as inadmissible,—Herr von Bennigsen took the opportunity to say that he could not understand how the Government could have interfered with the rule of keeping the Crown and State domains separate, unless they wished, in view of certain contingencies which might occur to the Royal House in the event of European troubles, to make preparations for the maintenance of a princely position. Such an expression, coming from the mouth of the leader of the Opposition, made a great impression in Court and Government circles, and excited them very profoundly against Prussia. The Opposition journals inflamed this feeling by their constant glorification of the state of Prussia, and by their indirect representation of a policy of annexation as a desirable goal. Herr von Borries, on the other hand, expressed his spite by throwing difficulties in the way of Prussia in certain unimportant and, in themselves, indifferent questions bearing upon general trade. This naturally embittered people in Berlin, and the relations between the two Governments grew always more and more strained.

In connection with the state of matters at that time, in which the first germ of the later catastrophe lay, I always recollect a saying of my honoured friend, the Court Councillor Schneider. He came often to Hanover. The king had known him from the time of his residence in Berlin, and was very gracious to him, remembering also with special kindness his sister (the wife of Schubert, the musical director), who when the king was a boy had, as the then celebrated singer Maschinka Schneider, been the first to sing the music of Weber in London, more especially the airs of the "*Freischütz*," and had charmed the court, society, and the general public of England. Schneider always lamented that the king never went to Berlin, and that thereby the two Courts had got estranged from one another. "People write and speak of annexation," he said, "and I understand that that is disliked in Hanover and is especially painful to the king; but why, then, do people in Hanover incessantly, and in such trifles, remind Prussia that they are a hindrance—remind her that the two halves of the State are separated? And if that is thought necessary for political reasons, why then neglect personal intercourse? No State in Germany places more political difficulties in the way of Prussia than Mecklenburg; yet, however great may be the political differences that may occur, an annexation of Mecklenburg would be an impossibility." The excellent, acute, and far-seeing Schneider was right, but all attempts to bring about a personal approximation of the two Courts remained fruitless. Once only did anything of the kind happen, and it had the most excellent effect.

But besides these little bickerings, there were also more serious differences between Hanover and Prussia: the redemption of the State impost; the Prussian proposals for a reform of the military constitution of the German Confederation; and the question of the railway from Minden to Jadebusen, in which the Hanoverian Government refused the desire of Prussia to carry that line through Hanoverian territory.

And the king personally was set against Prussia, above all, by the resuscitation of the question of the Brunswick succession, which was then a subject of incessant public discussion in newspaper articles and pamphlets, whose origin was usually attributed to the Prussian Government, or at least to Herr von Schleinitz.

The Hanoverian Government had thus to fight in the press not only with almost all the papers, great and small, of its own country, but also with all Liberal journals in Germany, and finally and chiefly with the Prussian press bureau. And the Government had, on the other hand, very few means of defence. The establishment of a journalistic organization was, however, in the meantime to be proceeded with, and I set my face to the work as well as I could in such difficult circumstances. With the exception of some newspapers of the larger towns, which belonged entirely to the National Union, almost all the provincial newspapers responded favourably to the communications I imparted to them in a confidential way. I found the Landdrost at Aurich (Bacmeister, the ex-Minister) in particular impressed with a profound sense of the importance of the Press, and of the Government's exercising a salutary intellectual influence over it. I had a thorough discussion of the subject with him during a whole evening at a quiet tea to which Herr von Borries invited me to meet him.

Since this highly important man exercised an essential influence upon the destiny of Hanover down to the last period of the kingdom, and since I had the pleasure of working with him and learning much from him in many affairs of consequence, some remarks about him may not be out of place here.

Bacmeister was, at the time I speak of, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He was in poor health, but his power of work was inexhaustible in spite of his sensitive nerves; and his keen dialectic almost always either convinced his opponents or silenced them. He had been chosen Minister of the Interior in 1842, and had elaborated the Hanoverian system of legal procedure which, notwithstanding the legal changes occasioned through the events of the year 1848, still forms the basis of the Hanoverian system of procedure. Then he had been successively Minister of Worship and Minister of Finance in the Schele Government, but had retired because he could not agree with Schele, and became, as already remarked, Landdrost in Aurich under Herr von Borries. The king treated him with distinction on every occasion, and even Herr von Borries, distrustful as he was, never had a difference with him. Now this man was perhaps the only person, among all the higher officials of Hanover, from whom I obtained a really active support, quite in my own sense, in dealing with the Press. The bureaucracy especially opposed me with more or less of open hostility. Nevertheless, the measures devised by me had a rapid, and, as was natural, a very visible effect. The earlier state of matters at home was completely changed.

I next turned my attention to the foreign Press. The source and

focus of the general newspaper war against Hanover was, for reasons already mentioned, Berlin. An excellent opportunity presented itself to me when I went to Berlin in November, 1859. The Central Office for Press Affairs, which had been established by Von Manteuffel when he was President of the Ministry, was placed, in the new Ministry, under the direction of Herr von Jasmund and Herr von Bardeleben, of whom the former had previously edited the *Preussische Wochenblatt* of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, and the latter had been engaged somewhere else as a journalist. Now both these gentlemen were, on account of the way in which they were appointed, unpopular among the other members of their bureau; and I found these latter, who had the control of a wide circle of correspondence, deeply offended with the Ministry in general and with the heads of their own office in particular. This made it easy for me to engage several of them to represent Hanoverian interests, to send me regular accounts of all that happened in Berlin, and to write their own newspaper correspondence according to my instructions. At the same time, I succeeded in establishing a good understanding with the Conservative party, among whom I had many personal friends, and with the *Kreuz-Zeitung* and its *collaborateurs*; and I also found correspondents for the Hanoverian Government Press who had no other connection with journalism and had access to the best sources of information. The result of these negotiations soon showed itself in a very effectual way. I was not only most accurately informed of everything that took place in Berlin, and I not only received correspondence which gave to the Hanoverian Government Press a higher interest and an importance that was speedily acknowledged on all hands, but I was also able, by means of these correspondents working according to my instructions, to get the views of the Hanoverian Government published simultaneously in the most diverse quarters, where any attempt at a direct connection would undoubtedly have been repulsed.

After that—of course all this only took place gradually—I succeeded in finding very clever and trustworthy agents in Vienna, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and Munich. I engaged them on fixed terms, and they sent me, like the others, regular reports, and were obliged to shape their correspondence according to my instructions. I arranged, also, that each of them should regularly send a copy of his news reports—so far as they did not contain absolutely confidential communications—to all the others, accompanied with my instructions regarding the treatment of individual points, so that it was not easy for any part of Germany, even of a wider circumference,—for many great foreign journals were supplied by my agents,—to remain free from my influence on the Press. The Hanoverian views of policy and right, both in their own domestic affairs and on the various questions then in agitation connected with the general politics of the Confederation, were advocated and propagated in all directions from Berlin, from Vienna, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and from Munich, without the public, or even those

behind the scenes in journalism, having the dimmest suspicion of the reason why.

With some of the greater world-journals I entered into personal relations, and with others which had formerly been very hostile to the Hanoverian Government. Soon after my entrance into the Hanoverian service, the *Weser-Zeitung* published some very vehement attacks upon the Government, and Herr von Borries wished to deprive it of its privilege of transmission by post, whereby it would have lost a great number of subscribers. In order to avoid this loss, it adopted exactly the same course as the *Allgemeine Zeitung* had in similar circumstances done, and maintained absolute silence regarding the affairs of Hanover. The *Weser-Zeitung* was then edited by a Herr Lammers, who was regarded, and rightly, as a very decided Liberal, but as an earnest, able, and not ill-disposed man. He was unknown to me, but through a common friend I had relations with the proprietor of the paper, Herr Schünemann. I requested Herr Schünemann to come to Hanover. The latter obeyed the summons at once, and I brought him one evening to Herr von Borries, whose open, straightforward, and honestly-blunt nature gave Herr Schünemann a very different impression from what he previously entertained of the much-abused Minister. They were much pleased with one another, and an understanding was effected, in consequence of which the *Weser-Zeitung* for the future mitigated its tone towards Hanover essentially, and also accepted the articles which I sent it. Of course it does not need saying that in those articles I never expected the editor, Herr Lammers, to admit anything contrary to his own opinions.

I also obtained a somewhat peculiar opportunity of coming to an understanding with the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*. After a long silence on Hanoverian affairs, this paper published an article which made a great sensation. It stated that in consequence of differences between Count Platen and Herr von Borries, the former had requested leave to resign his office. That this was refused him by the king, and the result was that Herr von Borries had resolved to resign. The article contained some details so exact and striking, that the king himself was deeply interested. He at once gave me a commission to go in person to the editor, and try to ascertain from him the name of the writer of the article. At the same time he furnished me with a communication, equivalent to a direct command, to Colonel von dem Kneesebeck, his ambassador at Munich, desiring him to assist me in every way, under absolute secrecy, in attaining my end. I then set out on one of the most painful and difficult of commissions.

I discovered in Colonel von dem Kneesebeck, with whom I was at a later period to enter in various ways into closer connection, a man as amiable as he was keen-sighted; a genuine true-hearted old German, who strove with his whole soul to promote the interests of Hanover in South Germany. He dissuaded me entirely—and I coincided with him—from making any

attempt to ascertain the name of the author of the article in question from the editor, and recommended me rather to deal, both on that subject and on the question of a regular friendly connection with the newspaper, directly with the old Baron von Cotta, in Stuttgart, who was then still alive, and of whose peculiarities the Colonel had much to tell me. I went to Augsburg and sought out, in the first instance, Dr. Orges, who assured me of his zealous desire to be serviceable to the Hanoverian Government in every way, but explained at the same time that he could hardly work against Dr. Kolb, who was associated with him in the editorship. Dr. Orges was a man of very active mind and of versatile but self-taught culture, and as is generally the case with men so trained, he was excessively self-opinionated. The principal part of his work consisted in fulminating articles against the French Empire. Dr. Kolb, an old man, half paralyzed, was an old and somewhat dull Liberal, *doctrinaire* of the era when the whole political world followed eagerly the parliamentary see-saw between Guizot and Thiers, and took a striking phrase in the oratorical tribune for a highly important event. I obtained no results, but parted in the friendliest way with these two personages, who from the dark editorial chamber of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* looked out upon the world of public opinion as subject to them.

In the evening, at the hotel "Zu den drei Mohren," then famous for its *Weinkarte*, which offered the produce of every vineyard on the face of the earth, I had a talk with Baron Reischach, the joint proprietor of the journal, an excellent aristocratic old gentleman. He had handed the affairs of the paper completely over to Herr von Cotta, and on the following morning I departed for Stuttgart. I sent Baron von Cotta the ambassador's letter of introduction along with my card. I found him an old gentleman as original as he was amiable, who took great pains to keep up in his whole appearance the character of a youthful sportsman, and who wore highly curled whiskers and small spurs, without being made to look ridiculous in the least by it all. I stated to him the king's desire to know the author of the last article bearing on Hanover, and assured him at the same time that no one but His Majesty should learn anything of his communication if he would make one to me. The Baron then spoke very unreservedly about his editors, who had already often got him into difficulties. Kolb, he said, was an old fixture of the paper, with whom one was obliged to overlook much; Orges was zealous and active, but "young, very young." It was, in fact, truly piquant to hear the old man talk about his editors, who, for their part, looked down on the public opinion of Europe from so great an altitude of self-estimation. The Baron asked me, in order to avoid all difficulties with the editors, to send to himself direct any articles whose insertion was desired by the king. As regarded the author of the article which had attracted the king's attention, he was known to him from articles sent in before with the same signature. He declined with a smile to mention the name of the writer; but indicated by several hints

so precisely who he was that I could no longer entertain doubt about the matter. These indications were meant for the exclusive information of the king, and no one else has ever learnt anything of them; yet they had the effect of making the king more distrustful and cautious than he was before towards all proposals which proceeded from the quarter in question. The connection with Baron von Cotta subsisted till his death.

There was now created a centre of Government journalism. The articles for the Hanoverian papers, and the correspondence sent direct from Hanover to the German journals, were written according to my instructions by a literary staff at my command; and by this means it became possible to make an idea with which it was desired to impress public opinion emerge in the Press in different quarters, at the same time, without any apparent collusion; so that it was a frequent occurrence for an idea favoured by Hanover to be taken up by her adversaries and propagated under the mistaken belief that they were thereby stirring up opposition to the Hanoverian Government.

The most substantial difficulty I encountered—one often scarcely surmountable—lay in rightly imparting my instructions and in obtaining the information on which I built them. Herr von Borries was always on hostile terms with Count Platen, and the latter declined—which was quite justifiable from his point of view—to do any work for the Government Press so long as it remained exclusively under the official direction of the Minister of the Interior. The only source of information there remained to me for foreign politics was the king himself, and this opened a channel full of the most dangerous rocks. Great, however, as were the difficulties lying in my way in these peculiar circumstances, I did not allow myself to be frightened by them. The work of the Government Press, fettered as it was in so many different ways, showed always increasing results. The threads of the political life which was influenced by the German journalism of the time drew together more and more towards Hanover; and in the case of the worst difficulties which I encountered from the antagonism of Herr von Borries and Count Platen, I overcame them, in the most painful instances, by invoking the immediate instructions of the king himself. But my personal position was far from clear. In the State Handbook I always appeared as assistant to the Landdrost; my whole occupation with press affairs had no official basis; it rested on no written commission; and my position towards the king depended upon no official connection, but solely on his personal confidence. Under these circumstances painful frictions of all sorts could not fail to arise; and the intrigues woven against me, especially in the circle of the secretarial bureaucracy, were countless. The difficulties were increased through the want of assistants. I had engaged a few *littérateurs*, but it was almost impossible to entrust them with any degree of independent activity, since, like most of the German journalists of the time, they unfortunately lacked all juridical, political, and economical

education ; and it was necessary, even after the most precise instructions, to correct their work almost word by word. Then there were the tragico-comical experiences which almost always result from the conceit of importance that so often takes hold of journalists the moment they are employed by the Government. They believe themselves to be statesmen from that hour, and to carry in their hands the destinies of nations, so that it often becomes quite impossible to employ them any longer.

Soon, too, occasions multiplied for wider activity ; but since the " Press Bureau" could not be further extended in the face of the increasingly violent attacks made upon it by the Opposition, it was necessary to do the work as well as possible by the existing machinery.

In the meantime, the general political situation began to grow always more complicated. There appeared everywhere the first indications—as yet, however, clearly visible and intelligible to only a few—of the storms which went on brewing with increasing force till they at last ended in the destructive tempests of 1866 and 1870. Prussia began to agitate for a reform of the Confederation, in particular as to the constitution of the Confederation with respect to war. It grew plainer every day that the Berlin Cabinet had in view the Prussian hegemony in the field as its proper and final goal, and these aspirations awakened disquiet in Vienna and in the Courts of all the Central States. This disquiet, however, was more anger than alarm, for it never occurred to any one, at that time, that the endeavours of Prussia might be carried farther with sword in hand. Bismarck had not yet appeared on the world's stage, and had not yet spoken his threatening words about blood and iron. Herr von Schleinitz seemed to be far from dangerous, and the " free hand" of Prussian policy was supposed to be incapable of lifting a weapon. The new era appeared in the eyes of German statesmen of the time to be dangerous only in so far as it awakened revolutionary spirits everywhere, and always seemed to conjure up again the danger of a repetition of 1818.

Perhaps Napoleon was the only man who thought the slowly-rising German movement worthy of serious consideration. He feared the concentration of the military power of Germany under any form, but especially under the lead of Prussia ; and he hoped, by means of a partial support and promotion of the as yet cautiously advanced claims of Prussia, to cut off for ever the possibility of the development of the Prussian policy into a real national policy ; to obtain some compensation for himself, and, at the same time, by raising the question of Confederation reform, to gain an opportunity for intervention in German affairs. Herr von Bismarck was not yet ambassador at Paris, and Napoleon had, therefore, no opportunity for an oral exchange of ideas ; for which, indeed, he might think the then representative of Prussia not suited. He began accordingly, while the French Press showed itself favourable to the Prussian policy, to get the idea cautiously broached in Berlin of a personal meeting between himself and the Prince Regent. At the same time, in the end of April and beginning of May, 1860, similar feeler

were thrown out in Hanover with respect to the German Constitutional question; and I suppose the French diplomatic body expressed themselves to the same effect at the Courts of the other Middle States. Napoleon gave it to be understood from first to that last he had no intention of mixing in any way with the internal affairs of Germany, or even of opposing the national idea in Germany, so far as that idea turned upon a reinvigoration of the unwieldy form of the German Confederation.

The reception which these statements met with in Hanover was cold and reserved, the more so because the king, in conformity with the traditions of his youth, cherished at this time a profound antipathy against Napoleonic France, and took every opportunity to give expression to it. * This disposition of the king made the position of the French ambassador, Count Damrémont, somewhat disagreeable, and it once occurred that the king, in conversation with the ambassador, used some expression, of course not directly offensive, in which he spoke of Napoleon I. as a *grand conquérant*; whereupon Count Damrémont rejoined: "Sire, tous les fondateurs de dynasties étaient des conquérants heureux;" a remark which deeply offended the severely legitimist feeling of the king, and still more strengthened his cold and haughty reserve towards Napoleonic France and the Imperial diplomatic body.

It was just about this time, on the occasion of a petition from the magistrates of Harburg against the police, that Herr von Borries expressed himself regarding the agitations of the National Union (which was strongly represented among the members of the municipal bodies of Harburg) to the effect that the German Middle States, and, so long as law prevailed, the smaller German States also, would never give up their sovereignty in favour of any other Power, and that endeavours with such a purpose in view could only have the lamentable result of leading to defensive alliances with foreign powers, who would be greatly pleased to get a hand in German affairs. This statement gave rise to much agitation against the Minister, and yet he never suffered greater injustice. It was certainly meant as a *warning*, and not as a *threat*, and it was a sign of the bitter state of political feeling at the time that Herr von Bennigsen did not hesitate to assemble the representatives of the National Union in Heidelberg, in order to subscribe and promulgate a violent protest, brimful of German patriotism, against the statement of Herr von Borries. The Right in the Second Chamber, in order to testify their confidence in the Minister in the face of the outcry, gave him a banquet at the Limmer Wells, on the 5th of June, 1860—the date of laying the foundation stone of the monument to King Ernest Augustus; and on the same day the king raised his Minister to the rank of Count.

This was a small episode, but it served to deepen the estrangement between Count Borries and Count Platen. Count Platen had been, up till his appointment as Foreign Minister, Hanoverian ambassador at Paris, and a *persona grata* at the Court of Napoleon. He had received the Gold Cross of the Legion of Honour at his departure, and as he

was always fond of weaving big threads and little threads together, he had a wide connection in Paris as a friend also, which was now spoiled for him by the noise that was made by the statement of Count Borries. It interfered with the wish of Napoleon to win over to his side the King of Hanover, the nephew of George IV., that untiring and inexorable enemy of the first Emperor. This incident also increased the bitterness of feeling between the political parties in the Chamber; the language of speakers on both sides getting more excited. I wrote at that time a pamphlet entitled "An Open Letter to Herr von Bennigsen," which made a great sensation.

In Italy at this time a new order of things was preparing. Lombardy was severed from Austria, and Naples shivered under the strokes of the revolution led by Garibaldi with the support of Piedmont. Napoleon began to tremble at his own work. His idea was a tripartite Italy. He was tired of the honour of the English alliance, and now wanted at once new results and new support from Germany. His project for Germany, as appeared more clearly every day from the attitude of French diplomacy and from the occasional confidential communications which were delivered in low whispers, sometimes here and sometimes there, was again a threefold division. Prussia was to form a separate power in the north-east; Austria in the south-east; and between both a Middle-State group should be formed, consisting of the four kingdoms, which would then, as the Emperor hoped, naturally lean somewhat on French support.

With a view to this work of reconstruction the Emperor attached great importance to a personal meeting with the Prince Regent of Prussia, especially as the speech from the throne in the Prussian Diet (which laid particular stress on the Prussian military strength and on the defence of the national integrity of Germany), as well as some words spoken by the Prince of Prussia in Saarbrücken, appeared to be pointed at France, and had kindled in the whole press of the Empire, from the weightiest print to the meanest, an intense and increasing excitement. The movement in Germany was strengthened by the granting of a constitution in Electoral Hesse on the 30th of May, and through the commencement in Brunswick of a hostile discussion of the Hanoverian law of succession; so that indications were already being given of a volcanic shaking of the foundations on which the political world then stood.

In the beginning of June, Napoleon contrived to get the idea of a meeting with the Prince Regent directly broached in Berlin. The ostensible object of the meeting was to clear away the clouds of distrust which had risen between the German and French nations, and especially between France and Prussia; but the real reason was to try whether, and how far, the Prince of Prussia was open to the Napoleonic ideas and plans for the further treatment of the German question. This meeting was to assume the inoffensive and natural form of a visit which the Emperor would make to the Prince Regent on the occasion of the stay

of the latter at Baden-Baden, and it appeared almost impossible to decline such a visit, which was in itself a special attention and courtesy.

When the proposed meeting became known in Hanover, the king was much disturbed. His Majesty (the following is based on his own frequently repeated communications to myself) reflected long by himself over the news. He concluded that the meeting might give rise to misinterpretations of a character dangerous in the highest degree to the peaceful development of the constitutional life of Germany. And he prayed to God earnestly—as he always did at times when he was specially troubled—for enlightenment as to the way in which he could fulfil the duty that rested on him as a Prince of the German Confederation. At last, when it was already late in the evening, he believed that he had found the right course to adopt. Without waiting a moment, he ordered every preparation to be made for his journey,—of course in absolute secrecy,—and he left for Berlin by the midnight train, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, after having telegraphed to the Hanoverian Ambassador at that Court, Lieutenant-Colonel von Reitzenstein, to have a carriage waiting for him at the railway station. In the saloon carriage the king put on the Prussian uniform of the Zieten hussar regiment, of which he was the head, and the ribbon and star of the Order of the Black Eagle, and on his arrival in Berlin he drove with his aide-de-camp, and the much astonished Herr von Reitzenstein, direct from the railway station to the Palace Unter den Linden, which is occupied by the Emperor to this day.

It was not yet seven o'clock. The Prince Regent was still in his bedroom, and was doubtless not a little surprised when his servant announced to him in the highest excitement that the King of Hanover had just arrived at the palace. After a brief delay, the Prince Regent hastened to the room where the King awaited him. The high personages embraced and kissed one another, as they always did in salutation, and the King at once began: "You are to meet with Napoleon in Baden? That will not do. People will put a wrong construction on it. I have come to give you my view. You must not go there alone: I will go with you. The others shall do so too. Then all misconception will be prevented, and you will meet Napoleon more worthily, standing in a circle of German princes." The Prince Regent thanked the King warmly for a visit which gave him the opportunity of exchanging opinions with the prince who was his nearest neighbour and his relation. They then sat down together in perfect confidence and discussed the whole affair; and the result of the discussion was that at the meeting in Baden on the 15th the Prince Regent was surrounded by the German kings and other German princes.

Here, I think, I may pause for the present.

OSCAR MEDING.

("GREGOR SAMAROW.")

THE UNITY OF NATURE.

IX.

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF THE UNITY OF NATURE (*Continued*).

THE considerations set forth in the previous chapter indicate the fallacies which lie in our way when we endeavour to collect from the worship of savage nations any secure conclusions as to the origin of Religion. Upon these fallacies, and upon no more safe foundation, Comte built up his famous generalization of the four necessary stages in the history of Religion. First came Fetishism, then Polytheism, and then Monotheism, and last and latest, the heir of all the ages, came Comtism itself, or the Religion of Humanity, which is to be the worship of the future.

Professor Max Müller has done admirable service in the analysis and in the exposure which he has given us of the origin and use of the word "Fetishism," and of the theory which represents it as a necessary stage in the development of Religion.* It turns out that the word itself, and the fundamental idea it embodies, is a word and an idea derived from one of those popular superstitions which are so common in connection with Latin Christianity. The Portuguese sailors who first explored the West Coast of Africa were themselves accustomed to attach superstitious value to beads, or crosses, or images, or charms and amulets of their own. These were called "feitiços." They saw the negroes attaching some similar value to various objects of a similar kind, and these Portuguese sailors therefore described the negro worship as the worship of "feitiços." President de Brosses, a French philosopher of the Voltairean epoch in literature, then extended the term Fetish so as to include not only artificial articles, but also such great natural features as trees, mountains, rivers, and animals. In this way he was enabled to classify together under one indiscriminate appellation many different kinds of worship and many different stages in the history of religious

* Hibbert Lectures. 1878.

development or decay. This is an excellent example of the crude theories and false generalizations which have been prevalent on the subject of the origin of Religion. First, there is the assumption that whatever is lowest in savagery must have been primeval—an assumption which, as we have seen, is in all cases improbable, and in many cases must necessarily be false. Next there is great carelessness in ascertaining what is really true even of existing savages in respect to their religious beliefs. It has now been clearly ascertained that those very African negroes whose superstitious worship of material articles supposed to have some mysterious powers or virtues, is most degraded, do nevertheless retain behind and above this worship certain beliefs as to the nature of the Godhead, which are almost as far above their own abject superstitions as the theology of a Fénelon is above the superstitions of an ignorant Roman Catholic peasant. It is found that some African tribes have retained their belief in one Supreme Being, the Creator of the world, and the circumstance that nevertheless no worship may be addressed to Him has received from Professor Max Müller an explanation which is ample. "It may arise from an excess of reverence quite as much as from negligence. Thus the Odjis or Cohantis call the Supreme Being by the same name as the sky; but they mean by it a Personal God, who, as they say, created all things and is the Giver of all good things. But though He is omnipresent and omniscient, knowing even the thoughts of men, and pitying them in their distress, the government of the world is, as they believe, deputed by Him to inferior spirits, and among these, again, it is the malevolent spirits only who require worship and sacrifice from man."* And this is by no means a solitary case. There are many others in which the investigations of missionaries respecting the religious conceptions of savage nations have revealed the fact that they have a much higher theology than is indicated in their worship.

The truth is, that nowhere is the evidence of development in a wrong direction so strong as in the many customs of savage and barbarous nations which are more or less directly connected with Religion. The idea has long been abandoned that the savage lives in a condition of freedom as compared with the complicated obligations imposed by civilization. Savages, on the contrary, are under the tyranny of innumerable customs which render their whole life a slavery from the cradle to the grave. And what is most remarkable is the irrational character of most of these customs, and the difficulty of even imagining how they can have become established. They bear all the marks of an origin far distant in time—of a connection with doctrines which have been forgotten, and of conceptions which have run, as it were, to seed. They bear, in short, all the marks of long attrition, of a bed of rock which has been broken up at a distal time, and has left no other record of itself.

* Hibbert Lectures, pp. 107, 108.

Incoherent fragments in some far-off conglomerate. Just as these fragments are now held together by common materials which are universally distributed, such as sand or lime, so the worn and broken fragments of old religions are held together, in the shape of barbarous customs, by those common instincts and aspirations of the human mind which follow it in all its stages, whether of growth or of decay.

The rapidity of the processes of degradation in Religion, and the extent to which they may go, depends on a great variety of conditions. It has gone very far indeed, and has led to the evolution of customs and beliefs of the most destructive kind among races which, so far as we know, have never been exposed to external conditions necessarily degrading. The innate character of this tendency to corruption, arising out of causes inherent in the nature of Man, becomes indeed all the more striking when we find that some of the most terrible practices connected with religious superstition, are practices which have become established among tribes which are by no means in the lowest physical condition, and who inhabit countries highly blest by Nature. Perhaps there is no example of this phenomenon more remarkable than the "customs" of Dahomey, a country naturally rich in products, and affording every facility for the pursuits of a settled and civilized life. Yet here we have those terrible beliefs which demand the constant, the almost daily sacrifice of human life, with no other aim or purpose than to satisfy some imaginary Being with the sight of clotted gore, and with the smell of putrefying human flesh. This is only an extreme and a peculiarly terrible example of a general law, the operation of which is more or less clearly seen in every one of the religions of the heathen world, whether of the past or of the present time. In the very earliest ages in which we become acquainted with the customs of their worship, we find these in many respects strange and unaccountable, except on the supposition that even then they had come from far, and had been subject to endless deviations and corruptions through ages of a long descent.

Of no Religion is this more true than of that which was associated with the oldest civilization known to us—the civilization of Egypt. So strange is the combination here of simple and grand conceptions with grotesque symbols and with degrading objects of immediate worship, that it has been the inexhaustible theme of curious explanations. Why a Snake or why a Dung-beetle should have been taken to represent the Divine Being, and why in the holiest recess of some glorious temple we find enshrined as the object of adoration the image or the coffin of some beast, or bird, or reptile, is a question on which much learned ingenuity has been spent. It has been suggested, for example, that a conquering race, bringing with it a higher and a purer faith, suffered itself to adopt to embody in its system the lower symbolism of a local worship. But this explanation only removes the difficulty—if it be one—a step farther back. Why did such sufferance arise? why was such an adoption possible? It was possible simply because there is an universal tendency

in the human mind to developments in the wrong direction, and especially in its spiritual conceptions to become more and more gross and carnal.

Nor is it difficult to follow some, at least, of the steps of consequence—that is to say, the associations of thought—by which worship may become degraded when once any serious error has been admitted. Animal worship, for example, may possibly have begun with very high and very profound conceptions. We are accustomed to regard it as a very grotesque and degraded worship, and so no doubt it was in its results. But if we once allow ourselves to identify the Divine Power in Nature with any of its operations, if we seek for the visible presence of the Creator in any one of His creations, I do not know that we could choose any in which that presence seems so immanent as in the wonderful instincts of the lower animals. In a previous chapter we have seen what knowledge and what foreknowledge there is involved in some of these. We have seen how it often seems like direct inspiration that creatures without the gift of reason should be able to do more than the highest human reason could enable us to do—how wonderful it is, for example, that their prevision and provision for the nurture and development of their young should cover the whole cycle of operations in that second work of creation which is involved in the metamorphoses of insects—all this, when we come to think of it, may well seem like the direct working of the Godhead. We have seen in a former chapter that men of the highest genius in philosophical speculation, like Descartes, and men of the highest skill in the popular exposition of scientific ideas, like Professor Huxley, have been led by these marvels of instinct to represent the lower animals as automata or machines. The whole force and meaning of this analogy lies in the conception that the work done by animals is like the work done by the mechanical contrivances of men. We look always upon such work as done not by the machine but by the contriving mind which is outside the machine, and from whom its adjustments are derived. Fundamentally, however little it may be confessed or acknowledged, this is the same conception which, in a less scientific age, would take another form. What is seen in the action of an automaton is not the mechanism but the result. That result is the work of mind, which seems as if it were indwelling in the machine. In like manner, what is seen in animals is the wonderful things they do; and what is not seen, and is indeed wholly incomprehensible, is the machinery by which they are made to do it. Moreover, it is a machinery having this essential distinction from all human machines, that it is endowed with life, which in itself also is the greatest mystery of all. It is, therefore, no superficial observation of animals, but, on the contrary, a deep pondering on the wonder
may have first suggested them to religious
the abode of that Agency which is suprem
as an historical fact that this was really

because that origin is not historically known, and, like the origin of Religion itself, it must be more or less a matter of speculation. Some animals may have become objects of worship from having originally been the subjects of sacrifice. The victim may have been so associated with the god to whom it was devoted as to become his accepted symbol. The Ox and the Bull may well have been consecrated through this process of substitution. But no such explanation can be given in respect to many animals which have been worshipped as divine. Perhaps no further explanation need be sought than that which would be equally required to account for the choice of particular plants, or particular birds and fishes, as the badges of particular tribes and families of men. Such badges were almost universal in early times, and many of them are still perpetuated in armorial bearings. The selection of particular animals in connection with worship would be determined in different localities by a great variety of conditions. Circumstances purely accidental might determine it. The occurrence, for example, in some particular region of any animal with habits which are at once curious and conspicuous, would sufficiently account for the choice of it as the symbol of whatever idea these habits might most readily suggest or symbolize. It is remarkable, accordingly, that in some cases, at least, we can see the probable causes which have led to the choice of certain creatures. The Egyptian beetle, the *Scarabæus*, for example, represents one of those forms of insect life in which the marvels of instinct are at once very conspicuous and very curious. The characteristic habit of the *Scarabæus* beetle is one which involves all that mystery of prevision for the development of the species which is common among insects, coupled with a patient and laborious perseverance in the work required, which does not seem directly associated with any mere appetite or with any immediate source of pleasure. The instinct by which this beetle chooses the material which is the proper ridus for its egg, the skill with which it works that material into a form suitable for the purpose, and the industry with which it then rolls it along the ground till a suitable position is attained—all these are a striking combination of the wonders of animal instinct, and conspicuous indication of the Spirit of wisdom and of knowledge which may well be conceived to be present in their work.

But although it is in this way easy to imagine how some forms of animal-worship may have had their origin in the first perception of what is really wonderful, and in the first admiration of what is really admirable, it is also very easy to see how, when once established, it would tend to rapid degradation. Wonder and reverence are not the only emotions which impel to worship. Fear, and even horror, especially when accompanied with any mystery in the objects of alarm, are haps more than any, that low kind of worship a the idea of deprecation. Some hideous s the crocodile, may have become sacred anything admirable in their instincts, nor

on account of their destructiveness; but, on the contrary, because of being identified with an agency which is beneficent. To those who live in Egypt the Nile is the perennial source of every blessing necessary to life. An animal so characteristic of that great river may well have been chosen simply as the symbol of all that it was, and of all that it gave to men. There is no mystery, therefore, in the crocodile being held sacred in the worship of the God of Inundation. But there are other animals which have been widely invested with a sacred character, in respect to which no such explanation can be given. The worship of serpents has been attributed to conceptions of a very abstract character—with the circle, for example, into which they coil themselves, considered as an emblem of Eternity. But this is a conception far too transcendental and far-fetched to account either for the origin of this worship, or for its wide extension in the world. Serpents are not the only natural objects which present circular forms. Nor is this attitude of their repose, curious and remarkable though it be, the most striking peculiarity they present. They have been chosen, beyond any reasonable doubt, because of the horror and terror they inspire. For this, above all other creatures, they are prominent in Nature. For their deceptive colouring, for their insidious approach, for their deadly virus, they have been taken as the type of spiritual poison in the Jewish narrative of the Fall. The power of inflicting almost immediate death, which is possessed by the most venomous snakes, and that not by violence, but by the infliction of a wound which in itself may be hardly visible, is a power which is indeed full of mystery even to the most cultivated scientific mind, and may well have inspired among men in early ages a desire to pacify the powers of evil. The moment this becomes the great aim and end of worship, a principle is established which is fertile in the development of every foul imagination. Whenever it is the absorbing motive and desire of men to do that which may most gratify or pacify malevolence, then it ceases to be at all wonderful that men should be driven by their religion to sacrifices the most horrid, and to practices the most unnatural.

But if we wish to see an illustration and an example of the power of all conceptions of a religious nature in the rapid evolution of unexpected consequences, we have such an example in the case of one man who has lived in our own time, and who still lives in the school which he has founded. I refer to Auguste Comte. It is well known that he denied the existence, or at least denied that we can have any knowledge of the existence, of such a Being as other men mean by God. Mr. John Stuart Mill has insisted with much earnestness and with much force that, in spite of this denial, Auguste Comte had a religion. He says it was a religion without a god. But the truth is, that it was a religion having both a creed and an ideal object of worship. The object of worship was an abstract conception of a Being invested with personality that Comte himself gave.

Great Being (*Grand Etre*). The abstract conception thus personified was the abstract conception of Humanity—Man considered in his past, his present, and his future. Clearly this is an intellectual Fetish. It is not the worship of a Being known or believed to have any real existence; it is the worship of an idea shaped and moulded by the mind, and then artificially clothed with the attributes of personality. It is the worship of an article manufactured by the imagination, just as Fetishism, in its strictest meaning, is the worship of an article manufactured by the hand. Nor is it difficult to assign to it a place in the classification of religions in which a loose signification has been assigned to the term Fetishism. The worship of Humanity is merely one form of animal-worship. Indeed, Comte himself specially included the whole animal creation. It is the worship of the creature Man as the consummation of all other creatures, with all the marvels and all the unexhausted possibilities of his moral and intellectual nature. The worship of this creature may certainly be in the nature of a religion, as much higher than other forms of animal-worship as Man is higher than a beetle, or an ibis, or a crocodile, or a serpent. But so also, on the other hand, it may be a religion as much lower than the worship of other animals, in proportion as man can be wicked and vicious in a sense in which the beasts cannot. Obviously, therefore, such a worship would be liable to special causes of degradation. We have seen it to be one of the great peculiarities of Man, as distinguished from the lower animals, that whilst they always obey and fulfil the highest law of their being, there is no similar perfect obedience in the case of Man. On the contrary, he often uses his special powers with such perverted ingenuity that they reduce him to a condition more miserable and more degraded than the condition of any beast. It follows that the worship of Humanity must, as a religion, be liable to corresponding degradation. The philosopher, or the teacher, or the prophet who may first personify this abstract conception, and enshrine it as an object of worship, may have before him nothing but the highest aspects of human nature, and its highest aspirations. Mill has seen and has well expressed the limitations under which alone such a worship could have any good effect. "That the ennobling power of this grand conception may have its full efficacy, he should, with Comte, regard the *Grand Etre*, Humanity or Mankind, as composed in the past solely of those who, in every age and variety of position, have played their part worthily in life. It is only as thus restricted that the aggregate of our species becomes an object worthy our veneration."* This, no doubt, was Comte's own idea. But how are his disciples and followers to be kept up to the same high standard of conception? Comte seems to

been personally a very high-minded and a very pure-minded man. It was austere, almost ascetic, and his spirit of devotion in the spirit of the Christian Mystics. Yet even in his

hands the development of his conceptions led him to results eminently irrational, although it cannot be said that they were ever degrading or impure. But we have only to consider how comparatively rare are the examples of the highest human excellence, and how common and prevailing are the vices and weaknesses of Humanity, to see how terrible would be the possibilities and the probabilities of corruption in a religion which had Man for the highest object of its worship. Nor is this all that is to be said on the inevitable tendency to degradation which must attend any worship of Humanity. Not only are the highest forms of human virtue rare, but even when they do occur, they are very apt to be rejected and despised of men. Power and strength, however vicious in its exercise, almost always receives the homage of the world. The human idols, therefore, who would be chosen as symbols in the worship of Humanity, would often be those who set the very worst examples to their kind. Perhaps no better illustration of this could be found than the history of Napoleon Buonaparte. I think it is impossible to follow that history, as it is now known, without coming to the conclusion that in every sense of the word he was a bad man—unscrupulous, false, and mean. But his intellect was powerful, whilst his force and energy of character were tremendous. These qualities alone, exhibited in almost unexampled military success, were sufficient to make him the idol of many minds. And as mere success secured for him this place, so nothing but failure deprived him of it. Not a few of the chosen heroes of Humanity have been chosen for reasons but little better. Comte himself, seeing this danger, and with an exalted estimate and ideal of the character of womanhood, had laid it down that it would be best to select some woman as the symbol, if not the object, of private adoration in the worship of Humanity. The French Revolutionists selected a woman, too, and we know the kind of woman that they chose. It may be wise, perhaps, to set aside this famous episode in a fit of national insanity as nothing more than a profane joke; but the developments of anthropomorphism in the mythology of the Pagan world are a sufficient indication of the kind of worship which the worship of Humanity would certainly tend to be.

The result, then, of this analysis of that in which all Religion essentially consists, and of the objects which it selects, or imagines, or creates for worship, is to show that in Religion, above all other things, the processes of evolution are especially liable to wear the direction of degradation. That analysis shows how it is that the domain of religious conceptions, even more than any other domain of thought, the work of development must be because of the absence of revelation or the teachings of A new and bare to guide and are under no restraint

When, now, we pass from the present day to what we know of historic times, the conclusions

firmation. Of the Origin of Religion, indeed, as we have already seen, history can tell us nothing, because, unless the Mosaic narrative be accepted, there is no history of the origin of Man. But the origin of particular systems of Religion does come within the domain of history, and the testimony it affords is always to the same effect. In regard to them we have the most positive evidence that they have been uniformly subject to degradation. All the great religions of the world which can be traced to the teaching or influence of individual men have steadily declined from the teaching of their founders. In India it has been one great business of Christian missionaries and of Christian governors, in their endeavours to put an end to cruel and barbarous customs, to prove to the corrupt disciples of an ancient creed that its first prophets or teachers had never held the doctrines from which such customs arise, or that these customs are a gross misconception and abuse of the doctrine which had been really taught. Whether we study what is now held by the disciples of Buddha, of Confucius, or of Zoroaster, it is the same result. Wherever we can arrive at the original teaching of the known founders of religious systems, we find that teaching uniformly higher, more spiritual, than the teaching now. The same law has affected Christianity, with this difference only, that alone of all the historical religions of the world it has hitherto shown an unmistakable power of perennial revival and reform. But we know that the processes of corruption had begun their work even in the lifetime of the Apostles; and every Church in Christendom will equally admit the general fact, although each of them will give a different illustration of it. Mahomedanism, which is the last and latest of the great historical religions of the world, shows a still more remarkable phenomenon. The corruption in this case began not only in the lifetime but in the life of the prophet and founder of that religion. Mahomet was himself his own most corrupt disciple. In the earliest days of his mission he was best as a man and greatest as a teacher. His life was purer and his doctrine more spiritual when his voice was a solitary voice crying in the wilderness, than when it was joined in chorus by the voice of many millions. In his case the progress of development in a wrong direction was singularly distinct and very rapid. Nor is the cause obscure. The spirit of Mahomet may well have been in close communion with the Spirit of all truth, when, like St. Paul at Athens, his heart was stirred within him as he saw his Arabian countrymen wholly given to idolatry. Such deep impressions on some everlasting truth—such overpowering convictions—are in the nature of inspiration. The intimations it gives and the impulses it communicates are true in thought and righteous in motive, in exact proportion as the reflecting surfaces of the human mind are accurately the lights which stream from Nature. This is the adjustment which gives all their truthfulness to the intimations of the senses; which gives all its wisdom and foresight to the wonderful work of thought; which gives all their validity to the processes of reason; which

is the real source of all the achievements of genius ; and which, on the highest level of all, has made some men the inspired mouthpiece of the oracles of God. But it is the tenderest of all adjustments—the most delicate, the most easily disturbed. When this adjustment is, as it were, mechanical, as it is in the lower animals, then we have the limited, but, within its own sphere, the perfect wisdom of the beasts. But when this adjustment is liable to distortion by the action of a Will which is to some extent self-determined and is also to a large extent degraded, then the real inspiration is not from without, but from within—then the reflecting surfaces of mind are no longer set true to the light of Nature ; and then, “ if the light within us be darkness, how great is that darkness ! ” Hence it is that one single mistake or misconception as to the nature and work of inspiration is, and must be, a mistake of tremendous consequence. And this was Mahomet’s mistake. He thought that the source of his inspiration was direct, immediate, and personal. He thought that even the very words in which his own impulses were embodied were dictated by the Angel Gabriel. He thought that the Supreme Authority which spoke through him when he proclaimed that “ the Lord God Almighty was one God, the Merciful, the Compassionate,” was the same which also spoke to him when he proclaimed that it was lawful for him to take his neighbour’s wife. From such an abounding well-spring of delusion the most bitter waters were sure to come. How different this idea of the methods in which the Divine Spirit operates upon the minds of men from the idea held on the same subject by that great Apostle of our Lord whose work it was to spread among the Gentile world those religious conceptions which had so long been the special heritage of one peculiar people ! How cautious St. Paul is when expressing an opinion not directly sanctioned by an authority higher than his own ! “ I think also that I have the Spirit of God.” The injunction, “ Try the spirits whether they be of God,” is one which never seems to have occurred to Mahomet. The consequences were what might have been expected. The utterances of his inspiration when he was hiding in the caves of Mecca were better, purer, higher than those which he continued to pour forth when, after his flight to Medina, he became a great conqueror and a great ruler. From the very first indeed he breathed the spirit of personal anger and malediction on all who disbelieved his message. This root of bitterness was present from the beginning. But its developments were indeed prodigious. It was the animating spirit of precepts without number which, in the minds and in the hands of his ruthless followers, have inflicted untold miseries for twelve hundred years on some of the fairest regions of the globe.

Passing now from the evidence of the law of corruption and decline which is afforded by this last and latest of the great historical religions of the world, we find the same evidence in those of a more ancient date. In the first place, all the founders of those religions

nothing but reformers. In the second place, the reforms they instituted have themselves all more or less again yielded to new developments of decay. The great prophets of the world have been men of inspiration or of genius who were revolted by the corruptions of some pre-existing system, and who desired to restore some older and purer faith. The form which their reformation took was generally determined, as all strong revolts are sure to be, by violent reaction against some prominent conception or some system of practice which seemed, as it were, an embodiment of its corruption. In this way only can we account for the peculiar direction taken by the teaching of that one great historical Religion which is said to have more disciples than any other in the world. Buddhism was in its origin a reform of Brahminism. In that system the beliefs of a much older and simpler age had become hid under the rubbish-heaps of a most corrupt development. Nowhere perhaps in the world had the work of evolution been richer in the growth of briars and thorns. It had forged the iron bonds of caste, one of the very worst inventions of an evil imagination; and it had degraded worship into a complicated system of sacrifice and of ceremonial observances. There seems to be no doubt that the teaching of the reformer Sakya Muni (Buddha) was a revolt and a reform. It was a reassertion of the paramount value of a life of righteousness. But the intellectual conceptions which are associated with this great ethical and spiritual reform had within themselves the germs of another cycle of decay. These conceptions seem to have taken their form from the very violence of the revulsion which they indicate and explain. The peculiar tenet of Buddhism, which is or has been interpreted to be a denial of any Divine Being or of personal or individual immortality, seems the strangest of all doctrines on which to recommend a life of virtue, of self-denial, and of religious contemplation. But the explanation is apparently to be found in the extreme and ridiculous developments which the doctrines of Divine Personality and of individual immortality had taken under the Brahminical system. These developments do indeed seem almost incredible, if we did not know from many other examples the incalculable wanderings of the human imagination in the domain of religious thought. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls at death into the bodies of beasts was a doctrine pushed to such extravagances of conception, and yet believed in with such intense conviction, that pious Brahmins did not dare even to breathe the open air lest by accident they should destroy some invisible animalcule in which was embodied the spirit of their ancestors. Such a notion of immortality might well oppress and afflict the spirit with a sense of intolerable fatigue. Nor is it difficult to understand how that desire of complete attainment, which is, after all, the real hope of immortality, have been driven to look for it rather in reabsorption into some
Essence, and so to reach at last some final rest. Freedom
en of the flesh, rendered doubly burdensome by the

repeated cycles of animal existence which lay before the Brahmin, was the end most naturally desired. For, indeed, complete annihilation might well be the highest aspiration of souls who had before them such conceptions of personal immortality and its gifts. A similar explanation is probably the true one of the denial of any God. A prejudice had arisen against the very idea of a Divine Being from the concomitant ideas which had become associated with personality. The original Buddhist denial of a God was probably in its heart of hearts merely a denial of the grotesque limitations which had been associated with the popular conceptions of Him. It was a devout and religious aspect of that most unphilosophical negation which in our own days has been called the "Unconditioned." In short, it was only a metaphysical, and not an irreligious, Atheism. But although this was probably the real meaning of the Buddhistic Atheism in the mind of its original teachers, and although this meaning has reappeared and has found intelligent expression among many of its subsequent expounders, it was in itself one of those fruitful germs of error which are fatal in any system of Religion. The negation of any Divine Being or Agency, at least under any aspect or condition conceivable by Man, makes a vacuum which nothing else can fill. Or rather, it may be said to make a vacuum which every conceivable imagination rushes in to occupy. Accordingly, Buddha himself seems to have taken the place of a Divine Being in the worship of his followers. His was a real personality—his was the ideal life. All history proves that no abstract system of doctrine, no mere rule of life, no dreamy aspiration however high, can serve as an object of worship for any length of time. But a great and a good man can be always deified. And so it has been with Buddha. Still, this deification was, as it were, an usurpation. The worship of himself was no part of the Religion he taught, and the vacuum which he had created in speculative belief was one which his own image, even with all the swellings of tradition, was inadequate to fill. And so Buddhism appears to have run its course through every stage of mystic madness, of gross idolatry, and of true fetish-worship, until, in India at least, it seems likely to be reabsorbed in the Brahminism from which it originally sprang.

And so we are carried back to the origin of that great Religion, Brahminism, which already in the sixth or seventh century before the Christian era had become so degraded as to give rise to the revolt of Buddha. The course of its development can be traced in an elaborate literature which may extend over a period of about 2000 years. That development is beyond all question one of the greatest interest in the history of Religion, because it concerns a region and a race which have high traditional claims to be identified with one of the most ancient homes, and one of the most ancient families of Man. And surely a most striking result of modern inquiry that in this, our literatures of the world, we find that the most avowed religion is Heaven-Father, and that the words

this idea is expressed are the etymological origin of Jupiter *Ζεύς πατήρ*—the name for the supreme Deity in the mythology of the Greeks.

We must not allow any preconceived ideas to obscure the plain evidence which arises out of this simple fact. We bow to the authority of Sanskrit scholars when they tell us of it. But we shall do well to watch the philosophical explanations with which they may accompany their intimations of its import. Those who approach the subject with the assumption that the idea of a Divine Being or a Superhuman Personality must be a derivative, and cannot be a primary conception, allow all their language to be coloured by the theory that vague perceptions of "The Invisible" or of "The Infinite," in rivers, or in mountains, or in sun and moon and stars, were the earliest religious conceptions of the human mind. But this theory cannot be accepted by those who remember that there is nothing in Nature so near to us as our own nature,—nothing so mysterious and yet so intelligible,—nothing so invisible, yet so suggestive of energy and of power over things that can be seen. Nothing else in Nature speaks to us so constantly or so directly. Neither the Infinite nor the Invisible contains any religious element at all, unless as conditions of a Being of whom invisibility and infinitude are attributes. There is no probability that any abstract conceptions whatever about the nature or properties of material Force can have been among the earliest conceptions of the human mind. Still less is it reasonable to suppose that such conceptions were more natural and more easy conceptions than those founded on our own personality and on the personality of parents. Yet it seems as if it were in deference to this theory that Professor Max Müller is disposed to deprecate the supposition that the "Heaven-Father" of the earliest Vedic hymns is rightly to be understood as having meant what we mean by God. Very probably indeed it may have meant something much more simple. But not the less on that account it may have meant something quite as true. I do not know, indeed, why we should set any very high estimate on the success which has attended the most learned theologians in giving anything like form or substance to our conceptions of the Godhead. Christianity solves the difficulty by presenting, as the type of all true conceptions on the subject, the image of a Divine Humanity, and the history of a perfect Life. In like manner, those methods of representing the character and attributes of the Almighty, which were employed to teach the Jewish people, were methods all founded on the same principle of a sublime anthropomorphism. But when we come to the abstract definitions of Theology they invariably end either in self-contradictions, or in words in which beauty of rhythm takes the place of intelligible meaning. Probably no body of men ever came to draw such definitions with greater advantages than the Reformers of the Church. They had before them the sublime imagery of the old traditions of the Christian world—all the subtleties of the Schools. Yet, of the

Godhead, they can only say, as a negative definition, that God is "without body, parts, or passions." But, if by "passions" we are to understand all mental affections, this definition is not only in defiance of the whole language of the Jewish Scriptures, but in defiance also of all that is conceivable of the Being who is the author of all good, the fountain of all love, who hates evil, and is angry with the wicked every day. A great master of the English tongue has given another definition in which, among other things it is affirmed that the attributes of God are "incommunicable."* Yet, at least, all the good attributes of all creatures must be conceived as communicated to them by their Creator, in whom all fulness dwells. I do not know, therefore, by what title we are to assume that "what we mean by God" is certainly so much nearer the truth than the simplest conceptions of a primeval age. It is at least possible that in that age there may have been intimations of the Divine Personality, and of the Divine Presence which we have not now. Moreover, there may have been developments of error in this high matter, which may well shake our confidence in the unquestionable superiority of "what we mean by God" over what may have been meant and understood by our earliest fathers in respect to the Being whom they adored. Some conceptions of the Divine Being which have been prevalent in the Christian Church, have been formed upon theological traditions so questionable that the developments of them have been among the heaviest burdens of the Faith. It is not too much to say that some of the doctrines derived from scholastic theology, and once most widely accepted in the Christian Church—such, for example, as the fate of unbaptized infants—are doctrines which present the nature and character of the Godhead in aspects as irrational as they are repulsive. One of the most remarkable schools of Christian thought which has arisen in recent times is that which has made the idea of the "Fatherhood of God" the basis of its distinctive teaching. Yet it is nothing but a reversion to the simplest of all ideas, the most rudimentary of all experiences—that which takes the functions and the authority of a father as the most natural image of the Invisible and Infinite Being to whom we owe "life and breath and all things." In the facts of Vedic literature, when we carefully separate these facts from theories about them, there is really no symptom of any time when the idea of some Living Being in the nature of God had not yet been attained. On the contrary, the earliest indications of this conception are indications of the sublimest character, and the process of evolution seems distinctly to have been a process not of an ascending but of a descending order. Thus it appears that the great appellative "Dyaus," which in the earliest Vedic literature is masculine, and stood for "The Bright or Shining One," or the Living Being whose dw Light, had in later times become a feminine the sky.† It is quite evident that in the race, in so far as those times have left us

* J. H. Newman, "Idea of a University," p. 60

idea of a Personal God been fully conceived, but such a Being had been described, and addressed in language and under symbols which are comparable with the sublimest imagery in the Visions of Patmos. How firmly, too, and how naturally these conceptions of a God were rooted in the analogies of our own human personality, is attested by the additional fact that Paternity was the earliest Vedic idea of Creation, and Dyaus was invoked not only as the Heaven-Father, but specially as the "Dyaush pitā ganitā," which is the Sanskrit equivalent of the Greek Ζεὺς πατὴρ γενετήρ.

When, again, we are told by Sanskrit scholars that the earliest religious conceptions of the Aryan race, as exhibited in the Veda, were Pantheistic, and that the Gods they worshipped were "Deifications" of the Forces or Powers of Nature, we are to remember that this is an interpretation and not a fact. It is an interpretation, too, which assumes the familiarity of the human mind in the ages of its infancy with one of the most doubtful and difficult conceptions of modern science—namely, the abstract conception of Energy or Force as an inseparable attribute of Matter. The only fact, divested of all preconceptions, which these scholars have really ascertained is, that in compositions which are confessedly poetical the energies of Nature were habitually addressed as the energies of Personal or Living Beings. But this fact does not in the least involve the supposition that the energies of Nature which are thus addressed had, at some still earlier epoch, been regarded under the aspect of Material Forces, and had afterwards come to be personified; nor does it in the least involve the other supposition that, when so personified, they were really regarded as so many different beings absolutely separate and distinct from each other. Both of these suppositions may indeed be matter of argument; but neither of them can be legitimately assumed. They are, on the contrary, both of them open to the most serious, if not to insuperable objections. As regards the first of them—that the earliest human conceptions of Nature were of that most abstruse and difficult kind which consists in the idea of Material Force without any living embodiment or abode, I have already indicated the grounds on which it seems in the highest degree improbable. As regards the second supposition—viz., that when Natural Forces came to be personified each one of them was regarded as the embodiment of a separate and distinct Divinity—this is a most unsafe interpretation of the language of poetry. The purest Monotheism has a Pantheistic side. To see all things in God is very closely related to seeing God in all things. The giving of separate names to diverse manifestations of one Divine Power may pass into Polytheism by insensible degrees. But it would be a most erroneous from the use of such names at a very early stage in the ous development, that those who so employed them had One Supreme Being. In the Philosophy of Brahminism 1st of its most extravagant Polytheistic developments, ea been preserved; but it has been taught and held

as the central idea of the whole system. "There is but one Being—no second." Nothing really exists but the one Universal Spirit, called Brahmin; and whatever appears to exist independently is identical with that Spirit.* This is the uncompromising creed of true Brahminism. If, then, this creed can be retained even amidst the extravagant Polytheism of later Hindu corruptions, much more easily could it be retained in the early Pantheism of the Vedic hymns.

There is, however, one kind of evidence remaining, which may be said to be still within the domain of history, and that is the evidence derived from language, from the structure and etymology of words. This evidence carries us a long way further back, even to the time when language was in the course of its formation, and long before it had been reduced to writing. From this evidence, as we find it in the facts reported respecting the earliest forms of Aryan speech, it seems certain that the most ancient conceptions of the energies of Nature were conceptions of personality. In that dim and far-off time, when our prehistoric ancestors were speaking in a language long anterior to the formation of the oldest Sanskrit, we are told that they called the sun the Illuminator, or the Warmer, or the Nourisher; the moon, the Measurer; the dawn, the Awakener; the thunder, the Roarer; the rain, the Rainer; the fire, the Quick-Runner.† We are told further that in these personifications the earliest Aryans did not imagine them as possessing the material or corporeal forms of Humanity, but only that the activities they exhibited were most easily conceived as comparable with our own. Surely this is a fact which is worth volumes of speculation. What was most easy and most natural then must have been most easy and most natural from the beginning. With such a propensity in the earliest men of whom we have any authentic record to see personal agency in everything, and with the general impression of unity and subordination under one system which is suggested by all the phenomena of Nature, it does not seem very difficult to suppose that the fundamental conception of all Religion may have been in the strictest sense primeval.

But the earliest records of Aryan worship and of Aryan speech are not the only evidences we have of the comparative sublimity of the earliest known conceptions of the Divine Nature. The Egyptian records are older still; and some of the oldest are also the most sublime. A hymn to the rising and setting sun, which is contained in the 125th chapter of the "Book of the Dead," is said by Egyptian scholars to be "the most ancient piece of poetry in the literature of the world."‡ In this Hymn the Divine Deity is described as the Maker of Heaven and of Earth, as the Self-existent One; and the elementary forces of Nature, under the curious and profound expression of the "Children of inert-

* Professor Monier Williams, "Hinduism," p. 11.

† Max Müller, *Hibbert Lectures*, 1878, p. 193.

‡ Renouf, *Hibbert Lectures*, 1879, p. 107.

men," are described as His instruments in the rule and government of Nature.* Nor is it less remarkable that these old Egyptians seem to have grasped the idea of Law and Order as a characteristic method of the Divine government. He who alone is truly the Living One is adored as living in the Truth, and in Justice considered as the unchanging and unchangeable Rule of Right, in the moral world, and of order in the physical causation.† The same grand conception has been traced in the Theology of the Vedas. The result of all this historical evidence may be given in the words of M. Renouf: "It is incontestably true that the sublimer portions of the Egyptian Religion are not the comparatively late result of a process of development or elimination from the grosser. The sublimer portions are demonstrably ancient; and the last stage of the Egyptian Religion, that known to the Greek and Latin writers, was by far the grossest and most corrupt."

ARGYLL.

* Hibbert Lectures, by Renouf, pp. 193, 199.

† *Idem*, 1879, pp. 119, 120.

(To be continued.)

A DIALOGUE ON POETIC MORALITY.

God sent a poet to reform His earth.
A. MARY P. ROBINSON.

“AND meanwhile, what have you written?” asked Baldwin, tickling the flies with his whip from off the horse’s head, as they slowly ascended, in the autumn afternoon, the hill of Montetramito, which, with its ilex and myrtle-grown black rocks, and its crumbling mounds, where the bright green spruce pine clings to the washed-away scarlet sand, separates the green and fertile plain of Lucca from the marshes of the Pisan sea-shore. The two friends had met only an hour or so before at the foot of the Apennine pass, and would part in not much more again. “And what have you written?” repeated Baldwin.

“Nothing,” answered the younger man, drearily, leaning back languidly in the rickety little carriage. “Nothing, or rather too much; I don’t know which. Is trash too much or too little? Anyhow, there’s none of it remaining. I thrust all my manuscripts into my stove at Dresden, and the chimney took fire in consequence. That’s the tragic history of all my poetical labours of the last two years.” And Cyril, lying back in the carriage with his arms folded beneath his head, smiled half sadly, half whimsically in the face of his friend.

But Baldwin did not laugh.

“Cyril,” he answered, “do you remember on a birthday of yours—you were a tiny boy, brought up, like a girl, with curls and beautiful hands—one of your sisters dared you to throw your presents into the garden well, and you did it, before a number of admiring little girls: you felt quite a hero or a little saint, didn’t you? And then my little hero was suddenly collared by a big boy fresh from school, who was his friend Baldwin, and who pulled his ears soundly and told him to respect people’s presents a little more. Do you remember that? Well; I now see that, with all your growing up, and writing, and philosophizing and talking about duty and self-sacrifice, you are just the self-same

womanish and uncontrolled *poseur*, the same romantic braggadoccio that you were at seven. I have no patience with you!" And Baldwin whisked the whip angrily at the flies.

"Mere conceit: effeminate heroics again!" he went on. "Oh no, we must do the very best! Be Shakespeare at least! Anything short of that would be derogatory to our kingly nature! No idea of selecting the good (because in whatever you do there must be talent), and trying to develop it; no idea of doing the best with what gifts you have! For you are not going to tell me that two years of your work was mere rubbish—contained nothing of value. But, in point of fact, you don't care sufficiently for your art to be satisfied to be the most you can; 'tis mere vanity with you."

Cyril became very red, but did not interrupt.

"I am sorry you think so ill of me," he said sadly, "and I daresay I have given you good cause. I daresay I am all the things you say—vain, and womanish, and insolently dissatisfied with myself, and idiotically heroic. But not in this case, I assure you. I will explain why I thought it right to do that. You see I know myself very well now. I know my dangers; I am not like you—I am easily swayed. Had those poems remained in existence, had I taken them to England, I am sure I should not have resisted the temptation of showing them to my old encouragers, of publishing them probably; and then, after the success of my other book, and all their grand prophecies, the critics would have had to praise up this one too; and I should have been drifted back again into being a poet. Now, as I wrote you several times—only of course you thought it all humbug and affectation—such a poet as I could be I am determined I will not be. It was an act of self-defence—defence of whatever of good there may be in me."

Baldwin groaned. "Defence of fiddlesticks! Defence of your vanity!"

"I don't think so," replied Cyril, "and I don't think you understand me at all in this instance. There was no vanity in this matter. You know that since, sometime I have been asking myself what moral right a man has to consume his life writing verses, when there is so much evil to remove, and every drop of thought or feeling we have is needed to make the great river which is to wash out this Augean stable of a world. I tried to put the doubt behind me, and to believe in Art for Art's own sake, and such bosh. But the doubt pricked me. And when suddenly my uncle left me all he had, I felt I must decide. As long as I was a mere penniless creature I might write poetry, because there seemed nothing else for me to do. But now it is different. This money and the power it gives are mine only as long as I live; after my death they may go to some blackguard: so, while I have them, I must give all my energies to doing with them all the good that I possibly can."

"In that case better give them over to people who know best what to

do with them—societies or hospitals, or that sort of thing—and write your verses as before. For I don't think your thoughts will add much to the value of your money, Cyril. You've not a bit of practical head. Of course you may, if you choose, look on idly while other people are using your money. But I don't think it is specially worth doing."

Cyril sighed, hesitated, and then burst out rapidly—

"But it is the only thing I *can* do—do you understand? I can't write poetry any more. Perhaps that may be the only thing for which I was ever fit, but I am fit for it no longer. I cannot do what I have got to despise and detest. For I do despise and detest the sort of poetry which I should write—mere ornamental uselessness, so much tapestry work or inlaid upholstery. You believe in Art for Art's own sake—Goethianism—that sort of thing, I know. It is all very well for you, who have an active practical life with your Maremma drainings and mine diggings, a life in which art, beauty, so forth, have only their due share, as repose and refreshment. It was all very well in former days also, when the people for whom artists worked had a deal of struggle and misery, and required some pure pleasure to make life endurable; but now-a-days, and with the people for whom I should write, things are different. What is wanted nowadays is not art, but life. By whom, do you think, would all the beautiful useful things I could write, all the fiddle-faddle about trees and streams and statues and love and aspiration (fine aspiration, which never takes a practical shape!) be read? By wretched overworked creatures, into whose life they might bring a moment of sweetness, like a spray of apple blossom or a bunch of sweet-peas into some black garret? Nothing of the kind. They would be read by a lot of intellectual Sybarites, shutting themselves out, with their abominable artistic religion, from all crude real life; they would be merely so much more hothouse scents or exotic music (*con sordino*), to make them snooze their lives away. Of course it is something to be a poet like those of former days; something to be Tasso, and be read by that poor devil of a fever-stricken watchmaker whom we met down in the plain of Lucca; but to be a poet for the cultured world of to-day—oh, I would rather be a French cook, and invent indigestible dishes for epicures without any appetite remaining to them."

So saying, Cyril jumped out of the gig, and ran up the steep last ascent of the hill. He had persuaded himself of his moral rightness, and felt quite happy.

Suddenly the road made a sharp bend between the overhanging rocks, grown in all their fissures with dark ilex tufts and yellow broom and pale pink cyclamen; it turned, and widened into a flat grass-grown place, surrounded by cypresses on the top and ridge of the hill. Cyril ran to the edge and gave a cry of pleasure. Below was stretched a wide strip of Maremma swamp-land, marked green and brown—green where the grass was under water, brown where it was burnt into cinders by the

sun; with here and there a patch of shining pond or canal; and at the extremity of this, distinguishable from the greyish amber sky only by its superior and intense luminousness, the sea—not blue nor green, but grey, silvery, steel-like, as a mirror in the full sunshine. Baldwin stopped the gig beneath the cypresses.

"Look there," he said, pointing with his whip to a dark greenish band, scarcely visible, which separated the land from the sea; "those are the pine woods of Viareggio. It was into their sand and weeds that the sea washed Shelley's body. Do you think we should be any the better off if he had taken to practical work which he could not do, and declared that poetry was a sort of French cookery?"

Baldwin tied the reins to the stem of a cypress, and threw himself down on the warm sere grass on the brow of the hill, overlooking the tangle of olive and vine and fig-tree of the slopes below.

"In Shelley's time," answered Cyril, leaning his head and shoulders against one of the cypresses, and looking up into its dark branches, compact in the centre, but delicate like feather and sparkling like jet where their extremities stood out against the pale blue sky—"in Shelley's time things were rather different from what they are now. There was a religion of progress to preach and be stoned for; there was a cause of liberty to fight for—there were Bourbons and Lord Eldons, and there was Greece and Spain and Italy. There was Italy still when Mrs. Browning wrote: had she looked out of Casa Guidi windows now, on to the humdrum, shoulder-shrugging, penny-haggling, professorial, municipal-councillorish Italy of to-day she could scarcely have felt in the vein. The heroic has been done—"

"There is Servia and Montenegro, and there are Nihilists and Democrats," answered Baldwin.

"I know—but we can't sing about barbarous ruffians, nor about half-besotten, half-knavish regicides; we can't be Democrats nowadays—at least I can't. Would you have a man sing parliamentary debates, or High Church squabbles, or disestablishment, or woman's rights, or anti-communism? sing the superb conquests of man over nature, &c., like your Italian friends, your steam-engine and mammoth poet Zanella? The wonders of science!—six or seven thousand dogs and cats being flayed, roasted, baked, disembowelled, artificially ulcerated, galvanized on ripped-up nerves, at Government expense, in all the laboratories of Christendom, in order to discover the soul-secreting apparatus, and how to cure old maids of liver complaint! Thank you. My Muse aspires not thereunto. What then? Progress? But it is assured. Why, man, we can't even sing of despair, like the good people of the year '20, since we all know that (bating a few myriads of sufferers and a few centuries of agony) all is going to come quite right, to be quite comfortable in this best of all possible worlds. What then remains, again? Look around you. There remains the poetry of beauty—oh yes, of pure beauty, to match the newest artistic chintzes; the poetry of artistic

nirvana, of the blissful sleep of all manliness and energy, to the faint sound (heard through dreams) of paradisiac mysticism sung to golden lutes, or of imaginary amorous hysterics, or of symphonies in alliteration. And this when there is so much error, so much doubt, so much suffering, when all our forces are required to push away a corner of the load of evil still weighing on the world: this sort of thing I cannot take to." And Cyril fiercely plucked out a tuft of lilac-flowered thyme, and threw it into the precipice below, as if it had been the poetry of which he was speaking.

"Do you know, Baldwin," went on Cyril, "you have destroyed successively all my gods; you have shown me that my Holy Grails, in whose service one after another I felt happy and peaceful to live, like another Parzival, are not the sacred life-giving cup brought down by angels, but mere ordinary vessels of brittle earth or stinking pewter, mere more or less useful, but by no means holy things; ordinary pots and pans, barber's basins like Mambrino's helmet, or blue china teapots (worst degradation of all) like the Cimabue Browns'. I believed in the religion of Nature, and you showed me that Nature was sometimes good and sometimes bad; that she produced the very foulness, physical and moral, which she herself chastised men for; you showed me whole races destined inevitably to moral perversion, and then punished for it. So I gave up Nature. Then I took up the fashionable religion of Science, and you showed me that it was the religion of a sort of Moloch, since it accustomed us to acquiesce in all the evil which is part and parcel of Nature, since it made us passive investigators into wrong when we ought to be judges. After the positive, I threw myself into the mystic—into the religion of all manner of mysterious connections and redemptions; you showed me that the connections did not exist, and that all attempted sanctification of things through mysticism was an abomination, since it could not alter evil, and taught us to think it might be good. O my poor Holy Grails! Then I took up the religion of love; and you proceeded to expound to me that if love was restricted to a few worthy individuals, it meant neglect of the world at large; and that if it meant love of the world at large, it meant love of a great many utterly unworthy and beastly people. You deprived me of humanitarianism, of positivism, of mysticism; and then you did not even let me rest peaceably in pessimism, telling me that to say that all was for the worst was as unjust as to say that all was for the best. With a few of your curt sentences you showed me that all these religions of mine were mere idolatries, and that to rest in them for the sake of peace was to be utterly base. You left me nothing but a vague religion of duty, of good; but you gave me no means of seeing where my duty lay, of distinguishing good from evil. You are a very useful rooter up of error, Baldwin, leave one's soul as dry and barren and useless as sea have taken away all the falsehoods from my life, but replaced them by truths."

Baldwin listened quietly.

"Would you like to have the falsehoods back, Cyril?" he asked. "Would you now like to be the holy knight, adoring and defending the pewter basin or blue china teapot of humanitarianism, or positivism, or mysticism, or æstheticism? And what becomes of the only religion which I told you was the true one—the religion of good, of right? Do you think it worthless now?"

"I think it is the religion of the Unknown God. Where shall I find Him?"

"In yourself, if you will look, Cyril."

Cyril was silent for a moment. "What is right?" he said. "In the abstract—(oh, and it is so easy to find out in the abstract, compared to the concrete!)—in the abstract, right is to improve things in the world, to make it better for man and beast; never to steal justice, and always to give mercy; to do all we can which can increase happiness, and refrain from doing all which can diminish it. That is the only definition I can see. But how vague!—and who is to tell me what I am to do? And when I see a faint glimmer of certainty, when I perceive what seems to me the right which I must do, who again interferes? My friend Baldwin, who after preaching to me that the only true religion is the religion of diminishing evil and increasing good for the sake of so doing, coolly writes to me, in half a dozen letters, that the sole duty of the artist is to produce good art, and that good art is art which has no aim beyond its own perfection. Why, it is a return to my old æsthetic fetish worship, when I thought abstract ideas of beauty would set the world right, as Amphion's harp set the stones building themselves. . . . Am I justified in saying that you merely upset my beliefs, without helping me to build up any; yes, even when I am striving after that religion of right doing which you nominally call yours——?"

"You always rush to extremes, Cyril. If you would listen to, or read, my words without letting your mind whirl off while so doing——"

"I listen to you far too much, Baldwin," interrupted Cyril, who would not break the thread of his own ideas; "and first I want to read you a sonnet."

Baldwin burst out laughing. "A sonnet! one of those burnt at Dresden—or written in commemoration of your decision to write no more?"

"It is not by me at all, so there's an end to your amusement. I want you to hear it because it embodies, and very nobly, what I have felt. I have never even seen the author, and know nothing about her except that she is a woman."

"A woman!" and Baldwin's tone was disagreeably expressive.

"I believe in women poets or women artists."

; Sappho and Mrs. Browning, certainly.

I do abominate women's verses, I

confess ; but there are such multitudes of poetesses that Nature may sometimes blunder in their production, and make one of them of the stuff intended for a poet."

"Well then, listen," and Cyril drew a notebook from his pocket, and read as follows :—

"God sent a poet to reform His earth,
But when he came and found it cold and poor,
Harsh and unlovely, where each prosperous boor
Held poets light for all their heavenly birth,
He thought—Myself can make one better worth
The living in than this—full of old love,
Music and light and love, where saints adore,
And angels, all within mine own soul's girth.
But when at last he came to die, his soul
Saw Earth (flying past to Heaven) with new love,
And all the unused passion in him cried :
'O God, your Heaven I know and weary of,
Give me this world to work in and make whole.'
God spoke : 'Therein, fool, thou hast lived and died.'"

Cyril paused for a moment. "Do you understand, Baldwin, how that expresses my state of feeling?" he then asked.

"I do," answered the other, "and I understand that both you and the author of the sonnet seem not to have understood in what manner God intended that poets should improve the earth. And here I return to my former remark, that when I said that the only true religion was the religion not of nature, nor of mankind, nor of science, nor of art, but the religion of good, and that the creation of perfect beauty is the highest aim of the artist, I was not contradicting myself, but merely stating two parts—a general and a particular—of the same proposition. I don't know what your definition of right living may be ; mine, the more I think over the subject, has come to be this:—the destruction of the greatest possible amount of evil and the creation of the greatest possible amount of good in the world. And this is possible only by the greatest amount of the best and most complete activity, and the greatest amount of the best activity is possible only when everything is seen in its right light, in order that everything may be used in its right place. I have alway preached to you that life must be activity ; but activity defeats itself if misapplied ; it becomes a mere Danaides' work of filling bottomless casks—pour and pour and pour in as much as you will, the cask will always be empty. Now, in this world there are two things to be done, and two distinct sets of people to do them : the one work is the destruction of evil, the other the creation of good. Mind, I say the *creation* of good, for I consider that to do good—that is to say, to act rightly—is not necessarily the same as to *create* good. Every one who does his allotted work is doing good ; but the man who tends the sick, or defends the oppressed, or discovers new truths, is not creating good evil—destroying evil in one of a hundred shapes, as sickness or falsehood. But he merely removes, he does not *create* as poor or as rich as they would have been had not

or error stolen away some of their life. The man who creates good is the one who not merely removes pain, but adds pleasure to our lives. Through him we are absolutely the richer. And this creator of good, as distinguished from destroyer of evil, is, above all other men, the artist. The scientific thinker may add pleasure to our lives, but in reality this truth of his is valuable, not for the pleasure it gives, but for the pain it removes. Science is warfare; we may consider it as a kind of sport, but in reality it is a hunting down of the most dangerous kind of wild animal—falsehood. A great many other things may give pleasure to our lives—all our healthy activities, upper or lower, must; but the lower ones are already fully exercised, and, if anything, require restraint; so that French cooks and erotic poets ought rather to be exterminated as productive of evil than encouraged as creative of good. And moral satisfaction and love give us the best pleasures of all; but these are pleasures which are not due to any special class created on purpose for their production. Oh, I don't say that any artist can give you the pleasure you have in knowing yourself to be acting rightly, or in sympathizing and receiving sympathy; but the artist is the instrument, the machine constructed to produce the only pleasures which can come near these. Every one of us can destroy evil and create pleasure, in a sort of incidental, amateurish way, within our own immediate circle; but as the men of thought and of action are the professional destroyers of evil, so the artists are the professional creators of good—they work not for those immediately around them, but for the world at large. So your artist is your typical professional creator of pleasure; he is fitted out, as other men are not, to do this work; he is made of infinitely finer stuff than other men, not as a whole man, but as an artist: he has much more delicate hearing, much keener sight, much defter fingers, much farther-reaching voice than other men; he is specially prepared to receive and transmit impressions which would be as wasted on other creatures, as the image in the camera on unprepared, ordinary paper. Now, what I maintain is simply this, that if, according to my definition, the object of destroying as much evil and creating as much good can be attained only by the greatest activity rightly applied, it is evident that a man endowed to be an artist—that is to say, a creator of good for the whole world—is simply failing in his duty by becoming a practical worker; that is to say, an amateur destroyer of evil. What shall we say of this artist? We shall say that in order to indulge in the moral luxury, the moral amusement, of removing an imperceptible amount of pain, he has defrauded the world of the immense and long-lasting pleasure placed in his charge to give; we shall say that, in order to feel himself a little virtuous, this man

“and a thief.”

earnestly, with a sort of uniform or
 very different from the hesitating,
 companion. There was a short

silence; Cyril was still seated under the tall, straight cypress, whose fallen fruit, like carved balls of wood, strewed the sere grass, and whose compact hairy trunk gave out a resinous scent, more precious and strange than that of the fir: he felt that he was momentarily crushed, but had a vague sense that there lurked somewhere reasons, and very potent ones, which prevented his friend being completely victorious; and Baldwin was patiently waiting for him to muster his ideas into order before continuing the discussion. A slight breeze from the over-clouded sea sent a shiver across the olives into the ravine below, turning their feathery tops into a silver ripple, as of a breaking wave; the last belated cicadas, invisible in the thick plummy branches of the cypresses, sawed slowly and languidly in the languid late afternoon; and from the farms hidden in the olive yards of the slope came faint sound of calling voices and barking dogs—just sound enough to make the stillness more complete. "All that is very true," said Cyril at last, "and yet—I don't know how to express it—I feel that there is still remaining to me all my reason for doubt and dissatisfaction. You say that artistic work is morally justifiable to the artist, since he is giving pleasure to others. From this point of view you are perfectly right. But what I feel is, that the pleasure which the artist thus gives is not morally valuable to those who enjoy it. Do you follow? I mean that the artist may be nobly and generously employed, and yet, by some fatal contradiction, the men and women who receive his gifts are merely selfishly gratified. He might not perhaps be better employed than in giving pleasure, but they might surely be better employed than in merely receiving it; and thus the selfishness of the enjoyment of the gift seems to diminish the moral value of giving it. When an artist gives to other men an hour of mere enjoyment, I don't know whether he ought to be quite proud or not."

Baldwin merely laughed. "It is droll to see what sort of hyper-moral scruples some people indulge in nowadays. So, your sense of the necessity of doing good is so keen that you actually feel wretched at the notion of your neighbours being simply happy, and no more, for an hour. You are not sure whether, by thus taking them away for a moment from the struggle with evil, letting them breathe and rest in the middle of the battle, you may not be making them sin and be sinning yourself! Why, my dear Cyril, if you condemn humanity to uninterrupted struggle with evil, you create evil instead of destroying it; if mankind could be persuaded to give up all of what you would call useless and selfish pleasure, it would very soon become so utterly worn out and disheartened as to be quite powerless to resist evil. If this is the system on which poets would reform the world, it is very fortunate that they don't think of it till they are flying to

"I can't make it out. You seem to be i
yet I still seem to be justified in sticking
"Do you see," he went on, "you have alwa

highest aim of the artist is the perfection of his own work ; you have always told me that art cannot be as much as it should if any extra-artistic purpose be given to it. And while listening to you I have felt persuaded that all this was perfectly true. But then, an hour later, I have met the same idea—the eternal phrase of art for art's own sake—in the mouths and the books of men I completely despised ; men who seemed to lose sight of all the earnestness and duty of life, who had even what seemed to me very base ideas about art itself, and at all events debased it by associating it with effeminate, selfish, sensual mysticism. So that the idea of art for art's own sake, has come to have a disgusting meaning to me."

Baldwin had risen from the grass, and untied the horse from the trunk of the cypress.

"There is a storm gathering," he said, pointing to the grey masses of cloud, half-dissolved, which were gathering everywhere ; "if we can get to one of the villages on the coast without being half-drowned while crossing the swamps, we shall be lucky. Get in, and we can discuss art for art's own sake, and anything else you please, on the way."

In a minute the gig was rattling down the hill, among the great blasted grey olives, and the vines with reddening foliage, and the farm-houses with their fig and orange trees, their great tawny pumpkins lying in heaps on the threshing-floor, and their autumn tapestry of strung-together maize hanging massy and golden from the eaves to the ground.

Baldwin resumed the subject where they had left it : "My own experience is, that the men who go in for art for art's own sake, do so mainly from a morbid shrinking from all the practical and moral objects which other folk are apt to set up as the aim of art ; in reality they do not want art, nor the legitimate pleasures of art : they want the sterile pleasure of perceiving mere ingenuity and dexterity of handling ; they hanker vaguely after imaginary sensuous stimulation, spiced with all manner of mystical rubbish, after some ineffable half-nauseous pleasure in strange mixtures of beauty and nastiness ; they enjoy above all things dabbling and dipping alternately in virtue and vice, as in the steam and iced water of a Turkish bath. . . . In short, these creatures want art not for its own sake, but for the sake of excitement which the respectabilities of society do not permit their obtaining, except in imaginative form. As to art, real art, they treat it much worse than the most determined utilitarian : the utilitarians turn art into a drudge ; these æsthetic folk make her into a pauper and a prostitute. My reason for restricting art to artistic aims, is simply my principle that if things are to be fully useful, they must be restricted to their real use, according to the idea of Goethe's Duke of Ferrara :—

'Nicht alles dienet uns auf gleicher Weise :
Wer viel gebranchen will, gebrauche jedes
Nach seiner Art : so ist er wohl bedient.'

I want art in general not to meddle with the work of any of our

other energies, for the same reason that I want each art in particular not to meddle with the work of any other art. Sculpture cannot do the same as painting, nor painting the same as music, nor music the same as poetry; and by attempting anything beyond its legitimate sphere, each sacrifices what it, and no other, can do. So also art in general has a definite function in our lives; and if it attempts to perform the work of philosophy, or practical benevolence, or science, or moralizing, or anything not itself, it will merely fail in that, and neglect what it could do."

"Oh yes," continued Baldwin after a minute, as they passed into the twilight of a wood of old olives, grey, silvery, mysterious, rising tier above tier on either side of the road, a faint flicker of yellow light between their feathery branches,—“oh yes, I don't doubt that were I a writer, and were I to expound my life-and-art philosophy to the world, the world would tax me with great narrowness! Things are always too narrow for people when they are kept in their place—kept within duty and reason. Of course there is an infinite grandeur in chaos—in a general wandering among the Unknown, in an universal straining and hankering after the Impossible; it is grand to see the arts writhing and shivering to atoms, like caged vipers, in their impotence to do what they want. Only it would be simpler to let those do it who can; and my system is the only one which can work. Despair is fine, and nirvana is fine; but successful and useful activity is a good deal finer. Wherefore I shall always say—‘Each in his place and to his work’; and you, therefore, my dear Cyril, to yours, which is poetry.”

“I think your philosophy is quite right, Baldwin, only—only somehow I can't get it to suit my moral condition,” answered Cyril. “I do feel quite persuaded that sculptors must not try to be painters, nor musicians try to be poets, nor any of them try to be anything beyond what they are. It is all quite rational and right and moral, but still I am not satisfied about poetry. You see a poet is not quite in the same case as any other sort of artist. The musician, inasmuch as musician, knows only of notes, has power only over sounds; and the painter similarly as to form and colours; if either be something more, it is inasmuch as he is a mere man, not an artist. But a poet, inasmuch as he is a poet, knows, sees, feels a great many things which have a practical and moral meaning: just because he is a poet, he knows that there is something beyond poetry; he knows that there are in the world such things as justice and injustice, good and evil, purity and foulness: he knows all this, which the mere musician, the mere painter, does not—and knowing it, perceiving, feeling, understanding it, with more intensity than other men, is he to sweep it all out of his sight? is he to say to justice and injustice, good and evil, purity and foulness—‘you, but my work lies not with you?’ Is he to do this? if he be a man and an honest one, he surely cannot: he can only accept these ideas and devote himself to his art for its own sake.”

Baldwin listened attentively to the passionate words of his companion, and twitching at a sprig of olive as a branch swept across their heads in their rapid movement through the wood, he answered quietly :

" He will not set aside the ideas of justice and injustice, of good and evil, of purity and impurity, Cyril. He will make use of them even as the musician uses his sounds, or the painter uses his colours. Such ideas are at least one-half of the poet's material, of the stuff out of which he creates—the half which belongs exclusively to him, which he does not share with any other artist ; the half which gives poetry a character in many respects different from that of painting or music. I have always laughed at the Ruskinian idea of morality or immorality in architecture, or painting, or music, and said that their morality and immorality were beauty and ugliness. I have done so because moral ideas don't enter into the arts of line, or colour, or sound, but only into the subjects to which their visible and audible works are (usually arbitrarily) attached. But with poetry the case is different ; and if the poet has got a keener perception (or ought to have) of right and wrong than other men, it is because a sense of moral right and wrong is required in his art, as a sense of colour is required in painting. I have said 'art for art's own sake,' but I should have been more precise in saying 'art for beauty's sake.' Now, in poetry, one half of beauty and ugliness is purely ethical, and if the poet who deals with this half, the half which comprises human emotion and action, has no sense of right and wrong, he will fail as signally as some very dexterous draughtsman who should have no sense of physical beauty and ugliness, and spend his time making wonderful drawings of all manner of diseased growths. Of course you may be a poet who does *not* deal with the human element, who writes only about trees and rivers, and in this case your notions of right and wrong are as unnecessary to you as an artist as they would be to a landscape painter. You use them in your life, but not in your art. But as soon as a poet deals with human beings and their feelings and doings, he must have a correct sense of what in such feelings and doings is right and what is wrong. And if he have not this sense, he will not be in the same case as the painter or musician who is deficient in the sense of pictorial or musical right and wrong. The wise folk who have examined into our visual and acoustic nerves seem to think, what to me seems extremely probable, that the impression of æsthetic repulsion which we get from badly combined lines or colours or sounds, is a sort of admonition that such combinations are more or less destructive to our nerves of sight or of hearing ; so, similarly, the quite abstract aversion which we feel to an immoral effect in literature, seems to me to be the admonition (while we are still Platonically viewing the matter, and have not yet come personally into contact with it) that our moral sense—what I may call our nerves of right and wrong—is being disintegrated by this purely intellectual contact with evil. And, moreover, our nerves of right and

wrong are somehow much less well protected than our visual or acoustic nerves : they seem to be more on the surface of our nature, and they are much more easily injured : it takes a good deal of bad painting and bad music to deprave a man's eye or ear, and more than we can well conceive to make him blind or deaf ; but it takes less than we think of base literature to injure a man's moral perception, to make him see and hear moral things completely wrong. You see, the good, simple, physical senses look after themselves—are in a way isolated ; but the moral sense is a very complex matter, and interfered with in every possible manner by the reason, the imagination, the bodily senses—so that injuring it through any of these is extremely easy. And the people whom bad painting or bad music had made half-blind or half-deaf would be less dangerous to themselves and to others than those who had been made half-immoral by poetry."

"But at that rate," said Cyril, "we should never be permitted to write except about moral action ; if the morally right is the same for the poet as the pictorially right for the painter. Baldwin, I think, I fear that all these are mere extemporized arguments for the purpose of making me satisfied with poetry, which I never shall be again, I feel persuaded."

"Not at all," answered Baldwin. "I mean that the moral right or wrong of poetry is not exactly what you mean. If we were bound never to write except about good people, there would be an end to half the literature of the world."

"That is exactly what I saw, and what showed me the hollowness of your theory, Baldwin."

"Because you mistook my theory. There could be no human action or interest if literature were to avoid all representation of evil : no more tragedy at any rate, and no more novels. But you must remember that the impression given by a play or a poem is not the same as that given by a picture or statue. The picture or statue is all we see ; if it be ugly, the impression is ugly. But in a work of literature we see not only the actors and their actions, but the manner in which they are regarded by the author ; and in this manner of regarding them lies the morality or immorality. You may have as many villains as you please, and the impression may still be moral ; and you may have as many saints as you please, and the impression may still be immoral."

The road had suddenly emerged out of the olive woods covering the lowest hill ranges, and in a few minutes they were driving through a perfect desert. The road, a narrow white ribbon, stretched across a great flat tract of country : field after field of Indian corn, stripped of its leaves and looking like regiments of spindles, and of green grass, half under water ; on either side a ditch full of widening into sedge-fringed canals, in which the hay of corn was stacked in boats for sheer want of dry soil, or shallow patches of water scarcely covering the grass.

against the green of the meadow below, the boldly peaked marble mountains of Carrara, bare, intensely ribbed, veined, and the blue sky and rainy black clouds. Green, brown fields, tufts of reed, hill and sky reflected in the inundated grass—nothing more, not a house, or shed, or tree for miles around—in front only the stormy horizon where it touched the sea.

"This is beautiful," cried Cyril; "I should like to come and live here. It is much lovelier and more peaceful than all the woods and valleys in creation."

Baldwin laughed. "It might be a good beginning for final nirvana," he said; "these are the sea-swamps, the *padule*, where the serene Republic of Lucca sent its political offenders. You were locked up in a tower, the door bricked up, with food enough to last till your keeper came back once a fortnight; the malaria did the rest."

"It is like some of our modern literature," answered Cyril, with a shudder; "Maremma poetry—we have that sort of thing, too."

"By the way," went on Baldwin; "I don't think we quite came to the end of our discussion about what a poet ought to do with his moral instincts, if he has any."

"I know," answered Cyril, "and I have meanwhile returned to my previous conclusion that, now that all great singable strifes are at an end, poetry cannot satisfy the moral cravings of a man."

"You think so?" asked Baldwin, looking rather contemptuously at his companion. "You think so? Well, therein lies your mistake. I think, on the contrary, that poetry requires more moral sense and energy than most men can or will give to it. Do you know what a poet has to deal with, at least a poet who does not confine himself to mere description of inanimate things? He has to deal with the passions and actions of mankind—that is to say, with a hundred problems of right and wrong. Of course, men who have deliberately made up their mind on any question of right or wrong, are not shaken by anything in a book; nay, they probably scarcely remark it. But if you remember that in the inner life of every man there must be moments of doubt and hesitation, there must be problems vaguely knocking about, you will understand that for every man there is the danger that in such a moment of doubt his eyes may fall upon a sentence in a book—a sentence to other men trivial—which will settle that doubt for ever, rightly or wrongly. There are few of us so strong that the moment does not come when we would ask, as a good Catholic does of a confessor, what is right and what is wrong, and take the answer which is one of the two that have been struggling within himself, as definitive;

in *fiction* a book, any book casually taken
director. People used to
imagined that they
I deliberately think

that they underrate this influence, because they forget how it may settle fluctuating opinion. The power of literature is in this way very great."

"It has been, formerly—yes, I grant it," answered Cyril; "but it is no longer what it was; in our cut-and-dry days it is necessarily smaller."

"On the contrary, much greater now than perhaps almost at any other time. These are not cut-and-dry days, Cyril, but the very reverse; you must not let yourself be deceived by a certain superficial regularity, by railway journeys and newspapers, and a general civilization of hand-books and classes. In reality there is more room for indirect moral perversion or enervation in our days than there has been for a good while; for the upsetting of ideas, the infiltration of effete or foreign modes of thought and feeling, is much greater in this quiet nineteenth century than it was, for instance, in the Renaissance or the eighteenth century. With all their scepticism, the people of those days had a good fund of tradition about everything; they were floating about a good deal, I admit, but they were fully persuaded of the existence of certain very solid moral rocks, to which they might always tie their boat when it grew over-rough; rocks of religion or deistic mysticism, or of social *convenances*, which we have now discovered to be by no means granite, but some sort of sea deposit, of hardened sand, whose formation we understand and no longer rely upon. The most arrant sceptics of the past had always one great safety, that they were in a groove; they saw, understood, sympathized with only their own civilization. What they thought right they had never seen questioned—they never imagined any one could regard as wrong; hence the most liberal thinkers of former days always strike us, with their blindness to all but their own civilization, as such Philistines. Things have changed since then; they began to change already, as soon as men began to look at other civilizations; and the suggestive first-fruit of this early ethnographic eclecticism may be seen in Diderot's very beastly books: he found that South Sea Islanders had not, on the subject of incest, the same views as Christian folk; whereupon it struck him that those views might be due to prejudice. It was not the development of the natural sciences, but rather of the historic and ethnographic, which upset people's ideas; it was the discovery of how our institutions, moral and social (hitherto regarded as come straight from heaven), had formed themselves, and how they were subject to variation. Speaking of poets, look at a pure man, I believe a very pure man, Shelley, if you want to understand the necessity of poets having a greater solidity of moral judgment than the mere Jones and Browns who stick to their shop, and are not troubled with theories. Add to the influence of scientific doubt, of the doubt created by books on the origin of ideas and institutions (showing of what moonshine they are often made), the utterly confusing effect of our modern literary eclecticism, our comprehension and sympathy with so many and hostile states of civilization, our jumbling together of antique and mediæval, of barbarous and over-ripe and effete civilizations,

our intellectual and moral absorption of incompatible past stages of thought and feeling, with the follies and vices inherent in each ;—sum up all this, and you will see that, with our science and our culture, our self-swamping with other folk's ideas, we are infinitely less morally steady than the good sceptics of the days of Voltaire, who always believed in the supremacy of their own century, their own country, their own institutions, their own conventionalities ; who were in danger only from their own follies and uncertainties, while we are in danger from the follies and uncertainties of every past century from which we have inherited. And you will see, if you look, that that sceptical eighteenth century, which was very much more credulous and conservative than ours, was very little divided and upset in its ideas ; certain things were universally admitted, and certain others universally rejected ; in that day there was always the master of the ceremonies—Propriety. He knew exactly what could be permitted : in the dining-room, drunkards yelling filthy jests ; in the drawing-room, polite gentlemen stalking or tripping through their minuets. It is different nowadays.

Cyril nodded. "I understand what you mean," he said, "but I don't see the application yet."

"Well," answered Baldwin, "I will show you one instance of the application. Have you ever thought over the question of—how shall I call it?—the ethics of the indecent?"

Cyril stared. "No, it never struck me that there were any. I don't write indecent things, it doesn't amuse me, I feel not the smallest desire to do so ; if anything, I feel rather sick at such things ; that is all."

"That is all for you, but not all for other people. You don't feel attracted to write on some subjects ; well, other people not only feel attracted, but imagine that it is their duty even if they are not."

"They are pigs ; I have nothing to do with them." And Cyril looked as if he had settled the matter.

"But they are not pigs ; at least, not all of them ; or they are not entirely pigs, by any means," insisted Baldwin. "You are not going to tell me that a man like Walt Whitman is a mere pig. Still, there are things of his which to you are simply piggish. Either Whitman is a beast or you are a prude."

"That depends upon difference of nature," said Cyril quickly, vaguely desirous of putting an end to a discussion which brought forward an anomaly.

"That is merely repeating what I said," replied Baldwin. "But in reality I think it is *not* a difference of nature. I think it depends on a difference of reasoned opinion—in short, upon a sophistication of ideas on the part of Whitman. I think it depends, in him and the really pure men who uphold his abominations, upon a simple logical misconception ; a confusion of the fact that certain phenomena have been inevitable, with the supposition that those same certain phenomena are

therefore desirable—a confusion between what has been, and could not help being, and what may be and ought to be. It is the attempt to solve a moral problem by an historical test.”

“I don’t understand in the least, Baldwin.”

“Why, thus: our modern familiarity with the intellectual work of all times and races has made people perceive that in past days indecency was always part and parcel of literature, and that to try to weed it out is to completely alter the character of at least a good half of the literature of the past. Hence, some of us moderns, shaken as we are in all our conventional ideas, have argued that this so-called indecency is a legitimate portion of all literature, and that the sooner it is re-introduced into that of the present the better, if our literature is to be really vital and honest. Now, these people do not perceive that the literature of the past contained indecencies, merely because, being infinitely less self-conscious, less responsible than now, the literature of the past contained fragments of every portion of the civilization which produced it. For besides what I might call absolute indecency in the sense of pruriency, the literature of the past is full of filth pure and simple, like some Eastern town; a sure proof this, that if certain subjects which we taboo were not tabooed then, it was not from any conscious notion of their legitimacy, but from a general habit of making literature, like the street of some Oriental or mediæval town, the scene of every sort of human action, important or trifling, noble or vile; regarding it as the place for which the finest works were painted or carved, and into which all the slops were emptied. Hence, in our wandering through the literature of the past, our feet are for ever stumbling into pools of filth, while our eyes are seeking for the splendid traceries, the gorgeous colours above; our stomachs are turned by stench even while we are peeping in at some wonderful rose garden or fruit orchard. I think you might almost count on your fingers the books, up to the year 1650, in which you are sure of encountering no beastliness—choice gardens or bowers of the soul, or sacred chapels, kept carefully tidy and pure—viz., Milton, Spenser, the *Vita Nuova*, Petrarch, Tasso—things you see mainly sacred or spiritualistic—sort of churches where only devotion of some sort goes on; but if we go out to where there is real life, life complete and thoughtless—Shakspeare, Rabelais, Molière, Ariosto, Cervantes, Aristophanes, Horace—the evil odours meet us again at every step. Well, nowadays this has all been misunderstood. People have imagined that an inevitable nuisance of the past ought also to be a deliberately chosen nuisance of the present: a line of argument which appears to me to be similar to that of a man, who, because the people of Lisbon used, in the days of my grandfather, to practise a very primitive system of sewerage, should recommend that the inhabitants of modern London should habitually empty their slops on to the heads of passers-by. I am crude? Well, it is by calling nasty things by beautiful names that we are able to endure their existence. I think that people who

should attempt such literary revivals ought to be fined, as the more practical revivers of old traditions certainly would be."

Cyril paused a moment. "I think that these sort of offenders, like Whitman, are not evil-doers, but merely snobs: they offend not good morals, but good taste."

"That's just such an artistic and well-bred distinction as I should expect from you," answered Baldwin, rather contemptuously. "I wonder what that word 'good taste' signifies to your mind? Everything and nothing. They are offenders against good taste, you say. Well, let us see how. If I hang a bright green curtain close to a bright blue wall-paper, you will say it is bad taste; if I set Gray's "Elegy" to one of Strauss's waltzes, that is bad taste also; and if I display all my grand furniture and plate (supposing I had it) to my poor neighbour, whose chintz chair is all torn, and who breakfasts out of a cup without a handle, that also is bad taste. Each for a good reason, and a different one; in each case I am inflicting an injury, too slight and inadvertent to be sin, against something: the green curtain and blue paper combination pains your eye; the Gray's "Elegy" and Strauss's waltz combination annoys your common sense; the contrast between my riches and your poverty inflicts a wound on your feelings: you see that all sins against taste are merely a hurting of something in somebody. So that, if writing indecent poems is an offence against good taste, it means that it also inflicts some such injury. That injury is simply, as the world has vaguely felt all along, an injury to your neighbour's morals."

"But," put in Cyril, "such a man as Whitman has no immoral intention, nor is he immoral in the sense that Ariosto and Byron are sometimes immoral. The man is not a libertine, but a realist. He wishes people to live clean lives; all he says is, that everything which is legitimate, innocent, necessary in life is also legitimate and innocent in literature. And although I should rather select other subjects to write about, and would rather he did so likewise, I cannot deny that there is logic in saying that there can be no harm in speaking of that which there is no harm in doing."

"Yes," said Baldwin, "that is just the argument of such men. And the answer is simply that there are things which are intended to be done and *not* to be spoken about. What you call logic is no logic at all, but a mere appeal to ignorance. It so happens that the case is exactly reversed—that there are a great many things which there is not the smallest immorality in speaking about, and which it would be the most glaring immorality to do. No one shrinks from talking about murder or treachery; nay, even in the very domain of sexual relations there need not be the smallest immorality, nothing at all perverting, in a play which, like the whole *Orestes* trilogy, or *Othello*, or *Faust*, turns upon adultery or seduction; no one also has the slightest instinct of talking about the most fearful wholesale massacres. Yet ever since it has had any ideas of good and evil, has

had an instinct of immorality in talking of that without which not one of us would exist, that which society sanctions and the church blesses. And this exactly because this is as natural as murder—of which we speak freely—is the contrary. For exactly because certain instincts are so essential and indispensable, Nature has made them so powerful and excitable: there is no fear of their being too dormant, but there is fear of their being too active, and the consequences of their excess are so hideously dangerous to Nature itself, so destructive of all the higher powers, of all the institutions of humanity; the over-activity of the impulses to which we owe our birth is so ruinous of all that for which we are born, social, domestic, and intellectual good, nay, to physical existence itself, that Nature even has found it necessary to restrain them by a counter-instinct—purity, chastity—such as has not been given us to counteract the other physical instincts, as that of eating, which can at most injure an individual glutton, but not affect the general social order. Hence, the slightest artificial stimulus is a danger to mankind, and the giving thereof a crime; for the experience of all times tells us, what modern psychology is beginning to explain—viz., the strange connection between the imagination and the senses, the hitherto mysterious power of awakening physical desires, of almost reproducing sensation, possessed by the mind, even as the mention of dainty food is said to make the mouth water, and the description of a surgical operation to make the nerves wince. So that the old intuition, now called conventionalism, which connects indecency with immorality, is entirely justified. Crime may be spoken of just because it is crime, and our nature recoils therefrom; indeed, I think that nowadays, when our destructive instinct (except in small boys and professors of physiology) is becoming effete, there has ceased to be any very demoralizing influence in talking even of horrors. But the immorality of indecency is quite unlike the immorality of—how shall I distinguish?—of ordinary immorality. In the case of the latter the mischief lies in the sophistication of the reason or the perversion of the sympathies; as, for instance, in Machiavel's 'Prince,' or any of a hundred French novels. In the former case, that of indecency, the immorality lies in the risk of inducing a mood which may lead to excess—that is, to evil. And, as a rule, I think this inducing of a mood is the commonest source of moral danger, whether the mood be a sensual or a destructive one."

"I don't see how you make that out; although I now understand what at first seemed to me mere inexplicable instincts—founded on nothing."

"Some things are inexplicable perhaps, but be sure instincts are not founded on nothing. Misconceptions are mere false conceptions; but a good half of what people call social convention is based upon a perfectly correct conception, only mankind has a conception was. Well, I should place the value of which literature is capable in this dangerous, sophistication of judgment; No.

perversion of sympathy; No. 3, and most dangerous, inducement of questionable frame of mind. And I place them thus because it seems to me that this is the order of facility, and consequently universality; I mean that fewest people can be found who depend sufficiently on their deliberate ideas, and most effort is required to sophisticate them; whereas least effort is required, and most effect produced, in the matter of inducing a mood; the perversion of sympathy is half-way. Of course, if we could imagine (as once or twice has actually been the case) that the moral ideas of a whole people were sophisticated, that would be the worst, because the least reliable; but, in the first place, people act but little from ideas, or few persons do, and it is difficult to alter people's ideas; and, in the second place, the sophistication of conscience of single individuals is kept in check by the steadfastness of the mass of mankind, and consequently, as in such men as Diderot, reduced to mere talk, without corresponding action. But a mood is easily induced without the reason even perceiving it, and the more necessary the mood is to nature, the more easily it will be aroused—the more unnatural an evil, the less danger of it; the more an evil is the mere excess of the necessary, the more danger there is of it."

"It is curious how you marshal ideas into their right places," said Cyril. "There remains one thing to be said about the ethics of impropriety. The people who go in for writing upon subjects which thirty years ago would have distinctly been forbidden, do not all of them write as Whitman does: they are not all what I should call openly beastly. They do their best, on the contrary, to spiritualize the merely animal."

"That is just the most mischievous thing they could possibly do," interrupted Baldwin. "I know the sort of poets you mean. They are the folk who say that things are pure or impure, holy or foul, according as we view them. They are not the brutal, straightforward, naturalistic school; they are the mystico-sensual. Of the two, they are infinitely the worse. For the straightforward naturalistic pigs generally turn your stomach before they have had a chance of doing you any harm; but these persuade themselves and you that, while you are just gloating over sensual images, you are improving your soul. They call brute desire passion, and love lust, and prostitution marriage, and the body the soul. Oh! I know them; they are the worst pests we have in literature."

"But I don't think they are intentionally immoral, Baldwin."

"Do you think any writer ever was intentionally immoral, Cyril?"

"Well, I mean that these men really intend doing good. They think that if only some subjects be treated seriously, without any sniggering or grimacing, there ceases to be any harm in them. They say that from out of the mire where prudery has thrown itself; they wish to show that the whole of
purify by sanctifying."
mire of contempt. "Of course such words

seem very fine," he said; "but a thing is either holy or is not holy. all the incense of poetry and all the hocus-pocus words of mysticism cannot alter its nature by a tittle. And woe betide us if we once think that any such ceremony of sanctification can take place; woe betide us if we disguise the foul as the innocent, or the merely indifferent as the holy! There is in Nature a great deal which is foul: in that which men are pleased to call unnatural, because Nature herself chastises it after having produced it: there is in Nature an infinite amount of abominable necessity and abominable possibility, which we have reason and conscience to separate from that which within Nature itself is innocent or holy. Mind, I say innocent or holy; for innocence and holiness are very different things. All our appetites, within due limits, are innocent, but they are not therefore holy; and that is just what mystico-sensual poetry fails to perceive, and in giving innocence the rank of holiness it makes it sinful. Do you know what is the really holy? It is that of which the world possesses too little, and can never possess too much: it is justice, charity, heroism, self-command, truthfulness, lovingness, beauty, genius;—these things are holy. Place them, if you will, on a poetic altar, that all men may see them, and know them, and love them, and seek after them lifelong without ever wearying. But do not enshrine in poetic splendours the merely innocent; that which bestows no merit on its possessor, that which we share with every scoundrel and every animal, that which is so universal that it must for ever be kept in check, and which, unless thus checked by that in ourselves which is truly holy, will degrade us lower than beasts. For in so doing—in thus attempting to glorify that in which there is nothing glorious—you make men think that self-indulgence is sanctity, you let them consume their lives in mere acquiescence with their lusts and laziness, while all around is raging the great battle between good and evil. Worst of all, in giving them this worship of a mystic Ashtaroth or Belial, you hide from them the knowledge of the true God, of the really and exclusively holy, of good, truth, beauty, to know and receive which into our soul we must struggle lifelong with the world and with ourselves—yes, struggle for the sake of the really holy with that mere innocence which is for ever threatening to become guilt."

Baldwin paused; then resumed after a moment: "I believe that mankind as it exists, with whatever noble qualities it possesses, has been gradually evolved out of a very inferior sort of mankind or brutekind, and will, I hope, be evolved into a very superior sort of mankind. And I believe, as science teaches us, that this has been so far effected, and will be further effected henceforward, by an increased activity of those nobler portions of us which have been developed as activity; I believe, in short, that we can improve more and more different from the original I have said this to explain to you my feelings

my acquaintance, who is very sincerely smitten with the desire to improve mankind; and has deliberately determined to devote a very fine talent to the glorification of what he calls pure passion, pure in the sense that it can be studied in its greatest purity from the brute creation."

Cyril made a grimace of disgust.

"No, indeed," continued Baldwin, "that poet is not one of the æsthetic-sensual lot you seem to think. He is pure, conscientious, philanthropic; but he is eminently unreasoning. He is painfully impressed by the want of seriousness and holiness with which mankind regards marriage, and his ambition is to set mankind right on this subject, even as another young poet-philanthropist tried to improve family relations in his 'Laon and Cythna.' Now, if you were required to use your poetical talents in order to raise the general view of marriage, in order to show the sanctity of the love of a man and a woman, how would you proceed?"

"I have often thought about that," answered Cyril; "but it has been done over and over again, and I think with most deliberate solemnity and beauty by Schiller and Goethe in the 'Song of the Bell' and in 'Hermann and Dorothea.' Well, I think that poetry can do good work in this line only if the poet see where the real holiness of such love lies; in the love not of the male and the female, but of the man and the woman. For there is nowhere, I think, greater room for moral beauty and dignity than in the choosing by a man of the one creature from whom only death can separate him; of the one friend, not of a phase of his life, but of his whole life; of the one soul which will grow and mature always by the side of his, and having blossomed and borne fruit of good, will gently fade and droop together with his. But this is not the most holy part of the choice, for he is choosing also the mother of his children, the woman who is to give half their nature, half their training, to what children must mean to every honest man—the one chance he possesses of living as he would have wished to have lived, of being what he should wish to have been; his one chance of redeeming his errors, of fulfilling his hopes, of realizing in a measure his own ideals. And to me such a choice, and love in the sense of such a choice, become not merely coldly deliberate, but passionately instinctive, are holy with the holiness that, as you say, is the only real one; holy in all it implies of recognized beauty and goodness, of trust and hope, of all the excellence of which it is at least the supposed forerunner; and its holiness is that upon which all other holiness, all the truthfulness and justice and beauty and goodness of mankind, depends. This is how I view the sanctity of the love between man and woman; how all the greatest poets, from Homer to Schiller, and from Schiller to Mrs. Browning,

is the only possible view that I can conceive."

is how I also see the question. But my
th this: he wishes to make men believe in
no more holy, and far oftener tends to be

unholy, than eating or drinking ; and in order to make mankind adore, he lavishes all his artistic powers on the construction of an æsthetical temple wherein to enshrine, on the preparation of poetic incense with which to surround, this species of holiness, carefully separated from any extraneous holiness, such as family affection, intellectual appreciation, moral sympathy ; left in its complete unimixed simplicity of brute appetite and physical longing and physical rapture ; and the temple which he constructs out of all that is beautiful in the world is a harlot's chamber ; and the incense which he cunningly distils out of all the sights and sounds of Nature are filthy narcotics, which leave the moral eyes dim, and the moral nerves tremulous, and the moral muscle unstrung. In his desire to moralize he demoralizes ; in his desire to sanctify one item of life, he casts aside, he overlooks, forgets, all that which in life is already possessed of holiness. Thus my young poet, in wishing to improve mankind, to raise it, undoes for the time being that weary work of the hundreds of centuries which have slowly changed lust into love, the male and female into a man and a woman, the life of the body into the life of the soul ; poetry, one of the highest human products, has, as it were, undone the work of evolution ; poetry, which is essentially a thing of the self-conscious intellect, has taken us back to the time when creatures with two legs and no tail could not speak, but only whine and yell and sob,—a mode of converse, by the way, more than sufficient for the intercourse of what he is pleased to call the typical Bride and Bridegroom."

They had got out of the strange expanse of brown and green swamp, and after traversing a strip of meagre redeemed land, with stunted trees and yellowish vines, had reached the long narrow line of pine woods which met the beach. They passed slowly through the midst of the woods, brushing the rain-drops off the short bright green pines, their wheels creaking over the slippery fallen needles embedded in the sand ; while the setting sun fell in hazy yellow beams through the brushwood, making the crisp tree-tufts sparkle like green spun-glass, and their scaly trunks flush rosy ; and the stormy sea roared on the sands close by.

"I think your young poet ought to be birched," remarked Cyril ; "and if anything could add to my aversion, not for poetry, but for the poetic profession, this would, which you have just told me. You see how right I was in saying that I would have more moral satisfaction in being a French cook than in being a poet."

"By no means," answered Baldwin. "In the first place, my young poet ought not to be birched ; he ought to be made to reflect, to ask himself seriously and simply, in plain prose, what ideal of life he has been setting before his readers. He ought to be shown that inasmuch as he is the artist whose material is human feeling and is not as free an artist as the mere painter or sculptor or even ought to be made to understand that nowadays, when the conduct, religious and social, are for ever being questioned

who writes of human conduct is required, is bound, to have sound ideas on the subject: that because nowadays, for better or for worse, poetry is no longer the irresponsible, uncontrolled, helter-skelter performance of former times, but a very self-conscious, wide-awake, deliberate matter, it can do both much more harm and much more good than it could do before."

They were slowly driving along the beach, among the stunted pine shoots and the rough grass and yellow bindweed half buried in the sand, and the heaps of sea-blackened branches, and bits of wood and uncouth floating rubbish which the waves had deposited, with a sort of ironical regularity, in a neat band upon the shore; down here on the coast the storm had already broken, and the last thin rain was still falling, dimpling the grey sand. The sun was just going to emerge from amidst the thick blue-black storm-clouds, to descend into a clear space, like molten amber, above the black, white-crested roaring sea; it descended slowly, an immense pale luminous globe, gilding the borders of the piled-up clouds above it, gilding the sheen of the waves and the wet sand of the shore; and as it descended, the clouds gathered above it into a vast canopy, a tawny orange diadem or reef of peaked vapours encircling the liquid topaz in which the sun moved; tawnier became this garland, larger the free sky, redder the black storm masses above; till at last the reddening rays of the sun enlarged and divided into immense beams of rosy light, cutting away the dark and leaving uncovered a rent of purest blue. At last the yellow globe touched the black line of the horizon, gilding the waters; then sank behind it and disappeared. The wreath of vapours glowed golden, the pall of heaped-up storm-clouds flushed purple, and bright yellow veinings, like filaments of gold, streaked the pale amber where the sun had disappeared. The amber grew orange, the tawny purple, the purple a lurid red, as of masses of flame-lit smoke; all around, the sky blackened, until at last there remained only one pile of livid purple clouds hanging over a streak of yellow sky, and gradually dying away into black, with but here and there a death-like rosy patch, mirrored deadlier red in the wet sand of the beach. The two friends remained silent, like men listening to the last bars, rolling out in broad succession of massy, gradually resolving chords, of some great requiem mass—silent even for a while after all was over. Then Cyril asked, pointing to a row of houses glimmering white along the dark lines of coast, below the great marble crags of Carrara, rising dim in the twilight—

"Is that the place where my friends will pick me up?"

"Yes," answered Baldwin, "that's the place. You will be picked up there, if you choose."

"I must, you know, at least
time it struck
must—at least

"You
get the"

red astonished, as if for the first
must in the matter. "I
England with them."

tly. "But before we
out the moral value

of poetry, if you don't mind. I gave you the instance of Whitman and the mystico-sensual school merely because it is one of the most evident, but it is only one of many I could give you of the truth of what I said, that if a poet, inasmuch as he is a poet, has—what the painter, or sculptor, or musician, inasmuch as they are such, have not—a keener sense of moral right and wrong than other men, it is because his art requires it. Consider what it is deliberately to treat of human character and emotion and action; consider what a strange chaos, an often inextricable confusion of clean and foul, of healthy and pestilent, you get among, in penetrating into the life of the human soul; consider that the poet must pick his way through all this, amidst very loathsome dangers which he often cannot foresee; and not alone, but carrying in his moral arms the soul of his reader—of each of his thousands of readers—a soul which, if he see not clearly his way, if he miss his footing, or tread in the soft, sinking soil (soft with filthy bogs), may be bespattered and soiled, perhaps for ever—may be sucked into the swamp pool or poisoned by the swamp air; and that he must thus carry, not one soul, but thousands of souls, unknown to him—souls in many cases weak, sometimes already predisposed to some loathsome moral malady, and which, by a certain amount of contact with what to the poet himself might be innocuous, may be condemned to life-long disease. I do not think that the poet's object is to moralize mankind; but I think that the materials with which he must work are such that, while practising his art, he may unconsciously do more mischief than all the professed moralists in Christendom can consciously do good. The poet is the artist, remember, who deliberately chooses as material for his art the feelings and actions of man; he is the artist who plays his melodies, not on catgut strings or metal stops, but upon human passions; and whose playing touches not a mere mechanism of fibres and membranes like the ear, but the human soul, which in its turn feels and acts; he is the artist who, if he blunders, does not merely fatigue a nerve or paralyze for a moment a physical sense, but injures the whole texture of our sympathies and deafens our conscience. And I ask you, does such an artist, playing on such an instrument, not require moral feeling far stronger and keener than that of any other man, who, if he mistake evil for good, injures only himself and the few around him? You have been doubting, Cyril, whether poetry is sufficient work for a man who feels the difference between good and evil; you might more worthily doubt whether any man knows good from evil with instinct sure enough to suffice him as a poet. You thought poetry morally below you: are you certain that you are morally up to its level?"

Cyril looked vaguely about him: at the black sea breaking on the twilit sands, at the dark outline of pinewood against the pale & the distant village lights—vaguely, and as if he saw nothing of it. The damp sea-breeze blew in their faces, the waves moaned the pines creaked in the wind; the moon, hidden behind clou

d into light their looser, outer folds, then emerged, spreading a white sheen on the sands and the water.

re you still too good for poetry?" asked Baldwin; "or—has poetry e too good for you?"

don't know," answered Cyril, in the tone of a man before whose l eyes things are taking a new shape. "I don't know—perhaps."

VERNON LEE.

LAW REFORM IN THE DAYS OF JUSTINIAN.

*Justinian's Enactments in the
Prætorian Court, 529.*

A CRITIC, in commenting upon the "Sea Dreams" of the Poet Laureate, said severely, "The howlings of a City clerk disappointed by a bad investment are not a fit subject for poetry." That critic would no doubt also hold that the howlings of a discontented Chief Registrar in the Prætorian Court of Constantinople in the sixth century after Christ, are beneath the notice of the Muse of History. But possibly a reviewer may be allowed to notice, and his readers may be willing to sympathize with, the sorrows of a thoroughly disappointed rhetorician, who climbed almost to the top of the tree of official promotion, to find that the fruit which grew at the top was only an apple of Sodom. We have generally associated the reign of Justinian with the thought of great and world-historical improvements in the law. It may amuse us to see how little that reign was enjoyed by one at least of the officials serving in the Law Courts. It may seem like the echo of familiar words when we find that then too, as in our days, the service, or the profession, or the office, was going to the dogs.

Joannes Laurentius, commonly known by the surname Lydus, was born at Philadelphia, in the province of Lydia, A.D. 490. Having received a good education according to the standard of these times, and being a fluent and facile Greek rhetorician, gifted also with an accomplishment which in the sixth century was becoming rare in the Roman Empire—a knowledge of the Latin language—he came up to Constantinople in the year 511, to try his fortune in the imperial capital.

Two great pathways of official promotion lay open at this time before a candidate for the Civil Service. One led through the *Sc* presided over by the Illustrious *Master of the Offices* that trodden by the *Officium* (official retinue) of the *Prætorian Prefect*. Lydus decided upon the first

for admission into the important *Scrinium Memoriæ*, whose business it was to prepare the minutes of the Emperor's replies to the various petitions and questions which were addressed to him, minutes which in most cases formed the basis of the consequent decree.

While waiting his turn for admission into this bureau, the young aspirant attended the school of the philosopher Agapius, from whom he received systematic instruction in the method of Aristotle, together with some tincture of the philosophy of Plato. While he was thus engaged, Fate, which, as he says, was determined to push him into the line of service which he had declined, brought a fellow-townsmen of his, named Zoticus, to place and power as Prætorian Prefect. Knowing the goodwill which Zoticus bore to him, Lydus allowed himself to be enrolled among the short-hand writers (*Exceptores*) of the Prætorian Prefect's Court, and thereby, as he afterwards discovered, lost his chance of valuable promotion.

At first his path was prosperous enough. Anastasius (491-518), "sweetest-tempered of sovereigns," ruled the State. Ammianus, the first cousin of Lydus, was already high up in the ranks of the *Exceptores*, and no doubt gave his relative a helping hand. An encomium which the latter wrote in honour of Zoticus gave so great satisfaction that his patron ordered that he should at once receive his reward in gold pieces, counted down upon the banquet table at the rate of an aureus (twelve shillings) a line. The encomium was unfortunately short, but from this and other sources Lydus succeeded in amassing (quite honestly as he assures us) a sum of 1,000 aurei during the interval, little more than a year, that his friend Zoticus remained in office. Nor this alone: the combined exertions of his patron and his cousin procured for Lydus a bride whose dowry amounted to 100 pounds weight of gold (£4,000), and who was superior to all women that ever were known in the propriety of her conduct. As to beauty, the contented husband observes a prudent silence.

In a very short time Lydus was promoted to the office of first *Chartularius* in the Court of the Prefect. The manner of the promotion was even more flattering than the promotion itself; for he was expressly invited by the superior class of the *Adjutores ab actis* to assume this position, and thus probably passed three or four steps of the official hierarchy at one bound. No such voluntary association of a *Chartularius* from the ranks of the *Exceptores* had ever taken place before, except in the case of two men already advanced in years; and they had each of them to pay twenty-four aurei (£14 8s.) annually for the step which the young Lydus had obtained without purchase.

It now became his business to write the *suggestiones* (minutes of Prefect's Court) upon which the journals (*quotidiana*), *personalia* were founded. The latter seem to be daily notes of cases which are inserted in the *quotidiana* with such minuteness that even

if the decree of the Court happened to be lost, the purport of it could be fully recovered from the *personale*.

At the time when Lydus entered upon public life it was essential that all these proceedings should be entered in Latin. The careful study which the young Philadelphian had bestowed on the writings of the great masters of the imperial language—a study his real fondness for which is evidenced by his frequent remarks, sometimes right, sometimes ludicrously wrong, as to the derivation of Latin words—now served him in good stead. It was probably in order to hide their own deficiencies in this respect that his seniors, the *Adjutores ab actis*, so eagerly associated him with themselves as their *Chartularius*.

By good fortune, a case in which Lydus was engaged as reporter was brought before the Senate on appeal. The task of reporting senatorial decisions had long been recognized as one of exceptional difficulty, doubtless because in so large an assembly of judges there would be less of finished oratory than in the Prefect's Court, and more of that rapid interchange of conversational discussion which has always been the terror of reporters. However, the young *Chartularius* surmounted all these difficulties, and produced at the close of the trial a minute (*suggestio*) so ably worded that, he assures us, the *Quæstor* of the Senate and his copying clerks were struck dumb with amazement.

"By God's help, and from the abundance of fees now flowing in upon me, which made the severest labour seem but as a trifle," he was now enabled to assume, in addition to his other duties, those of "short-hand writer in the enclosure of justice which is called the *secretum*," where he reaped glory and *solatia* of a pecuniary kind in abundance. Thence he took a higher flight, and pushed his way into "the rank of those who are called *A secretis* to the Court" (of the Emperor). It is not easy to discover the precise nature of the two additional steps thus gained by Lydus, but in both designations we see the germ of a title very familiar to our ears, and covering a wide range of official life, that of *secretary*.

Now occurred that change in the young adventurer's life to which reference has already been made—his marriage with the wealthy and well-behaved heiress provided for him by Zoticus; and from this time it is clear that the insatiable thirst for work, of which he speaks so complacently, suffered some abatement. First of all, he says, believing that much greater success was in store for him in the future, he refrained from pushing his fortune at Court, and devoted all his energies to his official duties. Then when he saw the commonwealth begin to decay around him, and found Fortune no longer favouring, as she had once done, the literary servants of the State, he conceived a disgust for official life, and gave himself wholly to his books. Yet he still retained his nominal connection with the service, and sometimes consoled himself for the loss of fees and *solatia* by the reflection that one day arrive by seniority at the post of *Cornicularius*, as he was indemnified for all his present disappointments.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding his professed indifference to Courts, his voice was sometimes heard uplifted in eloquent laudation of the powers that be. He was selected to pronounce a panegyric on the Emperor Justinian (who ascended the throne A.D. 527); and here again his familiarity with the Latin tongue was doubtless the cause of the distinction with which he was favoured, since he tells us that he "had to speak in the presence of certain nobles of the greater Rome," who were present by chance at Constantinople (fugitives, probably, from the outburst of anger against the Catholics which marked the last years of Theodoric), and that he thus made proof of that interest in literature which the refined Romans always exhibited, even in the midst of their distresses.

The new Emperor also ordered the young notary to compose a history of his successful wars against the Persians—an order, however, which he seems to have disregarded, possibly because he knew that the pen of the far abler Procopius was engaged upon the task.

About this time a *pragmaticum*, which spoke of Lydus in very flattering terms, was addressed by the Emperor to the Prætorian Prefect.

"John the learned," said the important document, "hath made proof before us of his skill in oratory, his accuracy in grammar, his grace in poetry, and his erudition in other departments of knowledge; and his desire is that he may make the language of the Romans yet more venerable by his labours. With this object, though he rightly pursues his career of service in the halls of justice presided over by your Excellency, he wishes along therewith to lead a bookish life, and to devote himself entirely to rhetoric. Since, therefore, we deem it unworthy of our times to leave so admirable a person unrewarded, we command your Excellency to make provision out of the public funds for the accomplishment of his desires. And let this most clever person know that we will not stop even here, but will honour him with yet higher and nobler rewards, thinking it unreasonable that such fluency of diction as he possesseth should receive no better recompense than we are now giving, and trusting that he will communicate to a large circle of pupils the gift wherewith he is himself endowed."

So ran the stately *pragmaticum*, from the name of which we learn that it was a letter drawn up by the Emperor himself. The Pragmatic Sanction by which the Emperor of Germany sought to secure to Maria Theresa the succession to the Hapsburg kingdoms and archduchies, is an eighteenth-century representation of the same class of documents to which belonged the letter of Justinian constituting the learned John a Professor of Rhetoric in the hall of the Capitol at Constantinople.

Scarcely marking the flight of time, Lydus went through the successive grades of the service till he reached the close. As far as gain was concerned, he might almost as well not have been in the service; but he received honour and respect from those in power (except in one memorable instance, when *Procopius* was his official superior), and what was sweeter by in tranquillity. After forty years of his laying aside the belt

of office and passing on into the *aula* of the Emperor, he received a most gratifying testimonial* from Hephæstus, the Prætorian Prefect, who was himself an excellent man, and one whose very name showed his noble descent ("for does not Diodorus," says Lydus, with simplicity, "tell us that Hephæstus was the first king of Egypt?"). This Prefect rose up to meet the superannuated official, graciously returned his salutation, put into his hands an order for a share in the public corn distribution (*annona*), and then made a speech praising the learning of Lydus, his influence over his pupils, his excellence of character, and predicting the higher rewards which awaited him under "our great and learning-loving Emperor." In this speech he was saluted, probably for the first time, with the epithet "*Clarissimus*" (*λαυτοκράτωρ*).

And so, about A.D. 552, when a little over sixty, he retired from official life, and returned—if he could be said to return to what he had never quitted—to his books.

But how about the official emoluments?—How, especially, as to the wealth which should have flowed in upon him during his last year of office, when he was holding the long-awaited-for post of Cornicularius? All this prospect had utterly failed him. From one source alone, the fees paid by fresh candidates (more than 1,000 in number) entering the Civil Service as Exceptores, he should have received at least 1,000 aurei (£600), whereas he solemnly assures us not one Exceptor entered the service during the whole of his year of office, and he did not receive, apparently from all official sources together, enough to provide himself with one day's rations.

But Lydus, as he repeatedly tells us, had not looked to office, but to literature, as the main support and glory of his life. He had elected to be great as a professor of rhetoric rather than successful as a registrar in the law courts. Why, then, these lamentations over the failure of his official career? One may conjecture that the rewards which Hephæstus had prophesied of as likely to be showered upon him by "the learning-loving Emperor" were slow in coming, campaigns in Africa, in Italy, and in Spain having exhausted the resources of Justinian, and therefore that Lydus—who, to use a common expression, saw himself in danger of slipping between two stools—thought fit to remind his superiors that neither the professor nor the ex-Cornicularius had yet received the emoluments which, in either capacity, he had a right to expect.

With this view, probably, he composed his treatise "*De Magistratibus*," which we shall now proceed to consider, for with the life of Lydus we have no further concern, ignorant as we are of the effect of his book upon his subsequent fortunes and of all particulars of his old age and death.

* Probably copied the *Index* of Hephæstus.
 * The other two treatises of Lydus are
 entitled the *De Magistratibus* and the *De
 auctoritate in the Roman Empire* (part 1).

1. *De Magistratibus*
 2. *De auctoritate*
 3. *De auctoritate*
 4. *De auctoritate*

The treatise consists of three books, the last of which ends abruptly in the middle of one of its most interesting passages. In the First Book the author gives a sketch of the institutions of Rome under the kings and during the republican period. The dresses of the kings, the senators, and the consuls, the relation of patron and client, the offices of Quæstor, Consul, Decemvir, Prefect of the City, Military Tribune, Dictator, Master of the Horse, Prætor, Censor, and Tribune, are described, and the constitution of the Legion is portrayed. From a perusal of this book it is easy to see how little real grasp even a learned Byzantine had of the true meaning of the history of republican Rome. There is a prodigality of learning, but it is all crude and undigested; the chronological abstract at the beginning of the book states not one period correctly; the list of Dictators is both imperfect and inaccurate; the descriptions of civil offices are so meagre or distorted, that were Lydus our only guide, we should hardly be able to form the slightest notion of the Censorship, the Decemvirate, or the Tribunate. Still, even in this part of his treatise it is clear that Lydus used, though in a wholly uncritical spirit, so many valuable treatises, now lost to us, on the constitution and antiquities of Rome, that there may be many grains of gold hidden under his rubbish; and, while it would not be safe to found any statement as to the institutions of the republic on his unsupported testimony, it may be well to keep any such statement which we cannot prove to be false as a memorandum for further inquiry. Interspersed with the statements as to constitutional history, we find some curious remarks on points of philological and social interest. Lydus evidently took a keen interest in tracing what are now called "survivals," whether in language or in manners, though his knowledge was not always equal to his enthusiasm. In a long digression as to the names of the Romans, side by side with many correct derivations, he refers Gaius to *gaudium*, and tells us that Appius meant "one born beside the famous Appian Road"—a strange inversion of the facts. When he remarks that Nero meant "strong" in the Sabine language, and that Varro in the Phœnician tongue signified "a Jew," and in that of the Celts "a brave man," we feel that the whole

a great deal of its author's curious irregular archæological learning and many extracts from Latin authors on the antiquities of Rome who are now lost to us. The "De Ostentis" gives explanations of the events portended by various astrological combinations (e.g., "The moon in Cancer: if the moon is dark, a foreign army will come into the Emperor's dominions. The moon in Libra: if the heavens be dark in the second watch of the night, the Cities of the West will be reduced to servitude." Another portion tells the reader what to expect according to each day in the year in which thunder is heard in the sky (e.g., "19th June: if it thunders, animals hurtful to the crops will perish. 20th June: if it thunders, it forbodes dissensions among the people. 23rd July: if it thunders, the dissensions of the people will come to an end. 24th July: if it thunders, it shows a mighty calamity impending over some great man;" and so on). Both these works are in a fragmentary condition.

The "De Magistratibus" exists only in a MS. ("Codex Cascolinus") discovered by De Choi from the Court of Paris to that of Constantinople in 1785, and published (edition by Dominich Fues) at Paris in 1812; republished in the Bonn edition *toriana*, 1837. This book would well repay the care of a painstaking illustrate it by copious references to the *Notitia*, the *Codes*, and the * and Cassiodorus, doing for it, in fact, the same work which Godefroy for the Theodosian Code.

value of his statements depends on the authority on which he makes them.*

Some at least of his etymological facts or fancies are the coinage of his own brain, for, as he says, with a touch of self-satisfaction, at the end of his chapter on names, "A man of leisure, who had the good fortune to lead an unharassed life, might no doubt collect many more instances of the same kind, since I, with my dull wits immersed in ten thousand other cares, have been able to do something at this trifling pursuit."

In the Second Book, after a short and interesting account of the office of the Emperor, and the various dresses worn by him in peace and in war, at feasts and in the Senate-house, Lydus hastens on to that which is the main subject of his whole treatise, "the First of Magistracies," the Prætorian Prefecture:—

"This illustrious office, which yields in dignity only to the imperial sceptre, may be traced by certain indications out of that shadow of original obscurity into which it has now almost returned. For we may sometimes best learn the greatness of human affairs by tracing the history of their decline. And terrible is the might of time to devour and to destroy all things which partake of growth and of decay. But so great is the virtue of the Emperor that he can give a new birth even to institutions which have already utterly perished."

This hint as to the recreating power of the Emperor, inserted in a book of which he elsewhere says (i. 15), "Having myself served among the subordinates of the Prætorian Prefect, I bring this treatise as a thank-offering, which I hope will be an acceptable one, to my superiors in the office," seems to show that Lydus wished to bring the fallen estate of this great Minister, as well as his own private and pecuniary disappointment, under the notice of the Emperor for redress and restoration.

One fact in the history of the Prætorian Prefect's office on which our author often insists is, that he represented an old Republican dignity, holding to his imperial Master exactly the same relation which, from the battle of Lake Regillus onwards, the Master of the Horse held towards the Dictator. When he tries to buttress this conclusion by a derivation which is not even plausible except in Greek (*ὑπαρχος*, Prefect, from *ἵππαρχος*, Master of the Horse), we know that the argument is unsound; but the conclusion, though not fully accepted, appears to be not absolutely rejected by scholars, and it is certainly an interesting suggestion that this Grand Vizier of Imperial Rome, this awful *alter ego* of the Augustus, the mediator between the Emperor and the Senate, may have been the official descendant of "stout Æbutius Elva, the Master of the Knights."

Like other authors who have examined into the subject, Lydus is perplexed by the question of the true form of the name of this great official. Should he be called *Præfectus Prætoria* (Prefect of the

* The curious remark about the meaning of Varro is made on the authority of Hieronymus.

Palace), or *Præfectus Prætoris* (Præfect of the Prætorian Guard?). Our author inclines to the latter opinion, as it is an admitted fact that it was by virtue of his command over these haughty janissaries, the Prætorians, that the Prefect reacquired his enormous power in the State. But he says that in the camp itself he was generally called *Præfectus Prætorio*, and that in Rome he went by the name of *Præfectus Cæsaris*, as being second in command to Cæsar (ii. 6).

Notwithstanding his many lamentations over its departure, Lydus does not give us much information concerning the golden age of the prefectorial office in the first and second centuries of our era. He does not throw much light on the singular process by which a post in itself purely military, became the greatest judicial office in the Empire, nor greatly help us to understand the position of a learned legist like Ulpian administering justice to the whole civilized world while nominally captain of the Imperial Guard. But some hints as to externals he does give which freshen the colours of the faded picture. The dress of the Prefect was but little varied from that of the Master of the Horse, of whom he was the representative. He wore a *mandye* or woollen cloak, dyed with the purple of Cos, "which is deeper than the flame-coloured dye of Parthia." This cloak for the Prefect reached only down to the knees, while the corresponding garment worn by the Emperor came down to the feet; and there was another difference in the patches of gold brocade with which they were embroidered.* Under the *mandye* he wore a *paragauda*, or purple tunic fastened by a belt of purple leather, having on the left side a golden crescent, on the right a golden ornament fashioned like a cluster of grapes. The crescent and the grape-cluster fitted into one another, and held the belt securely, forming a brooch, "which the Romans called *fibula*."

The insignia of the Prætorian Prefect's office were the chariot, "such as we all know it;" the golden pen-case (*calamarium*), one hundred pounds in weight; the silver inkstand (*calyculus*); the two silver bowls (*cantharus* and *crater*) apparently destined for the reception of papers in the cause which was being tried before him.† Furthermore, his three official yachts, *barca*, (the express-boat), *celox* (? *velox*), and *sarcinarius*, (the last of which was meant to carry the ample baggage of himself and his retinue), announced to all the provincials, when hailed from afar, the approaching presence of the great *Præfectus Prætorio*.

To mark the originally military character of his office, he from its first establishment wore ever a sword by his side, "as any one who is a lover of antiquarian pursuits may see by crossing over to Chalcedon and looking at the statue of the Prefect Philippus" (Prætorian Prefect A.D. 340). Thus girded and arrayed in *mandye* and *paragauda*, he went down to the Senate, which under the Lower Empire met no longer in

* The Emperor had *segmenta* on his dress, the Prefect only *raciæ* (possibly *tabulae*).

† Some of these insignia are figured in the curious pictures included in the "Notitia Utriusque Imperii."

the Senate-house, but in the Imperial Palace. When he entered, the highest officers of the army rose from their seats, went forward and fell on their knees before him. In order to mark his deference for the military power which they represented, he was wont to return this respectful salutation with a kiss. Even the Emperor himself, on the days when he was present, used to go forth from his palace on foot to meet the approaching Prefect. They then together entered the Assembly; a strict watch was kept before its doors, and no inferior functionary was permitted to enter it after these two great personages, nor to leave it before them. Such was the imperial etiquette down to the close of the fourth century. Then, when the Eastern throne was ascended by the little Theodosius II., a child of seven years old, unfit to go forth and meet the Prefect, and incapable of sitting through the long deliberations of the Senate, the custom was introduced of bringing in his picture to the Senate chamber, as if to greet his great subordinate. And from this time onward, apparently, the personal presence of the Emperor in the Senate-house ceased.

So far Lydus has been describing the majesty of "The Office"—as he always calls the Prætorian Prefecture—in its high and palmy days, or at least the vestiges of that majesty which still survived to give it outward importance after real power had departed from it. We have now to hear him describe the steps of the downward course which led to this result,—a decline which commenced in the fourth century under Constantine, continued in the fifth under the grandson of Theodosius, and became headlong ruin in the sixth under Justinian. The office which, as he says, had once been a political Oceanus, feeding all the lesser seas and rivers of the subordinate magistracies, now became a dry and barren channel. "That fine old piece of family plate, on the decline of the fortunes of its possessors, was melted down, that all kinds of modern and tasteless gimcracks [the new offices of State] might be fashioned out of it."

Even here, however, Lydus is far from appreciating all the causes which led to the result which he correctly enough describes, and we have again to eke out his imperfect and one-sided statements from what we know from other sources of the changes in the imperial system after the foundation of Constantinople. He rightly attributes the most serious diminution in the power of the Prætorian Prefect to Constantine the Great; but he says that the cause of it was his removal of the troops which guarded the Danube frontier to Lower Asia, the consequent loss of the rich provinces of Scythia and Mæsia, which were overrun by the barbarians, and the necessity of laying a vastly heavier taxation on the inhabitants of the East, with the result of turning the Prætorian Prefect into a mere tax-collecting official, the *Præfectus Orientis*. F

Constantine placed the troops which had before been
Prætorian Prefect under the order

All this is an absurd inversion

may have been some disposition on Constantine's part to pamper the troops to whom he owed so much, by withdrawing them from the fatigues of frontier duty and placing them in the luxurious cities of the East. Zosimus makes the same charge against him, and we are not in a position to deny its truth; but we certainly can deny that he lost to the Empire the rich tributes of Scythia and Mœsia, since those provinces did not suffer seriously from barbarian invasion for more than thirty years after his death. But what Constantine did accomplish—and it was a great service to the State—was to suppress the Prætorian cohorts, those demoralized imperial household troops, whose insolence, whose avarice, and whose insubordination had over and over again brought the Empire to the verge of ruin.

When the Prætorian Guard had disappeared, the Præfect of the Prætorians had no longer any reason for existence, and should, perhaps—if politics were always logical—have disappeared also. But important judicial attributes, as we have seen, had gathered round the office, which was in fact the highest Court of Appeal under the Emperor, and which could not be appealed against, even to the Emperor himself. Acting upon the cardinal principle of his statecraft, the separation of the military functions from the civil, Constantine left the Prætorian Prefect a judge and an administrator, but forbade him to be any longer a general. The high command which he had once probably held, not over the Prætorians only, but over all the forces of the Empire, was now taken from him, and vested, as Lydus truly says, in the Master of the Infantry and the Master of the Cavalry, whose offices were sometimes united in the person of the all-powerful *Magister Utriusque Militiæ*.

At the same time—rather perhaps from accident than design—the powers of the Prætorian Prefect were geographically circumscribed, and the number of persons holding the office was augmented. Under the earlier Emperors, for some unexplained reason, there had been generally two and sometimes three Prætorian Prefects; but now, after the remodelling of the Empire of Diocletian and Constantine, there were always four—one for “the Gauls,” one for Italy and Africa, one for Illyricum, and one for the East. Had Diocletian's grand scheme of a fourfold Empire endured, this multiplication of the number of the prefects might not have produced any very important results on the dignity of the office, since each Augustus and each Cæsar would have had his own Prætorian Prefect attached to his Court. But in the various changes and struggles of the fourth and fifth centuries this ideal number of four Emperors was scarcely ever preserved. Constantine, Constantius, Julian, Theodosius, each, for a longer or shorter period, ruled as sole Emperor.

For long spaces of time there were three Emperors; but the most frequent, as every one knows, during the last century of the Empire, was two. The natural effect of these altered circumstances was to increase the distance between the Emperor and the Prefect. Take, for in-

stance, the Eastern Empire. The Prætorian Prefects of Illyricum and of the East would become great provincial governors, ruling, it is true, over territories equal in extent to two or three European kingdoms, but still provincial, and not forming part of the central staff, nor in immediate contact with the "sacred" person of the Emperor.

On that staff there was one newly-created functionary—one of the modern gimcracks, to use the simile of Lydus, fashioned out of the fine old piece of family plate—who was ready and eager to absorb all such radiance as might be lost from the office of the Prætorian Prefect. The *Master of the Offices* was now practically the greatest courtier in the audience-chamber of the Sovereign, the commander of the armed servants of the palace (10,000 in number),* the introducer of embassies, the receiver of petitions, the inspector of arsenals—in short, the useful "man of business" of an indolent purple-born Emperor. He had at his bidding the host of clerks employed in the four great *Serinia* (bureaux)—the *Serinium Memoriae*, *Serinium Epistolarum*, *Serinium Libellorum*, and *Serinium Dispositionum*. These *Serinia* formed, in fact, the bulk of what we should call the Central Civil Service of the Empire. But in addition to these there was the large and busy *Schola* of the *Agentes in Rebus* (more than 1,100 in number), men whose business it was to travel up and down through the Empire, carrying the missions of the Sovereign and enforcing obedience to his will, but who, as a class, soon earned for themselves a hateful celebrity on account of the plunder which their corrupt rapacity was ever extorting from their fellow-subjects.† These *Agentes*—who, in their many peregrinations through the provinces, doubtless had the name of their chief, the Illustrious Master of the Offices, perpetually on their tongues—were called, apparently in derision, *Magistriani* (Master's men). Lydus speaks with great bitterness of the supercession of the *Singulares*,‡ the useful and efficient travelling officials attached to the prefecture and other provincial magistracies, by "the pompous fussiness of the so-called *Magistriani*."§ But no doubt they and their sedentary brethren, the *Seriniarii*, were two powerful buttresses to the new and domineering fabric of magisterial power.

All through the fourth and fifth centuries the decline of the Prætorian Prefect's power, and the aggrandizement of the Master's, went forward. It will be remembered that Lydus himself had at first thought of taking service under the latter functionary, and by personal inducements was swayed to the side of the former. He thus undoubtedly, as

II. 24. Theopropius seems to put these same troops at a much lower figure, 3,500 men Hist. Arcana, 241.

† That the rapacity of the *Agentes in Rebus* had passed into a proverb is shown by the saying of Julian, recorded by Ammianus Marcellinus, xvi. 5, 11. "Inductis quædam sollemnitate agentibus in rebus in consistorium ut aurum acciperent, inter aliorum coram conspectu non at mora est passa ehlanyde, sed utraq[ue] manu cavens imperator 'rapere' inquit 'non accipere vident agentis in rebus.'"

‡ In the *Notitia* sometimes called *Singulari*.

§ Literally, the "pomp-bundle-wordiness" (ὁ τῶν ἀποστολῶν ἀσχημονισμὸς—iii. 7). Lydus has to borrow a word from the Greek.

we should say, "invested in the wrong stock," and he seems to take a melancholy pleasure in tracing the causes which depressed the value of his holding. First—but this was long before his time—came the withdrawal from the Prefect of all military power, which went to swell the increasing importance of the counts, dukes, and other military officers created by Constantine. "For magnificent edifices," as he truly says, perhaps with an allusion to a process which had then been going on for more than a century at Rome, "when they are falling into ruin, suffice as building materials for many depredators." The process was further aided by a law of Theodosius, who, foreseeing the inefficiency of his own sons, forbade future emperors to conduct a campaign in person. If the Prætorian Prefect had already lost all military command, one does not at first see how he was affected by this innovation; but probably the result was to fix the Eastern Emperor more immovably at Constantinople, preventing the military journeys which had been undertaken by a Julian, a Theodosius, and even a Valens; and thus, while increasing the power of the central administration—especially that of the dreaded *Magister Officiorum*—to depress that of all provincial governors, the Prætorian Prefect at their head.

Further changes followed. First, the charge of the armour factories (*Fabrice*), and then that of the postal service (*Publicus Cursus*), were transferred from the Prefect to the Master. The latter, however, was in some measure restored to him on account of the obvious inconvenience which arose from the horses being ordered by the Master while their corn was paid for by the Prefect, of whose duties provincial finance now formed the largest portion.

How the power of the Prefect as a great judge of appeal fell away during this period, and especially in the sixth century, it is not easy to understand from a hysterical author like Lydus, who gives us "the tears of Peleus" when we desire a coherent statement of the connection between cause and effect: but it is clear that it did so fall away, and the change may have been an important stage in the transition from the Roman to that which, for convenience' sake, we call the Byzantine Empire.

Once, our author tells us, all "sacred causes" (that is, appeals to the sacred majesty of the Emperor), were, in order to relieve the Sovereign, who was overworked by the litigiousness of his subjects, heard by the Prefect in his Prætorium. That, as Lydus says with proud regret, was something like a court of justice. There sat the white-robed Prefect on his tribunal, his train of subordinates ranged around him, each in his various degree—a well-ordered hierarchy; and even the appellant and respondent arrayed in splendid robes. Silence reigned throughout the stately judgment-hall till the orators, the most illustrious of their profession, dressed in festal robes, stood up to plead their cause. In the middle of the hall stood a tripod, and on the tripod the water-clock,*

* He does not call it "Clepsydra," but "Cantharus."

and in order to mark yet more impressively the flight of time, at the end of each hour an usher (*sub-adjuvu*) suddenly strode forth before the other officials, and with emphatic gesture dashed down upon the marble pavement a silver disk of no small price, upon which the hour of the day was engraved "in the words and the figures of Italy."

When the cause was finished and judgment pronounced, the decision of the Prefect having been sealed by the *Schedarius*, subscribed by the *Cancellarius*, and solemnly read aloud by the *Secretarii*, an abstract of it was drawn up by these latter officials in the Latin tongue. Then the *Adjuvatores* endorsed on the original petition in fair [uncial?] characters, which seemed as it were swelling with their own importance, and the sight whereof struck reverence into the heart of the beholder, a copy of the decree and the name of the officer to whom its execution was entrusted.

"Now," laments Lydus, "all this is changed." The magistrate no longer sat on the tribunal, but, as often as not, administered justice in a bed-chamber of his palace. There was no decorum in the court, the spectators stood round talking and laughing, as if they were at a comedy. No clepsydra marked the flight of time, no grave officials surrounded their chief; in fact, so degraded and almost menial had the service of the courts become, that men of good position and education were now unwilling to enter upon it as a career. Even paper was no longer provided by the impoverished Treasury, much less fair parchments as in old times. You would now see the officials actually begging for scraps of paper from the suitors, or else eking out a miserable subsistence by selling, for a paltry sum, paper which looked as if it was made of grass,* upon which they wrote the Prefect's decision in characters mean of aspect, and that seemed, so to speak, "smelling of poverty."

Although the professed advocate of the Prefecture, Lydus admits and insists that the decline and fall of this great office was accelerated by the evil characters of many of its holders. Among these he mentions particularly Rufinus, the avaricious Minister of Arcadius (A.D. 395); and as there has recently been a disposition to argue that history has dealt too hardly with this man in accepting the portrait of him painted by Claudian, the flatterer of his great rival Stilicho, it is interesting to observe that in the time of Lydus, nearly two centuries after the death of Rufinus, he was still spoken of proverbially as "the insatiable" (ὁ ἀκόρεστος), and accused of having "meditated tyranny, in which aim, fortunately for the State, he was foiled, but he was only too successful in dragging down his office into the gulf."

Some other oppressive Prefects are enumerated by Lydus, but his bitterest invective is reserved for John of Cappadocia, twice Prætorian Prefect under Justinian, of whose character a striking picture is drawn in the pages of Gibbon.† It was indeed objected to our : by the

* χάρτον ἀπὲι χάρτον γραμματεῖ φιλύου καὶ πενήτω ὀνόματι ἐκδοῖ

† Not, however from materials furnished by Lydus; the A having come to light since Gibbon's death.

Photius (Patriarch of Constantinople, 857-869) that "he wrote with too great flattery of the living, but with too great acrimony on the dead, and of those who had fallen into disgrace;" and our own impressions, derived from the perusal of his alternate adulation and invective, entirely coincide with this censure. But all other testimony seems to converge so clearly towards the same point, the thorough rascality of John of Cappadocia, and the disastrous effect of his administration on the empire of Justinian, that we may with some confidence present to the reader the sketch drawn by his Lydian namesake of an unscrupulous Minister at Constantinople in the sixth century after Christ.

John was born at Mazaca, a town situated on one of the affluents of the Euphrates, which under its modern name, Kazaria, still preserves the remembrance of the designation (Cæsarea) bestowed upon it by Tiberius Cæsar when he lured the aged King of Cappadocia to Rome and reduced his kingdom into a province of the Empire. The Cappadocians, after five centuries of incorporation with the Empire, were not popular with their fellow-subjects, and it was generally considered that official advancement brought out the worst features of their characters. An epigram about them said—

"All Cappadocia's sons are evil men:
The belt of office turns the bad to worse.
The hope of gains unjust that fires them then
Of worse makes worst, a hapless Empire's curse.
But if the Cappadocian twice hath sate,
Or thrice, in the great Prefect's ear of power,
Worst of the worst is he, the magistrate
Blooms into deeper villainess every hour."*

Notwithstanding this sinister reputation, John, upon his arrival at Constantinople, was promptly enrolled as a *Seriniarius* in the official retinue of the *Magister Militum*, or, as we should say, became one of the clerks in the War Office.† Skilfully improving such opportunities as he had of approaching the presence of the Emperor, and holding out wonderful promises of the great services which he would render to the State, he was advanced to the office of accountant (*Logothetes*). As such he would be at most a *Clarissimus*, a member of the third rank of the official hierarchy, but now, at a bound, passing over the heads of all the *Spectabiles*, he became an *Illustris*—in modern phraseology, a Cabinet Minister—and blazed forth before the citizens of Constantinople in all the glory of *Prætorian Prefect* (A.D. 530).

Of the ostensible policy of his administration Lydus tells us little or nothing, but he gives us a string of painful anecdotes, from which we can discern that John shrank from no measures, however harsh, which

* Καππαδοκῆαι φαῦλοι μὲν δὲ, ζώης δὲ τυχόντες
φαιλότεροι, κέρδους δ' εἵνεκα φαιλότατοι.
ἢν δ' ἄρα δις καὶ τρίς μεγάλῃς δράξονται ἀπῆνης
δὴ μὲν τοῖς εἰς ὥρας φανεροφαιλότεροι (iii. 57).

† τῆς στρατηγίδος ἀρχῇ σκηνωτοῖς συναριθμοῦμενος: probably one of the officium of *Magister Militum Prætorialis* (see "Notitia Orientis," cap. v.).

might help him to replenish the coffers of Justinian, and his own. The rack and the cord were incessantly plied in the darkened chambers of the Hall of Justice: chains and the stocks were the portion of every citizen who was reputed wealthy. An old man named Antiochus was denounced to the oppressor as owner of a secret store of gold. Strong cords were tied round his wrists, and he was hung up by them. Still he refused to reveal his treasures: at length the cords were untied, and he was liberated—a corpse. Lydus, who knew the old man well, was himself witness of this atrocity.

An artist in cruelty, like any other artist, soon forms a school, and the Cappadocian found an imitator and an instrument in a wretch whom Lydus nicknames John Baggy-cheek (Μαξιλλοπουμάκιος). This Cerberus, this infernal demon, this Phalaris, says our author, was let loose upon the fair fields of Lydia, wasting, plundering, ravishing, and all with the great title of “the Prefect” for ever in his mouth. Not a household but mourned the theft of its vessels of silver and the dishonour of its maidens. “Philadelphia, my Philadelphia, was so impoverished, not in money only, but in men, that there is no hope of its ever reverting to its former prosperity.”

A certain Petronius, a man of culture and eminence, possessed some valuable jewels which he had inherited from his ancestors. When he refused to surrender these, “the Cyclops” had him stripped, beaten with rods by barbarians, and then shut up in a stable full of mules. The city was deeply stirred at this treatment of one of its most honoured inhabitants, and the Bishop, with the sacrament in his hand, hastened to the governor to move him to mercy. But he of the baggy-cheeks, unawed, unsoftened, answered the Bishop with such words of filthy abuse as are generally heard only in the most degraded haunts of vice. The Bishop burst into tears, more for the dishonour done to the sacred elements than for the insolence to himself; and Petronius, seeing into what hands he had fallen, sent for the jewels and all his money from his house, and cast them into “the cave of the Cyclops.” Quite unmoved, the governor took the jewels for himself, and with grim generosity bestowed the gold pieces on the officers of justice as a *douceur* (*sportula*) from Petronius in return for their kind attentions.

The next crime of “the Cerberus” was even more atrocious. There was a certain Proclus, a discharged veteran, upon whom John of the Cheeks made a demand for 20 aurei (£12). As the poor man did not and could not pay, he “blunted all his instruments of despair upon the nerves of his victim.” In his misery Proclus resolved on suicide, but not even by the door of death was it easy to escape from an imperial tax-gatherer. He called for his torturers, and said, “I will give you the aurei if you will come with me to a certain tavern.” Arrived there, while his guards waited before the doors, he went inside on pretence of searching for his concealed treasure. In reality, however, he slipped his neck into a noose and hanged himself. After long waiting the guards burst in, and when

they found the dead body of Proclus hanging, in their rage and disappointment they cast it out unburied into the Forum, and then proceeded to the sequestration of his few possessions, not reserving out of them even a trifle for the burial of their victim.

Side by side with grinding extortion from the people, there was the usual phenomenon of an Oriental despotism—wild extravagance in the ruler. Lydus is, of course, too good a courtier to hint at the Emperor's own share in this profusion. But Justinian, though extravagant, was extravagant in a decorous and stately fashion—in a fashion which seemed to add lustre to the life of the State; whereas John of Cappadocia—if there is any truth in the picture here drawn of him—wallowed in mere animal self-indulgence, and wasted the gold which represented the blood and the tears of millions on pleasures as gross and sensual as were ever dreamed of by a fortunate digger at Ballarat.

About fifty years before he appeared upon the scene, the Prætorian Prefect Constantine, a man of great worth and liberality, had built the first palace of the Prefect, which he named Leonis (after the then reigning Emperor). In this palace the Hall of Judgment was a noble room, adorned with a mosaic picture of Constantine's installation. The dwelling-house attached to it was on a moderate scale, and, destined as it was for the highest magistrate under the Emperor, well expressed the unluxurious character of the times.* A generation later, Sergius, a sophist and orator, who had risen from the bar to the judgment-seat, added a spacious upper story to this modest abode, and introduced into it many of the appliances of modern luxury, "not foreseeing—such is the blindness of man to the future consequences of his actions—that he was but preparing a den for the wild beast from Cappadocia to raven in."

Here, in the upper story, dwelt in indescribable filth and sensuality, surrounded by men and women of the vilest character, the Prætorian Prefect of the East. The lower floor, which was once deemed sufficient for the magistrate himself, was now abandoned to his troops of servants. The bath was turned into a stable, and a new one, "to which water, contrary to its nature, was forced to ascend, was built high in air." Land and sea were ransacked to provide fresh dainties for the palate of this new Vitellius,† whose very cooks became great personages of State, and whose slaves, gorged with a share of his ill-gotten wealth, received honours which senators sighed for in vain. The man who turned his slaves into senators was not likely to scruple at turning Civil Servants into slaves. While John, surrounded by buffoons and

* οὕτως ἦν παρὰ τοῖς παλαιότεροις τὰ τῆς τροφῆς ἡμελημένα, οἱ μόνος ἀπέλαυνον τῆς τῶν ποτελῶν εὐθυμίας (ii. 20,

"Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum."

† Lydus represents the shell fish as flying through the air to escape the all-devouring maw of the Cappadocian. ὡς ἀρυσσασθαι τοῖς ἀνέρας, μὴ τῇ κατὰ φύσιν ἐκ τόπου εἰς τόπον πτήσῃ καταπιεστέωσιν ἐσπεύσῃ, ἀλλ' εἰς ἀέρα τοῖς ὀστράκοις ὡσὶ πτερύξι χρωμένους, δοκεῖν ἐκκλίειν τὴν Καππαδοκῶν ἀσπιδίαν (iii. 62). Such was Byzantine rhetoric in the sixth century.

prostitutes, was carrying on his disgusting debaucheries in the upper story of the palace, and administering what he called justice in the same apartments, grave and reverend members of his official staff were obliged to watch, like base menials, at the door of his bed-chamber. A hard fate certainly for the Lydian John (who evidently speaks here of bitter humiliations personally endured) to have to act the hall-porter at the door of his Cappadocian inferior; for him, the husband of an heiress, the rhetorician and the scholar, whose head was full of a hundred derivations of Latin names unknown to the vulgar, to be ordered about as a household drudge by a man "whose style," even in Greek, "was scarcely legible."*

Yet with all the vices of John of Cappadocia—and no doubt he was a profligate and selfish scoundrel—there was probably some rough vigour of intellect which recommended him to so great a judge of character as the Emperor Justinian. One measure of which Lydus bitterly complains, and which deprived him of his chief source of fame and profit, was probably dictated by statesmanlike common sense. We allude to the substitution of Greek for Latin in the proceedings of the Court of the Eastern Empire. The custom of old, says Lydus, was that all affairs relating to the European provinces should be treated of in the tongue of the Italians, although the great majority of the inhabitants were Greeks by birth.† And an alleged prophecy of Romulus had been preserved by the archæologist Fonteius to the effect that Fortune should cleave to the Roman nation till such time as they should be found forgetful of the Roman tongue. Heedless of the custom and the prophecy, the Cappadocian ordained, and no doubt wisely, that the transactions of the Court should be in a language "understood of the people." If there is any truth, however, in the accusations of Lydus, he neutralized the benefit by, at the same time, lowering the standard of literary merit required from the registrars of the Court. Instead of handing over the decisions of his Court to be put into exact legal shape by the highly trained *tractatores*, he now had them filled up with random carelessness by ignorant slaves of his own, he himself pocketing the fees. Troubles and disputes of all kinds arose in the interpretation of the documents thus prepared, and then the enraged Cappadocian inflicted the punishment of death on those who failed to understand the exact force of his haphazard rescripts.

The proceedings of the Minister with reference to the postal service seem incapable of any favourable explanation, and it is difficult to understand by what arguments Justinian, unless in dire need of money for war or for architecture, can have been induced to consent to them. The *Cursus Publicus* was one of the greatest triumphs of imperial administration. The magnificent roads of the Romans long remained even in the West

* Gibbon, chap. xl., note 93 (quoting from Procopius, *Pers.* i. c. 24).

† From this we may perhaps infer that Greek was even then the language of State for the Asiatic and East African provinces.

a witness to the new barbaric kingdoms of what Rome once had been ; and in the East the postal service was probably not much deteriorated in the sixth century from its condition in the fourth, when the young Constantine performed his celebrated flying journey from Bithynia to Britain. It contained two departments, the heavy post (*δρόμος πλατὺς*), for what we should call goods traffic, which was conducted in waggons ; and the swift post (*δρόμος ὀξύς*), for express mails. The former was chiefly served by oxen, asses, and mules, partly also by heavy cart horses ; while in the latter the fleet horses called *veredi* whirled along the lightly-built *rheda*, or bore on their backs the imperial messengers. The necessity for such a service in such an Empire is well described by Lydus :—" For since nearly the whole Continent was subject to the Romans, it was not easy for the Emperors to know what was going on upon their Eastern frontier, when they were perhaps marching at the head of their troops to the shores of the Atlantic. But by means of the *cursus velox* they had private information of what was going on before it had become matter of common fame."^{*}

This admirable institution of the *Cursus Publicus*, we are told, was ruined by the Cappadocian, who at the instigation of his namesake and kindred spirit, " John Baggy-check," decreed that horses should no longer be maintained for the service. Our author, as a true courtier, asserts that " this was done unknown to the Emperor, for how would he have yielded to a course so fatal to the public interest?" But we can hardly suppose that Justinian was left really without information of so momentous a change as the suppression of the *Cursus* throughout the whole Eastern Prefecture. However this may be, the result was disastrous. The tithes of produce payable by the cultivator to the State, becoming unsaleable for want of transport, rotted on the ground. The tithe-payer, of whom gold was now demanded instead of corn, was utterly crushed by the tax-collector, whose demands, unable as he now was to send his produce to the sea, it was utterly impossible for him to meet. At the same time, as if in order to make the situation yet more desperate, the former appropriations of tithe to the military budget were discontinued. In old times a large part of the rations of the army was supplied out of the *decumæ* of the province in which they were quartered, and the men themselves were often made use of to assist in getting in the harvest. But now, probably as a result of some centralizing scheme of administration devised by Justinian and carried into effect by the Cappadocian, all this was at an end, and the cultivator was ruined, while the soldier was left unfed.[†]

While all this was going on, the Governor was courting, and for a time successfully, the favour of the mob. Dressed in a bright green robe, he carried his pallid face—pallid with gluttony and lust—through all the cities of the Orient, and while ruining the Lydian or Cilician

^{*} III. 61.

[†] This seems to be the meaning of the concluding sentences of iii. 61, but the passage is obscure.

cultivator by his exactions, he sought with fawning affability to persuade the refuse of the cities that no one else was so warm a friend to them as he. For a time the device, the easy device, of pampering the town at the expense of the country, succeeded. But when the provincials, crushed and dispirited by financial oppression, impoverished by the rights of pre-emption claimed by the Government, exhausted by the labours of the *angaria* (forced transport), bewildered and heart-broken by the nineteen varieties of taxes enumerated by our essayist,* gave up all hope of resisting the barbarians on the frontier, or the troops whose depredations were worse than any committed by the barbarians, and began flocking into the capital; when there were seen poor pallid women, with babes at their breasts, who had suffered untold hardships in transporting the tithes of produce from the interior to the sea, and when tales were told of many like them who had succumbed under the burden and were left unpitied and unburied corpses by every high-road in Asia, the opinion even of the city mob began to change, and popular feeling began to ferment into indignation against John.

At this crisis the one person who was really all-powerful in the Empire, the ballet-dancer whom Justinian had made partner of his throne, intervened, and fortunately on the right side. Theodora, "his wedded wife, surpassing all other persons that ever lived in sagacity and in ever-wakeful sympathy for the oppressed," repaired to her husband, and in earnest words set before him the danger which he ran, not only of exhausting his subjects, but of shaking his throne itself by shielding the misgovernment of the Cappadocian. The Emperor was reluctantly convinced of the necessity for a change, but saw not how to bring it to pass. For John had so entangled the affairs of the State, mixing the Treasury receipts of one indiction with those of another, that no senator, no one who had any regard for just financial administration, durst take the tangled skein into his hand.

The knot was cut by the famous tumults of the *Nika* (14 19 January, 532), which are briefly described by our author. He attributes the actual outbreak to the increased severity with which the laws were put in force against the hungry multitudes of immigrants into the capital, especially by the newly-appointed Prætors and Questors, whose obsolete offices had been revived in this emergency by the Emperor. We hear nothing from him about the fatal rivalry between the Blues and Greens in the Hippodrome, the colloquy between Justinian and the Green insurgents,† the assumption of the diadem by a nephew of Anastasius, the Emperor's meditated flight and ultimate adoption of a bolder policy under the inspiring counsels of the courageous Theodora. On the other hand, the general voice of historians agrees with Lydus in attributing to the misgovernment of the Cappadocian some share, though not the whole,

* III. 70.

† Recorded on the doubtful authority of Theophanes, and styled by Gibbon "the most singular dialogue that ever passed between a Prince and his subjects."

of the responsibility for the outbreak of this celebrated sedition, by which a large part of Constantinople was laid in ashes and 50,000 of the inhabitants perished.* The misgovernment had probably produced a large amount of dumb, half-conscious misery, and when the fury of contending parties had loosed the bonds of society, and broken the habit of passive obedience, the multitude raged against the Emperor, the Empress, the Court, the Prefect, saying, "Why have we suffered so long?"

"When order was restored, the Prætorian Prefect had vanished from the capital, and thus ended," says Lydus, "the first robber administration of the wicked Cappadocian."† Lydus draws a vigorous picture of the great city after the conflagration, looking like another Lipari or Vesuvius with its huge masses of black and smoking ruins, of its silent streets, and cowed and sullen population. Then upon this dark and dreary scene brightness and hope suddenly supervened. The fortune of the Emperor again triumphed, and a new and fairer Constantinople sprang from the ruins of the old, like Creation out of Chaos. The foundation-stone of "the Temple of the Great God" (the Church of St. Sophia) was laid amid general rejoicings, and £160,000 was spent upon that glorious structure, "without any oppression of the people." In fact, we can easily understand that, for a time at least, the new and difficult problems which presented themselves to the imperial administration might be postponed in Constantinople, as in Paris, by the employment of the hungry immigrants from the provinces on these gigantic works for the embellishment of the city. John was succeeded at the Prefecture by a man of noble birth, named Phocas, of whose personal frugality and public generosity, of whose culture, affability, and piety, Lydus speaks in words of high praise, which suggest that he, at least, was a still living patron from whom future favours were yet to be expected. But at this point of the narrative the text, which has been for some pages becoming more and more corrupt and obscure, suddenly stops in the middle of a sentence. Lydus has still to describe the second and longer administration of John of Cappadocia, an administration which lasted eight years (from 534 to 541), his fall, his punishment, his banishment, and death. It is difficult to image what darker colours he had still left wherein to paint this second robber-administration, and he would doubtless have tired us with the shrill monotony of his invective. Still, we cannot but regret that so vivid a sketch of a most important epoch of the world's history by a contemporary hand should have reached us in a fragmentary state, and we may hope that the Lauras of the Ægean are yet hiding for us a complete copy of "*Lydus de Magistratibus*."

THOMAS HODGKIN.

* This is the number given by Lydus; 30,000 is the more probable estimate of Procopius.

† πέραν ὅν τοῦτο τῆς πρώτης λησταρχίας τοῦ πονηροῦ Καππαδόκου (iii. 72).

THE BOOK OF BIRTH-STORIES.

Buddhist Birth-Stories, or, Jataka Tales. Translated
for the first time from the original Pāli, by T. W.
RHYSDAVIDS. 1880.

THOUGH we are all taught to look to the East as the cradle of our race, yet we but seldom give a thought to the many links that still connect us with the distant past. It rarely crosses our minds that the language we now speak, notwithstanding the manifold changes it has undergone, is nevertheless an Oriental dialect. We need no one to tell us that our religion is of Eastern origin; but we have to be reminded that most of our nursery rhymes, popular legends, myths, and the old-world stories of our childhood have come to us as contributions from the far-off East.

It is difficult, indeed, to say positively what particular fable, story, or superstition is original or borrowed, since it is so easy to find Eastern parallels for almost every relic of old-folk lore with which we are familiar, or that we may chance to come across.

One would think that it would be by no means an easy matter to match Swift's Lilliputians, yet we cannot help comparing them, not only with that small infantry warred on by cranes but with the Hindu *vālakṣṇīyas*, divine beings of the size of the thumb, chaste, pious, and resplendent; sixty thousand of whom were produced from the body of Brahma, and surround the chariot of the Sun.*

We cannot talk of a *griffin* without being at once carried back to the marvellous *roc* (*rūkh*), or the gigantic *garuda* of the Hindus.

In the Chinese Buddhist books it is said to measure from head to tail 8000 *yojanas*, and the same in height. The Japanese *pheng*, it is reported, can swallow a camel, and its quills are used for water-casks.

Sir John Maundeville, in his account of Bacharie, describes the griffin as upwards like an eagle and downwards shaped like a lion, but bigger and stronger than eight lions and a hundred eagles.

*"Vishnu Purāṇa," vol. 1. pp. 98, 155. "Rāmāyana," English translation, vol. iv. p. 204.

Its talons were like horns of great oxen, and served for drinking-cups. It is said that there was in the Cotton Library such a cup four feet in length; and another is still preserved amongst the antiquities of the King's Library at Paris. The egg of the griffin served as a goblet, and is mentioned as forming part of the crown jewels of Edward III. and Henry IV.

Lucian's *halcyon*, whose nest was seven miles in circumference, is a reminiscence of the Eastern legends of this marvellous bird.

Popular imagination, says Professor Gubernatis, believed for a long time in the terrestrial existence of griffins and other marvellous creatures, but it can be said of them all as of the Arabian phoenix—

"All affirm that it exists;
Where it is no one can tell."

Stories of battles with winged dragons are popular enough in the West, and are far from being uncommon in Eastern legends. We know that they are ancient myths about "the strife of the elements" as symbolized in the contests between Indra and the demons of the air. One of the demons of drought is in Sanskrit called *ahi* or serpent.* Buddha himself had a terrible conflict with the dragon-king, *Eldputtra*, whose body was 360 yojanas in length, and whose mouth, like that of Cacus, emitted a deadly fiery blast. The Chinese have a story answering very closely to our popular and, as one might suppose, national legend of "St. George and the Dragon." In the Eastern version, however, the conqueror of the dragon is a heroine named *Ki*, distinguished for her filial piety and courage. The monster, as the Chinese story goes, had devoured nine maidens, and was clamorous for more victims, but none could be found willing to satisfy its urgent demands. Then Miss *Ki* expressed her willingness to go to the dread dragon's cavern. Armed with a trusty sword, and accompanied by a dog that was accustomed to attack snakes, she sallied forth, taking with her several measures of boiled rice mixed with honey, which she placed at the mouth of the cavern. "At night the dragon came forth, its head as large as a rice-stock and its eyes like mirrors two feet across, when, perceiving the aroma of the mass of rice, it began to devour it. *Ki* forthwith let loose her dog, which seized the monster in its teeth, and the maiden thereupon hacked the dragon from behind; so that, after dragging itself to the mouth of the cavern, it died."†

Our poets, with their archaic tendencies, have preserved for us many a relic of old folk-lore that can only be fully and satisfactorily explained by a reference to Eastern legends. Shakspeare's "toad,‡ ugly and venomous," that "wears a precious jewel in its head," has not only

* Clouds, in old Hindu legends, are represented as mountains and as cities of the atmospheric demons. The clouds called *amvartaka* resemble vast elephants in bulk; others in form resemble towns, some mountains, some are like houses and hovels, and some are like columns: mighty in size and loud in thunder, they fill all space (Wilson's "Vishnu Purāna," vol. v. p. 194).

† Denny's "Chinese Folk-lore," p. 110.

‡ Out of the toad, the dark animal of the night (the gloom of winter), the solar pearl comes " (Zoological Mythology," p. 394).

a connection with the numerous stories of the bufonite or "toadstone" (supposed to be the bony embossed plates of the jaws of a fossil fish) that was once used as a charm and an antidote to poison, but must be referred primarily to those older fables of "gemmed" serpents that are common in Eastern mythology.

Toads, dragons, and serpents are much mixed up in popular myths; we are therefore not at all astonished to find in Chinese stories, dragons represented with pearls before their mouths, and these they are supposed to spit out or swallow as fancy may take them. The pearl, too, is said to be the essence of the dragon's nature, without which it would be powerless.* In the "Rāmāyana" of *Tulsidds* we read that "the jewel is not infected with the guilt and villany of the serpent (in whose head it is found), but is an antidote to poison, and subdues pain and poverty."† The old "Bestiaries" contain frequent allusions to marvellous stories about animals, and the writers are quite Buddhistic in the very neat and characteristic way they turn them to a profitable account as a means of imparting religious and moral instruction.

An old English writer of the twelfth century thus alludes to the old belief of snakes having precious jewels in their heads:—

"There is another kind of serpent to be found in other (foreign) lands that bath in her head a precious stone, and the inhabitants thereof sometimes charm her, and so capture and kill her, in order to obtain possession of the jewel; but when the serpent perceiveth that they are seeking her, she is on her guard against them, as the Psalmist says:—*Sicut aspidis surdus et obturantis suas aures quæ non exaudiet vocem incantantium*. The adder seeketh a stone and layeth one ear thereto, and in the other she putteth her tail, and so stoppeth up both, that she may not hear their voice nor their song; and thus she escapeth her foe and preserveth her life. Let us observe this good example, and follow her according to our ability. . . . The serpent hath in her head a precious jewel, and in our faith we have our Lord, in whom we believe, who is the Father of all lights and the Well of all virtues."‡

The "death-darting eye of cockatrice" is an allusion to the fascination once supposed to have been exercised by the basilisk.

"It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't,"

says Shakspeare; and Chaucer too makes mention of "the basilicock that slayeth folk by the venom of his sight."§ We may here note that *cockatrice* is etymologically the same word as *crocodile*; the creature so called was represented as a *cock* with a dragon's tail, and was said to have been hatched by a cock from a viper's egg! Davenant, in describing the virtues of a precious stone, says:—

* Giles' "Strange Stories," p. 112. Dennys' "Folk-lore," p. 100.

† "It is said that the precious stone can be found under a serpent's tongue; when the serpents warm themselves in the sun of spring, they blow out the stone (or the sun itself), and subsequently conceal it under the tongue of a still larger serpent, the king of the serpents" ("Zoological Mythology," p. 404).

‡ "Old English Homilies," Second Series, p. 108.

§ "And the king, struck by her with a poisoned look from a distance, as if she had been a female snake, fainted" ("Kathā-sarit-sāgara," English trans., p. 234; *ib.* p. 312).

" 'Tis known
 From ancient lore that gems much virtue hide,
 And that the emerald is the bridal stone,
 And much renowned, because it chastens loves,
 And will, when worn by the neglected wife,
 Show when her absent lord disloyal proves,
 By faintness and a pale decay of life."^{*}

The "bridal-stone," or emerald, is here a poetical and modern substitution for a more original *flower*, as a mark of true love's constancy. In Mr. Furnivall's amusing fifteenth-century story of the "Wright's Chaste Wife," a garland or wreath on the husband's head blooms or fades according as the wife is "fickle, false, or true." Good as the English version of the story undoubtedly is, it is not original, but a purely Eastern legend of Devasmitā and her husband, upon whom the god *Siva* had bestowed two lotuses, saying: "If either of you shall be unfaithful during your separation, the lotus in the hand of the other shall fade, but not otherwise."[†]

Such legends as relate to the wishing-cup, the inexhaustible purse, the wonderful harp, Blue Beard's magic chamber, &c., all find their counterparts in the story-books of the East. The familiar myth of the *man in the moon* represents an earlier *hare in the moon*, and refers to an episode in the former life of Gotama Buddha. Mr. Giles tells us that a hare or rabbit is believed by the Chinese to sit at the foot of the cassia-tree in the moon, pounding the drugs out of which is concocted the elixir of immortality. An allusion to this occurs in the poems of *Tu Fu*, one of the celebrated bards of the *T'ang* dynasty:—

"The frog is not drowned in the river,
 The medicine hare lives for ever."

This agrees well with what the Buddhist Book of Birth-Stories says: "The sign of the hare in the moon will last the whole kalpa" (*i.e.*, as long as the world lasts).[‡]

Professor Gubernatis offers the following explanation of this myth:—"The moon is the watcher of the sky—that is to say, she sleeps with her eyes open, so also does the hare; whence the *somnus leporinus* became a proverb."[§]

The expression "Take a hair of the dog that bit you," carries us back to a very ancient superstition based upon the popular notion that "like cures like," a theory that led to the use of viper's flesh as an antidote to the venomous bite of serpents and snakes. The word *treacle* once used in the sense of "remedy," "antidote," bears witness to this old-world superstition. Phillips, in his "World of Words," defines *treacle* as a "physical compound made of vipers and other ingredients."

A dog, it was thought, could not be poisoned by its own virus; hence its bite could be cured, it was supposed, by the injured person swallowing one of its hairs. Dr. Denuys, in his "Chinese Folk-lore," tells the story

^{*} "Gandibert," c. iv. ll. 49, 50.

[†] See the "Kathā sarit-sāgara," English trans., p. 86.

[‡] "Jātaka Book," English trans., p. 235.

[§] "Zoological Mythology," ii. p. 80.

of a missionary in the Celestial Kingdom who had a large and powerful dog, which used to accompany him in his rounds; occasionally the brute would slightly bite the child that chanced to cross his path. In such a case the mother would run after the owner of the animal, and beg a hair from the dog's tail as an antidote to the bite, or, instead of giving a hair, he was asked to spit in her hand as a charm against the evil.

"When one is bitten by a dog in Sicily," says Professor Gubernatis, "a tuft of hair is cut off the dog and plunged into wine, with a burning cinder; this wine is given to be drunk by the man who has been bitten."*

The common saying, "cutting off one's nose to spite one's face," receives new light from the Sinhalese proverb, "to cut off one's nose to spite an enemy." Mr. Steele says it is a common notion in Ceylon that to meet a noseless man when setting out on a journey is an unlucky omen. Two men were enemies; one of the two was about to go on a journey; the other, determined to spite him, cut off his own nose, hid himself on the way, and when the first came up, he rushed out, and so disconcerted him that he went home again. Thus in order to effect a trifling object (for no further ill happened beyond the delay of one day), a bitter feud caused a man to mutilate himself. From this has sprung the proverbial saying, "to cut off one's nose to spite an enemy."†

The nine lives of a cat are proverbial, but few know that there are Eastern stories of the "cat that could not be killed." The dog bit her tail in half, the elephant whirled her to a distance with his trunk and put his foot on her, the leopard was cheated by her, a man stuck a knife into her stomach, the bear clawed her all over; but none of these hurt the cat in the least, though she well scratched them and made them all smart.‡

We need not go on to multiply instances of this kind; but enough has been said to prove the intimate connection that exists between Eastern and Western popular stories and proverbial sayings. Our fables too have come from the East. India seems to have been the birth-place of the fable proper. The old Hindus were the veriest children in their passion for stories and story-telling. They loved fables, and liked them pointed with a moral too. Such books as the "*Hitopadesa*" ("*Friendly Advice*"), and the older "*Pāñcha-tantra*," or "*Pentamerone*," were a means of imparting much pleasant and practical wisdom, and have served to transmit to us in the West the merry conceits of these old story-tellers, in which we may recognize many an old familiar tale.

The study of Sanskrit brought these ancient collections of stories to light, and led to an investigation into the origin, history, and transmigration of fables; but the study of Pāli—a sister dialect, in which the sacred books of the Buddhists are written—has thrown quite a new light upon the subject, and has made it very clear that the Eastern story-books alluded to, together with many others of a later date, are all more or less

* "*Zoological Mythology*," ii. p. 38.

† "*Kusa-jātaka*," p. 253.

‡ Stokes' "*Indian Fairy Tales*," pp. 18, 254.

derived from older sources, and owe their origin to the literary activity of the followers of Gotama Buddha.

There is, in fact, among the Buddhist scriptures a huge collection of tales known as the "Jātaka-book," or "Book of Birth-Stories," from which the Hindu stories in the "Pancha-tantra" and "Hitopadesa" have been compiled. This book of "birth-stories," as the translator of the Jātakas justly remarks, "has a value quite independent of the fact that many of the tales have been transplanted to the West. It contains a record of the everyday life and everyday thought of the people among whom the tales were told; it is the oldest, most complete, and most important collection of folk-lore extant."

The Jātaka-book contains fables, fairy tales, and wonderful stories, along with the moral lessons they naturally inculcate, connected with events in the previous life of Buddha, for he had the marvellous power of remembering all his former births. The original text of some three hundred out of these five hundred Jātaka stories has been edited by Professor Fausbøll of Copenhagen, the founder of Pāli philology, to whom is due the credit of being the first in Europe to translate many of them into English, and to call attention to their close relation to the fables of the West.

Mr. Rhys Davids, a well-known Pāli scholar, and an able exponent of the ancient Buddhist faith, has undertaken the arduous and important task of an English translation of whatever portion of the Jātaka collection the Danish philologist may have leisure to edit. As a first instalment and earnest of his work, the translator has given us in English forty of these old "birth-stories," together with the commentary that accompanies them, the early part of which furnishes us with the most complete account we have of the life of Gotama Buddha, and the causes that led to the attainment of Buddhahood.

The English version, while strictly literal, as any one with the slightest knowledge of Pāli can testify, is thoroughly idiomatic. It is not too much to say that no Pāli scholar could have been found more competent for the work than he to whom it has been entrusted. He has thoroughly entered into the spirit of his original, and his renderings even of the most difficult passages are always most accurate and felicitous. In a valuable and interesting introduction the translator traces the course of transmigration of the Buddhist's stories and fables from East to West, through many and various courses—Hindu, Persian, Arabic, Syriac, Greek, &c.—through the *Kalilag* and *Damnag* literature down to the so-called fables of Æsop.

Among the many Western fables that must be reckoned as Jātaka stories are the Crow and the Fox, the Frog and the Ox, the Ass in the Lion's skin, the Wanton Calf, &c. The Stomach and the Hands is, no doubt, of Indian origin; and there is a curious Chinese parallel of it which runs thus:—"The head and tail of a snake quarrelled, the latter averring that it had as good a right to direct the creature's movements

as had the former, which, moreover, got all the enjoyment of eating and drinking. So the tail was allowed to take charge, and began to move backwards. Unprovided with eyes, however, it very soon brought both ends to grief, as the snake fell into a wet ditch, where there was no means of egress, and was drowned."* Many of the Jātakas are to be found in the popular stories of the Thibetans and Mongolians, from whence they made their way into the folk-lore of Russia.†

Curiously enough, after going from East to West, we find the current of fable flowing back in the opposite direction, for Æsop's fables have not very long since been translated into Sanskrit, and have met with a very favourable reception from native scholars in India. For a time Mr. Thom's Chinese version of eighty-one of Æsop's fables was extremely popular amongst the officials of the public courts and offices, "until the mandarins took offence at seeing some of their evil customs so freely canvassed, and ordered the work to be suppressed."

But to return to the Jātaka-book. Although the stories it contains deal with events in the re-births of the Buddha, we must not imagine that the doctrine of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, is any part of the Buddhist creed. The orthodox of this sect do not believe that any being has a soul or self as an independent entity, that can be transmitted. We need, indeed, a new term to be coined to express fully the Buddhist doctrine. The only real thing that can be re-born or transmitted is that result or sum total of an individual's actions that go to make up what we call character. Mr. Davids states the case very clearly with respect to the being who is to become a Buddha:—

"The Bodhisat is not supposed to have a soul which on the death of one body is transferred to another, but to be the inheritor of character acquired by the previous Bodhisats. The insight, the goodness, the moral and intellectual perfections which constituted Buddhahood could not, according to the Buddhist theory, be acquired in one lifetime; they were the accumulated result of the continual effort of many generations of successive Bodhisats. The only thing which continues to exist when a man dies is his *karma*, the result of his words, thoughts, and deeds (literally his *doing*); and the curious theory, that this result is concentrated in some new individual is due to the older theory of soul."

This doctrine of *karma* seems at first sight to do away with all moral responsibility, as if one individual were guilty of some demerit, and another should receive the punishment due to it. But the author of the "*Milinda-pañha*" denies altogether any such conclusion. From a large number of metaphorical illustrations employed by *Nāgasena* in his discussion on this point with *Milinda* we select the following:—

"*Nāgasena*.—A man purchases a vessel full of milk from the cowkeeper, and leaves it in his charge until the next day; but when he comes at the appointed time to receive it, he finds that it has become curd; so he says to the cowkeeper, 'I did not purchase curd; give me my vessel of milk.' Now if a case like this came before your majesty, how would you decide it?"

* Denny's "Chinese Folk-lore," p. 148.

† Jātaka stories are found in Japanese folk-lore. See Griffis' "Japanese Fairy World," p. 153, for a version of the *Samsundra jātaka*, Jātaka-book, vol. ii. p. 158.

"*Milinda*.—I should decide in favour of the cowkeeper, because it would be evident that the curd had been produced from the milk.

"*Nāgasena*.—In like manner one sentient being (mind and body) dies; another sentient being is conceived; but as the second is produced by the *Karma* of the first, there is no deliverance by this means from the consequences of moral actions" (*Milinda-paṇḍita*, ed. Trenckner, p. 48).

"As certainly as if to heaven a pebble you may throw,
There will it not remain at all, but fall to earth below,
So well proportion'd to your deeds, or be they good or ill,
Will the event your hearts desire be meted to you still."*

The working or result of *karma* is well illustrated by the following Buddhist story of "The Girl and the Hen":—In the village of Pandapura, hard by the town of Sāvattthi, there lived a girl, who by tasting a turtle's egg contracted a great liking for hen's eggs. The hen seeing the greedy girl eating the egg she laid daily, bore a grudge against her, and a strong wish arose within her that in her re-birth she might become a ghou, and eat up the girl's offspring. In the course of time the hen died and became a cat in the same house, and the girl on her death became a hen in her mother's house. Whenever the hen laid an egg, the cat, out of grudge to her, ate it up. After this had happened several times, the hen prayed that she might be so re-born as to be able to devour the cat and all her progeny. The girl dying and leaving the condition of a hen was re-born as a leopard, and the cat in due time reappeared as a deer; the deer gave birth to a fawn, and the leopard, who still bore her a grudge, ate them both up. In this way, during the whole course of five hundred existences, each of them devoured the other in turn. In their last existence the girl regained her human form and the cat became a ghou, and both were converted by the Buddha's discourse, which was to this effect:—"No one must bear a grudge against another, saying, 'He has injured me, he has beaten, he has robbed me, he has conquered me;' for if he does this, hatred will be repeated successively in future existences; but if no grudge be borne, enmity subsides."†

This round of re-birth often brought about some very curious and complicated relations, as in the case of the uncharitable Brahman, who always dined with closed doors and windows, lest he should be disturbed by importunate beggars. One day, when he was dining, along with his wife and child, off a fowl, Buddha appeared before him as a mendicant, and upbraided him for his inhospitable conduct, and with the family disgrace in which he was involved. In a former birth, the bird the Brahman had just eaten was his father; the little boy, his son, had been a demon, and had eaten the father; and his wife in former days had been his mother!‡

We seem to have some reminiscence of this circle of transmigration (the endless round of which Buddha professed to break up and make an end of) in the well-known nursery rhyme of "This is the house that

* Steele's "Kasajātaka," p. 97.

† Rogers' "Parables to the Dhammapada," p. 103. See "Dhammapada," verses 3-6.

‡ See Beal's "Dhammapada," pp. 150, 151.

Jack built," &c., which corresponds very closely to a Chaldaic legend of the Jewish Hagada,* and is probably of Indian origin.

It is the perpetuation of evil consequences that seems mostly insisted upon in stories of this kind, of which there is a good example in Lane's Notes to the "Arabian Nights" (vol. iii. p. 148).

"A huntsman with his dog stopt at the shop of an oilman to whom he offered some honey for sale, and the shopman agreeing to buy it, opened the water-skin and emptied from it the honey for him to see it. But there dropped from the skin a drop of honey, and a bird pounced down upon it; and the oilman had a cat, and it sprang upon the bird; and the huntsman's dog saw it, and sprang upon the cat and killed it; and the oilman sprang upon the huntsman's dog, and killed it; and the huntsman sprang upon the oilman, and killed him; and the oilman was of one village, and the huntsman of another; and the people of these two villages heard of this event, so they took their weapons and arms and rose against each other in anger; the two ranks met, and the swords ceased not to be brandisht about among them until there died of them a great multitude."

We shall now give a few examples of the sort of story that the Jātaka-book contains, by selecting two or three that illustrate some well-known maxim or proverbial saying.

The Indian elephants are, it is well known, very sagacious and intelligent, and they readily comprehend their keeper's expressions; a well-trained elephant it is said, understands about thirty words or phrases in common use among the keepers.

This fact is just hinted at in the following story of a State elephant, related by the Buddha, when at Jetavane, in order to enforce upon the monks the truth that "evil communications corrupt good manners:"—

"Girly-face" was the name of King Brahmadatto's State elephant, a good, kind, gentle, and inoffensive creature, who became harsh, violent, and cruel, through overhearing the wicked conversation of certain housebreakers who used to meet near the royal stables. The intelligent creature imagined that he was to follow the advice and instruction of these thieves, and in consequence thereof he maltreated and killed his keeper. All thought the State elephant had suddenly gone mad and become a rogue. The Bodhisat was sent by the king to find out the reason of the change in the elephant's condition, and reported that the animal had no bodily ailment whatever, but had been corrupted by unholy conversation. He therefore recommended the king "to let holy devotees, venerable by the saintliness of their lives, be seated near the elephant's stable and talk of righteousness." The advice was followed, and the elephant regained his former good character!

There is a similar story, somewhat less exaggerated (as yet untranslated†) of a State horse that had a lame keeper, and which by the force of example, became lame too!

The Bodhisat in this case recommended a groom sound in wind and

* See "Jokele" in Meier's "Folkmärchen aus Schwaben," pp. 285, 317.

† Jātaka," vol. ii. p. 98.

limb, instead of the cripple; and the horse soon recovered from its lameness.

"Don't touch pitch, lest you be defiled," is humorously enforced in the "*Sûkara-jâtaka*." It was occasioned by a pigheaded ignorant old priest, who wished to show off before the "brethren" by offering to engage in a discussion with *Sâriputta*, one of the chief disciples of Buddha. The "elder" did not deign to degrade himself by any contact with such an ignorant fellow, and ordered the offender to be expelled from the monastery. As he was running away, pursued by his indignant fellow-monks, he fell into a cesspool. In a former birth, as a hog, this old dullard had been similarly bemired and defiled, as the following story will show:—

A long time ago, while Brahmadatao reigned in Benares, the Bodhisat being a lion, dwelt in a mountain cave in the region of the Himalayas; and by a lake not far off dwelt many wild hogs. One day, the lion having made a good meal off the buffaloes, elephants, &c., he had killed, went down to drink the water of the lake. At that moment a fat hog is feeding near it. The lion espying him, thought to himself, "One of these fine days I'll eat that fat fellow there, but I must take care he doesn't see me, or I shall scare him, and he'll not come here again in a hurry."

So the lion took care not to cross the hog's path on his return to his mountain cave. This act did not pass unnoticed by the hog, who thereupon foolishly imagined that the lion had avoided him through fear. "I must challenge the lion this very day," said he; which he did in the following terms:—

"A quadruped am I, O friend,
A quadruped art thou I ween;
Come back at once, O lion, come back,
Turn not away from me in fright."

To which the lion made answer: "Friend hog, I can't possibly fight you to-day, but a week hence I'll meet you here on this very spot."

The conceited hog then informed all his relations that he was going to fight with the lion, whereat they exclaimed in great alarm: "Now, wilt thou destroy us all, for, not knowing thine own strength, thou wishest to do battle with the lion, who when he returns will bring us all to grief. Don't commit so rash a deed." In a great fright the hog sought counsel of his fellows, and received the following piece of advice:—"Go to the cesspool of the ascetics living hard by, and roll thy carcase for seven days in the foul filth, and let it dry well on thy body. When the seventh day comes, before the arrival of the lion, drench thyself with moisture, mark the direction of the wind, and place thyself before the wind, so that the cleanly lion, having got scent of thy body, will concede to thee the victory and depart."

The hog having carried out these instructions to the very letter

* Fausbøll's "*Ten Jâtakas*," p. 63.

awaited the approach of the lion, who soon became aware of the scurvy trick that was being played him. "Friend hog," he said, "a nice little dodge hast thou devised; wert thou not so soiled with filth, I would here destroy thee, but I can neither bite nor tear thy vile carcase; so I leave thee the victory.

"Dirty, stinking, bristly thing,
Foul to see and ill to smell,
Thee I do not mean to fight,
This day's fame I leave to thee."

The hog therewith ran off to tell his friends of his victory; but they, thoroughly alarmed lest the lion should return and wreak his vengeance upon them, fled and sought other quarters.

A somewhat similar story is related in the "Gûthapâna-jâtaka." Here a proud muckworm got upon the top of some wet dung, as soft and shaky as a quagmire. "The earth is not strong enough to support me," says the conceited worm. At that moment an elephant approached the spot but quickly retired on account of the unsavoury odour proceeding therefrom. The worm taking courage at this, challenged the elephant to stay and fight, *as one hero would with another*; to which his disgusted opponent replied:—

"Not with feet, tusk, or trunk shall I slay thee, but by filth this thing so foul must be slain here." Having given utterance to this sentiment, the elephant put the worm to death in a very effective and ignominious manner.

There is a familiar Western story of a tame bear, which, seeing a blue-bottle on its sleeping master's nose, tried to beat it off with a blow of its paw, but in the attempt damaged his friend's nasal organ.

A similar tale is told in the "Makasa-jâtaka." In this birth the Bodhisat was a tradesman who went from village to village to dispose of his wares. One day, when at the house of a carpenter whose head was like a copper porringer, a mosquito alighted thereon, and the carpenter called to his son, who was near, to drive it away. The son, taking a sharp axe for the purpose, aimed a blow at the insect, but split his father's head in two, and killed him. On seeing what was done the Bodhisat said that a wise enemy was better than a foolish relative or friend.*

The story of the "double crime" is known to most schoolboys, as it occurs in many French and German "Readers." Three men find a treasure and agree to divide it equally, but on one of them going to a neighbouring village to get food, the other two determined to kill their companion on his return and take his share. He, on the other hand, poisons the food he is sent to procure; so all three perish.

"Thus ended these homicydes two,
And eek the false empoysoner also."

Thus Chaucer ends his version of this story in the Pardoner's Tale. Tyrwhitt traced the narrative back to the "Centio Novelle Antiche,"

* See Hardy's "Manual of Buddhism," second edition, p. 115. "Jâtaka," vol. i. p. 246.

Nov. lxxxii. Mr. Furnivall has shown that there are several versions; that the one bearing the greatest resemblance to Chaucer's is contained in "Libro di Novelle et di bel parlar gentile," Nov. lxxxii. The story narrated in "Le Ciento Novelle Antike," Nov. lxxxiii., connects it with an event in the history of Jesus! Chaucer introduces this tale in connection with some "hasardours" or gamblers.* Curiously enough, the Jātaka-book has the same story in connection with some *pesanakoras* (thieves who had a peculiar artifice in obtaining ransom for their prisoners, not unlike that of the modern Italian or Greek brigand). And just as Chaucer bids his readers to "ware them from avarice," so in the Buddhist story we find the proverb that "greed indeed is the root of destruction" (*Lobha ca nām' esa vināsamulam eva ti*); reminding us of our own familiar expression that "the love of money is the root of all evil" (*Radix malorum est cupiditas*).

How easily the weak resolves of those who make hasty vows in the time of sickness or misfortune are broken is well illustrated in the familiar lines:—

"The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
The devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

In the "Gesta Romanorum" the wolf when ill wishes to be a lamb. An Italian proverb makes the wolf sing psalms when he wishes to ensnare the sheep. In fact, the wolf, like the fox, is a sheep, shepherd, monk, or penitent, in a variety of stories. The original of all these is to be found in the "Vaka-jātaka," the substance of which we give as briefly as possible.

A wolf having taken up his abode on a rocky islet in the Ganges, is surrounded by water, and has thus no means of procuring his usual supply of food. In this strait he resolves to keep "holy-day" (*uposatha*, a solemn fast-day among the Buddhists, observed by laymen and priests four times in the month). While the wolf is lying down, having resolved to keep the fast and to observe the ten precepts, the god *Sakka*, knowing his weak resolve, says, "I will have some fun with this wolf," and turns himself into a wild goat, and suddenly appears before the eyes of the pious wolf. "Aha!" says the "blood-drinker," "I'll keep the feast another day!" So saying, he sprang up and attempted to seize his prey; but the goat, skipping about, did not allow himself to be taken. The wolf being unable to catch the goat, returns to his former position, saying, "After all, I have not broken my vow to keep holy-day." Whereupon the god *Sakka* addresses the wolf, and says, "What business is it of yours to keep the fast, you of purpose so unstable? Fool! not to know that in trying to seize the goat your vow was broken!"†

In the "Pancatantra" (bk. iii. 3) the cat, Butter-ears, feigns to be penitent, and is chosen as umpire between a sparrow and a hare, but

* For further particulars see Skeat's "Selections from Chaucer: The Man of Lawe's Tale," Introduction, pp. xx-xxxi.

† "Velabha-jātaka," No. 48. "Jāt.," vol. i. p. 255.

‡ No. 300. "Jātaka-book," vol. ii. p. 449.

eats both. A variation of the fable of the penitent cat occurs in the "Mahābhārata" (v. 5421-5448), and in the Bilāra-jātaka (No. 128).

Afanassief quotes a Russian story of a cat, Eustachio, that feigns itself a monk in order to eat the mouse when it passes. It being observed that the cat is too fat for a penitent, it answers that it eats only from the duty of preserving its health.*

"What's in a name?" is the subject of a Jātaka story† concerning a monk named Mr. Badman (Pāpako), who attached an undue importance to auspicious names, and consequently objected very strongly to such an unlucky designation as his own. He importuned the Buddha to be permitted to take another, but the master did not immediately consent, but told him to go on his begging rounds, and after some time to return, and *then*, if he wished to change his name, he would be at liberty to do so. Well, Mr. Badman, in the course of his rounds seeing a dead man carried to the grave, asked his name. "Mr. Quick" (Jīvako),‡ was the answer; whereat the "brother" marvelled much. "There's no difference between Mr. Quick and Mr. Dead; both must die. Names are only marks of distinction. You must be a fool to think that there is anything in them." On another occasion the monk sees a poor female slave cruelly beaten for not paying her dues. Asking her name, he is told it is Landlady (Dhauapālā), at which he is much astonished, thinking that it is no great matter whether one be Mrs. Landlady or Mrs. Landless. Lastly, he meets with a weary benighted traveller, Mr. Wayfarer (Panthako), who ought certainly to have been styled Mr. Waylorn. On his return he informs his master of the queer and inappropriate names he had come across in his peregrinations, and says that he has come to the conclusion that, after all, names are mere designations, and that no further importance should be attached to them, and that he is quite content for the future to remain Mr. Badman.

The strength of affection is admirably illustrated by a story on constancy told with reference to the close intimacy of two Buddhist priests, between whom in a former birth there existed also a very great friendship.§ At that time the one was an elephant and the other a dog. Neither of them was happy in the absence of the other, and the dog used to amuse himself by catching hold of the elephant's trunk and swinging to and fro. But one day the elephant keeper sold the dog, whereupon the elephant was overwhelmed with grief, and refused to eat or bathe until the dog was restored to him again.

We have, as may be supposed, in the Jātaka-book occasional allusions to popular superstitions, and sly hits at tree and fire worship, star-cunning and spells.

* Gubernatis' "Zoological Mythology," pp. 54-55. Cf. Benfey's "Pancatantra," Introduction, § 144, pp. 350-354; Lancereau's "Panchatantra," p. 374.

† "Nāmasiddhi-jātaka," vol. i. p. 401.

‡ Jīvako means the *living one*; cf. our "quick and dead."

§ "Abhinha-jātaka," No. 27, English trans., p. 264. "Intimacy in a former birth quickly knits friendship" ("Katha-sarit-sāgara," Eng. trans., p. 258).

One Jātaka story* tells how Buddha, when king of Benares, put an end to all sacrifices (both of beasts and men) to the tree-gods, by ordering that the victims to be selected for this purpose should consist of offenders against the commandments and precepts. Buddhism did much good service by inculcating kindness to all living creatures. In one of the stories attributed to Buddha, mention is made of a great sacrifice which King Pasenadi-kosala had instituted at the advice of a Brahman in order to avert some threatening calamity. There were to be a hundred victims of every kind of living creature† ("Jātaka-book," i, p. 334).

On this account there was a general lamentation throughout the kingdom. Mallikā, the queen, inquired of her husband the reason of this sacrifice, and was told that it was to ward off a sudden calamity, betokened by noises in the king's ear like those of a huge drum. "How stupid you are," said the queen; "did your majesty ever know of a man being killed, and then, by means of his death, another man's life being saved? You are making numbers of people miserable all through listening to stupid Brahman's."‡ Of Buddha we may truly say:

"His piety knew that famine, plague, and time,
Are enemies enough to human life;
None need o'ercharge death's quiver with a crime."

In the "Nanguttha-jātaka" fire-worship is plainly ridiculed. In this birth the Buddha is a fire-worshipper dwelling alone in a forest, with thoughts intent upon the realm of Brahma.

One day he determines to sacrifice a cow to the "sacred flame," but has no salt; leaving the animal bound to the sacrificial post, he hastens to a neighbouring village to get the seasoning for his offering.§

While the Brahman is absent, some huntsmen passing by the hermitage espy the cow. Forthwith they slaughter it, cook and eat the carcase, and depart, leaving only the tail and some few bare bones. When the ascetic returns and sees only the cow's tail, thinks he, "This 'holy fire' is not able to take care of his own property; how then shall he preserve me?" Then he makes a kind of mock offering of the relics, and thus addresses the slighted deity:—

"Hail Sacred Flame! thine own thou canst not guard,
How then from harm shalt thou thy servant keep?
Take this cow's tail, I pray, with these bare bones:
Be satisfied, for flesh I've none to give!"

Then the Brahman quenches the fire with water, and attains to Brahmaloка by transcendental knowledge and profound meditation.

In the "Nakkhatta-jātaka"|| there is a little sly fun at the expense of the "star-conners."¶ A certain ascetic, out of sheer spite, mars a marriage

* "Dummedha-jātaka," No. 50. "Jātaka," i. p. 259.

† Only last year a sacrifice of this kind was ordered by the King of Burmah.

‡ Rogers' "Buddhaghosha's Parables," p. 130.

§ "Every oblation of thy meat-offering shalt thou season with salt; neither shalt thou suffer the salt of the covenant of thy God to be lacking from thy meat-offering. With all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt" (Lev. ii. 13). It seems from Ezek. xvi. 4 that new born children were rubbed with salt. "Jātaka," vol. i. p. 474.

|| "Jātaka," No. 49, vol. i. p. 257.

¶ See Fausbøll's "Sutta-Nipāta," p. 60.

by declaring that the stars are not favourable to the approaching hymeneal festival. The wedding being put off, the bridegroom loses his lady, and a quarrel takes place between the two families most interested in the affair. A wise townsman, being informed of the cause of strife, asks, "What's the good of consulting the stars? Is not a marriage an auspicious event in itself, and does it stand in need of any prognostications?"

"While gazing at the star the fool his vantage lost:
The true star for th' affair is just the thing itself."

In the "Sanjivaka-jātaka" there is a story relative to a Buddhist schismatic, who uses his miraculous powers to draw followers to his side; while it illustrates the folly of misdirected effort, it also aims an indirect blow at charms and spells. In this birth the Buddhist gives to one of his followers named Sanjīvo (a man of no ready wit), a *mantra*, or spell for raising the dead. On a time this man, with some of his companions, goes to a neighbouring wood to gather sticks, and sees there a dead tiger. "Oh!" says he, "I'll raise that tiger to life." "You can't," said his friends." "Just see if I don't," he replies." "Well, do it if you can," said the others; and up a tree they went in case of an accident. Sanjīvo picked up a stone, repeated his *mantra*, and hit the tiger with the missile. The brute at once revived, rushed at and seized the spell-utterer by the throat, and killed him.

There are many stories of wrong-directed effort in the Jātaka-book. Thus in the "Vārūni-jātaka," a wine-merchant's salesman, having noticed that the folks that came to buy spirits were sucking rock-salt, forthwith proceeded to put salt into all the wine and spirits he had to dispose of, and so ruined his master's trade. The tale in the "Ārāmadusa-jātaka" is much to the same purpose.

We have occasional allusions to popular storm-myths, as in the "Kakkata-jātaka,"* where there is a story that reminds us of Krishna's exploit of plunging into the sea and slaying the demon *Panchajanya*. "He took the conch-shell which was formed of his bones, and bore it as his horn; the sound of which fills the demon hosts with dismay, animates the vigour of the gods, and annihilates unrighteousness."†

In the Pāli version the demon is an immense golden crab, that lives at the bottom of a lake, and gobbles up large elephants that come there to drink. The Bodhisat in his elephant birth is caught by this monster, but is subsequently liberated through the female elephant's entreaty. In stepping out of the water the elephant puts his foot on the back of the giant-crab, and crushes it into two pieces. One fragment of the shell is found by the Asuras, from whom it is afterwards taken by the god Sakka, and converted into a thundering kettle-drum (*Ālambara*).

Buddhaghosha repeats a portion of this story in his commentary on the "Anguttara-Nikāya" to illustrate the powerful and mischievous effect of a woman's voice, but, curiously enough, omits all the myth about the conversion of the crab's shell into a kettle-drum.

* "Jātaka," No. 267, vol. ii. p. 343.

† Wilson's "Vishnu Purāna," vol. v. p. 49.

Professor Gubernatis says that "the kettle-drum thunder is a familiar image in Hindu poetry, and the Gandharvas, the musician warriors of the Hindu Olympus, have no other instrument than the thunder. The conch of the warrior Pândavas in the "Mahâbharata," and the famous horn of Orlando (which comes from the golden horn of Odin) are epical reminiscences of thunder."

Mr. Davids has drawn attention to the Hebrew story of "Solomon's Judgment" as having a striking resemblance to a Jâtaka-tale, where the Bodhisat decides to which of two women a certain child, claimed by both, rightly belongs. We have not far to look to find other parallels of this kind.* The story of Mittavindako in the "Losaka-jâtaka," repeated also in the Commentary to the Dhammapada, contains two incidents referring to the casting of lots in order to find out a certain offender. The one may be compared with Joshua vii. 16; 1 Sam. xiv. 40, 41; the other with the story of Jonah being cast overboard by the sailors in the voyage to Tarshish.

St. Peter's attempt to walk on the sea of Galilee, his boldness at venturing on the deep, and his subsequent fear, has a counterpart in the Jâtakas. A certain householder, desirous of hearing the law, left his boat by the stairs or landing-place, but on his return could see no signs of it; whereupon he attempted to cross to the other side of the street by walking on the surface of the water. As long as his faith in the Teacher was firm, so long the water supported him; but he began to sink as soon as his trust began to waver.†

In the parables to the Dhammapada we read of a marvellous crossing, like that of Joshua's, through the power of faith. Fixing their minds steadily on the virtues of the Blessed One, they went on their horses and began to cross the stream. The surface of the water became like a stone slab; not even the hoofs of their horses were wetted.‡

"Faith like this," said the Buddha, "alone can save the world from the yawning gulf of continual birth and death; such faith alone can enable men to walk across to the further shore. Faith can cross the flood, even as the master of the ship steers his bark across the sea; ever advancing in the conquest of sorrow, wisdom lands us on yonder shore."

Apart from the Jâtaka tales themselves, we ought not to overlook the high ethical tone that runs throughout them all, which indeed is characteristic of the early Buddhist faith, and is so well exhibited in the "Sigâlavâda-sutta."

We cull some few from the many moral sentiments in the Jâtaka stories :—

"The pure in heart, who fear to sin,
The good, kindly in word and deed—

* "Buddhist Birth Stories," pp. xiv. xliv-xlvii. See Denny's "Chinese Folk-lore," p. 139; "Sagas from the East," pp. 253-262; Jung's "Mongolische Märchen-Sammlung," pp. 198-202.

† "Sâlanianasa-Jâtaka," vol. ii. p. 111; Peal's "Dhammapada," p. 51.

‡ Rogers' "Buddhaghosha's Parables," pp. 82, 83.

These are the beings in the world
Whose nature should be called divine."

"That person who his parents doth support,
Pays homage to the seniors in the home,
Is gentle, friendly, speaking shrewdly out,
The man unswerving, true, and self-controlled,
Him do the angels of the Blessed Abode
Proclaim a righteous man."

"There is power in virtue in the world—
In truth and purity and love,
In that truth's name I'll now perform
A mystic act of truth sublime."

Gotama evidently believed in a kingdom of righteousness, as opposed to a world of falsehood, violence, injustice, and wrong. He attempted to show that there was a real power in truth, self-sacrifice, and kindness. He urged upon all his followers the necessity of a constant struggle against moral evil, together with a steadfast perseverance in the high endeavour to reach the ten great perfections (generosity, goodness, renunciation, wisdom, pureness, patience, truth, resolution, kindness, and equanimity).

Though these truths were enforced by means of simple parables, humorous tales, and marvellous stories, yet such teaching could not have been otherwise than productive of good results upon the morals of the people who came under such excellent influence. The effect of such instruction and example is well told in the "*Kaliyuga-jataka*":—A village of thirty families becomes, under Buddhist teaching, a band of industrious, sober, and peaceful citizens. The "headman" is mightily displeased because he is thereby deprived of his former gains from fines, taxes, and "pot-money," levied upon them when they used to infringe the law by drunkenness, robbery, or violence. "I'll make them keep the commandments with a vengeance," says he; and brings them and their leader before the king, and accuses them of being a set of village plunderers. Without further tarry the king ordered these good folk to be trampled to death by elephants. The Buddhist exhorted his friends to be firm, saying: "Bear in mind the commandments; regard them all—the shaverton, king, and elephants—with feelings as kind as you cherish towards yourselves." The elephants are brought up, but refuse to obey the order to begin their cruel work. Others were flogged, but they, like the rest, uttering a mighty cry, ran away. The king imagined that the culprits possessed some protecting charm or spell, and bade them make it known to him. Then the Buddhist said: "O king, we have no other spell but this—that we destroy no life: we take thought that is not given us: we are chaste, sober, and truthful: we exercise ourselves in law, and give gifts: we make rough places plain, dig ponds, and put up new-structures—this is our spell: this is our defence, this is our strength."

There is much plain speaking in the Buddhist stories, and popular fables are heavily moralized, and even in high places sternly rebuked and named.

Bribery at kings' courts is the subject of several Jātakas.* On one occasion the Buddha preached a discourse about the evil consequences of taking bribes from a spirit of covetousness. There was a certain king who employed a Brahman, well versed in the characteristic signs of daggers, to test the smith's work before the weapons were consigned to the royal armoury. The old fellow used to smell the edge of the dagger, and if it was well-tempered with a bribe, he passed it, but not otherwise. One day a clever smith determined to outwit the Brahman, and put a stop to his iniquitous proceedings. Accordingly he filled the scabbard of a dagger with very fine red pepper, and smeared the blade over with the same substance. He showed it to the Brahman, who, as usual, took a good snuff at the edge, so that the pepper got well into the bribe-taker's nose, made him sneeze violently, and slit up his nose with the edge of the dagger. This circumstance caused the king and his courtiers to roar aloud with laughter.†

This story occurs also in the introduction to the "Asilakkhana-jātika," and contains a good deal more than at first sight meets the eye. Those acquainted with popular superstition will have remarked that the old bribe-taker's sneeze is not greeted by the familiar "God save you," or some such equivalent expression. The courtiers, no doubt, bore no goodwill towards the greedy fellow, and doubtless wished in their hearts that the Evil One might take him, and purposely withheld all favourable words. We have here, doubtless, an indirect attack on the old superstition connected with sneezing, and this is plainly indicated by the main story which follows, in which a king's nephew obtains, by much cunning and a little sneezing, a royal bride and a kingdom, while one of his courtiers, a "dagger-examiner," receives a severe injury to his nasal organ through an unfortunate sneeze, and is obliged to have a false nose which afterwards falls off. The king, who is a witness of his minister's discomfiture, laughingly says, "Sneezing may be good for some, but bad for others; by that act *I* secured a king's daughter as a wife, but *you* got a broken nose!"

That Buddha set his face against the observance of the superstitious custom of blessing the sneezer, at least among the monks, is rendered very evident by the introduction to the "Gagga-jātika," the substance of which is to the following effect:—Once on a time the Teacher was in Rājāśrāme, in the neighbourhood of Jetavana, and while he was expounding the law to the assembled monks he sneezed. The priests immediately ejaculated "Long live the blessed one!" and so there arose a mighty din in the assembly, which stopped the discourse, and much displeased the preacher. Then Buddha asked his disciples whether saying "God preserve you," made any difference to the life or death of the sneezer. "No," said they. Then he forbade the practice, and made a decree that whoever hereafter gave utterance to the expression

* See the "Sari-vāṇija-jātaka," No. 3, English trans., p. 153.

† Rogers' "Buddhaghosha's Parables," p. 150.

should be deemed guilty of the ecclesiastical offence called *dukkata* (a fault requiring confession and absolution).

The priests scrupulously obeyed the injunction from that time forward, and observed that ancient custom no longer; they did not even return the compliment when the laity piously and politely uttered their "God save you" when the monks happened to sneeze. The superstitious laymen naturally grumbled at the omission, and when the tolerant Buddha heard of the affair, he made an exception in their favour, and allowed his disciples to greet and to be greeted as usual whenever there chanced to be any sneezing going on outside the assembly hall.

Then Gotama proceeded to tell a story with the object of showing that in time past sneezing was connected with demons (of course every good Buddhist was a match for any demon), and all danger was averted from the sneezer by his saying "Long mayest thou live."

Professor Fausbøll has translated this story, but not the introduction, which, as a relic of ancient folk-lore, is every whit as valuable as the Jataka itself. A somewhat similar story is found in the "*Kathā-sarit-sāgara*" (bk. v. ch. xxviii.)*

There is a story, of no very ancient date, of a servant-girl who came to see her spiritual adviser, and informed him that she considered herself a converted character. The minister asked her by what signs she was made aware of the inward change she spoke of. She replied that she now swept out all the corners of the rooms entrusted to her care. On being further questioned as to the performance of her daily duties, it soon became apparent that there was still great room for improvement in matters of cleanliness; so she was told to go home, to be still more conscientious, and to return at some no distant period, when she could report further progress in the reformation that had just begun, and then, she might be admitted to a full participation of church privileges!

In the Chinese version of the Dhammapada there is an account of a young man who came to the Buddha praying for admission to the Order of Mendicants. He was an only son, but by reason of his carelessness, idleness, dirtiness, and ignorance, he became a great grief to his parents and an object of contempt to friends and neighbours. Touched to the quick by the coldness shown him on all sides, he took refuge in religious exercises, penances, and prayers, but found no help or comfort in them. At last he turned to the Buddha for advice, trusting that he could meet the needs of his case. "If you would find comfort in my society," said the teacher, "the first thing for you to have is purity of conduct. Go back, therefore, to your home, and learn to obey your parents, recite your prayers, be diligent in your daily occupations, let no love of ease tempt you to neglect cleanliness of person or decency of dress; and then having learnt this, come back to me, and you may perhaps be allowed to enter into the companionship of my followers." The youth took to heart the words of his adviser, went back to his father's house, and became quite an altered character. After three years he returned

* See Fausbøll's "*Ten Jātakas*;" and Tylor's "*Primitive Culture*," vol. 1, pp. 86-87.

to Buddha, and was received into the Order, and attained, without further delay, to the perfect state of an *arahat* (saint).*

Buddha did not recognize dirtiness or nakedness as the fit emblem of holiness; with him cleanliness came next to saintliness—

"Not with nakedness, not plaited hair, nor dirt;
Not fasting oft, nor lying on the ground;
Not dust and ashes, nor vigils hard and stern,
Can purify that man who still is tossed
Upon the waves of doubt."†

In connection with this verse from the "Dhammapada," Professor Max Müller quotes the following good story from the "Sumāgadhā-Avadāna.‡

"A number of naked friars were assembled in the house of the daughter of Anāthapindika. She called her daughter-in-law, Sumāgadhā, and said, 'Go and see those highly respectable persons.' Sumāgadhā, expecting to see some of the (Buddhist) saints, like Sāriputra and Maṇḍalyāyana and others, ran out full of joy. But when she saw these friars, with their hair like pigeons' wings, covered by nothing but dirt, offensive, and looking like demons, she became sad. 'Why are you sad,' said her mother-in-law. Sumāgadhā replied, 'O mother, if these are saints what must sinners be like?'"

We also in the Jātaka-book come across interesting particulars that throw light upon the early Buddhist creed, the conduct of the Mendicants, their daily life in the *vihāra*, or monastery, and their various doubts and perplexities that now and again were brought under the notice of the Buddha. These points, however, do not strictly belong to the Jātaka-book; they occur mostly in the introduction to the tales, and are more fully treated of in the various discourses of Buddha contained in the "Sutta-pitaka," and in the "Vinaya," or discipline of the monks as laid down very fully in such works as the "Pātimokkha," the "Mahāvagga," and "Cullavagga," all of which are now accessible to Buddhist students. Occasionally in the birth-stories we meet with parables taken from the "Sutta-pitaka," as in the case of the "Sakunagghi-jātaka," the object of which was to show the priests that the proper sphere of a "religious" was meditation; that out of this, his proper element, he was liable to fall into the power of Māra the tempter, like the cornerake§ that attempted to fly above the clods of the ploughed field (its proper *gocara*, or resort), and was seized upon by a hawk and killed.

Meditation occupies a most important place in the religious and philosophic systems of the Buddhists, being one of the necessary conditions for the attainment of Nirvāna, the perfect life on earth.

In the Yoga philosophical system meditation was also regarded as a means of "final liberation" from the ills of existence.

"From study let a man proceed to meditation, and from meditation to study; by perfection in both, the supreme spirit becomes manifest. Study is one eye wherewith to behold it, and meditation is the other."||

* See the "Eka-panna-jātaka," vol. i. p. 504, for the story of a bad young prince who was brought to the Buddha.

† "Dhammapada," verse 141; "Jātaka-book," English trans., p. 185; Beal's "Dhammapada," p. 96; Fausbøll's "Sutta-Nipāta," p. 41, § 11.

‡ Rogers' "Buddhaghosha's Parables," pp. xcvi-xcix. "Sacred Books of the East," x. p. 30

§ Pāli lingo.

|| Wilson's "Vishnu Purāna," vol. v pp. 226, 227.

Mr. Beal quotes from the Chinese a similar sentiment: "The two powers, wisdom and sentiment (meditation), are the two wheels of a chariot, or the two wings of a bird—both are necessary in order to arrive at perfection."^{*}

The Buddhist *satipatthāna*, or "earnest meditation," and the Hindu *yoga*, however, are widely opposite; both are forms of contemplative meditation, but fix themselves upon entirely different objects. The latter, altogether speculative, professed to disengage itself from all objects of sense until it attained union with Brahma, the supreme soul of the universe. The former, more practical, occupied itself with (1) the *body*, its impurity and impermanency; (2) with *sensation* and its necessary evils; (3) with the *conditions of things*, their rise and decay.

Around this simple teaching there gathered a crowd of superstitious observances, mostly connected with the postures in which the sage and self-restrained should sit, and the mode in which the breath of expiration and inspiration should be carried on, together with the suspension of breath, as well as the various subjects of reflection that should engage the mind during the various acts of contemplation.

Southern Buddhism, in its earliest form, is, however, much purer and simpler with respect to the practice of *satipatthāna* than northern Buddhism, which seems to have been at one time as complicated as the *yoga* system, with its eighty-four contemplative postures.

Even amongst the southern Buddhists, in later times, there arose out of a very simple formula of "earnest meditation" forty *kammattthānas* or religious exercises, based on certain rules or formulas, by means of which the higher forms of mystic meditation and ecstasy might be reached.

In the earliest discourses attributed to Buddhism we find no mention of these numerous rites, ceremonies, and formulas that have now associated themselves with a few meditative acts; but they had firmly established themselves as an important part of the Buddhist belief before the fifth century of our era.

Bigandet defines *kammattthāna* to be "the fixing the attention on one object, so as to investigate thoroughly all its constituent parts, its principles and origin, its existence and final destruction. The process is as follows:—Let it be supposed that a person intends to contemplate one of the four elements; he abstracts himself from every object which is not fire, and devotes all his attention to the contemplation of that object alone; he examines the nature of fire, and finding it a compound of several distinct parts, he investigates the cause, or causes, that keep those parts together, and soon discovers that they are but accidental ones, the action whereof may be impeded or destroyed by the occurrence of any sudden accident. He concludes that fire has but a fictitious and ephemeral existence. The same method is followed in examining the other elements."[†]

^{*} Beal's "Catena," p. 150.

[†] See *ibid.*, pp. 151, 268, 270; Wilson's "Vishnu Purāṇa," book, vi., ch. vii.

If *water* be selected for contemplation, the priest fixes his eyes on a bowl full of water; if *earth*, then a moulded circle of earth or clay is placed upon a low frame, and the priest must contemplate it, and fix his thought upon the idea of the elements of earth, mentally repeating its various names, and dwelling on the thought that his own body is composed of perishable earth. This is called *kasina* (meditation), of which there are no less than ten varieties.*

We shall now bring this subject to a close by a quotation from the "Titttha-jātaka" on the "Meditation on Impurity"—i.e., meditation on the body (*kāyagatā-sati*). It is quite a short sermon in itself, with a very familiar text—"Man is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not" (Job xiv. 1, 2).†

There was a certain monk who derived no benefit from this religious exercise of meditation; he was unable to grasp the idea of impurity so long had he been associated with the sight of gold in five hundred successive births. Sāriputta could do nothing with him; so he brought him to Buddha, who at once took the weak "brother" in hand. After the rounds of the day were ended, the Teacher took his disciple apart into a mango-grove, and there he created a pond, and in it a large cluster of lotuses, and among them one flower of surpassing size and beauty. And telling the monk to sit down there and watch that flower, he returned to his apartment.

The monk gazes at the flower again and again. The Blessed One made that very flower to decay; and even as the monk was watching it, it faded away and lost its colour. Then the petals began to fall off, beginning with the outermost, and in a minute they had all dropped to the ground, and the centre part alone remained.

As the monk saw this he thought, "But now the lotus flower was exquisitely beautiful, now its colour has gone; its petals and filaments have fallen away, and only the centre part is left. If such a flower can so decay, what may not happen to this body of mine? Verily, nothing that exists is enduring." And thus the eyes of his mind were opened.‡

RICHARD MORRIS.

* See Childers' "Pāli Dict.," s. v. "Kasina."

† See Hampole's "Pride of Conscience," p. 20.

‡ Jātaka-book, Eng. translation, pp. 251-252.

BIMETALLISM.

IT may be safely said that the question of bimetallism is one which does not admit of any precise and simple answer. It is essentially an indeterminate problem. It involves several variable quantities and many constant quantities, the latter being either inaccurately known or in many cases altogether unknown. The present annual supply of gold and of silver are ascertained with fair approach to certainty, but the future supplies are matter of doubt. The demand for the metals again involves wholly unknown quantities, depending partly upon the course of trade, but partly also upon the action of foreign peoples and governments, about which we can only form surmises.

The question is much complicated, again, by presenting a double problem—that regarding the next decade of years, and that regarding the more remote future. Possibly, a step which might be convenient during the course of the next five, ten, or fifteen years, would prove subsequently to be the mere postponement of a real and inevitable difficulty. When we pursue an inquiry of this complex and indeterminate kind, it resolves itself into endless hypotheses as to what will or will not happen if something else happens or does not happen. Nevertheless, it does not follow that, because statistical science fails us, we can come to no practical conclusion; on the contrary, from the very vagueness and uncertainty of the subject may emerge a conviction that it is best to do nothing at all. A party of travellers lost in a fog will probably indulge in a great many speculations and arguments as to the possible paths and turnings they might take; but the wisest course may, nevertheless, be to stay where they are until the air becomes clear.

Looking at the question, in the first place, as a chronic one, that is, as regarding the constitution of monetary systems during centuries, it is

indispensable to remember the fact, too much overlooked by disputants, that the values of gold and silver are ultimately governed, like those of all other commodities, by the cost of production. Unless clear reasons, then, can be shown, why silver should be more constant in its circumstances of production than gold, there is no ground for thinking that a bimetallic gold and silver money will afford a more steady standard of value than gold alone. The common argument that there will not be enough gold to carry on the trade of the world with, does not stand a moment's examination in this aspect. In the first place, if the value of gold rises, more gold will be produced, and the great number of gold-mining enterprises now being put forth may have some connection with this principle. In the second place, so long as sudden changes of supply and demand can be avoided, it is almost a matter of indifference, within certain limits, whether there is much gold or little. Prices having once settled themselves, it is only a question of carrying a little more metal or a little less in your pocket. As Cantillon, and subsequently, but independently, Hume, remarked, if the money in the world were suddenly doubled or halved trade would go on as before, all prices being approximately doubled or halved. But, of course, the interests of creditors and debtors would be affected while the change was in progress.

Now, as regards the *chronic* question, it is probable, though not certain, that the establishment of the bimetallic ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 would give a worse rather than a better standard of value, because the momentary standard is always the over-estimated metal. The double standard system gives an option to the debtor, so that if either gold or silver were in future years discovered in large quantities, the debtor would have the benefit. In the monometallic system there is no option, and all parties stake their interests on the single metal. To these considerations must be added the historical fact that silver has during the last thousand years fallen in value more than gold. The ratio of values in the Middle Ages was about 10 to 1, fluctuating at times to 12 to 1. Later on silver became comparatively cheaper, and in the latter part of the last century, $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 correctly represented the natural ratio. For some fifty years it was held pretty steadily at this point by the action of the French Currency Law. The unprecedented discoveries of gold in California, Australia, New Zealand, and elsewhere, reversed the course of prices for a time, but more lately the tendency to a preponderating fall of silver has reasserted itself. No doubt the events here so briefly recapitulated admit of endless discussion, and it would be impossible even to mention the volumes which have been written since the time of Locke upon the comparative steadiness of value of gold and silver. There emerges a certain degree of probability that silver is more subject to depreciation than gold, although both have, in the course of a thousand years, been very greatly depreciated in comparison with corn and the chief kinds of raw materials.

If this may be assumed to be the case, it follows that an attempt to

re-establish the ratio $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 would tend to discourage the production of the dearer metal, gold, and to encourage the production of the more depreciated silver. We should be filling our pockets and our strong boxes with a metal $15\frac{1}{2}$ times as heavy and $28\frac{1}{2}$ times as bulky as gold, proportionally to value, in order to get a worse medium of exchange, and a probably worse standard of value. Nor should we be approximating towards a better state of things. If gold is destined ultimately to be the general standard of value of all civilized nations, we must let it take its own natural value, and must allow the appreciation, if any, to tell upon the profits of mining. But the arbitrary reduction in the value of gold, involved in the present bimetallic project, would tend constantly to replace gold by silver; and unless it were desired actually to take silver as the medium of exchange, the last state of things would be worse than the first. It thus becomes plain that a bimetallic *régime* is not the means of approximating to a gold *régime*. On the contrary, it must either be a permanent *regime*, or it will, sooner or later, leave us with a vast stock of silver, liable to sudden depreciation, and a diminished stock of gold. In short, the project of M. Cernuschi is not a real panacea for our present troubles; it is only a mode of postponement leading to eventual aggravation.

When we turn to the *temporary* view of the subject, by which I mean the circumstances and interests of the next ten or fifteen years, the difficulties increase, chiefly because the data become wholly uncertain and contingent. The great principle of the cost of production fails us, because in the case of such durable commodities as gold and silver, the accumulated stock in hand is immensely greater than the annual production or consumption. It stands to reason, of course, that if several great nations suddenly decide that they will at all cost have gold currencies to be coined in the next few years, the annual production cannot meet the demand, which must be mainly supplied, if at all, out of stock. The result would, doubtless, be a tendency to a fall of prices. M. de Laveleye, in one of the able articles which he is contributing to the *Indépendance Belge*, as an advocate of Cernuschi-ism, points to a fall of 30 per cent., which he thinks has already been occasioned by the demand for gold currency. He excites our imagination as to what may be expected to happen should Italy and other countries need gold for coining. But he omits to observe that the fall of 30 per cent. is probably due for the most part to the collapse of credit and speculation, a periodic event of which we have had many prior instances. The period of 1833 to 1844, especially was one when no great wars and monetary operations were in progress; it was a period of active industrial and commercial progress. Yet the tables of prices given by Tooke, in his "History of Prices," and reduced in my paper on the Variation of Prices, communicated to the Statistical Society in May, 1865, (vol. xxviii. pp. 294-320), show that the average prices rose by $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. between 1833 and 1839, and fell 25 per cent. between this last year and 1844. So far as I have been able to discover, this great

oscillation was entirely due to the general expansion of trade and credit, and to its subsequent collapse. Like causes have certainly been in operation in the last ten or twelve years; and if, as seems probable, we are now getting round by the lapse of time to the period when trade naturally revives, experience would prevent us from imagining that the late fall of values will be continued or repeated without an intervening rise. I am far from denying that if the Italian Government decide to carry into effect M. Luzzatti's threat of buying gold at all hazards, and if the like course be taken by the United States and France, not to speak of Germany, then there might be a considerable disturbance of values for a time. But is it likely that such proceedings will be taken by rational statesmen and rational parliaments? It is really too absurd to suppose that any country will insist upon immediately having a gold currency at any cost, regardless of the fact that it will thereby injure its own trade and commerce in the getting. The position is simply this. We have had for fifty years or more an abundant currency of gold. Italy and some other countries have a paper currency. Suddenly becoming disgusted with paper, they say that unless we consent immediately to abandon our gold to a great extent, and take silver instead, they will insist upon buying our gold from us at whatever price we like to ask for it. We have so good a currency that, unless we consent to give it up willingly, they will insist on borrowing it from us. But surely in this case, possession is nine points of the law. The largest stock of gold in the world is to be found in England, and many of the great gold-producing districts are to be found in the English colonies or dependencies. If these foreign nations insist upon having gold currencies, they must pay our price for gold, and they must in raising the price benefit us and our colonies, comparatively speaking.

When we consider what are the difficulties put forward as the ground of this bimetallic crotchet, we find that they arise either out of the sudden issue and withdrawal of paper money, or else out of the efforts of certain governments to get rid of silver. If the Italians suddenly want fifteen or twenty millions of specie, it is because they allowed their specie to be replaced by paper in former years, and they now discover the evils of a variable paper currency. Germany wants gold, because Prince Bismarck and his economists recognised the soundness of the principles on which Lord Liverpool fashioned our metallic currency. But because Germany has met with a temporary check in striving after a gold standard, is there any reason that we, who have had a gold standard with little interruption since the time of Sir Isaac Newton, should throw it up at the demand of M. Cernuschi? The difficulties of France simply consist in the fact that, having had the law of the double standard previously in operation, she suspended the action of the law as soon as it began to occasion a return of silver. If all civilized countries were to adopt the double standard, they would just be inviting the growth of a silver currency, which France, with full experience of the use of silver, has practically decided to avoid.

Much that has recently been published on this subject, including the official text of the draft resolution to be submitted to the Conference in Paris, implies that the French law establishing the double standard was intended to act as a regulator of the values of the metals according to the ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. The fact, however, is that no such idea seems to have prompted the law. Gaudin, who in the ninth year of the Revolution proposed the ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, did so upon the ground that this ratio was sufficiently near to that of the market values to allow coins of gold and silver to circulate side by side indifferently. In case the market ratio should alter after a time, he thought that the gold pieces could be melted and reissued. Sir Isaac Newton, again, when in 1717 he fixed the guinea at 21s., did so upon the ground that this was the closest convenient approximation to market rates. Only four months ago I quoted in the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* (January, 1881, vol. xxxix. p. 73) the remarks of Cantillon upon this decision of Newton. Cantillon says:—

"It is the market price which decides the proportion of the value of gold to that of silver. On this is based the proportion which we give to pieces of gold and silver money. If the market price varies considerably, it is necessary to alter the proportion of the coins. If we neglect to do this, the circulation is thrown into confusion and disorder," &c. There is, in fact, no precedent for the views now pressed upon us. It is not even proposed to accept the prevailing ratio of the markets, but by an arbitrary convention to raise up silver to the place it held in the markets before, which involves bringing down gold so as to meet it about half-way. I do not undertake to deny that if a convention were agreed upon, and carried into formal effect, it might possibly raise silver to its former price of 59*d.* per ounce. The measure is one of so novel a character that it is almost impossible to say what would or would not happen. The attempt to force silver dollars into use in the United States has entirely failed, and it might fail even under a convention. It is quite conceivable that in the United Kingdom and the colonies the scheme would be defeated by the tacit refusal of the people to accept silver legal tender. A bank or a tradesman might try to stand upon his legal rights, but the result would be a kind of commercial "Boycotting." Some formula would probably be discovered for contracting affairs out of the Double Legal Tender Law. At present there is no law to prevent people from making contracts in terms of gold or silver bullion, or tin or copper or corn, or whatever else they like, which is capable of precise definition. Even if the law were not thus circumvented, it might still be possible to make payments in gold a point of honour.

Then, again, the perpetual maintenance of this supposed convention is the only safeguard against the most serious inconvenience to some of the parties to it. The convention would resemble a chain, the breaking of each link of which would throw an increased strain upon the other

links. There exist, indeed, a good many international conventions relating to postal intercourse, extradition of criminals, copyright, and so forth; but in none of these cases would the breaking or suspension of the convention result in any ruinous consequences. There would be suspension of benefits rather than occasion of evil. But should war break out among some of the countries involved in the monetary convention, the probable effect would be to throw the mass of silver coin upon neutral nations. This might be done without any express breach of the convention, simply by the issue of paper money, a measure which we cannot pretend to consider unlikely, seeing that the chief difficulties of the present monetary situation arise out of efforts for the withdrawal of recent paper-money issues. It is true that the 8th Article of the proposed Convention enacts that "the fact of issuing or allowing to be issued paper money, convertible or otherwise, shall not relieve the State issuing it, or allowing it to be issued, from the above stipulated obligation of keeping its mints always open for the free mintage of the two metals at the ratio of 1 to 15½." But, as far as I can understand this "keeping of the mints open," it seems probable that this article would be quite nugatory in time of war. If silver were depreciated 5 or 10 per cent., paper legal tender might easily be depreciated 20 or 30 per cent., and nobody would think of coining silver to pay their debts, when they could pay them so much more cheaply with paper. The issue of paper legal tender forms then, to the best of my belief, an indirect mode of abrogating the Convention without a distinct breach of faith. No Government has ever yet resisted the temptation of resorting to paper under serious stress of war, and therefore, until a wiser and better state of things is brought about in the long course of time, it would seem impossible to fulfil the first condition of the bimetallic project—the making of an indefeasible convention.

When a measure is so clearly undesirable, it is hardly needful to point out the many difficulties which would arise in its operation. But there is one which presents itself to my mind as almost insuperable—namely, the confusion which would be produced in the masses of national and other debts contracted in terms of gold money. Silver is now about 13 per cent. below its old customary value, compared with gold. If, then, debts contracted formerly in gold could be paid in silver, by the option of the bimetallic system, the claims of all creditors would be endangered to this extent, and in all probability would be depreciated to half that extent. Nor would the matter be much improved by enacting that old debts should be paid in gold as contracted, because gold, being forced into a fixed par with silver, would be depreciated, say, six per cent. The adoption of the bimetallic *régime* would be a *coup d'état* affecting the value of all past monetary contracts in a degree incapable of estimation; and although such a *coup*, or almost any other *coup*, might be advisable under certain circumstances, according to the maxim, *salus populi suprema lex*, yet it would be clearly impossible

to unsettle the whole monetary contracts of the British nation and the British race, to the extent of some six per cent. or more, for the sake of the exceedingly problematic, if not visionary, advantages to be derived from this proposed convention.

Though it thus appears to be altogether out of the question that the English Government should contemplate the abandonment of the gold standard, there are two or three minor measures of a temporary nature which might perhaps be adopted to relieve the disturbed relations of the precious metals. There would probably be little or no inconvenience in raising the limit of legal currency of silver coin in the United Kingdom to five pounds instead of two pounds as at present. This change would probably prove to be a merely nominal one, unless bankers and others could be induced to pay out silver coin more largely than at present. The Mint gains so handsome a profit upon the coinage of silver money at present that the opportunity might well be taken to throw as much silver into circulation as possible; but unless the habits of the people be changed it would not stop in circulation. There is, in fact, at present a very clear disinclination on the part of the public to take any larger amount of silver money than is necessary. It is an almost unknown thing in England for any tradesman to give as much as two pounds in silver change. No customer is expected to take more than ten, or at the most twenty shillings in silver, and any surplus of silver receipts is paid into the banking account, and the general balance of the district is eventually returned to the Bank of England. It is very doubtful whether Mr. Seyd's scheme of a four-shilling piece or any other scheme would overcome this fixed habit, which is moreover a reasonable habit.

A good deal has been said about the expediency of bringing into operation the Third Clause of the Bank Charter Act, which is supposed to authorize the issue of notes upon a reserve of silver bullion to a certain extent. That Clause reads as follows:—

"And whereas it is necessary to limit the amount of silver bullion on which it shall be lawful for the same department of the Bank of England to issue Bank of England notes: be it therefore enacted, that it shall not be lawful for the Bank of England to retain in the Issue Department of the said Bank at any one time an amount of silver bullion exceeding one-fourth part of the gold coin and bullion at such time held by the Bank of England in the Issue Department."

It is obvious that this clause is solely a restrictive one; that which authorizes the holding of silver bullion is the preceding clause, far too long for quotation. It states, however, that it shall not be lawful to issue notes in excess of the securities allowed to be transferred to the Issue Department, "save in exchange for other Bank of England notes, or for gold coin, or for gold or silver bullion received or purchased for the said Issue Department under the provisions of this Act," &c. It is curious that, although the second clause thus seems to speak of silver bullion being "received or purchased under the provisions of this Act,"

there are no provisions in the rest of the Act relating to the purchase of silver. The fourth clause defines the price at which all persons may demand notes for gold bullion, but there is no like definition as regards silver. The result seems to be that the Bank of England buys and sells silver bullion as an ordinary dealer or speculator. If, then, the Bank Directors think that it will conduce to the interests of their shareholders that they should lay in a stock of three, four, or five millions of pounds' worth of silver, as the case may be, let them do so. They will gain or lose according as the value of that stock rises or falls; but who can say how that will be? In any case, the effect of such an operation upon the silver markets of the world must be inappreciable.

There is one further measure which might well be adopted at the present conjuncture, namely, the alteration of the Bank Act so as to allow of the issue from the Bank of one pound notes. Now that Parliament has authorized the circulation in England under very questionable conditions of a fractional paper currency, the last shadow of reason has disappeared why one pound notes, so long current in Scotland and Ireland, should be unknown in England. If we could suppose that thirty millions of such notes were put into circulation eventually, about twenty millions might be issued on Securities, giving a profit to the Government of nearly half a million a year. The margin of ten millions more or less of gold added to the specie reserve of the Issue Department would be ample to meet any conceivable demand for payment of such notes, the circulation of which would probably be more constant than that of the larger notes. Thus a supply of twenty millions of sovereigns would be opportunely thrown upon the markets of the world, which might be scrambled for by the various nations now wanting gold currencies.

It will easily be seen that in this article I do not pretend to enter into the complexities of the subject, nor to answer the numerous arguments adduced in favour of the bimetallic project. The literature and statistics of the subject are of an almost interminable extent. If any reader wants to learn what he has to read before he can be considered to have mastered this subject, let him refer to "A Partial List of Modern Publications on the Subject of Money," prepared by Mr. Horton, and printed among the Appendices to the Official American Report on the International Monetary Conference, held in Paris, in August, 1878. This volume is replete with information on the subject. But my contention is that to wade through the interminable discussions on bimetallism is about as useful as to wander through a forest in a mist, the happiest result of which is usually to find yourself back again at the point you started from.

W. STANLEY JEVONS.

THE CORRUPT PRACTICES BILL.

THE Parliamentary Elections Corrupt Practices Prevention Bill, which was introduced by Sir H. James into the House of Commons the other day, is worthy of its author and of a Liberal Government. It is no half measure, or attempt to patch up existing flaws; but a genuine attempt to strike at the root of electoral corruption, and to signify to the scoundrels who bribe, and the ignorant, selfish, and rapacious voters who accept bribes, that the one shall no longer be allowed to tempt, and the other, if he falls into temptation, shall suffer for his sin. Moreover, the Bill effects that which has never yet been attempted, a considerable reform and curtailment of electoral expense; and it will, if passed, put an end to the feebleness and laxity of the existing law, which allows endless employment of voters, unlimited hiring of conveyances and committee rooms, and general lavish expenditure at election times.

While, however, conceding a due meed of praise to the conception and details of the Bill, I would endeavour, in this article, to show where I believe it falls short, not only of perfection, but even of that efficiency which is necessary to render a Corrupt Practices Act successful in doing that for which it is intended, and to prevent it from following its predecessors into the limbo of unbeyed laws.

I hope it may not appear captious to criticize and find fault with the measure offered us. Perhaps it is sufficient excuse to plead an honest desire to suggest alterations whereby the Bill may be perfected. In such a case as this, while being grateful for the steed, we may look our gift-horse in the mouth. In any case, whether the Bill be passed as it stands, or whether it be improved and amended, it will constitute a splendid attempt to grapple honestly and efficiently with the existing evils of electoral corruption and expense.

1.—It will be most convenient to take separately the chief points of

the measure. First, then, the Bill (sec. 16-24) provides that one "election agent," and one only, shall be appointed by each candidate, and makes it an "illegal" practice,* with avoidance of seat, for any one, whether candidate or other person, to pay or provide any money for the purposes of an election, except through the election agent; and provides that every payment must be made through this agent, that every claim must be sent in to him within twenty days, every payment made within thirty days, and the return sent in to the returning officer within forty days. Any claim not sent in within the twenty days is barred, and payment of it is "illegal" both in the payer and receiver. This is satisfactory, for the difficulty at present usually is to induce creditors to send in their claims within a reasonable time, the most outrageous and unreasonable being often purposely delayed until long after the election. True, the law says that such claims are not valid, but practically the candidate must pay them—at least if he means to stand again. If, however, after twenty days it be both "illegal" to receive and to pay, the creditors will take good care to render their accounts at once. Proper provision is made for disputed claims.

The return delivered by the agent must give the details of expenditure,† disputed claims, &c., and state the amounts received by him,

* The Bill divides all prohibited practices at elections into two classes—namely, *corrupt practices* and *illegal practices*; bribery, treating, undue influence and personation and false declaration, being "corrupt" practices; all the other offences mentioned in the Bill being "illegal" practices, such as undue employment, payment for conveyance, infringement of provisions for return of election expenses, &c. The penalty for the commission of a "corrupt" practice is liability to imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for a term not exceeding two years to a fine not exceeding £500, to a ten years' incapacity of voting in a parliamentary or other public election, and incapacity for ten years from being elected to Parliament, and from holding any public or judicial office within the meaning of the Bill. The list given of these offices is very extensive. A candidate found personally guilty of a "corrupt" practice is liable to all the above penalties, and in addition he is permanently disqualified from representing the constituency in which the offence was committed, and is incapacitated from being elected to Parliament for ten years.

If he be found guilty not personally, "but through his agent," he is permanently disqualified from representing the constituency, but is not incapacitated from standing for any other place, nor is he liable to the other penalties mentioned.

The penalty for the commission of an "illegal" practice is liability to a fine not exceeding £100, and five years' incapacity of the same kind as that provided in the case of corrupt practices, except that the offender is not disqualified from being elected for Parliament. An "illegal" practice proved against a candidate personally, or through his agent, avoids his seat, and subjects him as before to certain incapacities of reelection, and in the former case to five years' incapacity to election to Parliament.

I have stated the distinction between an "illegal" and a "corrupt" practice at this length in order to save repetition of penalty when dealing with the different points of the Bill.

In the case of a candidate the "report by name" of the election judge, that he has been knowingly, or by his agent, guilty of a corrupt or illegal practice, is to be followed by the avoidance of seat, and the incapacities prescribed for conviction of the offence.

† The legal expenses, as given in the schedule, are:—1. Returning officers' expenses, 2. Personal expenses 3. Expenses of printing and advertising. 4. Stationery, postage, and telegrams. 5. Public meetings. 6. Committee rooms, one for each polling district in counties, one for each 500 electors in boroughs. 7. Miscellaneous expenses, not exceeding £10 for every 1000 electors, and not exceeding in the whole £100, and no money may be spent in respect of any matter or thing prohibited by this Bill.

It would be as well if the summary of expenses which has to be published by the returning officer were to be on one official form, so that different returns could easily be compared together.

The total cost of the late election, according to the "returned expenses"—a very different thing from the actual expenditure—amounted to some £1,750,000 as against £1,100,000 in

and from whom received. The return of expenses and receipts must be accompanied by a declaration made by him, before a Justice of the Peace, that the return is correct; that to the best of his belief no other person besides himself has made any payment in connection with the election; that he has received the sums stated and no more; and that he believes no one else has received any money for the purposes of the election. At the same time the candidate is required to make a declaration to the effect that he believes the return of election expenses to be correct; that he has made no payments in connection with the election except those returned; and that he believes no one else has made any other payments; that he has paid so much to his agent, and no more, and does not believe that the agent has received any other sums in addition to those specified in the return; and that he will not make any further payments whatever at any future time in connection with the election.

Any false declaration, knowingly made, will constitute a "corrupt" practice; while any failure to comply with the requirements of the section will constitute an "illegal" practice. Such illegal or corrupt practice on the part of the agent will vacate the seat, and incapacitate the candidate from standing again for the constituency during the existence of the Parliament. Safeguards are inserted to prevent punishment following an unwitting or unavoidable infraction of the law. The election agent is himself to appoint every person who is employed for payment, and is to engage every committee room hired.

These clauses, which refer to the payment and return of election expenses, are a most satisfactory feature of the Bill, and embody one of the suggestions I endeavoured a month or two back* to support as necessary, if purity and economy are to prevail. They will probably do more to prevent corruption and extravagance of all sorts than any other check which could be devised; and we may hope that by their means the meshes of the net will be so far reduced in size, that no payments can in future slip through. That some very sweeping amendment of the Act of 1863, which provides for the return of election expenses, was needed, no one will deny who knows the unreliability of most election expenses returns, or who has read the reports of the eight Royal Commissions lately sitting. Scarcely a single "returned account" is strictly accurate, very many are grossly inaccurate as to details, and represent but a proportion—often a small proportion—of the actual expenditure. Moreover, there are, it seems, plenty of men, and men in good positions, indiscreet and over-zealous friends or

1874. In the *Fortnightly Review* for February, 1880, I analyzed the cost of the election of 1874, and suggested certain reforms for curtailing the expenditure (some of which are incorporated in the Bill before us). I have not yet seen a real analysis of the cost of the late election, but the return shows that in some places three, four, or five times as much was lavished in 1880 as was spent in 1874; while it also proves that, contrary to the usual assertion, the Conservatives spent considerably more than the Liberals—the returned expenses of both sides are probably about equally inaccurate. Agency, clerks, &c., cost £700,000.

* *Nineteenth Century*, Nov. 1880, "Bribery and Corruption."

members of political organizations, who seem to consider it no fraud or dishonour to spend money on bribery or in illegal practices, and then, when the coast is clear, hand in their little bill to the candidate. At present they trade on the well-founded hope of being some time repaid, and on the certainty that no evil consequences will follow to themselves, or indeed to any one else. If, however, such practices would render them liable to fine, imprisonment, and disabilities, they will be too careful of their precious persons and purses to carry out "for the good of the cause" such risky undertakings; while a candidate who is now easily imposed upon or persuaded, would have reasons which cannot be controverted, for refusing to wink at lavish expenditure, and for refusing to reimburse an illegal outlay. The Bill ought certainly to define the moment from which "election expenses" begin to be incurred. This moment should be the day of the announcement of the dissolution, or, in the case of bye-elections, the day the vacancy occurs.

2.—The Bill (sec. 7 and schedule 1) proposes to prohibit the employment for payment of any agent, canvasser, clerk, messenger, watcher, or any person in any other capacity. Each candidate is, however, to be allowed, for the purposes of the election, to employ and pay one election agent for the whole constituency, one personation agent for each polling-place, and one clerk and one messenger—who are not to be electors—for every polling district in counties, and for every 500 electors in boroughs. Any further employment is an "illegal practice," and subjects employer and employed equally to the penalties prescribed, though if the latter can successfully plead ignorance he escapes punishment.

I would suggest that the prohibition of the employment of clerks or messengers who are electors, should be withdrawn; with the proviso that, as in the case of personation agents, who are electors, any clerk or messenger who is a voter should have his name struck off the register for the election; their names have to be returned in any case. Occasionally it is difficult to obtain intelligent men who are non-voters, and as the permitted employment numbers are so much reduced, really intelligent men would be required for the work; while election managers would never employ voters (to the loss of a vote) where they could obtain good non-voters.

The other provisions and prohibitions, with reference to employment, seem to be admirably calculated to effect the twofold object of reducing expense, and of putting an end to the pernicious system which has sprung up of indirectly bribing a large number of voters by giving them sinecure or bonâ-fide employment. The law up till now has not laid down with any exactitude the limits of legitimate employment, or pointed out where such employment merges into "colourable" employment. Consequently men and boys have been employed in large numbers at elections for divers purposes, and the question of legitimacy or illegality has, in case of a petition, to be left to the election judges to decide.

Undoubtedly a very large amount of the work now considered necessary at elections, and for which employment and payment is made, is really unnecessary, and would be better not done at all. Paid agents are far too numerous, while paid canvassing is an evil from every point of view, and of itself necessitates extra employment and expense for clerks, committee-rooms, &c. The extravagant distribution of bills, placards, and notices, may also well be checked. But, at the same time, while heartily in favour of the principle of limitation of employment, I think it may be possible to go too far in the prevention of publicity; and I have my doubts whether one clerk and one messenger to every 500 electors would be sufficient for the proper and legitimate conduct of a keenly contested election. I presume that though the candidate (sec. 8) will not be allowed, as he does now, to employ men to post his notices of meetings, &c., he will be allowed to contract with some bill-poster to do this work for him—it must be done somehow. Then, in the case of a candidate, more especially of a stranger—and I am all for strangers against local men, of whom we have quite enough—who is legitimately, and to the educational advantage of the electors, desirous of distributing newspapers, &c., containing accounts of his speeches, or other instructive literature, one clerk and one messenger would probably not be sufficient to fulfil his legitimate aspirations.* The ordinary work of the election alone, checking and posting up the canvassing books—unfortunately personal and unpaid canvassing is still to be permitted, and will undoubtedly increase if the Bill passes—sending out addresses, polling cards, letters, &c. &c., would fully occupy the time of the clerks and messengers. No doubt many supporters, who before left the work to be done by paid employées, would volunteer to assist, when it was known that paid assistance might no longer be obtained, and some who were before employed and paid would be glad and ready to work for nothing, if there were no pay going. So long as they could be paid they had no objection to receiving an honorarium, but if all possibility of payment were at an end, they would give some of their time to the work of the election for the sake of the party. But volunteers, who may be ready to canvass and to “watch,” or to perform any showy work, would hardly care to be set down to address envelopes or fold newspapers. I think, therefore, it may be found necessary, without detracting from the benefits of the principle of the prohibition and limitation of employment, to relax somewhat the hard and fast rule of only allowing one clerk and one messenger to each 500 electors. It is necessary, if we desire to see the

* It is not clear, from section 8 and schedules 2 and 3, whether distributing by post reports of speeches, purchasing and distributing pamphlets, &c., is to be in future allowed. It seems to me that, except where done in excess, it is an advantage to every one to allow such distribution; of course I am not speaking of squibs and cartoons. The schedules ought anyhow to be so altered that they may clearly include or exclude such matter as the above.

The polling-cards, now sent round by each candidate, should be prohibited; and it should be the duty of the returning officer, on the day before the poll, to send to each elector a card informing him of his number and polling place, &c. Thereby expense would be saved, and undue influence and election tricks diminished.

law obeyed—and unless such is our desire it is labour thrown away to take the trouble to pass a law—not to draw the strings too tight, at all events at first. They are at present scarcely drawn at all, but do not let them be drawn so that they will either be cut, or will hurt and cramp legitimate action. The alternative should not be presented to the candidate of either seeing his election inefficiently conducted, or of being obliged—and the temptation would be great—to overstep the strict limits of the law. As I read the Bill, *each* candidate is to be permitted to employ the specified numbers; this permission will tell hardly against any candidate who is running alone against two combined. He will possess but half the paid assistance the others can command, for if two candidates are co-operating, the work involved is really not more than for one alone, and so he will be at a considerable disadvantage. However, when the expenses are so greatly curtailed as, let us hope, they will be by this Bill, it will be easier to obtain candidates, and so we shall not often witness one man fighting against two. This limitation will, moreover, be a strong inducement to candidates on the same side to combine and run together. It might be possible, though by no means easy, to make some provision whereby a candidate running alone should be allowed some relaxation of rule which should put him on a more even footing with his adversaries.

3.—Not a word can be said, except in commendation, of the limitation of committee rooms, and the prohibition to their being engaged in licensed houses. The rendering “illegal” the payment and receiving of money for exhibiting bills, affixing boards, or providing ribands, banners, &c., is also an excellent advance.

4.—The scheduled scale of total expense, excluding personal and returning officers’ expenses, that may be legitimately incurred by a candidate, graduated according to the size of the constituency, any excess being “illegal,”* is a more doubtful policy (sec. 10 and schedules 2 and 3). It is undoubtedly necessary, as the Attorney-General said, to prevent “the ingenious class of people” with whom we have to deal, from evading the limitation clauses of the Bill. But the question is, whether it is possible to draw up any graduated scale of maximum

* The scale is divided into two parts: in the first column is included “the expenses of printing, advertising, stationery, postage, and telegrams.” In the second column are included “all other expenses except personal expenses and returning officer’s charges. Under the first head £100, and under the second £250, may be spent if the number of electors does not exceed 2,000. If it exceeds 2,000, then £110 and £270 respectively may be expended, and for every additional 1,000 electors above 2,000, £10 may be spent on printing, advertising, &c., and £20 on other expenses.” Each class of expense must respectively not exceed its maximum. Thus in an electorate of 5,000 voters, each candidate might spend £170; where the voters numbered 10,000 the legal maximum would be £620.

It may be worth while to give an instance or two of the expenditure at the late election, and compare it with the maximum scale. In South-East and South West Lancashire—which I take as typical, and by no means as “awful examples” of extravagant expenditure—the eight candidates spent together £43,000; the scale would have allowed each of them to spend £1,100, or in all £8,800. The Southwark expenditure of £15,500 would have had to be kept under £1,000. More than three times the maximum allowance was spent by the Conservative candidate at Woodstock, &c. The cost of each vote polled by a candidate, if about half the electors voted for him, would be from 2s. 6d. to 4s.; while at present votes cost anything up to £3.

expenditure which shall be fair all round. Some constituencies are more expensive to contest—within perfectly legitimate lines—than others; and a very compact constituency can, for many reasons, be fought for less than a straggling one, while counties are on an essentially different footing from boroughs, and the same scale cannot be fair for both. Again, the scale pays no regard to the duration of a contest; and while it may be too liberal for a short fight, for a prolonged one it may be palpably insufficient. Then, as we have already seen, if there happens to be one candidate fighting against two, his expenses are necessarily larger than those of each of his adversaries. Again, if two of the same side are fighting against the other side, but are not coalescing their expenses are probably nearly double what they would be if they were running together; and further, if there be three candidates of the same side, though of different complexions, fighting for two seats, which are also attacked by one or two of the other side, their expenses are almost necessarily increased. The maximum, therefore, must be high enough to include all such cases, and the consequence will be, one might fear, that the maximum, raised pretty high to cover exceptional cases—and the scheduled maximum is certainly not high enough for this purpose—would become the minimum also for ordinary as well as extraordinary cases. The general election opinion would come to be that, so long as the expenses were kept within these bounds, they were quite proper and correct, and in most cases the full amount allowed would be expended. A fixed maximum limit nearly always comes to be the ordinary limit. Moreover, if more than the maximum were desired to be, or had been expended—by no means an unlikely occurrence—the agent and candidate would find themselves on the sharp horns of a dilemma. If they returned the full expenditure, the maximum limit would be exceeded, and they would have committed an “illegal” action, which would void the seat, &c.; while, if they kept back part of the accounts, and like a Russian budget of old, exactly squared their expenditure (on paper) to the supposed amount which should have been spent, they would commit “corrupt” practice. It is probable that they would consider the commission of a corrupt practice, which may never be found out, easier and safer than the confession to an illegal one which would at once subject them to pains and penalties.

Again, as expenditure on employment, conveying, canvassing, committee rooms, bills, boards, ribands, &c., is strictly curtailed or prohibited, the expenditure which is affected by the scale is the least objectionable portion of election expenses, for it includes the cost of the telegrams, posting, advertising, meetings, &c., and incidentally the amounts paid to the agents and the clerks. As regards these latter payments, it must not be forgotten that as the Bill will introduce severer and more easily provoked penalties and greater responsibilities, the agent will expect to receive a correspondingly larger remuneration, and if the candidate is prevented by the scale from acceding to these demands, he will, to his

own loss and to that of the country, be obliged to employ a man of a lower class, and possibly less scrupulous. The clerks' wages, too, will run away with a considerable part of the permitted expenditure; the fewer the clerks the better must be the class of men employed. As regards expenditure on the other items included in the scale, there is a limit to the amounts which can be expended on them; while it may be feared that a strict scale would injuriously affect the number of meetings which could be held, and greatly hinder the diffusion of newspapers, educating literature, &c., the circulation of which would become the more important when the paid means of making the candidates known have been greatly curtailed. Besides, it would not be difficult, if there were no scale, to prevent the abuse of employing numerous printers, stationers, &c., and to limit the subsidies to newspapers, by a provision that no more than two firms or shops, for every 5,000 or 10,000 electors might be employed for the former purposes, and that advertising in newspapers be forbidden.

That it is possible, even under existing circumstances, to fight a cheap and successful battle, was shown at the late election by Messrs. Fawcett and Holms in Hackney, Mr. Albert Grey in South Northumberland, Mr. James Howard in Bedfordshire, Mr. Duckham in Herefordshire, and by one or two others. The proposed scale would, however, have hampered most of these gentlemen; and, as it was, they stood under rather exceptionally favourable circumstances, being well known in their respective constituencies.

It will be seen, therefore, that if we are to have a scale, sliding or otherwise, both area and duration of contest must be taken into account; while in order to be fair and to avoid bogus candidates, an arrangement must be made for joint candidatures, which must also be defined; no one uniform scale will act fairly in such cases; and I cannot agree with Mr. Schnadhorst in thinking that one scale for all boroughs, and another for all counties, would cut the Gordian knot. If a proper and just scale could be drawn up, it would be an economical advantage no doubt; and the electors for the future would have to put up with addresses and requests printed on something less elegant than cream-laid double-paged paper. I believe, however, that, for the present, we had better leave the scale alone, and see whether the change in public opinion, coupled with the check of the full and accurate return of election expenses founded on a declaration, and the stringent prohibition and limitation of employment and payments of all sorts, will not be an effectual prevention to extravagance of expenditure on those materials and men which are chiefly aimed at by the "maximum" clause, and on which there is at present culpable, corrupt, and increasing lavishness.

The "personal" expenses (sec. 20), except that they must be accurately returned, do not seem to be subject to any limitation or proviso; so that one loophole of abuse is left to the unscrupulous candidate. We

all remember Mr. Compton Roberts' £2000 of "personal" expenses at Sandwich, and that was not by any means the only flagrant instance of gross extravagance under this head. However, if these expenses must be and are returned, the election judges can decide whether the amount spent was reasonable or corruptly great.

5.—Any payment for the conveyance of voters by rail or by road is an "illegal" practice on the part both of the lender and hirer; and thus not only will be reversed the retrograde step of the Conservative Government, which cost unfortunate candidates so dear at the late election, but the laws which have always permitted conveying in counties will also be repealed. A glance at the amounts which were expended at the last election on conveyance, makes it evident that the major portion of this expenditure was unnecessary, and much of it corrupt. In counties, no doubt, it was more or less necessary to convey—the necessity will, in the future, be much less real and apparent, from the increased number of polling booths which will be opened—but it is doubtful whether £200,000 need have been spent; and certainly evident that—to take one instance out of many, that of North Durham—£7300 was an extravagant sum to lavish on conveyance; while the same may be said of the amounts spent in East Cumberland and Montgomeryshire—namely, £1600 and £7800.

In very nearly every borough the whole amount expended on conveyance was spent either corruptly, to secure the votes of the owners of the vehicles and horses, or to carry to the poll voters who could easily have walked, and certainly ought to have walked. The amount so spent in England and Scotland was £73,000. In some towns the amounts were enormous; for instance, at Aylesbury £1600 was spent on conveying 4000 electors; at Maldon, with its 1400 voters, £500 was expended, &c. This lavish expenditure will for the future be prevented, and candidates will be very thankful for the relief, even though some of them will have to pay more for polling booths. But a question arises on this prohibition of payment for conveyance, whether, if unpaid and volunteer conveyance be still allowed, such a concession will not lead to evasions of the law. It would become very difficult to say whether a certain conveyance was absolutely lent without ulterior designs, or whether in some way or other, the owner (who in counties would probably be a tenant or dependant of some active politician) has not received, or will not receive, a *quid pro quo*. Again, to prohibit paid and to allow volunteer conveyance will be a great advantage to the local man, the landowner, and the wealthy. He will have at his disposal a vast amount more volunteer help of this description than the outsider, the landless man, and the stableless and poor man. If it were a matter of cost, only candidates in the latter category might be able to pay or receive assistance from friends; but when it is a matter of actual existing vehicles belonging to partisans, candidates who would be included in the former category would have a great advantage, and neither side should in

fairness profit from their wealth or possession of horses and vehicles. I believe, if it be intended that the conveyance clauses shall not be partially evaded, and if they are to act fairly and equally to all candidates alike, it will become necessary to forbid all conveyance—except the elector conveys himself in a vehicle which is his own property in some way or other, or *bond fide* at his own expense, in counties—and to provide that any elector who is, for any reason, physically incapacitated from going to the poll, should—after a proper doctor's certificate has been handed in, which might be allowably paid for by the candidate—have some conveyance provided for him by the returning officer. Thus no elector would be debarred by physical infirmity from recording his vote, while all candidates would be on an equal footing as regarded conveyance. Moreover, one easy mode of bribing and undue persuasion would be totally abolished. Bribery often takes place, with little fear of detection, when the voter is being conveyed to the poll; while ignorant electors are noduly flattered by being “called for” by one side or the other. The Bill further provides for an increased number of polling booths, so that (except in the case of very small districts) every elector shall have one within three miles of his residence.

So far I have been dealing with those parts of the Bill which are directed more especially against the undue cost of elections and indirect corruption, than against actual bribery; and before turning from this part of the question, a regret may be expressed that, in addition to the prohibition aimed at paid canvassers, Sir Henry James has not thought fit to forbid also all systematic canvassing of whatever description, whether personal on the part of the candidate, or by unpaid and volunteer canvassers. I will not, however, discuss the question here; suffice it to say, that canvassing is a practical infringement of the spirit of the Ballot Act, and leads to bribery, intimidation, lying, and expense, while its benefits are apocryphal. The difficulties supposed to lie in the way of defining canvassing—and that is the chief argument urged against its prohibition—are, I believe, greatly exaggerated. Personal and systematic unpaid canvassing might without much difficulty be defined sufficiently to be prohibited; while confident reliance might be placed on the fact, that nearly every one who has to do with canvassing, whether canvasser or canvasee, detests and abominates the practice, and would be only too glad and ready to obey a prohibitory law. It is probable, therefore, that were a law promulgated forbidding the practice, it would be eagerly obeyed, and perhaps the difficulties which it is supposed the election judges would be under of deciding whether the alleged offence of canvassing has been committed or no, would never arise.

Another important reform which finds no place in the Attorney-General's Bill, but which will no doubt be accepted before long, is the shifting of the burden of the official expenses from the shoulders of the candidate to those of the locality or nation. We shall soon be convinced

that it is scandalous that the heavy expenses necessarily incurred at every election, on the machinery of election, and increased by this Bill, should be borne by the men who offer to serve their country gratuitously and faithfully, and not by the State who imposes on them this particular and expensive form of election. Personally, I believe that the fairer and more economical plan of reform would be to charge these expenses on the taxes, and not on the rates; but this is not the place for the discussion of this question; which is, moreover, complicated by the difficulty of devising means whereby the multiplicity of candidates which might arise, if elections were costless, would be prevented.

To turn from those parts of the Bill which deal with indirect corruption and expenses of elections, and which seem very effective for the purpose in view, to those which deal more directly with bribery, I am afraid we shall find that, without certain considerable additions and alterations, bribers will not be very much worse off than they are at present.

The mere fact that hard labour is added to the punishment which they must undergo, if convicted, will not be of much avail in diminishing bribery if they run no greater chance of being convicted than they do at present. The aim of any measure directed against bribery should be to obtain the utmost possible certainty that guilt will be not only exposed but also punished. The present probability that guilt will not be exposed, and the certainty that, if exposed, it will not be punished, must be changed into the probability that sin will be uncovered, and the certainty that it will thereupon receive its due reward. Does the Bill much assist this wished-for consummation? I fear not. It provides for further incapacities and disabilities for bribers and bribees, and these will probably to a certain extent come into play; but a disability alone will in no way deter these people from committing their sins. I will endeavour to point out the obstacles which now greatly tend to prevent exposure of guilt, and more especially stand in the way of conviction, and which are not removed by the Bill; and also where I think the Bill itself will, unless amended, place further stumbling-blocks in the way of punishment following an infraction of the law.

1.—In the first place, however, the Bill makes one distinct advance. It provides (if I read section 36 aright, for it is obscurely drawn) that, irrespective of whether or no a petition has been filed against the sitting member,—the Public Prosecutor, or any number of electors not less than ten, may make application for a prosecution to be directed against certain specified persons. If, thereupon, the election judges have "reasonable cause to believe that a considerable number of electors have been guilty of illegal and corrupt practices," they may appoint a barrister (a Q.C.), to be called the "Special Commissioner," who shall proceed to the county or borough, and open a court to try those alleged to be guilty of malpractices. He shall possess the power of

summarily convicting any person he finds guilty of a "corrupt practice," and may sentence him to imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months, or to pay a fine not exceeding £100, and certain incapacities follow conviction. The Commissioner will possess also the power of calling any one as a witness—though no prosecution has been instituted against him—and if he finds him guilty of a corrupt or illegal practice, may declare him subject to the incapacities before mentioned for those "reported" by Royal Commissioners. The costs of the Commissioner are to be paid by the constituency, or wholly or partially by those found guilty. If it appear, however, that the application was unfounded and vexatious, the electors who applied for the Commissioner shall bear the costs; and in any case, if the election judges think fit, the applicants may be called on to deposit £250 as security.

As far as the Public Prosecutor is concerned this clause may be of use, though one may fear that where there has been no election petition trial, he is not likely to obtain information from any reliable source sufficient to justify him in applying for a prosecution. It is, however, unlikely that private individuals will be ready to incur the odium, trouble, and possible risk of failure and expense which will be involved in making application for a Commissioner. The existing law* freely permits an aggrieved citizen to proceed against any one he believes to be guilty of bribery or other illegal practices, either civilly, with damages for each commission of the offence, or criminally, or both; but, as the seat is not affected thereby, no one cares to undertake such a disagreeable office, and so to all intents and purposes the law in this respect is a dead letter. There seems to be no particular reason why clause 36 would make any radical alteration, for except the member were himself found personally guilty of a corrupt or illegal practice, the seat would not be affected any more than before, while ten electors are required to sign the application. The party or personal advantage to be gained is the moving cause in all private actions against corrupt practices; the mere desire to see bribery punished is scarcely sufficient to induce a man to prosecute a fellow-citizen. At the same time, there can be no possible harm in re-enacting, and perhaps simplifying, the means whereby any two or three who are gathered together may show up the evil deeds of some of their townsmen.

2.—Before the introduction of this Bill I elsewhere† strongly and at length argued that if we really wished to obtain full exposure of guilt, it was absolutely essential that the punishment of disfranchisement, or lengthened suspension of writ, should be abolished. I endeavoured to show that the fear of possible or certain disfranchisement is the most powerful incentive to prevention, quashing, or arrangement of petitions; while it leads to minimization of evidence before the election judges, in

* Corrupt Practices Act, 1854, s. 5, &c. The offending person found guilty shall (in addition to the criminal punishment) forfeit £100 for each separate offence to any person who may sue for the same.

† *Nineteenth Century*, Nov. 1880.

order to prevent a Royal Commission being appointed. In fact, the punishment of disfranchisement, by affecting equally the innocent with the guilty, makes the former somewhat selfishly desirous that the latter shall escape; and so the weapon which was intended to frighten the wicked from the commission of their offence, now often actually shields them in their nefarious practices. The weapon is not in truth often used—just now certainly it might fairly strike Sandwich and Macclesfield at all events—but it is the fear of exposure arising from its existence which does the mischief. When bribery is undertaken, it is often undoubtedly calculated that it is better policy not to do it in a niggardly way, but to go thoroughly to work, and inundate the constituency with gold; the chance of winning is better, and the chance of a petition is greatly reduced, for after such conduct no one would care to bring down a Royal Commission, with the likelihood of disfranchisement following. Therefore, once bribery is determined on, it is cheaper and safer to bribe heavily than to bribe a little. Under the shadow of the fear of disfranchisement bribers can pursue their game with comparative ease and safety. It is much to be regretted that the Attorney-General did not see his way to introduce, along side of his Corrupt Practices Bill, a resolution declaring that in future no writ would be suspended beyond the period necessary for the inquiry of the Royal Commission and the scheduling of the law breakers. It would be advantageous to appoint Royal Commissions in every case in which a member was unseated for “illegal” or “corrupt” practices on the part of himself or his agents, and not only, as at present, in certain cases; the election judges are often deceived as to the amount of corruption that really prevailed.

If such a stringent and efficient Act were in force as that of the Attorney-General, it could not be urged that without disfranchisement the guilty would not receive due reward for their evil deeds, and nobody, one might suppose, really wishes the innocent to suffer. Moreover, if disfranchisement were abolished, it would be to the interest of no one to screen the bribers, and it would be to the advantage of the losing party (if they had a good case) to petition, in order to unseat the adversary and expose the guilt of his coadjutors, and incapacitate them for taking any part in the election which must follow; while the knowledge that, a petition were successful, another election must ensue, would be a great inducement to both sides to keep pure.

3.—That part of the Bill (sec. 33, iii.) which is founded on the recommendation of the Select Committee of 1874, and which directs the representative of the Public Prosecutor—whose extension of duty to cases of bribery is an excellent feature of the measure—to attend every election petition, and take proceedings summarily before the election judges against every person found guilty of “corrupt” or “illegal” practices, and not indemnified, is, I think, open to criticism. Of course, where the report of the judges is not such as, at present, to be followed by a Royal Commission—namely, where they do not report that “corrupt practices extensively prevailed”—then the Public Prosecutor should

take immediate action against any sinners whose ill-deeds have been exposed, and who have not been indemnified; for in such cases the election petition trial will be the only period at which guilt would be revealed. But in all cases in which the judges' report is sufficiently damning to be followed by a Royal Commission, I should strongly object to any immediate action being taken on the part of the Public Prosecutor. The object in view ought to be to prevent bribery, by punishing, if possible, the chief offenders, and not merely the tools; and it is notorious that at an election petition trial the principals always, or nearly always, escape detection, and a few of the minor offenders alone are found out. Any one who will take the trouble to read the reports of the election petition trials, and then read the evidence given before the Royal Commissioners, in the eight boroughs under dissection, will see at once that the judges had but a very small fraction of the wickedness brought to their knowledge, the rest being effectually concealed from them. If, then, at election petition trials, the minor tools are frightened, as they would be if the Public Prosecutor were known to be on the alert, not only would it be more difficult to obtain sufficient evidence to justify a petition or to carry it through successfully—but by no means an easy process at present—but it would entirely shut the mouths of many of those who would afterwards be the best witnesses to reveal to the Commissioners the whole plot and plan of the bribery or corruption. In every case of a Commission it would seem more prudent to abstain from taking action until after the Royal Commission had finished their labours. By that time probably the worst offenders will have been exposed, and against these the Public Prosecutor should proceed with the full weight of the law, and we would heartily wish him God-speed.

It is evidently intended that more evidence than is now usual shall be produced at the trial of election petitions, for the Bill provides not only for the presence of the representative of the Public Prosecutor at the trial, but also that he shall obey any directions on the part of the election judges with regard to summoning witnesses to give evidence, &c.; and, moreover, directs him, on his own account, to cause to attend any witness whom he believes able to give material evidence. I object to this proposal on the ground that it would tend to make many unsuccessful candidates and others think twice before they petitioned. As every one knows, the "taxed costs" of a petition do not nearly come up to the amount of the costs as between solicitor and client, and therefore even a successful petition is an expensive luxury. Counsel have to be brought down at great cost, and every day's prolongation of the trial is, in any case, a heavy expense to the petitioner. At present he knows what evidence he possesses, and can pretty well calculate how long the trial will last, and what the margin of cost to him will be if he is successful; but if the election court is to be turned into an inquisition, and the judge and the representative of the Public Prosecutor are to be able indefinitely to prolong the trial, many, I repeat, will be loath to incur the unlimited expense to which such interference might put

them, even if their chance of success were thereby increased. A petitioner—people are naturally selfish in such matters—in most cases has not at heart the exposure and punishment of the guilty; that is not his business, but the business of the country, the Public Prosecutor, and the Royal Commissions. All he wants is to unseat his adversary, and obtain, if he can, the seat for himself, and this he wishes to accomplish with the least expense and trouble possible. Moreover, in corrupt boroughs one strong desire of the petitioner is to prove as little as possible—just enough to unseat the member, but not enough to necessitate a Royal Commission. If, however, such an one were to know that, with the power now to be placed in the hands of the Public Prosecutor, such an exposure of corrupt practices was inevitable as would necessarily involve a Royal Commission, he—so long, at all events, as disfranchisement remains with us—would still further be dissuaded and deterred from petitioning; and the more thoroughly corrupt a constituency the more certainly would a petition be avoided.

Again, I protest against the theory, which will find acceptance if this clause be passed, that the duty of the Election Court is to expose the corruption of the constituency. This is not their duty; their business is to determine whether or no malpractices have been revealed sufficiently personal or extensive to unseat the member. The duty of examining into the whole process of corruption and illegality is the business of the Royal Commissions. If, however, the suggestion were adopted to abolish disfranchisement, and always—where the member was unseated—to appoint a Commission of inquiry, then, indeed, the objections to this clause would lose much of their force, and at all events there would be no fatal bar placed in the way of petitions. We must remember that petitions are the initial step towards the exposure of guilt; encourage petitions, and you increase the chance and certainty of the attainment of this desirable result.

4.—In connection with Royal Commissions, it is greatly to be regretted—as our aim is not only to expose, but also to punish guilt—that the Bill does not contain a clause amending the wording or the interpretation of the Act which instructs the Commissioners how to proceed with their inquiries.* As I have elsewhere and before argued, it is unfortunately evident that the Commissioners interpret their instructions to mean that they are not to take into account any ulterior proceedings which may be directed against the bribers and law-breakers, but that their whole duty is to call all possible witnesses, bribers as well as bribees, in order that they may “report their names,” and expose the complete system of corruption which may have prevailed; chiefly or wholly, I suppose, that it may be seen whether disfranchisement—the punishment of the innocent with the guilty—should follow. As every

* “All such Commissioners shall, by all such lawful means as appears to them best, with a view to the discovery of the truth, inquire into the manner in which the election has been conducted, and whether any corrupt practices have been committed at such election. . . . And they shall report the names of all persons whom they find to have been guilty of corrupt practices at such election. . . . And all other things whereby, in the opinion of the said Commissioners, the truth may be better known” (15 and 16 Vict., c. 37, s. 31.)

witness who is called, and who, in the opinion of the Commissioners, speaks the truth, receives a certificate of indemnity protecting him against any prosecution for bribery or illegality, naturally the lawbreakers, with this bait before them, gladly come forward, jokingly detail their misdeeds, and escape punishment.

Surely the more sensible interpretation of the instructions would be that as much guilt should be exposed, while as little indemnity as possible (more especially to the chief scoundrels) should be given. Those who have been accused or implicated should of course have the opportunity of denying the accusation—and this the Bill grants them; but they should not be allowed to save themselves by confession. The Bill ought to explain that the above is the correct interpretation of the instructions under which Bribery Commissioners act, or we shall continue to experience the existing scandal of seeing, with rage, all those who should be left to their due punishment, escaping the clutches of the law by a timely and brazen confession. In fact, as far as any punishment is concerned, the labours of the Commissioners result in the same consequences to the prisoners as the verdict of the jury who “found the men who stole the mare—not guilty.” There is plenty of exposure, but very little punishment, and unless we can trust to some change being effected in this respect, it is labour thrown away to pile up penalties against bribers.*

5.—It is satisfactory to notice (sec. 27, ii.; 48, iii.) that in future a certificate of indemnity will not be in any way valid against the incapacities and disabilities provided for those who commit corrupt or illegal practices; and, as far as these penalties are concerned, every person who is “reported” by the election judges or by the Royal Commissioners will, without having, as now, to be “named” in an Act of Parliament, and whether he has obtained a certificate or no, be subject to them in the same way as if he had been convicted of a corrupt or illegal practice. It is only right that those who confess to having bribed, or to being bribed, should be temporarily struck off the register of voters. If they were capable of either action, they are—for a time at least, until reflection has brought about a change—unfit to exercise the franchise. At the same time, this punishment is not suffi-

* It will be seen, from the following figures, how small is the chance of being prosecuted for bribery, and with what certainty the lawbreaker may count on being called and indemnified by the Commissioners:—

	Number of separate persons scheduled for bribery.	Number of persons who have not received certificates of indemnity protecting them against prosecution for bribery, and who are sufficiently implicated to be prosecuted.
Sandwich, 1880.....	1,185	7
Boston, 1874 and 1880 (including several persons scheduled for “bribery by employment only”).....	435	3
Macclesfield, 1880.....	2,872	2
Canterbury, 1879 and 1880.....	373	0
Chester, 1874 and 1880.....	919	0
Gloucester, 1874 and 1880.....	1,964	0
Oxford, 1874 and 1880.....	190	0
Totals.....	7,938	12

ciently great or severe to induce a man to refuse to give evidence, to perjure himself, or in any way to risk the loss of his certificate. I object, however, to sec. 48, iii. and 27, iv., which make a barrister or solicitor who has received a certificate of indemnity, nevertheless subject to all the ulterior proceedings provided especially for his profession. Unless he commits perjury, &c., his certificate ought to shield him from all consequences except the ordinary disabilities, or he will have every inducement to deny all knowledge of bribery and to stick to his assertion. Chiefly on the same grounds, I would argue that any one holding an office of profit, &c., ought to be able to appeal from the judgment of the Election Commissioners—who are by no means infallible. By sec. 27, ii., their "report" (i.e., scheduling) is the same to him, as far as disabilities and incapacities are concerned, as if he had been convicted of a corrupt or illegal practice. By sec. 39 he is debarred from appealing except it can be proved that the witnesses against him committed perjury. But, unfortunately, it is not always easy to say on what grounds the Royal Commissioners arrive at their decisions.

Incidentally, the severe penalties prescribed by the Bill for bribery, coupled with the evident intention it expresses of putting them into force, will induce the witnesses at election petition trials and before the Royal Commissions to be more careful, in order to obtain indemnification, to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Except for their consciences, it makes very little difference to them at present whether they are given or refused their certificate, and they often have every inducement to perjure themselves in order to save their own reputation, that of a friend, or to prevent the borough appearing sufficiently bad to merit disfranchisement.

It is to be presumed that those scheduled (candidate or member, as well as agents and friends, self-confessed, convicted, or reported) will be subject to sec. 44 of the Corrupt Practices Bill of 1868, and if engaged in any way to assist in any election (more especially in the subsequent election), their active intervention would avoid the election. It certainly is high time that the unseated member should be prohibited from taking any part in the election of his successor, and no "scheduled" man ought to be allowed to give or sell his valuable services to either side.

6.—One clause (sec. 34) of the Bill provides that if the election judge consider that the respondent to the petition was really innocent of a knowledge of the malpractices which have lost him his seat, the expense of the petition and the official costs incurred at the trial shall be charged on the constituency and not on the respondent. This is a satisfactory alteration of the law, for it occasionally happens that a member unseated on petition for the malpractices of his agents, was really sincerely desirous and anxious to fight a pure battle. Such a one is quite sufficiently punished for his indiscretion in employing dishonest agents, or for the over-zeal of his friends, by losing his seat, and he should not be saddled also with the heavy costs of the petition,

which will now be rendered heavier by the interference of the Public Prosecutor, and it is only just that they should be borne by the constituency.

But the Bill further proposes (secs. 34 and 36) that the Election Court may order the expenses of the inquiry to be borne wholly or partly by any person or persons "proved to have been extensively engaged in corrupt practices, or to have encouraged or promoted extensive corrupt practices." To this proposal I would object, for the simple and I think sufficient reason, that such a law would have a very serious effect on the power of obtaining evidence. It is none too easy to obtain evidence now, but if witnesses were to fear that, while confessing their sins they might be saddling themselves with a heavy fine, they would be still more chary of giving true evidence, or of implicating themselves and others. It is essential, if we wish to unravel the bribery plots and convict certain individuals of bribery, &c., that we encourage, by indemnification, other witnesses to come forward and confess to their own sins and their knowledge of those of others. Of course, if the certificate removes their liability to be assessed for part of the cost of the inquiry—and it is not clear, from this clause and clause 48, whether it does or does not—the objections urged would lose part of their weight. But in any case, I believe such a proposal would do more harm than good. The convicted bribers are to be severely punished and fined, and that is better than allowing an indefinite cloud of possible liability to hang over and frighten every witness who has been engaged in breaking the law; moreover, such a penalty as this might enlist sympathy on the side of the bribers, while it would be difficult to assess the proportion of the cost which each person should pay. On the other hand the clause (sec. 34, iii.) which provides that the Court may order any costs which may be incidental to proceedings with reference to malpractices by any particular person, to be paid by that person, is satisfactory. The amount can never be very great, and yet the man who has had to pay for his own law-breaking will feel that he has had an expensive amusement, and one he will not care to repeat.

7.—There are minor points of the Bill, which is most carefully drawn, which I need not stop to discuss, as they will commend themselves to every one anxious for purity of election; such as, for instance, the proposal to enact a heavy penalty for the corrupt withdrawal of a petition after it has once been filed, and the greater stringency in the terms of the affidavit required to be signed before it may be withdrawn; and the greater punishment reserved for J.P.'s and others found guilty of wrong-doing. The better definition of "treating," and provision that the receiver shall be punished as well as the giver; and the prohibition to licensed victuallers against distributing liquor gratis during an election; and the special penalties reserved for them if they allow corrupt practices to be carried on in their houses, are especially satisfactory, for very much of the bribery finds a convenient shelter in public-houses.

8.—Extensive or systematic betting on or against the candidates, or the result of the poll, should have been mentioned as a "corrupt" practice. Betting with a voter that the candidate whose election it is desired to promote does not get in, of course induces the elector to vote for him; and this is bribery. It has been decided once or twice by Election Committees and Judges that the vote of an elector who has betted should be void on a scrutiny, but betting has not been ruled to be bribery; and in fact it is not alluded to in any Corrupt Practices Act. If other modes of corruption are rendered difficult, this practice will probably come more in vogue, and it should therefore be defined and prohibited in the Bill; there would be little difficulty in so doing.

9.—The strings of the net are drawn together by section 49, which provides that the names of all those guilty of corrupt or illegal practices shall be reported to the Attorney-General by the election judges or the Royal Commissioners, with a view to his instituting prosecution against such as are not indemnified, if he thinks the evidence sufficient to support a prosecution. This clause is, it is true, but a re-enactment, in a slightly different form, of portions of two Acts, that of 1852, sec. 6, and that of 1868, sec. 11—each of which is practically however a dead letter—and the names are now sent in by the Royal Commissioners and the Election Judges to the Speaker. But as times have changed and public opinion on the question of bribery is stirred up, we may hope to see the Attorney-General—in such cases as the Judges and the Commissioners, in their wisdom, shall think fit not to indemnify—take prompt and effective action.

In consequence of the disabilities prescribed by the Bill for candidates found guilty through their agents of corrupt or illegal practices, it seems to be feared by some—more especially by the National Liberal Federation Union and Mr. Powell Williams—that unless the Bill be amended, the question of "agency" will assume such a serious aspect, that no candidate will be safe from the indiscretion of an over-zealous friend, from the damaging assistance of a political organization, or from the underhand dealings of a scheming adversary. It is urged that "agency" should be defined, and the Bewdley judgment is, of course, quoted, as showing the dangers to which candidates may be unwittingly exposed. Now, in the first place, the Bewdley judgment was an exceptional one, and certainly strained the point of agency as far as it would go, while it has been traversed by other judgments; and, secondly, I think the judgment itself has been misinterpreted. The question before the judges was how far some members of a political organization, who had been guilty of corrupt practices, had assisted the candidate, and how far they were his "agents." The judges, rightly or wrongly, were of opinion that the association was formed expressly to promote the candidature, and that the members in question had taken a very active part in the election. Under these circumstances, I think we may agree with Mr. Justice Lopes—without fearing any ver-

serious consequences—that, “To say that a candidate is not responsible for any corrupt acts done by an active member of such an association [i.e. an association “in intimate relationship with his agents, utilized by them in carrying out his election,” &c.], would be repealing the Corrupt Practices Act, and sanctioning a most effective system of corruption.

Again, it would be a great mistake to endeavour—even if it were possible, which I greatly doubt—to define “agency.” The only result of defining it would be, to mark out for those who desired to break the spirit of the law, how they might do so without infringing its letter. Instead of sitting, as they do now, under a Damoclean sword, which a rash act may precipitate on their devoted heads, they would then know exactly where it hung, and how thick was the thread which held it, and would avoid going near it or tampering with the cord. “Agency” is by no means an easy thing to prove at present, and many justifiable petitions are never filed or are lost through the impossibility of proving it. If it be defined, the bribers will take care never to be agents, and it would become almost useless to petition. I do not fear the terrible consequences which it is asserted will arise if agency be left in its present undefined state. A candidate and his party have, or ought to have, sufficient control over any friends and supporters, who could in any way be said to be agents, to keep them straight. If, however, these latter do misbehave, in order to further the election, the candidate who has been benefited by their zeal, should also suffer if their doings are discovered. The question of agency had better be left to the election judges to decide in each individual case on its own merits.

To sum up the amendments I have proposed, and omitting suggestions which perhaps lie outside the scope of the Bill, such as the abolition of canvassing and the alteration of the incidence of the returning officers’ expenses, &c. there remain :—

(i.) Amendments suggested to mitigate the stringency of the Bill, so that the legitimate necessities of the case may not force or tempt any one to break one jot or one tittle of the law :—(a) That the limit of paid employment is perhaps drawn too close ; and (b) That the “maximum limitation of expense” should be omitted.

(ii.) Amendments suggested to prevent any loophole being left for possible abuse of the concession allowed by the Bill :—(a) That it would be safer to forbid any conveyance, whether paid or unpaid ; (b) That systematic betting on the result of the election be made a corrupt practice ; (c) That the date from whence election expenses, &c., should be counted as such, should be defined.

(iii.) Amendments suggested against unnecessary restrictions :—(a) That the prohibition against clerks and messengers being electors be withdrawn.

(iv.) Amendments suggested with the view of encouraging the exposure

and punishment of guilt :—(a) That the punishment of disfranchisement, or lengthened suspension of writ, should be abolished ; (b) That the Public Prosecutor should not, except in certain cases, take immediate action on a petition trial, and should not interfere in the conduct of the trial ; (c) That the expenses of the petition should not be charged on the guilty ; (d) That solicitors, &c., indemnified should only be subject to the ordinary incapacities ; (e) That the instructions to Royal Commissioners (and to the "Special Commissioners") should be amended.

I firmly believe that unless some or all of these amendments are accepted the Bill will be very far from "thorough," and at the present moment most of us do really demand a strong Bill and a long Bill.

The Bill, by classing bribers, in the matter of punishment and penalties, with ordinary criminals, will make bribery a disgraceful act ; and if it were also to make it really a dangerous practice, the time would soon come when, at all events, justices of the peace, aldermen, town councillors, solicitors, &c., would be very cautious lest they burnt their fingers at the game, and ruined themselves for life. These "honourable" men, I suppose, do not pocket very large commissions on their transactions, but sin *con amore* ; the class of bribers just below them, however, and those still lower, nearly always make a very large profit out of the kind assistance they render, and help themselves while assisting the party ; yet probably on any other occasion they would never think of stealing. Such men, like smugglers of old, are ready to run a considerable risk in view of the loot they obtain, and the certainty of the Act striking them must be great to deter them from turpitude. The mill of the law must grind exceeding sure if it is to crush them, and no hope must be left of blocking the machinery and preventing the wheels from turning. If they possibly can, these gentry will get round the law, and, like the naval captains who, when they were forbidden to masthead, sent the middies aloft for an hour or two to "look out for the French," they will strive their utmost to find some way of evasion.

The Bill makes a satisfactory distinction between the briber and the bribed, to the disadvantage of the former ; but this is as it should be, for the serpent was worse than Eve. It is right, however, that those who have once stretched forth the hand for the golden apple should be for a time driven out of the electoral paradise. If the public mind has really and effectually been awakened to the urgent need of preventing corrupt practices, and if, as Sir H. James says, "we are disposed radically and completely to deal with the present system of electioneering habits," this Bill, and I hope the proposed amendments, must appeal to the common sense of all. We have plenty of *Corrupt Practices Acts* on the Statute-book, dating back to the reign of William III., c. 7. "Law enough, but very little obedience." Candidates and agents must surely rejoice at the opportunity thus presented to them of a way of escape from the illegalities and corruption

at which they are often now obliged to wink, and their hands will be strengthened to resist guile. The seductive cry, "The other side are doing this or that, and therefore we must do it," need and can no longer weigh down the scale; while, as the line will be distinctly drawn between legal and illegal expenditure, the candidate can no longer be lured from his lofty eminence of purity down the easy incline of illegalities and colourable employment, which lead to the dangerous precipice of bribery.

Illegalities which before merely made the doer subject to be prosecuted for a misdemeanour, while his chance of being prosecuted was infinitesimal, are now classed under a different head, affect the seat, and subject the law-breaker to fine, imprisonment, and disabilities, and leave him unprotected to the tender mercies of a Public Prosecutor. The law, if carried out, will cease to be a good joke, and will become a stern reality.

The legal expenses of elections will be diminished by the Bill; the illegal expenditure will be curtailed or prevented. Therefore, this measure will not only purify the constituencies, make representative government more truly representative of opinion, but it will enable men of limited means to come forward and contest on more equal terms with the purse and the briber. And having obtained this much, we may also look forward hopefully to the time when the cost of elections to the candidate will be still further diminished.

"Nursing" a constituency is too large a question to enter on now; it is to be feared, however, that a diminution of possible expenditure at elections will increase the "legitimate" expenditure on the goodwill of the constituency, while a large amount of the clerical and other work now left until the time of election will be done and paid for between whiles. On the other hand, as a candidate found guilty, personally or through his agent, of corrupt practices, is to be perpetually disqualified from representing that borough or county, a man who has spent large sums in the constituency would be especially careful not to risk the entire loss of all interest on them by allowing any illegalities to prevail on his side at the election.

Municipal elections do not come within the scope of the Bill, and are left to be dealt with separately.

We may hope,—Irish permitting,—to see this Bill placed on the Statute-book before many months are over; and we shall then look forward with great interest to the next general election, with the confident anticipation that expense and bribery will be effectually diminished.

SYDNEY C. BUXTON.

THE POST OFFICE, AND AIDS TO THRIFT.

PEOPLE are very apt to sneer at what they so readily call "the infinitely little," without remembering that it is often a multiple, and sometimes even an indispensable multiple, of "the infinitely great," at which they have no thought of sneering. This may be the spirit in which some persons feel disposed to regard the appearance of the pamphlet, too small to bear a price, lately published for gratuitous circulation by the Postmaster-General, under the title "The Post Office, and Aids to Thrift," which forms the subject of the following pages.

And yet a sneer against such an effort in the direction of making the nation, especially in its youngest or least educated representatives, familiar with existing thrift facilities; or a complaint that a great public department should condescend to the issue of an advertising pamphlet: like any swindling assurance speculation, would argue a stupendous ignorance of the condition and the needs of our lower classes, and a cynical and shameless indifference to their real welfare. As a matter of fact, I do not believe that a better or more enlightened use of public money, or of the time of public men, was ever made, than in the preparation and distribution of this simple little book, which, to be as fully and as easily serviceable as possible to those for whose good it is prepared, ought to be made the subject of direct and careful teaching, at all events to the three upper standards, in every elementary school throughout the land.

Its object is succinctly stated in the few words of preface, which express the hope "that a description of the agencies in operation at the Post Office for the deposit of savings, the investment of money in Government Stocks, the sending of money from place to place, for effecting Life Insurance and purchasing Annuities, may prove useful to the industrial classes and to those who are anxious to encourage habits of thrift among the people."

No one who classes himself in the latter category can hesitate to express his gratitude for this simple but inestimable aid to an important cause, or fail to desire that every other public measure Mr. Fawcett may feel it his duty to take part in may contain as hopeful a promise as this of future good to the nation at large.

If, therefore, in examining this little book and the methods it sets forth, I seem, in the following pages, to indicate points in which alteration seems desirable, my readers will readily believe my remarks intended not to censure things good in themselves, but to suggest directions in which things good in themselves may easily be made better than ever. And I will begin with a verbal criticism, the only one I shall have to make. It is this. The vast mass of the people do not know the meaning of the word "Annuity" at all; and the words "Deferred Annuity" only multiply the incomprehensibility to their minds. Of course they may be taught it, but till they be, it is certainly better that they should have a word they understand. While everybody knows what a "Pension" means, very few of the class who want, or should want, to secure "Pensions" have the least conception that a "Deferred Annuity" and a "Pension" mean the same thing. If they did, it would not be in the power of interested parties, who live by pocketing the hardly-spared thrift of the poor, to point to the large premiums they annually collect for problematical pensions, and to exult over the alleged "manifest failure" of the Post Office organization to attract industrial savings in this direction. Our working classes are familiar enough with the commoner details of Post Office business. Wherever they go for work, they are quite clear as to the means and conditions for sending money home, for instance, by Post Office order. But as regards Pensions and Life Insurance, they can scarcely be considered to know that the Post Office undertakes them at all, or they would inquire about and embrace its exceptionally cheap and exceptionally safe conditions. "Deferred Annuities" and "Life Insurance" are Hebrew terms to tens of thousands who are familiar enough with such words as "Pensions" and "Burial Money" (or, as the latter is often called, "Death Pay"), and there can be little doubt, that in the face of all the daily disappointments caused by failures of common Funeral Clubs and other speculative industrial insurances, the people would soon avail themselves extensively of the Post Office organizations for securing "Pensions" and "Funeral Money" if it put its methods before them in the exact terms with which they have been all their lives familiar.

As a practical corroboration of this view, I may mention that Mr. G. C. T. Bartley, the well-known manager of the "National Penny Bank," in his set of admirable "Provident Knowledge Papers"* uses throughout the familiar word "Pension" instead of "Annuity."

* Some twenty-four of these are published at one penny each; no more useful present than a bound set could be made to any young person starting in life, or to the library of any elementary school.

I would, therefore, venture to suggest that in future editions of "Aids to Thrift," the words "or Pension" (in brackets) should follow the word "Annuity" and the words "or Payments at Death" (in brackets) should follow the word "Insurance."

The next point I would touch upon is the new postage-stamp collection form for saving shillings.

If, in these days, original ideas were paid for according to even a modest estimate of their national value, the suggestor of this most admirable plan would be a wealthy man. Mr. Fawcett himself has stated that the general introduction of this new facility actually led, within a single month, to the opening of no less than 58,000 new accounts with the Post Office Savings Banks; and though, of course, many will say that these new accounts represent merely contemptible sums of money deposited, those who know something of this important subject can best appreciate this fact, that every one of these so-called "contemptible" deposits has taught a lesson of practical thrift to the depositor worth vastly more than the invested shilling itself; while, at the same time, the probability is entirely in favour of the assertion, that but for this new and attractive "Aid to Thrift," not one in twenty of these shillings deposited would ever have been saved at all. "*Dimidium facti, qui caput, habet*," is even truer in matters of thrift and saving than in most others; and, in this direction, experience shows so plainly how habit, which is well defined as "the act of yesterday," tends to become the impulse of all future life, that we may augur confidently for the general application of the proverb, "Well begun, half done," to the bulk of these new depositors' efforts, however small in amount, at thrift and providence.

But it seems to me that there are two directions in which this collecting slip may be made far more widely useful.

The first is by the introduction of a "savings stamp" entirely distinct in colour and pattern from the ordinary postage stamp. And this I would very strongly urge from a moral point of view, on the ground that "Aids to Thrift," however desirable, altogether fail of their purpose wherever they can be perverted into "Aids to Theft."

For there is no shadow of question, but that to young people strengthening in the daily habit of stamp-affixing thrift, a stray postage stamp is likely to become much less of an "inconsidered trifle" than when it was practically an inconvertible value; and multitudes who would shudder at the idea of stealing pence or shillings (though even these should never be left about to tempt the weak-principled), would feel less scruple far in appropriating, past all power of tracing or identification, what practically would be money saved to them, while it might represent only money spent, forgotten, and unlikely to be missed, by their employers. We have no sort of right to put any avoidable temptation in the way of the young; and the fact of the tendency to save being, in its very nature, a growing passion, increases proportionately the strength of such temptation to many. Say that our "thrift-aids"

tempted only one in ten, or one in a hundred, to commit a petty theft, the evil wrought would counterbalance infinitely more than the relative proportion of good intended to be done to the equally tempted, but more honest residue.

This objection of the temptation to stamp-pilfering offered by the savings slip has been met in two ways, neither of which, in my mind, can stand for a moment against the proposal of a special "savings stamp" for saving purposes.


We are told, firstly, that pilfering of stamps may be obviated by "firms" getting all the postage stamps they purchase perforated, strict orders being given to the Post Office officials to receive no perforated stamps if affixed to "savings slips." What does this amount to? Why, to nothing less than inviting all letter-writers to take the trouble of providing themselves with a special perforated stamp for the common purpose of postage, in order that some slip-fillers may have the privilege of using the common postage stamp for the special purpose of saving; or, in other words, because some rogues *may* steal postage stamps all honest men had better perforate theirs. And this precautionary measure would only check pilfering from "firms," which buy their postage stamps in large quantities, without checking pilfering from individuals, who only buy stamps by shillings-worth. How infinitely better to have the stamps for the two purposes as distinct as the purposes themselves. The savings stamps will be quite as easily purchased as postage stamps, and theft be rendered impossible.

The pilfering objection has been met by Mr. Fawcett in another way, by the confident assertion of an universal negative. The following is an extract from his most interesting address to his Hackney constituents on December 15th last:—"With regard to fraud it was said that there would be a great deal of pilfering of stamps, and that lads entrusted to post letters would take the stamps off them and place them upon the forms. *He had reason to know that not a single letter had been tampered with that way*, and there had not been received one complaint that theft had been actually committed." As to the first of these statements, which I have italicized, I can only say that it speaks not only volumes, but libraries, either for the general estimate of human nature entertained, or for the practical omniscience enjoyed, by those Post Office officials on whose reports Mr. Fawcett was able to give so confident and so satisfactory an assurance. As to the statement that no complaint of theft had been made to the Post Office, it is obvious to answer, firstly, that thefts, if discovered at all, are generally complained of at the Police Office rather than at the Post Office; and, secondly, that the extreme difficulty of tracing and proving these little penny thefts is just what makes the temptation to commit them the greater, and its removal the more desirable. If it be said that these statements refer only to the one special process (neither very easy nor quickly accomplished) of picking off stamps already affixed to letters, we have no answer whatever given to satisfy us of the perfect security

of *unaffixed* stamps lying about, I am bold to say, every day of the year, either openly, or in well-known receptacles, in half the blotters, and on half the desks and writing-tables in England.

This introduction of a special "Savings Stamp" in connection with the "slip" saving system is one of the suggestions I offer, to the further advantages of which I shall presently recur.

The other one is concerned with the form of the slip itself. The present slip is inconveniently large, and far too flimsy. It is $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, $3\frac{3}{8}$ in breadth, occupying 29 superficial inches; it cannot be carried without folding up, and (especially in the case of the poorest collectors, who are longest in filling it with stamps) is likely, from frequent and unequal folding, to wear out, or else to be not kept at hand in the pocket. With a penny savings stamp of the same size as the late red halfpenny postage stamp, a form such as is figured here

Name				Savings Deposit, 1s.	
Book No.		Office of Issue			
Fill	blanks	with	twelve	OFFICE OF RECEIPT. 	
penny,	two	sixpenny,	or		
one	shilling	Savings	Stamps.		

might be provided, occupying a space of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $2\frac{1}{2}$, or 11 inches superficial instead of 29, little more than one-third of the present size; it might be on card instead of paper, without any increase to the present cost, and would fit, *without folding*, in the common note envelope. Even a card of less size than this might, if desired, be obtained, by putting the letterpress and office stamp on the back; but I do not myself suggest this, as the examining both sides of each card would entail additional trouble upon the Post Office officials; or, the space occupied by the affixed stamps might be reduced by half, if the penny savings stamp were made of the same small size as the halfpenny stamps now used in Australia. This would, however, be a questionable advantage, and the form I have figured would answer every practical purpose.

If special "Savings Stamps" be issued at all, they should, for many reasons, be issued for different amounts—say penny, sixpenny, shilling, two-shilling, and possibly five-shilling values. The sixpenny savings stamp should be the size of six penny ones, so as to cover the six blank spaces of half a "Savings Deposit" card; the shilling savings stamp

should cover all the spaces, and those of value above a shilling should be savings cards, complete in themselves. This would make each value easily distinguishable, while the largest of them would fit in a small envelope or lie in any pocket-book. Across the shilling and costlier savings stamps a blank space should be left. And this for a very valuable purpose, since across that blank space, whenever desired, a name might be written, the simple effect of which would be (by making the deposit only available to the Post Office Savings Account of the person so named) to secure the money from waste; at all events till it had formed part of a Post Office Savings Bank account.

This proposal may, to some, appear very troublesome and trivial; but it is well to think it through before hastily dismissing it, for it certainly, without causing the slightest trouble to those unwilling to use it, will afford a great safeguard to the now jeopardized savings of the very class whom we all are, or ought to be, anxious to render provident and independent.

For, by this simple means, any person wishing to aid, by a present the providence of any boy, girl, or young servant, instead of giving, as at present, a sixpence, shilling, or half-crown, too likely to be lightly squandered the next day, might, at the trifling trouble of writing the recipient's name across a "savings" stamp for the desired amount, secure on behalf of the person he wished to serve, his or her opening or increasing an "account with Her Majesty." For money so given, as I have said, cannot be squandered until it have actually passed through the Post Office Savings' Bank.

Though I have found many persons agree with me as to the desirability of such a simple "aid to thrift" being put within the public reach, I have hitherto met with only one single objection to it—namely, that to offer a crossed Savings Stamp to any one would be *too great an insult* to the recipient! The reply is very simple: givers who think so need not offer the savings stamps, and recipients who regard the offer as an insult will be free to decline it with becoming scorn; but then such givers will not be exactly the people most really anxious to do good by their gifts, and such indignant refusers of a sound money value will not be the worthiest or most deserving of their class; if, indeed, reason can be shown for believing that one in a thousand of them will be foolish enough to refuse at all.

On the other hand, we must remember two important advantages which would result from the securing of such savings. First, that many a thoughtful giver would prefer making a present of two shillings in savings stamps, which he knew would be saved, rather than of one shilling in money which he felt sure would be wasted; secondly, that, by the method I propose, a protection of savings entirely impossible now might be given, to the vast number of young people on whose few fractions of cash unworthy and dissipated relatives are always ready to pounce like vultures.

I may further be allowed to indicate, with reference to a proposal

which some readers may recognize as a peculiar hobby of my own (and which, I rejoice to say, is become daily the hopeful hobby of many more than me) that the existence of such an "aid to thrift" as I have here sketched out, would greatly stimulate and encourage the early and complete "National Insurance" of the young; since the gift of a shilling or two shilling "Savings Stamp," crossed "A. B.'s account for National Insurance," would absolutely secure the money being applied to that one special object, and to no other purpose whatever.

The issue, finally, of distinct "Savings Stamps" need not be objected to at all on the ground of expense, for the Post Office will profit by the interest accruing on all stamps sold for the purpose from the time of their purchase till they be paid in; for this will take some time, especially in the case of larger values bought for distribution by benevolent persons, or by philanthropic employers who can persuade their workpeople to accept portions of their wage in this form as saving it from the public-house.

It may be said against my proposal that only the other day Mr. Gladstone's announcement in Parliament that postage stamps might be used as receipt stamps, was generally welcomed as a great public convenience. There is, however, no true parallel between the cases. No one is tempted to steal a penny revenue stamp in order to save a penny postage stamp. It is very different, as I have shown, in the case of savings.

On the other hand, the Rev. D. Seaton, in a letter to the *Times* of December 7th last, drew attention to the fact that though, when the Post Office first took up the Telegraphs, messages were payable by postage stamps, it was found necessary, in order to prevent confusion of accounts, to introduce a distinctive telegraph stamp.

I now go on to consider a direction in which the introduction of "savings" stamps may, to the vast benefit of our thrifty poor (as eventually cheapening their laborious providence by possibly some millions of pounds a year) enormously develop for good the Post Office existing Life Insurance organization, one of its most important, but hitherto least successful "aids to thrift."

And here I would point out a much-needed reform, which can only be objected to on the small ground of expense. I mean the putting the Post Office Insurance and Annuity Tables *gratis* into the hands of all inquirers. Copies of them are kept at the principal Post Offices, it is true; but, in rural districts, at least, a vast number of persons never have occasion to visit the Post Office at all. Nor, if they have, is there cursory examination of a book of tables, at the window or the counter sufficient to inform intending insurers of the great advantages of a Post Office Investment and Security. People like to look about them in such a matter, and to be able deliberately to compare one set of tables with another; and as the Post Office tables must gain on a comparison with those of other undertakings, that comparison should be encouraged by all possible means. Therefore, I think the Post Office tables should

be furnished free from any office to any person applying for them in writing. At present, any person wanting to possess them must write for them to London and enclose eightpence in his letter, while any other insurance office in the world is only too glad to forward full tables free to any applicant. I may mention, in illustration, that, urgently wanting a copy of these tables in a town as large as Leicester, a few months ago, I found there was not one to be purchased, and only one to be seen, the single and dilapidated copy kept at the Post Office itself.

From the Post Office Insurance Tables I will now turn to the Post Office Insurance itself, and point out, by comparing its rates with those of the largest industrial life insurance office in the country (the Prudential), the vast advantage in amount which (with the additional vast advantage of a national guarantee) the Post Office offers to insurers.

I put together here the amounts payable at death of policy-holder in the Prudential and the Post Office Insurances respectively, for the same payment of $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ per week* (the nearest equivalent to £1 a year) effected at the ages named.

Annual Payment of Premium.	Age at Entry.	Sum payable by Prudential.				Sum payable by Post Office.			
		£	s.	d.	...	£	s.	d.	...
£1,	20	42	7	8	...	55	5	7	...
or $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ per	30	28	2	9	...	42	19	7	...
week.	40	20	5	0	...	31	17	6	...
	50	13	16	9	...	22	5	7	...
	60	8	15	3	...	14	10	7	...

An average of these relative sums shows that (leaving out shillings and pence) the Post Office secures to its contributors, for the same cost, 50 per cent. more benefit than the Prudential Insurance, or, in other words, that for every £5 insured in the Prudential the Post Office gives national guarantee for £7 10s.!

It will naturally be asked, firstly, why there should be so enormous a difference between these benefits, both in amount and in security; and, secondly, why, notwithstanding these enormous differences of advantage in favour of the Post Office, the number of Post Office policy-holders should be so few, and the number of Prudential policy-holders should be between two and three millions?

I will answer these questions as briefly as may be. The Prudential Assurance goes to a vast expense in managing its business. I believe I am not wrong in stating that the house-to-house collectors for this and other (for there are many more) collecting societies, are entitled to pay themselves threepence out of every shilling they collect, and also receive a bonus upon every new policy they succeed in issuing. It must be admitted that an organization which sends a man on this particular business to every cottage door must pay the labourer his hire,

* As fifty-two payments at $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ only amount to 19s. 6d., I have added one-fortieth (or 6d. in each pound) to the sums payable by the Prudential.

and that nothing but a large proportion of the money contributed by each insurer could pay for the collection from week to week of funds sometimes not exceeding one or two pence in amount. Admittedly, therefore, as things are at present, the Post Office, which goes to no expense about individual collection, need not charge its policies with such a loading as the Prudential, the management expenses of whose industrial branch are shown by their last Report (I quote a statement on the subject which appeared last March in the Money Article of the *Times*) to absorb 46 per cent., or more than 9s. of every pound paid in!

This huge proportion spent in carrying the business on is one cause of the smallness of benefit offered in this great collecting society, as compared with Post Office rates. There is another cause assignable, of some, but relatively of not very great, importance, in this matter. It is that, in some form or other, the Prudential undertakes risks of insuring very many unhealthy lives which the Post Office would altogether reject. I do not mean to say that, *eo nomine*, they insure bad lives, but they require no medical examination whatever of the applicants, merely calling on them to fill up a statement as to individual health and hereditary disease. The consequence is, of course, that they have to pay many more death claims than the Post Office, and must charge a larger premium; in other words, they make the healthy pay for the sickly, instead of carrying out the truest principle of insurance, that, namely, of making each insurer pay, as exactly as possible, the true cost of his own provision.

It may of course be said that this method is especially humane and kind, and enables the weak and sickly to secure a provision for their families not otherwise attainable. This may be so; but men are men. If there were an organization *brought near enough* to the healthy classes for their purpose, which only accepted medically examined lives, and was known to give to such insurers the true advantage in the calculations of premium belonging to their sound health, there is no question that such persons would insure in such an office, to their own advantage, instead of paying a higher rate all their lives for sheer pity by way of cheapening the insurance of sickly persons. Healthy insurers do not join the Prudential Industrial Branch for the sake of the sickly, but simply because they have no better office to join, and therefore are compelled to submit to seeing, as they do, nearly half of the money they put by absorbed in necessary management expenses.

These considerations answer the first question I have undertaken to examine—namely, why there should be such a vast difference in favour of the Post Office benefits as compared with the ordinary insurances of great collecting societies. (For it must be borne in mind that I only cite the Prudential, the greatest of them all, as a type, and not at all as an unfavourable type, of very many societies of its class.)

The second question is this, why, in spite of its obvious advantages, the Post Office Insurance system should be regarded as almost a total failure; while that of the house-to-house collecting societies, though

costing half as much again as the Post Office system, should be carried out with such extraordinary success?

There are two plain answers to this question. Firstly, that the Post Office, at the present time, really *makes no provision whatever* for the wants of the multitudinous class who, with more or less difficulty and self-denial, make their honourable weekly effort at laying by a little to aid their families when they die themselves; and, secondly, that the collecting societies do their work from house to house, which the Post Office does not; or, in other words, their officials go to the insurers, while the Post Office officials wait, altogether vainly, for insurers to come to them.

I will readily admit that up to the present time there have been reasons, and apparently good ones, which I appreciate and will refer to, for these two deficiencies in the Post Office Insurance system; deficiencies so great as plainly to counterbalance the vast advantages of cheapness and security which that system offers. But I hope also to show that, with the issue of a special "Savings Stamp," means, otherwise unattainable, would be readily provided of removing these deficiencies, and (to say nothing of the additional thrift and savings likely to be promoted by the measure) of making the poor man's shilling in the hands of the Post Office go as far at least as he can now make eighteenpence go, in the way of Life Insurance or "Burial Pay." That the Post Office exactly leaves out from its insurance the whole industrial class which the collecting societies enrol, is plain again, from a consideration of the "Prudential Report."* This Society shows the *average* sum assured under between two and three million policies to be no more than £8 8s. 9d.; while the *lowest* insurance the Post Office will undertake is for £20, a sum nearly 2½ times as large as the experience of Collecting Societies shows to be within the means of the very class whose life insurance ought to be most diligently encouraged.

I have said there was good reason for this high limit being placed. The reason, under present conditions, is perfectly obvious. The labour and expense to the Post Office of receiving and recording a multitude of weekly or fortnightly, almost infinitesimal payments, would make the work both difficult for the office and costly for the people. The same difficulty lay in the way of a proper use of the Post Office Savings Banks, no smaller sum than a shilling, for this reason, being receivable by them. Weekly payments, sometimes as low as one penny, were therefore necessarily entirely excluded from the Post Office Insurance. But as Mr. Chetwynd's admirable suggestion of savings slips met this difficulty perfectly as regards savings banks, it may also with a savings stamp meet the same difficulty as to life insurance. For though the Post Office could never collect and certify fifty-two separate penny payments for this purpose in a year, it could easily acknowledge and record one annual payment of four shillings. That annual premium would secure a payment at death as much as the average Collecting Societies Industrial Insurance—£8 8s., supposing the policy to be

* I quote from that of 1877, as having it at hand.

effected at the age of 31 years, and would give our working classes the same amount they insure for now at only two-thirds of present cost, and with the advantage of a perfect Government security.

But why, it will be asked, is a savings stamp to be required for this? If poor people choose to put together a sufficient number of ordinary postage stamps on slips, it will answer equally well. The reply is, that until actually paid in at a Post Office, the ordinary stamp has no distinct selling value, and that even after being attached to a slip, it may be transferred, sold, or stolen. A man might have filled three shilling slips with postage stamps towards effecting his annual life insurance payment, and be tempted either by thirst for drink or pressing want of cash to turn them into money, even at a loss, and so to jeopardize his insurance. But with "Savings" stamps attached instead of "Postage" stamps, this risk would be diminished in proportion to the smaller interchangeability of the stamp limited to saving purposes, and the collector besides, by writing his name across the slip as he filled it, could make his weekly or his monthly saving absolutely useless to a thief, and inalienable, even by himself, from the special purpose to which his own signature had once devoted it.

There would, however, still remain, in some minds, the second difficulty in the way of the Post Office doing this great work. It could not compete with Collecting Societies having their agents calling at every cottage or house.

Why not? It has its organization of agents already far more complete in its distribution and more frequent in its visits than any Collecting Society. The ubiquitous letter-carrier might do all the present collector's work without needing to keep accounts, to bully defaulters, to give additional security for his honesty, to pocket 25 per cent. of poor men's savings, or to add one ounce to the burden of his own daily toil without a fair remuneration. It should be made his interest to collect the money, in rural districts (in towns, with post offices at every corner, his special services will not be needed) either every day, or once a week, say, on Monday mornings, when from the fact of there being no London post, he has very few letters to deliver.

In what way is all this additional money to be collected, and all this additional work done? Simply by his always carrying savings stamps about him for sale on commission. Twopence in the pound is allowed on the distribution of ordinary postage stamps, and of course the number sold is almost quite limited nowadays by the number of letters written. But how much more emolument, and that altogether in proportion to his own industry in pushing insurances, would he be able to derive from a small per-centage on the savings stamps he could succeed in selling? Thus, by having credit given him every day by the office for a pound's worth of stamps (he is always giving the office a week's credit for his own wages) he would collect the insurance premiums on selling savings stamps, and lodge the amount in the office by paying for those he bought, without the trouble of entering any transaction.

or the temptation of handling other people's money. The Post Office need not be troubled with more, on an average, than one yearly transaction with each insurer; the insurances themselves would be far cheaper and safer than ever, and if it were even necessary to raise the commission on the sale of savings stamps to 3*d.* in the pound, in order to stimulate the zeal and reward the exertions of the letter-carrier in stamp selling, that 3*d.* might be added to each pound to be paid by the insurers, and the cost of collection be made to defray itself, besides being reduced to the twentieth part of its present amount.

Let us bear in mind that the introduction of such a reform, if fully taking the place only of the one typical Insurance Company I have kept in view for illustration, would practically save our industrial classes at once something like £700,000 a year; while if (as in time it probably would) it replaced *all* such costly and complicated undertakings, the gross saving effected (and just for those who need such saving most) would be altogether incalculable.

Of course there will be many objections urged against such a proposal; the principal being probably the necessary extension of our post office system which the measure would involve, and the injury it might inflict on existing Collecting Societies.

These are easily met; the first by considering that the Post Office, just because of the perfect ubiquity of its functions, is simply *destined*, sooner or later, to undertake all such universal national work as this, and can far more easily do this part of it than undertake, say, its new function of an universal Parcels Delivery; and further, by remembering that the proposal is not to turn the Post Office into an Insurance Office, but simply to extend the Post Office Insurance business already in existence; a course which, if perfectly safe and practically limitless, as this must be, no other existing Insurance in the world would for one moment hesitate to adopt.

The answer is very short to the other objection. This measure would not affect the soundness of any present Society if founded on proper principles; if not so founded, it must die of itself in the natural course of things. But, however this may be, the interests of the very best and thriftiest of our working poor have a claim to national consideration immeasurably stronger than any that can be advanced on behalf of the few shareholders, in any, or even in the best, of present Industrial Assurance Companies.

Of course the realization in its full results of such a proposal as this, requires much thought, which I have here endeavoured to stimulate; and possibly long time, to which I confidently entrust it. But, though the accomplishment be admittedly remote of all that I have tried to indicate as the possible effect of adopting so trifling a novelty as a special Savings Stamp, I hope that even for the sake of its less wide-reaching advantages, I have shown good reason to conclude that its introduction, which could do no possible harm, would prove a desirable and welcome addition to our modern Post Office Aids to Thrift.

W. L. BLACKLEY.

WYLIE'S LIFE OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

Thomas Carlyle: the Man and his Books. Illustrated by Personal Reminiscences, Table-Talk, and Anecdotes of Himself and his Friends. By W. HOMER WYLIE. Marshall Japp & Co.

IT is not yet the time, when a distinguished man has only just been carried to his grave, and when the first thrill communicated to society by the loss of him, has scarcely passed away, to speak the whole truth concerning his career, or to dwell with undue emphasis on those points in his character which are least agreeable. Criticism is hushed in the shadow of death; censure is forgotten, in the contemplation of those tender humanities which are hung like flowery garlands on every famous grave. But in the case of Thomas Carlyle, who has so recently departed in the full twilight of his long life, the circumstances have been especially deplorable. The hasty and ill-advised publication of the "Reminiscences," abounding in unfortunate matter, given to the world with feminine zeal but without even the pretence of clear-headed editorial supervision, has certainly let loose the full tongue of detraction.

"And o'er him, ere he scarce be cold,
Begins the scandal and the cry!"

Nor is this greatly to be wondered at, when we call to mind the circulation of those bitter and miserable personalities which were deplored by a very sympathetic writer in the last number of this REVIEW.* For my own part, I cannot be accused or suspected of blindly idolizing the famous Scotchman who has passed away. In this REVIEW and in others I have endeavoured to point out, at one period and another, those very limitations of his sagacity which critics are now unduly emphasizing for the first time, and to utter a protest against that portion of his transcendental teaching which is most repugnant to modern culture. To one living a literary life during the present decade, and feeling his thought shaped more or less by the breath of new-born science, it is difficult

* "A Study of Carlyle:" CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for April, 1891.

even to comprehend the charm which Carlyle once had for a stormier generation. But that is neither here nor there. Although in common with many others, I believe that the literary pretensions of Carlyle have been vastly overstated, and that as a thinker and philosopher he possessed no such spiritual method as is likely to make his influence either precious or permanent, I would gladly, at this juncture, think of nothing less pleasant than his rugged yet charming personality. How sadly that personality has been obscured by the "Reminiscences," we all know. Fortunately, however, while the very bane is before us, the antidote is at hand. With a celerity that is perfectly extraordinary, considering the difficulty and importance of the task to be performed, a brother Scotchman, Mr. W. H. Wylie, has put out one of the most masterly little biographies it has ever been my lot to read; a picture deftly painted and pleasant, yet far above the mere art of the portrait-painter; appreciative to the verge of hero-worship, but stopping short at that point where hero-worship becomes idolatry:—a bit of work, indeed, which it would be hard to surpass for sympathy, delicacy, liberality of view, and wealth of friendly insight. Read, as it must and should be read, just after the "Reminiscences," it simply purifies, with the honest oxygen of kindly humanity, the fetid memory of certain ignoble moods, and its representation of the man in his habit as he lived, tenacious, pugnacious, truthful, and not too generous, yet full of personal affection and genuine if somewhat provincial humour, is as good in its way as Carlyle's own presentation of those saturnine historical heroes with which he had most sympathy.

Mr. Wylie begins, as a good biographer should, at the beginning, his first chapter being devoted to a review—under the title of "The Carlyles and their Country"—of Carlyle's ancestry. In nine cases out of ten, such a retrospect would be tedious and superfluous; but in the case of a prophetic swashbuckler like the author of "Frederick," it is important to know from what sources he drew his strength, his veracity, and what one may call, without seeming irreverent, his superabundant stock of bile. Specially interesting is it to learn that, from time immemorial, the Carlyles were sturdy king's men and king-lovers. Under the Scottish Bruces they held land in Annandale, and the head of the house afterwards became brother-in-law to King Robert Bruce himself. Thenceforward, under one vicissitude and another, the family seems to have been generally on the winning side. In 1455, at the Battle of Langholm, Sir John Carlyle of Torthorwald was one of the leaders of the victorious royal army; and fifteen years later he was ennobled as Lord Carlyle of Torthorwald. There is one solitary record, however, of a Carlyle siding with a forlorn cause, and sympathizing with a minority. In 1570, when the Dumfriesshire friends of Mary Stuart were assailed by an English force under Lord Scrope, Lord Carlyle led his followers against the enemy, was beaten, and taken prisoner. From that time forth, the genealogical tree seems to have drooped and dege-

nerated. At all events, nothing is heard of the Carlyles during the great struggle of the seventeenth century, when the Irvings made themselves so conspicuous on the Royalist side. In 1580, the peerage passed to a woman, who carried over the estates to a Douglas. The eldest son of this union, Sir James Douglas, was in 1609 created Lord Carlyle of Torthorwald, and by his son the title was resigned in 1638 to the Earl of Queensferry, who had acquired the estate. A certain George Carlyle, from Wales, claimed and got the estate, by a decree of the House of Lords, in 1770; but after dissipating his substance for some little period, he disappeared. From that time forth, the Dumfriesshire Carlyles appear to have dwindled lower and lower, until they reached the level of almost complete obscurity. But in the month of December, 1795, there was born at Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, the Carlyle who was destined, by turning the stream of family genius into another channel, to revive the fame of the Carlyles as king's-men and king-lovers—as sturdy and consistent adherents, in fact, of the Verities, or “powers that be.” Certainly, if Thomas Carlyle the author, was born with any special mission to edify his generation, the “*Might is right*” theory was at the heart of that mission. He was a king's man by inheritance, by heredity, by natural temperament and disposition. Revolt, simply as revolt, was constitutionally distasteful to him, and he had no sympathy whatever with really forlorn causes. It is, indeed, curious to note, in going through his voluminous writings, how little speculative and forward-looking insight he possesses, and how the most part of his human argument takes the shape of authoritative references to the standing armies of morality and religion. Feebleness in any form, even the feebleness of innocence, was beyond the sphere of his affection; and his very sympathy with kings flagged when kings belied their birthright and ceased to be strong.

There was, therefore, no inconsistency whatever in the fact that from his pen came the first literary apotheosis of Oliver Cromwell. The great Protector, in his vindication of the Verities, of the Eternal Order, was essentially a monarch, and almost uniformly successful. Besides, he stood in Carlyle's mind, as Knox stood, for the earthly representative of that greater King who is revered (chiefly, we fear, on the score of supreme success) by orthodox and unorthodox alike. The hopeless limitation of the king-loving intellect is not perceived, till that intellect comes into collision with those other agencies which represent, not merely authorities, but principles. All its savage humour serves it little, when it encounters the serene logic of a Mill, or ruffles beneath the poignant wit of a Voltaire.

It may be remarked here, by the way, that Carlyle's want of sympathy with weakness was manifested very early by a strong intolerance of *physical* feebleness and flabbiness. We may see this intolerance in the allusions to Coleridge, to Shelley, to Kents, to Charles Lamb, and to Voltaire, quite as clearly as in the diatribe

against both the black slave and the white. And yet, when all was said and done, Carlyle was pre-eminently a kindly man—only the Scotchman, the Annandale man in him, with its hard and almost aggressive identity, was generally pushed to the front in his literary criticisms. Nothing could better illustrate his critical temperament than his remarks, in private conversation with Mr. Wylie, on the subject of Lamb. Mr. Wylie, during some discursive chat, took occasion to ask him if he had much personal acquaintance with “Elia?” What followed must be quoted in full:—

“‘What makes you ask?—what interest have you in Lamb?’ ‘I like his humour.’ ‘Humour—he had no humour.’ We mildly submitted our belief that he had. ‘You are mistaken—it was only a thin streak of Cockney wit;’ this phrase uttered with a shrill shout expressive of ineffable contempt; and then the speaker added, ‘I dare say you must have known some—I have known scores of Scotch moorland farmers, who for *humour* could have blown Lamb into the zenith!’ The pictorial effect of this figure, delivered in a high Annandale key, especially when the speaker came to the last clause of the sentence, it is impossible for print to convey—the listener saw poor Lamb spinning off into space, propelled thither by the contemptuous kick of a lusty Dandie Dinmont, in hodden grey, from the moors of Galloway or Ayrshire.

“‘The only thing really humorous about Lamb,’ he continued, ‘was his personal appearance. His suit of rusty black, his spindle-shanks, his knee-breeches, the bit ribbons fleecin’ at the knees o’ him: indeed he was humour personified!’ this last clause again in the high key, making the figure effective and mirth-compelling to a degree. And then he told us how the first occasion on which he met ‘the puir drucken body’ was at Enfield, in 1829, at the house of a most respectable lady. It was the forenoon; but Lamb, who had been ‘tasting’ before he came, immediately demanded gin, and because he could not get it ‘kicked up a terrible row.’ Moral disgust at poor ‘Elia’s’ misconduct was evidently at the root of the feeling of antipathy evinced by Carlyle in speaking of his humour. Lamb was not a humourist because he got drunk, and because he demanded gin in the forenoon at a lady’s house.

“Then we were told, as an example of Lamb’s Cockney wit, how at Enfield, on the same occasion, he had expressed his regret that the Royalists had not taken Milton’s head off at the Restoration. That was one of the bright remarks which he invariably fired off whenever he met anybody for the first time; Carlyle had often afterwards heard him repeat it. At Enfield he gave it for Carlyle’s benefit, to astonish the stranger from Scotland. ‘But Lamb was a Liberal,’ we remarked; ‘he could not have wished such a fate for Milton?’ ‘Ah, you don’t see his point; he wished the Royalists had taken Milton’s head off in order that they might have damned themselves to all eternity!’ Then, *sotte voce*, Carlyle added, ‘Puir silly cratur!’”

It will, perhaps, be admitted that there must have been something radically defective in the man to whom Lamb was only “a puir drucken body” and a “puir silly cratur.” On the other hand, he had, as we all know, the fullest and most cordial appreciation of the essentially robust and manly genius of Burns. The stalwart Ayrshire ploughman, who shared with him the fatal power of personal caricature, attracted him as no other Scotchman could do, except, perhaps, John Knox. It is more difficult, though not quite impossible, to understand his huge liking for Leigh Hunt; but Hunt was by habit and repute a

hero-worshipper, and took no pains to conceal his admiration for Carlyle and all his domestic circle.

The early chapters of Mr. Wylie's biography, dealing with Carlyle's home training, his schools and schoolmasters, and his university, are very interesting; particularly so is the account of Carlyle's father, a man who, to quote his son's words, "could not tolerate anything fictitious in books, and walked as a man in the full presence of Heaven, and Hell, and the Judgment"—of the two latter, we may add, more particularly. Carlyle thought his father, all things considered, the best man he had known, though it will be remembered that he applied the same description, on one occasion, to Edward Irving. "He was a far cleverer man than I am, or ever will be." One particular form of his cleverness—a power of using nicknames—was transmitted in full strength to his son. "What a root of a bodie he was!" cried an old Scottish lady who had known him well; "ay, a curious bodie; he beat this world. A speerited bodie; he would sit on nae man's coat tails. And sic stories he could tell. Sic sayings, too! *Sic names he would gie to things and folk!* But he was always a very strict old bodie, and *could bide nae contrudiction.*"

Much also, of a more amiable kind, did Carlyle inherit from his worthy mother, who was his father's second wife. She had been a domestic servant, and only when advanced in life, and the mother of a family, did she teach herself to read and write. "The quality of her mind, both as to its strength and independence," says Mr. Wylie, "is sufficiently attested by the fact that it was she who first suggested to her son that new theory as to the character of Cromwell which he was the first to lay before the world." I don't know on what authority Mr. Wylie makes this extraordinary statement; but if, as is very probable, it is based upon the conversations of Carlyle himself, it is doubtless a somewhat exaggerated impression, having its origin in deep filial reverence and affection. For the rest, we have preserved for us, in "*Sartor Resartus*," the living lineaments of both father and mother, and of the obscure village where they lived. Father Andrews and Gretchen are, as Mr. Wylie points out, simply Germanized pictures of James Carlyle and his wife, and Entepfuhl is, translated into plain Scotch, Ecclefechan. The chapter in which Mr. Wylie traces these resemblances is one of the most interesting in the book.

The literary life of Carlyle can scarcely be said to have begun in earnest until, in 1827, he became a full-blown Edinburgh Reviewer, contributing to the "Blue and Yellow" articles on Jean Paul, German Literature, Burns, and Characteristics. "I fear Carlyle will not do," wrote Jeffrey to Macvey Napier in 1832, "that is, if you do not take the liberties and pains that I did with him, by striking out freely and writing in occasionally. The misfortune is that he is very obstinate, and I fear very conceited." Despite this disparaging judgment of the true and cock-sure oracle of Craigherook,—despite the liberties and pains

taken with him, Carlyle had begun to discover his strength, and to find that his literary efforts *would* do. At the very moment when the *Edinburgh Review* gave him notice to quit, he was ready with "*Sartor Resartus*," a work which, with all its affectations, obscurities (I do not hesitate to add, insincerities), has taken a strong hold on the imaginations of that large section of the public which does not go to the poets for its edification, but prefers the fashioners of "mystical" prose.

The essays on German literature and "*Sartor Resartus*" were the fruit, individually and collectively, of a six years' isolation in the wilds of Craigenputtock. Of his life here, Carlyle gave a memorable description in a letter to Goethe, dated 25th December, 1828.

"You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I am obliged to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and to be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish activity. Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west of it, among the granite hills and the black morasses, which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation; for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain, six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of St. Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forebode me no good result. But I came hither solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own: here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases ourselves, even though Zolus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance; for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar. And have I not, too, at this moment, piled upon the table of my little library a whole cartload of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals—whatever may be their worth! Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work."

These six years were, perhaps, the happiest of his life. He had his "Jeanie" to sit by his side, his quiet home, his piles of books, and now and then a visitor, who did not stop too long. Nevertheless, his contentment was so far superficial that it did not prevent him from plotting hard to make some considerable stir in the world. "I have some thoughts," he wrote to Professor Wilson, "of beginning to *prophecy*

next year, if I prosper ; that seems the best style, could one strike into it rightly." Odd enough is the notion that prophecy may be possible if *prosperity* comes ; quite reversing the popular notion that prophets are unprosperous persons—that, in other words—

Most men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong ;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song,—

or in prophecy. Still, there can be doubt that Carlyle, in a not uncomfortable state of mind, being cosy, confident, and bent on securing the contemporary ear, deliberately put on the prophet's robes and began to prepare impeachments against his generation. So ere long the public became aware of a voice crying in the wilderness that "the god-like had vanished from the world," that Byron was "cursing his day," and Shelley "wailing inarticulately" like an infant ; that men wandered without faith from doubt to doubt, finally returning, like Frederick Schlegel, back to orthodoxy, "as a child, who has roamed all day over a silenced battlefield, goes back at night to the heart of its dead mother." No wonder that prophecy of this kind put poor Jeffrey into a flutter ! It was not at all the sort of stuff to which the "Blue and Yellow" was accustomed. I can almost picture to myself the trouble in the prophet's eye, as he read over the proof-sheets of these deliberate pieces of prophetic impromptu, and shrewdly calculated their effect on a decorous Whig editor and a highly respectable public.

In "Sartor Resartus," the traces of literary conventionalism were kicked over altogether. The work might be called a wild hotch-potch of German mysticism, Lowland Scotch, broad caricature, and literal autobiography. In its long-windedness, in the zeal with which the one solitary idea, or "Clothes" theory, was worked to death, it was certainly very German. But with all its defects,—or rather, perhaps, in consequence of its defects,—it was a work of genius. Nevertheless, it is a fact that "Sartor Resartus," completed in 1831, could not find a publisher, at least in this country, till 1838. Carlyle himself tells us that the publishers "to a man, with that total contempt of grammar which Jedidiah Cleisbotham also complained of, declined the article." Elsewhere he writes, in a letter to Macvey Napier,—“All manner of perplexities have occurred in the publication of my poor book, which perplexities I could only cut asunder, not unloose ; so the MS., like an unhappy ghost, still lingers on the wrong side of Styx ; the Charon of — Street durst not risk it in his *sutilis symba*, so it leapt ashore again.” But, as Mr. Wylie happily expresses it, "the daughter's loving appreciation rebuked the mother's cold neglect," and America accorded to this book the *entrée* denied to it by England.

It was published at Boston in 1836, with a preface by a young man of the name of Emerson, and soon became popular. Not until two years later appeared the first English edition, before which devout consummation, the young man of the name of Emerson had actually made a

pilgrimage to Europe, and met the young man of the name of Carlyle on the classic soil of Craigenputtock.

Emerson has described the meeting in one of the most charming chapters that ever came even from his "silver pen."

"No public coach passed near it, so I took a private carriage from the inn. I found the house amid desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart. Carlyle was a man from his youth, an author who did not need to hide from his readers, and as absolute man of the world, unknown and exiled on that hill-firm, as if holding on his own terms what is best in London. He was tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command; clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humour, which floated everything he looked upon. His talk playfully exalting the familiar objects, put the companion at once into an acquaintance with his Lars and Lemurs, and it was very pleasant to learn what was predestined to be a pretty mythology. Few were the objects and lonely the man, 'not a person to speak to within sixteen miles except the minister of Dunscore;' so that books inevitably made his topics.

"He had names of his own for all the matters familiar to his discourse. *Blackwood's* was the 'sand magazine;' *Fraser's* nearer approach to possibility of life was the 'mud magazine;' a piece of road near by that marked some failed enterprise was the 'grave of the last sixpence.' When too much praise of any genius annoyed him, he professed hugely to admire the talent shown by his pig. He had spent much time and contrivance in confining the poor beast to one enclosure in his pen, but pig, by great strokes of judgment, had found out how to let a board down, and had foiled him. For all that, he still thought man the most plastic little fellow in the planet, and he liked Nero's death, '*Qualis artifex pereo!*' better than most history. He worships a man that will manifest any truth to him. At one time he had inquired and read a good deal about America. Landor's principle was mere rebellion, and that he feared was the American principle. The best thing he knew of that country was that in it a man can have meat for his labour. He had read in Stuart's book, that when he inquired in a New York hotel for the Boots, he had been shown across the street, and had found Mungo in his own house dining on roast turkey.

"We talked of books. Plato he does not read, and he disparaged Socrates; and, when pressed, persisted in making Mirabeau a hero. Gibbon he called the splendid bridge from the old world to the new. His own reading had been multifarious. '*Tristram Shandy*' was one of his first books after '*Robinson Crusoe*,' and Robertson's '*America*' an early favourite. Rousseau's '*Confessions*' had discovered to him that he was not a dunce; and it was now ten years since he had learned German by the advice of a man who told him he would find in that language what he wanted.

"He took despairing or satirical views of literature at this moment; recounted the incredible sums paid in one year by the great booksellers for puffing. Hence it comes that no newspaper is trusted now, no books are bought, and the booksellers are on the eve of bankruptcy."

Well might the lonely scholar grumble at the booksellers, and assert that they were on the verge of bankruptcy. Nevertheless, the enthusiastic member of the tribe who published "*Sartor*" a few years later failed to realize a fortune. The English public were slow to appreciate the book. Even the author's personal friends, and among them John Stuart Mill, took a long time to understand it. "It came at last to be regarded," says Mr. Wylie, "as the greatest work of its author,

perhaps the greatest of our century ;” and he adds that “as a picture of the human soul battling with the haggard spirits of Doubt and Fear, it has certainly never been equalled.”

If this be really the case, then the spiritual literature of our century is barren indeed. The work, in reality, is one of reiterated negation ; and very poor is the part played in it by the “Everlasting Yea,” as contrasted with the extraordinary performances of the “Everlasting Nay.” The substance of its teaching seems to be that, although Life is a sham and Eternity a dream, man can always get out of his difficulties by knuckling down to hard work ; in fact, the very condition of his being is that he must work, as the only means of forgetting a problem which would otherwise turn him crazy. This is all very well as far as it goes ; but surely modern speculation craves for a little more. Again, it is not always easy to understand what Carlyle means by Work, any more than it is to understand what he means by the Verities. Mr. Gradgrind, in the novel, had *his* conception of Work, or Fact, and other teachers have defined Work “as doing one’s duty in that sphere of life in which God has placed us.” If Work means simply labouring hard in some useful vocation, from carrying bricks to making books, scorning to beg, being truthful and upright, respecting the proprietors, and reverencing the terrestrial and celestial authorities, how does human Work—any more than the pertinacity of the ant, or the zeal of the bee—assist us to a solution of the problem of the Universe ? Simply by ignoring the problem altogether, with a reservation in favour of the religion sanctioned by majorities. This, at least, was what Carlyle’s “Everlasting Yea” came to—to a detestation of revolt and revolters ; to a glorification of what is self-assertive and self-conscious, as opposed to what is vicarious and altruistic, in human nature ; to a polemic which derided all humanitarian teachers, from Shelley downwards, as sentimental “wailers ;” to a philosophy which garlanded the gallows, and characterized the negro as “a servant” to all eternity ; and to the sheer impotence of a political creed which glorified *Deutschthum*, and treated as irrelevant all the divine services of Frenchmen and of France.

After all is said and done, then, the question emerges, what *was* Carlyle’s religious creed—his explanation, in other words, of the problem of the Universe ? Work, as I have said, explains nothing ; it may be righteous, it may be salutary, but it is an expedient, not a solution. Now, singularly enough, Carlyle, who could be explicit enough when he chose, nowhere tells us what he personally *believes*. To a friend of Mr. Wylie’s, who happened to say that he had the same religious views as himself, Carlyle retorted irritably, “*My* religious views ! And who told you *what* my religious views are ?” Apropos of this point, a writer in the *St. James’s Gazette* has said :—“The reason why Carlyle did not state his views plainly and simply are obvious enough. In the first place, if he had done so years ago, he would not only have lost all influence, but would have starved. In the next place, he would have

taken up the position which, of all others, was most unwelcome to him—namely, that of a rebel and a revolutionist.” I quite agree with Mr. Wylie that this amounts to a charge of positive disingenuousness, from which Carlyle must at once be acquitted. The real fact of the matter possibly was, that Carlyle, like many men of genius, was content to exist in the centre of nebulous religious emotions, without definite form and without real tangibility. Even in this, perhaps, there was a certain want of veracity, but it was unconscious. When sorely driven by stress of adverse argument, he invariably uttered the old phrase, *laborare est orare*; and turned to the practical business of his life. His feeling towards modern Science, which he never took the most trifling pains to understand, was infantine; he looked upon it with positive detestation. He thought Mr. Darwin a very “good sort of man, and well meaning, but with very little intellect;” and he exclaimed, “And this is what we have got to! All things from frog-spawn; the Gospel of Dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and now I stand on the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper it becomes: ‘What is the chief end of Man? To glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever.’ No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs, through monkeys, can ever set *that* aside.” How strange it seems that such a man, with so much poetry in his soul, should have failed to see the sublime vistas of poetic possibility which modern science has revealed; or should have found anything in modern philosophical speculation, at its best and highest, antagonistic to the religious aspirations of humanity. Surely, on such a theme, the Apostle of Veracity might have had something better to say.

After the publication of “*Sartor Resartus*,” Carlyle removed to London, occupying the house, No. 5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, which he continued to occupy until his death. From that time forward, he became a man of letters by profession—indeed, perhaps the most noticeable man of letters, as distinguished from *dilettante* followers of literature, of his generation. Very interesting is the account Mr. Wylie gives of his early lectures,—during the delivery of which he felt, as he expressed it, as if he were “going to be hanged.” Of these lectures, only those on “*Heroes and Hero-worship*” are preserved; the others, which were delivered extempore, are not even preserved in the newspaper files of the period.

For nearly half a century, Carlyle continued to “make books” as remarkable for their industry as for their genius; but despite the long catalogue of his writings, “*Sartor Resartus*” remains the most characteristic of his achievements. As a monument of what human pertinacity can compass, the “*History of Frederick*” remains phenomenal; but Carlyle himself came to the conclusion that it was labour wasted, and I quite agree with Mr. Wylie that it did its author’s reputation far more harm than good, and greatly weakened his spiritual influence.

As age came stealing on, honours crowded upon him. By a large section of the public, he was revered as a Seer; in all literary circles he was respected as a great leader of literature. His life was solitary and uneventful, but on the whole very happy. To the last, he retained his homely countryfied appearance and his broad Scotch accent, preserving at seventy-five years of age (says Mr. Wylie) "such a face and form as we had come across hundreds of times in the glens and moorlands of Western Scotland—mending a seal dyke, seeing to the sheep, or hoeing potatoes in a cottage kailyard by the roadside."

Not the least charming part of Mr. Wylie's book is the account of conversations with him at this period of his life; but the gem of the whole biography is the picture, given by a Scottish schoolboy, of the old Prophet, just before the final summons came, and Thomas Carlyle and the Eternal Verities were face to face for ever. This schoolboy, who was one of the sons of the late Alexander Munro, the sculptor, who died young in 1871, went with a brother to see his father's old friend in the May of 1880, and was led up the stairs into a well-lighted cheerful room, with the little old picture of Cromwell on the wall and Mrs. Carlyle's sketch of her Haddington home on the mantelpiece. In this room Carlyle had spent nearly all his time, since he had given up working fourteen years before. The rest must be told in the schoolboy's own simple words:—

"The maid went forward and said something to Carlyle and left the room. He was sitting before a fire in an arm-chair, propped up with pillows, with his feet on a stool, and looked much older than I had expected. The lower part of his face was covered with a rather shaggy beard, almost quite white. His eyes were bright blue, but looked filmy from age. He had on a sort of coloured night-cap, and a long gown reaching to his ankles, and slippers on his feet. A rest attached to the arm of his chair supported a book before him. I could not quite see the name, but I think it was Channing's works. Leaning against the fireplace was a long clay pipe, and there was a slight smell of tobacco in the room. We advanced and shook hands, and he invited us to sit down, and began, I think, by asking where we were living. He talked of our father affectionately, speaking in a low tone as if to himself, and stopping now and then for a moment and sighing. He mentioned the last time they met, and said one took a long walk to see the other (I could not catch which), and 'then he went away to Cannes and died,' and he paused and sighed. 'And your grandfather, he is dead too.' He said he had done much good work, and written several books of reference, mentioning particularly his having explained who the people mentioned in Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' were. All this was in a low tone, and rather confused and broken, so I cannot put it clearly down. He said he liked my grandfather very much. I said I thought every one did. He agreed, and spoke very highly of him as a 'most amiable man.' He asked what I was going to be. I said I was not sure, but I thought of going to college for the present. He asked something of which I only caught the word: 'good scholars.' I said I hoped we should turn out so. He said there could be no doubt about it, if we only kept fast to what is right, and ought to, as the sons of such a respectable man. He always perfectly true and open, not doing anything about the common habits of deceiving my course, and the sooner the better."

a little, but has not many books he cares to read now, and is 'continually disturbed by foolish interruptions from people who do not know the value of an old man's leisure.' His hands were very thin and wasted; he showed us how they shook and trembled unless he rested them on something, and said they were failing him from weakness. He asked, 'Where did you say you were staying, and what are you doing there?' I told him we were at Bromley for our holidays, which ended on Thursday, when we returned to school. He asked if we were at school at Bromley. I told him we were at Charterhouse. 'Well, I'll just bid you good-bye.' We shook hands. He asked our names. He could not quite hear Henry's at first. 'I am a little deaf, but I can hear well enough talking,' or words to that effect. 'I wish you God's blessing, good-bye.' We shook hands once more and went away. I was not at all shy. He seemed such a venerable old man, and so worn and old-looking that I was very much affected. Our visit was on Tuesday, May 18, 1880, at about 2 P.M."

A few months later, the arm-chair was empty, and the old widower had gone to join his darling "Jeanie," for whom his love had ever been stronger than death.

In the space of this perfunctory sketch, I have merely sought to draw attention to some of the leading features of a biography which should be in the hands of every admirer of Carlyle; it has been quite impossible to do full justice to the industry, the cleverness, and the reverence with which the work is executed. Mr. Wylie is, in fact, a biographer after Carlyle's own heart, sparing no pains to verify the most trifling details, and executing the whole as a labour of zealous love; yet not the least of his merits is the fact that he joins issue with Carlyle, again and again, on some of the main points of his teaching, and is at no time a blind partisan. Appearing at the present moment, the book has a special grace and charm. Other and fuller biographies of Carlyle may possibly be forthcoming; but the present work has too much intellectual breadth and literary finish to be easily superseded.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ANCIENT EGYPT IN ITS COMPARATIVE RELATIONS.

LECTURES DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION IN
FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1881.

I.

THE brilliant period of Egyptian studies in which we now stand is defined by the extent of the labours of Mariette. The great explorer, the felicitous diviner, has fallen before his time, in the midst of his labours, at the very moment of a great success, when inscribed pyramids, long unlooked for, at last opened their portals to his magical skill. Like the happy dead of Egypt, he may be called "triumphant" in his end. It is more fitting that we should carry out his last charge than lament his loss or record his doings. He has told the world what remains to be achieved, and the sacred duty undertaken by France calls for the sympathy and support of the whole civilized world. A fraction too small to be appreciated of the sum we waste in foolish display and useless amusements would clear all Egypt from Migdol to Syene. The dark chasms of the old history would be filled up, and the pedigrees of philosophy and science carried back for thousands of years. The land of Goshen would yield up the story of Israel in Egypt as told by the native annals of the time. It will be a folly and a scandal if we stand by indifferent and refuse the explorers the aid they sorely need.

Mariette's discoveries mark an epoch, because they have brought to light a body of information, bearing on questions at once the most obscure and the most interesting. If the work be not continued, and on a large scale, the rapid progress of recent times will be exchanged for a painfully slow advance, and all our knowledge of the ancient world will be virtually retarded.

For let it never be forgotten that at the moment when a study becomes comparative, it ceases to be limited, and when we have the whole body of that learning at our command. Until lately we followed the course of the ancients, and

as a single stream, like their own Nile, cut off by barren impassable deserts from the countries around, unknown in its sources, and lost at length in a great ocean. The time has come when the routes to and from the other homes of men are known, when we can ascend towards the very springs of the old civilization and trace its later courses. The comparative relations of Egypt, or Egypt's place in universal history, the problem to which Bunsen nobly devoted his leisure for the best years of his life, has been partly solved, and the full achievement is not beyond reasonable hope.

This summary will not include the whole subject. What has been already done will not be stated again; what needs farther inquiry, or is not ripe for discussion, will be postponed. Thus comparative history in the narrower sense, comparative ethnology, and comparative philology, are beyond the scheme.* The great questions which remain are the comparative aspects of religion in relation to the objects of worship and the life of man, of ethics and manners, and of science and art.

RELIGION.

• MONOTHEISM.

Before we ask their records whether the Egyptians believed in one God, and if the answer affirms this, then in what sense or senses they held this doctrine, it is necessary to protest against a common notion which might vitiate our general view. Many hold that a religion is either monotheistic or polytheistic. Yet not alone do we trace a monotheistic faith in bodies mainly polytheistic, and polytheistic ideas in such as are monotheistic, but the two notions constantly exist together. Few beliefs which are true to unity but have admitted at times and in individuals ideas of plurality; scarcely any which are founded on the idea of the Many, but have not perpetually been enlightened by a glimpse of the One. In both cases this is not said of the few, whether of the teachers or the common people, but of the many. Thus we need not start on our difficult task of inquiry with an *a priori* bias in favour of the universal character of the manifold idolatry of the Egyptian which strikes the eye, nor of the belief in unity

* The comparative history of Egypt, in its connection with the annals of the rest of the ancient world, has been admirably sketched by M. Maspero in his "*Histoire Ancienne des Peuples de l'Orient*," 3rd ed. The comparative ethnology must be reserved until an anatomist has agreed to work with an Egyptologist upon the ample materials which we possess. The scientific man needs an archaeologist to train his eye to see the meaning of ancient art, and to inform his mind as to the exact bearing of written documents, at every stage of the inquiry. The comparative philology, long abandoned, with some notable exceptions, to the fruitless contests of mere speculation, has at last received a sudden impulse by the publication of Lepsius's "*Nubische Grammatik*," reviving the theory of the forgotten countryman Logan, whose scarce work should be studied by the side of that of the scholar, that the credit of discovery may be fairly apportioned. This enormous labour will be required for the establishment of a sound hypothesis. For it will be necessary to submit to a thorough analysis the four known phases of the language, the classical, the new Egyptian, the Demotic, and the Coptic. No one will see this language in its true relation to Semitic, on the hypothesis that to the two in the new Egyptian are of the same weight as those in the

which as forcibly arrests the mind. If we do not admit that the two usually existed side by side in Egypt during the whole vast period covered by the religious documents, we shall be compelled to strain our evidence at every point, and fail of a sound conclusion. We must endeavour to account for this remarkable fact by the explanations offered by the Egyptians themselves.

We must also beware of the idea that the Egyptian religion materially varied from the age of its first-known documents to the time when it came under the influence of Greek philosophy and perished. It is true that it had its changing fashions, its leading philosophic theories, moving within what may be called theological limits, for pure speculation seems to have been a late exotic. It had a conflict with a heresy introduced by a king whose mother was a foreigner, and it underwent a material change assigned with probability to kings of alien descent. But these exceptions support rather than contradict the correctness of the view here taken. It may be farther noted that each attempt to show development has broken down under the touch of new information which has filled the vacuum of negative evidence.

The many-sidedness of the Egyptian religious view is proved by three distinct forms of the monotheistic idea, two of which we know to have lasted, seemingly without coming into conflict, through almost the whole period of the religion. All were philosophic. The first belongs to the moralists, who deserve the precedence, the other two to the priests. The moralists believed in a Power or God, the priests traced all things to a First Cause, and then inverting the method, traced a First Cause in all things by a pantheistic theory. No one of these schemes supposes a personal divinity, and in this they may be regarded as unconscious protests against the Egyptian idolatry. In its face thinking men would naturally seek refuge in abstract ideas.

The moral doctrine of monotheism is almost as old as Egyptian literature, it may be as old or older yet, and it is the soul of the ethical writings to the very end. The Proverbs of Ptah-hotep, a prince of the Fifth Dynasty, not later in date than about three thousand years before our era, are emphatic in their teaching. Unhappily this precious work is so hard in its phraseology that, notwithstanding the intense interest it has excited, it remains as a whole untranslated. Proverbial sayings have a tendency when they assume didactic garb to force themselves on the attention of mankind by their singularity. They must also rise above the coarseness of popular proverbs, the commonplaces of the vulgar. Yet the studies of M. Chabas, Dr. Brugach, and M. Maspero enable us to speak with certainty of the general tenour of the contents of this ancient book, and to appreciate its religious point of view. We are startled to find that the ancient sage is no in-
repeats the sayings of the past, of a wisdom
There is, indeed, no beginning in Egy
beyond each horizon we have reached in

greater surprise. We knew well the stress which the Egyptian religion laid upon the consequences of this life in the life to come, how duties in this world were enforced by the rewards and penalties of the other world. On the contrary, in these Proverbs we read a doctrine like that of the Mosaic Law. The results of human action are limited to their inevitable consequences in this life. The future life is unnoticed. We should have expected that the obedience of man would be claimed for one of the Egyptian gods, or for the Pantheon. Not so, though a divinity is once invoked by name, possibly as a kind of mark of adhesion to the current religion, throughout it seems that the source of good, the supreme giver of the law of human life, is spoken of as "God," by the term which the Egyptians applied to every god, but which never became the name of any one divinity.

This important term "nuter" need not be here discussed. It has been shown by Mr. Renouf to mean "Power" (Hibbert Lectures, p. 93, seq.). It may, however, be doubted whether we should so render it in translating, when it is applied to One God or to any Egyptian divinity, for it came in course of time to correspond more nearly to our equivalent term. This is shown by the Coptic use in that sense in the versions of the Scriptures. And here we should pause to note the great significance of that use in the present inquiry. When the Egyptians became Christians they eliminated from their vocabulary the ancient religious terms in general as tainted with idolatrous associations, adopting Greek words in their stead, but they retained the word "nuter" for "God." Nothing could more emphatically prove the purity of that word, faithfully guarded by the moralists throughout the long existence of Egyptian literature.

What was the attitude of Ptah-hotep, his predecessors, and his followers towards the native religion? It is hard to conjecture. We have the hint already noticed of a possible conformity. We may also remember the attitude of many Greek philosophers who use the phraseology of Ptah-hotep while admitting their native Pantheon. This was either prejudice or policy: the belief was already destroyed by philosophy. Can we conjecture the same of the Egyptian religion at this remote age?

The monotheism of the "wisdom of the Egyptians," as the Hebrews would term their ethics, cannot go beyond the philosophic idea of a ruler of the universe. There is no hint of personality, still less of anthropomorphism. Therefore Egyptian ethics never grow to be a religion.

The priests endeavoured by two philosophic methods to resolve the perplexity of their Pantheon into a consistent unity. The Book of the Dead, that strange collection of religious formulas to secure the welfare of the soul in the next world, is of various dates, but in part it is the oldest document. In one of the earliest chapters the doctrine is distinctly laid down. The Egyptians

the form is without the final r.

argued back to a source of the gods and the universe, an unnamed being, a conception philosophic and not mythological. This First Cause they called the Double Being. This term indicates, as the documents show, a doctrine of emanation which may be compared to that to be found in the school which it is convenient if not quite accurate to term the Neo-Platonic. It can, however, be shown that the old Egyptian idea of duality from eternity is essentially different from that of the Alexandrian school.

Any one of the gods could be identified with the First Cause, yet the name, true to its philosophic origin, never became that of any divinity, never in fact passed from philosophy into mythology. The parallel with the use of "nuter" is remarkable, and it equally, perhaps even more, shows the strength of the oldest Egyptian philosophic ideas. It were easier to preserve a term untouched which had no direct connection with mythology than one which owed its very definiteness to the necessities of the Pantheon.

Here again we find no trace of personality: the creator and source of the personal gods remains impersonal.

In course of time, for so would the documentary evidence lead us to suppose, the priests developed a pantheistic doctrine by inverting their ancient theory. Instead of tracing all to the One, they sought to trace the One in all.

The origin of this doctrine may perhaps be suggested. According to our present knowledge its full development is comparatively late, under the Nineteenth Dynasty, about *a.c.* 1400. Earlier phenomena of religious thought would naturally account for its appearance. This admission, that a new doctrine may have had its origin centuries after the earliest age of Egyptian documents, does not involve a change in the religion itself. All that we see is a philosophic view which may be novel, but which was no more than a view and did not change that which it regarded, a doctrine which after all was partial in its influence and probably limited in its duration.

If then there was a philosophic development, it may be thus explained. The Egyptian Pantheon undoubtedly grew from Henotheism, or the local supremacy of one god at each centre of population. The effect of combination will be clearly seen when we come to examine the First Order of the gods, which shows a repetition of the same theme in two forms. The same is equally evident in the recurrence in the Pantheon of the very same idea under various personifications, differing only in name and shape or attributes. This can only be due to henotheism. The conditions it requires are eminently present in Egypt, not once but at all ancient times. No country was more markedly an aggregate of individual states. Each nome or province was ruled with a local worship of its own. The worship of one god in another; its sacred animal was hunted down as a strong central authority ruled there was an

State, but never a complete religious concord; with the decay of the controlling power the country resolved itself into its primitive elements, and each nome became a little kingdom. We are therefore not surprised to discover at each provincial capital the worship of a god, there spoken of as supreme. Nor do we wonder at the efforts of central authority to introduce some order in this vast oligarchy. Consequently the gods were assimilated by interchange of attributes and borrowing of names. As they were mostly solar, or at least as the solar myth was supreme, Ra, the sun, proved the easiest link, and at the same time the most philosophic. Already in the commentary of the Book of the Dead he is considered to be the same as the mysterious Double Being. At length this idea triumphed in the Litany of Ra, in which all other divinities disappear in the all-pervading splendour of the one whose leading form was the sun.

The Litany of Ra first appears in the Tombs of the Kings of the Nineteenth Dynasty. It may be significant that in time it thus immediately follows the heresy of the end of the previous dynasty, by which King Khu-en-aten, who, be it remembered, was maternally of foreign descent, substituted for the Egyptian religion the material worship of the sun, not as Ra, but as Aten, the Disk. This effort of monotheism may have suggested the importance of finding a philosophic theory which could reconcile the restored polytheism with a monotheism that had the quality of grandeur which its rival lacked. Certainly the Litany of Ra appears at an opportune moment. The disk worship has gone, but in its stead a philosophy is taught which restores to the chief object of nature in the visible universe that empire which seemed just to have been lost for ever.

Our knowledge of the Litany of Ra is due to M. Naville, who has published it with an admirable translation and commentary, and at the close of the work a summary of its contents, thus giving us after the manner of De Rougé that which is wanting in too many works of the same nature, the final judgment of the scholar most competent to pronounce it. This essay covers the whole of one distinct subject in the complex contents of the Egyptian religion, which will never be understood until its difficulties have been removed one by one in a series of such exhaustive essays. (E. Naville, "La Litanie du Soleil," p. 122, seq.)

Clearly the Litany of Ra displays an esoteric philosophy. It is the introduction to the mysterious scenes of the Tombs of the Kings. As proper to these sepulchres it is the royal philosophy, the wisdom which was known to the initiated and above all to the king as high priest. It is not an essay, but a series of prayers: therefore it does not state, but implies a philosophy. That system is wholly pantheistic.

of Ra treats of the universe under that
ation. The object of its prayers is
its on earth, should in the after
one and the same. As there

is nothing but Ra, all nature presents his manifestations, and the doctrine becomes purely pantheistic. Good and ill alike come from the same source, and thus the moral value of good is greatly weakened; in the Litany moral responsibility disappears. This doctrine does not admit of personality; there is nothing in which Ra is not. The local divinities vanish. Man, his creation and his destiny, never once appear. It is strange that with such liberty of speculation the doctrine should be conveyed in the stiff hieratic form of Egyptian teaching; but this was inevitable in every expression of this strange nation.

These general conclusions are supported by the theory which is developed in the text. Ra is the universe. From all eternity he abides in a sphere. He is double, and has a double sphere, for he must develop himself. He produces or creates seventy-five forms, each with its sphere. Essences arise and creation proceeds. The universal being who rested in darkness produces the elements of the universe by perpetual reproduction. Yet the earth is also his manifestation, and thus is eternal, and is not material. By the voice of Ra creation is animated, bodies are endowed with life. All that opposes creative energy is evil, and hence a perpetual combat in which Ra is ever victorious, yet evil is his work, for he is the universal source, and thus he is even called in one manifestation "the impure." Yet there is a trace of the contrast of moral good and evil left in the story of the war of Ra and his enemies, the meaning of which could not be reasoned away. By this theory the inharmonious elements of the Egyptian religion are reconciled. The low nature worship is explained by the sacredness of all created things; the high nature worship of the astronomical cycle of gods is necessary. If fact, it is the absolute contact of the Litany of Ra with these last divinities, who are at the same time the chief Egyptian objects of reverence, which made it acceptable to the native priesthood.

The mythological link with the Book of the Dead is clear enough in the importance of Ra and the mention of the double sphere, but the theory of good and evil marks a new departure, and unless the two systems were kept apart, one reserved for the king and it may be a few of the higher priests, the other for the people, a conflict must have inevitably arisen. Yet the doctrine supposed to be the older maintained itself by the side of the pantheistic system in its very sanctuaries, for in one of the Tombs of the Kings a whole side of the chief hall bears the famous negative confession of the Book of the Dead. The ethical link is in the conflict of Ra and his opponents, which could not wholly lose its moral significance. This shows how careful we should be to avoid sweeping generalizations in dealing with the delicate changeable subject of Egypt; especially when philosophy and morals are in question. The Litany of Ra has an immense value from its connection with the Book of the Dead and the so-called Neo-Pi

its idea of divine speech as creative power there is a positive advance in this direction. Its comparative value is not less.

We are farthest here from the idea of personality. The Book of the Dead, while denying the personality of the First Cause, admits that of its divine creations; but the Litany of Ra by the diffusion of the First Cause loses all possible personality in an all-pervading soul.

Thus in these different phases of Egyptian monotheism we observe the absence of the idea of a personal God. They are the efforts of philosophers to see unity in place of the confused plurality of the Pantheon, and they have the abstract character of all such attempts or rather protests.

THE GODS.

Passing from the philosophic form of monotheism to the Pantheon we see the gods portrayed with human, animal, and varied forms, living from infancy to maturity, marrying and producing children, perishing, lamented as dead, and again coming to life. We witness their combats, their defeats, and their victories. It seems that a larger picture of human existence is before our eyes. Yet those mysterious beings are not ancestors or heroes magnified through the mist of ages. If they are said to have reigned, they reigned over not upon the earth, their rule is but an astronomical cycle. They traverse all space, and take what shapes they will. They belong in fact to an order of beings distinct from and superior to mankind. They are unlike the Greek gods in poetry, and unlike the gods of the Veda; neither human nor physical. Human feelings are not ascribed to them, nor are they mere powers of nature. Thus there is a fluctuating view of their relations to man. Sometimes they are far off, sometimes near, and in the decay of the Egyptian religion they fall into the narrow lines of a material human existence.

This explanation of the idea of the gods is confirmed by the interpretations of their myths. These are arrested between the stage in which they represent the agency of divine powers in nature, as in the Veda, and that in which they are degraded to be a mere picture of another human life, as in the Greek mythology of the poets.

The Egyptian religion is fertile in myths. Many are so puerile and grotesque in form that they seem to belong to the lowest stratum in degree of the belief, and to be the almost inarticulate utterances of savages who could not rise above fetishism. Others have a noble form, and as we render them, assume a poetic shape. The solar myth occupies the centre, and if it does not cover the surface, yet by its brightness it burns out, like the Egyptian sunlight, the colour of all on which it shines. Not alone is it sun for. It is also general: it is connected notably with the two which gained, by, the reverence of the whole beliefs.

k by the wonders of the day

allegory must here be admitted, and even in the royal tombs we cannot exclude it.

The myth of Osiris, based on nature, owed its hold on the Egyptian mind to the beautiful allegory which it became. Osiris, the good being, is also the sun of the night, the Nile, fertility. His enemy, Set or Typhon his brother, is physical evil, darkness, the desert, and the storm. Osiris is defeated, slain, cut into pieces. Isis his spouse and his sister Nephthys the spouse of Set, the one the dawn or morning-star, the other the afterglow or evening-star, lament him. He returns to life, but the contest is decided by Horus, the child of Osiris, the new sun, who, by the aid of Thoth or Wisdom, conquers Set and deprives him of his force. This is a far fitter type of human life than the kindred myth. It is the conquest of evil by good, the seeming failure and final triumph of the right. Osiris, as the ruler of the shades, became the judge and protector of the righteous dead, who, in his name, came before him for acquittal, who went under his guidance through all the dangers of the other world. The importance of this myth in the whole Egyptian doctrine of the future state belongs to a later subject, that of the wanderings of the soul.

Some of the chief Egyptian gods have been noticed, but we have as yet formed no idea of the Pantheon. When we first look at this confused crowd the task seems hopeless. Our difficulties are increased by the occurrence in each temple of a local divinity, supreme over all the gods, similar but not identical with a rival, and by the reverence of a cycle at each centre. At length we observe a general worship of some few divinities, especially Ra and Osiris with his consort Isis. These, Professor Lepsius has discovered, belonged to a First Order of the gods, which, in a valuable essay, he has defined and aided us to analyze and resolve into its first elements. (*Ueber den ersten Aegyptischen Götterkreis*. Acad. Berl. 1851, p. 157, seq.)

The desire to centralize local worship no doubt led to the formation of this Olympian group. It probably dates from a remote age; but, unhappily, most of the documents are comparatively late. The form is double, according to Lepsius the doctrine of Memphis and Thebes, perhaps rather of Lower and Upper Egypt. The two systems are headed respectively by Ptah of Memphis and Amen-ra of Thebes. Ra follows Ptah in one system and is represented by Amen-ra in the other. We may exclude these divinities of the capitals, who owe their place and precedence to political causes, putting Ra in place of Amen-ra, and omitting an unimportant divinity added in the list of Upper Egypt, probably for the same reason that Amen heads it, as well as two goddesses of still less consequence, who are evidently supplementary. The list is then headed by followed in the system of Upper Egypt by his two phases, Mentu ising, and Atum the setting sun, or the sun of the upper and the world, Shu, light or the atmosphere, and Tefnet, perhaps the dew. follows a second series centred in Osiris. It begins with his father,

and mother, Seb, earth, and Nut, heaven; then come Osiris, the son of night, his consort, Isis, the dawn or morning-star; Set, darkness, Nephthys, his consort, the after-glow or evening-star; Har, the voice of the day, and his consort Athor. (See Renouf, "Hibbert Lectures," pp. 111, 112, 123; and Naville, "Litanie du Soleil," pp. 34, 37, 38, and Tefnet, Isis and Nephthys.)

The break is significant. Obviously the list repeats itself, and should be divided into the cycle of Ra and the cycle of Osiris. There is evidence of an essential difference beyond the presence of the leading solar divinities. The first group contains but a single pair, the second is uniformly made up of consorts. De Rougé traces the myth of Ra to Heliopolis, near Memphis, the capital founded by the first king Menes, and thinks that the Osiris myth was probably derived from Abydos, from the neighbourhood of which Menes came. (Rev. Arch. N.S., I. pp. 359, 360.) The reasonableness of these conjectures will encourage us when we come to the more difficult task of endeavouring to trace the Egyptian religion to its sources.

SACRED ANIMALS.

In a well-known passage, Clement of Alexandria describes the astonishment of a visitor who, having passed through the sumptuous halls and passages of an Egyptian temple, richly coloured and splendidly adorned, when at length, at the entrance of the magnificent sanctuary, the veil was drawn aside by a priest reverently chanting a hymn, beheld the deity of the place, a cat, a crocodile, a serpent, or some other animal fitter for a cave than a temple. The sensation of the cultivated Greek, who had all along been aware of the high meaning of much of the subject-matter of the pictured walls, must have been that shock of disappointment and disgust which every inquirer feels when he has passed through the study of the Egyptian religion, and at length has to face the degrading fact of animal-worship. He finds it in every temple, not indeed always in the chief place, yet ever intruding itself, in the forms of divinities, where the human shape is debased by the combination with those of the lower creatures, and most of all in that worship of animals one or more in every temple as living embodiments of the gods of Egypt. The splendid temple of the Bull Apis at Memphis has perished, but the burial-place remains, that magnificent excavation of the Sarapeum, which shows the continuous lavish expenditure of nine centuries, undisturbed by war and unchecked by disaster. Yet even this wonder does not produce the impression of the pits in which the mummies of sacred animals were deposited. The worship of an individual animal for his lifetime and his costly entombment is not so marvellous as the sepulture of multitudes we cannot count, carefully mummified and wrapped in bandages. Such are the ibis-pits at Memphis, such that labyrinth which contains the mummies, alike of crocodiles and their worshippers, opposite Manfaloot in Middle Egypt. The religious

preservation after death of a whole generation of animals, the very eggs of the ibis with the bird, shows the strength of this strange worship. One animal could be revered as a symbol, but all animals of a species could have only been worshipped from a belief in their sacredness. Nor did this religion, for it is no less, content itself with the animal world. From the mountain which towered above the earth to the tree which grew from it, and the root within it, all nature could afford more objects of worship. There is a seeming consistency in this width of range which has misled the philosophic inquirer; for it breaks down in the inconsistent selection of the individual sacred thing.

What was the Egyptian doctrine as to the sacred animals? This is very clearly stated in the texts. They were regarded as the gods themselves, styled, at least, in the great selected individuals like Apis, the "life" or the "soul" of Ra or of Osiris. Nothing could be stronger or more direct. They were, in fact, idols in which the divinity represented was thought to reside.

Much time has been wasted and ingenuity misapplied in the endeavour to account for this strange phenomenon. Pantheism might apologize for it, but could not explain that which must have been far anterior in origin to the philosophy which opportunely came to its aid. Reasons of policy might be found to account for the sanctity of useful animals, but no sooner are they accepted than they fail, when applied to the serpent and the scorpion. The cause is to be looked for in the condition of the country itself, before the light race, with a higher belief, had set its foot on the black soil and drank of the sweet water of the great river. Still, in inner Africa, the Negroes worship a multitude of natural objects, stones and trees, and animals of every kind. The sense of awe, the desire for protection, the fear of injury, may be at the root of this strange religion, but for our purpose all we need know is that it is still characteristic of the Negroes. The first white settlers must have found a true African race in possession of the whole valley of the Nile, with its own religion in full vigour, too strong in its local centres to be effaced. The new-comers, bringing with them a worship of the sun and the other heavenly bodies, of the earth, and of the powers of nature, perhaps even of moral personifications, could accept this lower belief, and so complete the circle of a reverence for nature. If the earth was worshipped, why not the mountain? If rough images were worthy representations of the gods, and were inhabited by their souls, why not the fairer forms of animals? The effort was not so great as we imagine it.

Analogy points to similar instances in other countries. How else can we explain the sacred symbols of the religion of the Greeks unknown in the Vedic stage? The local belief was, indeed, more subtly combined with that which the colonists brought with them. Instead of usually uniting the animal's head with the human body,

after the Egyptian fashion, they made the animal the sacred companion of the divinity. This, at least, was their final mode, just as in the same parts of Egypt, in the Roman age, the deity of the province is represented in human shape with the sacred animal carried in his hand. This is the Greek influence apparent on what must be called a Greek cottage.

Obviously, it was inconvenient to worship every sacred animal throughout Egypt: indeed, local prejudice forbade it. Equally, it was impossible to deify the whole of a useful species. Consequently, the sacred animals fall into three groups—1. those locally worshipped; 2. those generally worshipped; and 3. the select individuals.

The local character of the Egyptian religion is nowhere more distinct than here. There were animals, like the crocodile, which never were accepted for worship by the whole country. Juvénal, in the satire which begins with ridicule of this Egyptian superstition, notices the bitter hatred, ending in civil war, of the inhabitants of two nomes, on account of their different animal worship. The crocodile was no doubt the chief cause in this case. Probably, under the Pharaohs difference of belief was not so strong, or was kept under by the general power of the central government. Yet it is impossible to speak of the Egyptian religion as ever a consistent whole, when the animal worship, probably its most popular form, certainly allowed by the priests a very high place, could be thus discordant.

Some sacred animals were worshipped throughout all Egypt, like the cat, the ibis, and various snakes. They were intimately associated with gods held in universal reverence, though not necessarily of the First Order, and this is probably the true explanation of what no other reason will sufficiently account for, if we bear in mind the conditions of the previous group.

The selected animals represented a species locally or generally sacred. Probably every temple contained at least one within its precincts, but as to this we cannot yet speak certainly. In this peculiarity we see a special development by which the worship gained individuality and strength. It is in the case of the three most famous animals, the Bull Apis and Menevis, and the Memnonian Goat, assigned by Manetho to Karamis, a king of the Second Dynasty, whose hieroglyphic name, as well as that of his successor, seem indicative of the innovation. It strengthened the superstition, because the selected animal became, like a statue, a single representation, whereas all other species could not be thus regarded, except by a philosophical idea impossible to the whole people.

In this combination of animal worship with more formal worship we see that double origin which is equally marked in the theism and the character of the Egyptians. The two elements, of animal and man, they are never fixed, during the Egyptian history from the oldest records to the present day.

SOURCES.

If the last deduction be admitted we can approach with some hope of a result the difficult problem of the origins of the Egyptian religion.

The element common to the Negroes, the low nature worship, may be at once referred to the primitive population. If it be thought to have been brought from the home of the white colonists, it would be strange that they were so strongly imbued with an instinct which, if not foreign to their race, never ruled it while it was unmixed. It would be not less strange that the worship was strongest in the case of animals indigenous to Egypt, and included none of the foreign animals of the old home of the race or other countries.

On the other hand, high nature worship was the religion of the general body of the white race, whether Aryan or Shemite, except the Hebrew section. But as to the origin of the Egyptian phase let the Egyptians themselves speak. A land in the east, part or all Arabia, was called by them "the Divine Land." The goddess Athor, one of the great gods be it remembered, was called "the goddess of Pun," or Arabia Felix with the opposite coast of Africa, and once she is accompanied by a horse; Amen has a like title, and is said to come from the same land. Episodes of the Typhonian war have their seat in Pun, where indeed the desert typical of Typhon is strongest. (Mariette, "Deir-el-Bahari," pp. 34, 35.) All this is consistent with the antique conviction that civilization descended the Nile, and with the modern discovery that the great Cushite race which extended from Southern India to Ethiopia is closely allied with the Egyptian in its language. The root of Egyptian civilization would thus be found in the central territory of this great zone, Chaldaea, from which radiated not alone the Cushite race, but the Assyrian, and, as M. Terrien de LaCouverie has proved, the Chinese, the religion, science, and arts of all of whom first grew in this fertile soil.

COMPARATIVE VIEW.

In the endeavour to discover the comparative relations of the Egyptian religion, except as far as it has already been effected in the connection of the low nature worship with Negro fetishism, the task is one of extreme difficulty. The religions to be compared are in some cases, and these of no small importance, very imperfectly known to us. Yet the attempt must be essayed in the hope that by cautious inquiry some positive progress cannot fail to be made. It will be best to take first the religions that may have influenced the Egyptian, then those which compared so as to aid us to define it, and, lastly, that supposed to have been influenced by it, the systems of beliefs, and the Hebrew faith.

As inhabited Chaldaea. The Cushite coastlanders

of the dark stock, held this centre of the great zone on the seaboard from India to Ethiopia, and extended northwards between the Tigris and the Euphrates. The Turanians of the highlands of Central Asia, before the age of Abraham, had passed down like a wedge between the Cushite populations and reached the north coast of the Persian Gulf immediately east of the Tigris. The Shemites, occupying Central and Northern Arabia and Syria, had already wrested Assyria from the Turanians, and formed the Assyrian nation; ultimately they became dominant in Chaldæa also.

The Assyro-Babylonian Pantheon is purely cosmic. The moon, sun, and planets hold a high place in it, yet by the side of the official system there always remained a wholly distinct religion, that of the old Turanians, whose belief in spirits had peopled the universe with objects of worship or dread, whose influence the mixed population could not throw off. We must look upon it as an essential part of the Assyro-Babylonian religion, though not of its system.

This system has an outward similarity to the Egyptian, as wholly cosmic; but in the precedence of the moon, and the consequence of the planets, it is markedly different.

The Pantheon appears to have been of Cushite origin, so clearly is the astronomy and astrology of Chaldæa traceable to this people. The Turanian religion is markedly distinct. It is a belief in spirits good and evil, propitiated or repelled by magic rites. Its gods are all spirits, its priests are all magicians. This is identical with Mongol Shamanism, which still survives among remote tribes, and in one of the religions of China. The spirits of the Chaldæan belief are mostly the forces of nature personified, the gods are the higher spirits which rule the great divisions of the universe, or the great phenomena of nature, the heads of an immense body of inferior gods or genii, whose beneficence is in perpetual war with the multitudinous evil spirits which arise from the underworld to plot against man.

Those who have noted the strength of the element of magic in Egyptian belief may think that here we have a positive link. We shall see, however, in accompanying the Egyptian to the world below, that his dangers from hostile genii are placed there rather than on earth, and shall mark the connection of his ideas with Nigritian rather than Turanian spiritualism.

One important feature in the Assyro-Babylonian Pantheon is the arrangements in triads. The Egyptian had triads. The likeness is superficial. The Oriental triad consisted of three gods, each with a consort; the Egyptian of a god, his consort, and their son. If the term triad is applied to the Egyptian form, the Oriental should correctly be called a hexad. The correspondence is not even numerical. (See, on the whole subject of these oriental religions, Maspero, "*Hist. Anc.*" 3rd ed., p. 141, seq.; and Lenormant, "*La Magie.*")

The faith of the early Aryans, as we find it in the Rig-Veda, does

not rest on a belief in spirits, nor a personification of the heavenly bodies. It takes a third view, and personifies the phenomena of nature. This was the root from which grew the religion of Greece. To the last it had a simplicity, an air of the earliest conceptions of the human race, which at once distinguishes it from the scientific arrangement of the Assyro-Babylonian Pantheon, and the mystic philosophy of the Turanian belief. The Vedic form has a striking resemblance to the Egyptian religion, as Mr. Renouf has pointed out ("Hibbert Lectures," pp. 117, 118). The difference in the details is due to the importance of phenomena over objects and the tendency to conceive objects in the most diffused sense. May we not imagine that both radiated from the same centre before the belief of Chaldaea was affected by Turanian influences? It will not be right to omit from this rapid view that other faith of the Aryans, occupying the opposite pole to Vedism, the noble monotheism of Zoroaster. Monotheism I call it, for Dualism is an unfair and so a misleading term. It is true that the emphatic opposition of good and evil, of Ormazd and Ahriman, has led to the idea that with the ancient Persians two principles equally divided the universe. No doubt the strength of evil was pushed to an extreme in their creed, and the Second Isaiah, in the very passage where he speaks of Cyrus as though he were a Hebrew king, enters a protest against this doctrine (xlv. 5-7). Yet so long as the Persians never worshipped Ahriman their conception of Ormazd is clearly monotheistic. It is quite apart from the Egyptian ideas, which want both the vigour of the Persian conception and its freedom from polytheistic associations.

The Hebrew faith is the only purely Semitic religion of antiquity with which we are acquainted. The Assyrians and in part the Babylonians were Shemites, but their system was borrowed. Except what was taken from the Canaanites, we know nothing of Semitic idolatry, earlier than that of Arabia, in the sixth century of our era. The paganism of the Arabs before Islâm seems to be descended partly from Cushite and partly from either Turanian or Nigritian sources; and we must remember that the first Cushite settlers may have been superimposed on a stratum of the black race.

Thus we come at last to the most interesting question of all, the comparison of Hebrew with Egyptian monotheism. Moses we know was "educated in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." Did he derive the idea of the unity of God from the Moral Principle of the proverbial writers, or from the First Cause of the Book of the Dead, or from the One in All of the pantheists, each one absolutely impersonal, who has no human qualities, to whom no prayers are addressed save in the pantheistic creed, which appeals to the Many rather than the One?

A true definition of Hebrew monotheism is the best answer to our question. It may be well to refer to two authors whose critical power is great and whose freedom from bias is beyond challenge.

In a passage of great force M. Maspero has delineated the Hebrew

monotheism as in most striking contrast to the Canaanite beliefs. In spite of traces of early paganism, as in the reverence for teraphim, he finds the Hebrews to be emphatically monotheists. This central article of their belief is never hidden in a pantheistic surrounding; it is at the base and at the surface. They have but one God, whom they do not confound with the universe, admitting in Him neither division nor sex. He is apart from the world; He has neither like nor inferior. All nature is the work of his hands; the laws of nature are not his powers deified, but always remain the effects of his divine will. The thunder is his voice, the lightning his shining, the hail and the storm his arms. Thunder, lightning, hail, never become independent beings: they are the acts of God. (See Maspero, "*Hist. Anc.*," p. 289.)*

Not less interesting is M. Renan's view, marked by his force of language and picturesqueness of illustration. It was, however, written so long ago that it could not now be cited without large explanatory comment. If for Shemites we read Hebrews it gains in exactness of definition, but there are other details which need criticism. These differences, however, do not affect the accuracy of the idea, which indeed is that which any imaginative man cannot fail to find in the Old Testament though he may well lack M. Renan's power of felicitous expression. ("*Hist. Gén. des Lang. Sém.*" pp. 5-7.)

The personality of God in the Hebrew documents displays another contrast to the Egyptian ideas. The belief that the relations of the human soul with the Creator should be described in the language of human affection, led to that conception of the divine attributes in human forms which is termed anthropomorphism. All abstractions, all philosophical notions, are hostile to this view. It is possible with lesser divinities in heathen systems, not with the far-off abstract good, or first cause, or all-pervading unity. Yet in this view we find the only continuous revelation of God to man.

REGINALD STUART POOLE.

* I have omitted nothing from this free rendering but the repetition of a dogmatic formula of the Kuran which deprives the Hebrew doctrine of that flexibility which the Old Testament allows, which Philo saw, and out of which Christian doctrine grew. If we restrict monotheism on the Mohamadan model we fail to understand the catastrophe of Greek philosophy under Islam and its success with Judaism, in the centuries which preceded the restoration of Aristotle to Europe by Hebrews in the time of the Emperor Frederick II. With Judaism philosophy can live and grow, with Islam it is choked and must perish.

MR. FROUDE AS A BIOGRAPHER.

Reminiscences. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Edited by
J. A. FROUDE. 2 vols. Longmans.

THAT we should speak only good of the dead—which means, of course, of the recently dead—is a maxim founded on respect to the best part of our nature. There is almost always some one on whom, at such a moment, any harsh judgment on the one who is gone inflicts a peculiarly painful wound, and if by any sad chance there should be no one, then the sense of a common humanity should replace the peculiar ties which have been loosened or broken, and demand, with an even superior claim, that we should pay so forlorn a being the tribute of a respectful silence. We hurt the sense of pity, of reverence within, when we needlessly allow ourselves to put hard judgments of one recently gone from us into words, even if they are just words. And in ordinary circumstances such words are needless. That chapter is closed—with that person our relations are ended, his faults can hurt us no more. Most people are soon forgotten, their memory, while it lasts, may well be allowed a little undue fragrance. We should not disturb the silence of the newly-closed grave for any reason that is not weighty.

The consciousness of these truisms (as they may perhaps be considered) generally delays any attempt at the record of a life, till such time as a judgment may be expressed on it without offence. It jars on our sense of moral fitness when those whose empty place still seems, as it were, to affect our spiritual equilibrium, are presented to us in a light which demands any moral investigation, even if this should end in acquittal. For if they are so presented, the judgment must be expressed. It is not so great an evil to speak ill of the recently dead as to contribute to a false account of them. Hardly any duty of which the law takes no cognizance is more important than that of the biographer; some duties

of which it does take cognizance are less important. Some kinds of dishonesty for which men were, at no distant period, condemned to the gallows, seem to us more pardonable than the careless or malignant word which diminishes an honourable reputation;—some kinds of cruelty which our more lenient penal code still regards with severity, are trifling beside the injustice which sets before thousands the calumny which can be refuted only in the hearing of a few score; or than the record, even if it be accurate, of some event or circumstance which, without throwing any valuable light on character or history, revives forgotten pain, and undoes the soothing work of time. Nor do the claims of literary decency strike us as less urgent than those of literary humanity. The duty of reticence grows with a man's audience. Much truth must be reluctantly spoken; but we do not believe that even cowardly silence does so much harm as indecent utterance, and when a wise man feels that he must choose between possibly speaking what should be withheld, and possibly withholding what should be spoken, he will always choose the latter, at all events when he is speaking to the world.

These remarks apply to every kind of biographical record—to that which a man makes of himself, and to that which another makes of him. There are some very different temptations in the two cases, and some that are identical. A certain reserve should be the common aim of both: a biography or an autobiography should alike show us a man at his best. This may be thought even too much the aim of most biographers, but they would rarely gain truthfulness by losing affection. Nor would self-portraiture be more truthful if, in any self-review, a man failed to repress the faults that he has failed to overcome. It is no less desirable than it is natural that literary utterance should act as a moral filter. We are all the gainers by being made to repress the worse half of ourselves. "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things;" the evil treasure, it is implied, is left by the good man unopened. It is not that any one should desire to have a portrait of himself given to the world which is fairer than the original. It is that he and we should desire that in all self-revelation a noble ideal should give the key-note to utterance, that while unfaithfulness to that ideal should be confessed; yet in this self-revelation, as in all other actions, a man should aim at rising above himself, and setting the influence of his words on the side of that greater permanence in what is pure and lofty, which, as contrasted with the superior present effectiveness of evil, forms our only hope of the final triumph. This aim, which should be included within the code of the most insignificant of us, is by no means—as at first sight it may seem—a small or easy part of duty. Much natural impulse, and perhaps some logical theory, would lead towards an impartial expression of the whole being, often the easiest, sometimes to all appearance, the more noble kind of utterance. In resisting the temptation let us not lose the mighty aid of the example of genius.

We underrate the influence of such an example. Miss Cobbe has finely said of the influence of law on general morality, that it is like that of an organ on a choir. The same image may be applied to that unwritten law which the standard of great men imposes on the rank and file of humanity. If the key-note is struck wrong, if the powerful instrument is out of tune, where shall we look for connection to our own feeble voices and false ears? A biographer is a model not merely to biographers. He gives all his readers a lesson in moral judgment, especially in the discrimination of character and circumstance, one of the most important elements of judgment. Men of genius are subject to decay like their inferiors. Old age blunts the judgment, distorts the taste—above all, slackens the power of reticence. But when those who have the privilege of watching and remedying that decay give to the public what is marked by the characteristics of a time of weakness and suffering, they inflict gratuitous pain. The very accuracy of their observation is misleading. A mind in ruins is not, like a castle in ruins, a record from which we may revive, to our mind's eye, the original structure. It resembles rather some such strange confusion as might be found in the shattered *débris* left by an earthquake, where we should vainly seek to trace the causes which have combined or separated different objects, and can only recognize that nothing has been created by the shock. The utterances of second childhood do not, any more than the utterances of first childhood (and indeed they do it much less), reveal the man. Of the needs of age and disease such utterances have much to teach; the lesson, if we obtained it legitimately, would be a very pathetic one. But nothing is pathetic that is thrust upon unwilling eyes. Such utterances remind us that—

“From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow;”

but a portrait of Marlborough at that stage adds nothing to the lesson, takes off, indeed, much of its impressiveness. There are truths that we unseeble when we illustrate them. We must recognize that old age brings with it many kinds of weakness; but in the very act of such recognition we should hide its object from the gaze of indifference. To do so is our interest no less than our duty. The hope of each one of us must be that in the twilight of our day some tender hand will draw the curtain that shuts us from the world, and that it shall be the largest part of filial care to hide our weaknesses from every eye but that of love. Such books as that which all England has been lamenting do much to frustrate this common hope. To bring into the glare of full daylight that which tells of mental decay is to weaken all the resources of forbearance, of tolerance in dealing with mental decay. There is a profound connection between forbearance and reserve which we shall too surely discover if we allow ourselves to do, on our small scale, what Mr. Froude has done. But we incline to hope that these

volumes will do more than the most eloquent sermon to preach the claims of a merciful and reverent silence.

For no one is blind to the error of him who, in discharge of a responsibility bequeathed with a pathetic confession of conscious incapacity of judgment, such as ought to have delayed this vicarious decision with a sense of anxious and scrupulous caution, has flung before the world, with haste barely allowing correction of the press,^{*} the utterances of a mind diseased. We never remember a book, concerning which opinion was so unanimous, as concerning the *Reminiscences* of Thomas Carlyle. That it should not have been written is the opinion of most of those whose opinion was worth having, but that it should not have been published seems to us the opinion of everybody, except those who regarded Carlyle as a preacher of mischievous doctrine, whom it was desirable to bring into disrepute. "This book will destroy the Carlyle-idol," was the gleeful exclamation, it is said, of an eminent Radical, who honestly believed Carlyle-worship to be an impediment in the way of the true Gospel.

Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridæ.

At times we could almost imagine that this line furnishes a key to Mr. Froude's true motive. So bewildered are we by the decision, that the cloud of dotage shall eclipse a striking and interesting character, that we are tempted to ascribe to him the part of Sino towards Priam, and to believe that under a guise of meek inoffensiveness he has intentionally admitted the foe into the very heart of the citadel. But we must vary the Virgilian narrative to make it suit our purpose. It is a dutious Hector, a pious Æneas, to all appearance, who has played the part of Sino. It is the trusted son who has opened the gates to the hostile crowd.

We must try to remind ourselves of the extreme disinterestedness he has shown in this publication. Mr. Carlyle said to him, "Give the world what you think well for it to read of these papers;" and he desired, surely, to present to the public only that portion of them which would commemorate what was characteristic of a large and lofty, even if a faulty personality. What ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would have done with such a bequest is plain enough. The beautiful little sketch of James Carlyle, like the autobiographic fragment prefixed to Lockhart's "Life of Scott," was the natural introduction to a Biography; and the picture of the Annaudale stonemason might have stood side by side with that of the Edinburgh lawyer, as a frontispiece to the memoirs of an illustrious and affectionate son. The recollections of Jeffrey and of Irving would have afforded rich material for a biographer, but a portion of both would have been not

^{*} At least an important date on p. 226, vol. i., is, it would appear, given wrong; nor is this the only mark of careless editing in the volumes.

only not used, but as far as possible obliterated and forgotten. The memoir of Mrs. Carlyle would have been used, but hardly quoted at all; and such papers as that on Wordsworth, lastly, would have been neither used nor quoted, but thrown into the fire. We have vainly striven to fashion some conceivable hypothesis why Mr. Froude has not done what any one else would have done. He had here the most valuable materials for the biography of the man he wished to commemorate; he is endowed by nature with all the powers needed for a worthy commemoration; and he has so used these materials, that when the biography comes, all his great literary power will hardly prevent his work from falling flat. He has acted like the discoverer of a gold mine, who should cart away tons of the earth in which the ore is embedded before beginning to separate any. He has given wanton and reckless pain, has hurt tender recollections and sacred feelings, and he has bereaved us all of a noble ideal that was most dear and precious; but we must remember that he has not yielded to any comprehensible temptation in doing so; on the contrary, he has made the task he has yet to fulfil less interesting, both to himself and his readers. It is not as in the publication of a book to which these *Reminiscences* have been compared—the *Greville Memoirs*. They, at least, were a contribution, of a certain kind, to literature; it never occurred to the reader that any other use could be made of them than giving them with more or less revision to the public. But these *Reminiscences* are a drawer emptied into the printer's hands, not a book. Can Mr. Froude be ignorant that the memoir of Jane Welsh Carlyle is an exposure of mental decay? If he was really blind to its true character, he may have failed to recognize the petty slanders of ingratitude and ill-will. It is a strange, but not altogether an undesirable, conjunction by which literary acumen and common humanity depart together, and a man of ability forgets what is the effect of mere slovenly jottings, as he loses all sense of the evil in a low grudging spirit of disparagement.

We write thus with no intention of sarcasm, but in a real desire to discover that an eminent historian has not acted with reckless cruelty in giving this book to the world. If he really knew what he was doing, it was an act of literary cruelty in some respects without a parallel. Many men and a few women have had hard things said of them in print before, no doubt; far more disagreeable, in fact, than anything said in these pages, where everything is on a small scale. We deal with petty disparagement, not libel. But in every case which we can call to mind, those who have previously suffered a similar wrong were persons who were, in a certain sense, prepared for the misfortune. Either by character, or position, or some accidental circumstance, they stood already before the world. They, or rather their children, knew that different views must be taken of them; their position, to a certain degree, was secured; any fresh opinion had to take its place by the side

of that which it could not displace; and as it was not the whole of what would be known of them, so it was not an unwarrantable intrusion into the shadow of privacy. But the persons calumniated and depreciated here are mostly those of whom posterity will know little or nothing but what Carlyle has chosen to tell of them. They asked nothing better of the world than to forget them. They challenged no comparison with heroic natures; they demanded no space in the chronicle of resonant action; they sought only a place in the hearts of a few loved ones, and a merciful judgment, perhaps, from the only being to whom they looked for recollection when their children passed away. We cannot remember any other book from the pen of a man of genius by whom such men and such women were assailed. There is a strange stirring of heart which almost all feel, sooner or later, at the mention of those whom they can never forget, but whom they must remember alone. There was no wish in the dead to be remembered, but we are so made, that a certain dim, irrational pity mingles with our love for those whom the world has forgotten, and there is a strange glow in the most commonplace, even the most indiscriminate mention, that recalls their mere names to us, so it be only kindly. And if the thrill of expectation, stirred by the unexpected sight of their names, be followed by scorn or disparagement, a wound is inflicted on a part of the nature far more sensitive than that of self-love. Our own repute is a thing to some extent in our own hands. If it is hurt to-day, we may determine that it shall be healed to-morrow. But a slur cast on the memory of a parent leaves us helpless, and such a slur, sent down to posterity, even if it be comparatively a slight one, seems to us a more cruel wrong than the heaviest libel that man or woman may meet, and answer, or at least explain. This book enters the modest home, where fame is as little desired as slander is feared, and defaces the loved portrait, seen for many years through a mist of tears, with splashes of mud. With splashes of mud only, for the most part, we firmly believe. This dull, pointless censure is refuted by its own monotony, its tone of unvarying peevishness. When we have read of Wordsworth—that “he was a rather dull, hard-tempered, unproductive, and almost wearisome kind of man;”^{*} of Lamb and his sister (think of writing† the words “of Lamb and his sister”), that “they were a very sorry pair of phenomena” (ii. 165); of Coleridge (i. 230), “that he was a puffy, anxious, obstructed-looking, fattish old man, talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest”—we come to hard, contemptuous words of some new acquaintance, with

* “Reminiscences,” ii. 330. If the reader study this wonderful passage he will find that it is meant as a criticism on Wordsworth’s poetry, and not his

† The reader will be grateful to us for including, at the end

Carlyle’s letter to Mr. Procter on his sketch of suggesting a different view of Lamb from that given

a habit of scepticism that undoes their effect, or perhaps inverts it. But, alas! it is not only mud which has been cast on the central portrait of Mr. Froude's gallery. We believe, indeed, that some of the ugly splashes which deface an image dear to all lovers of literature throughout Europe may be washed away. Much of the discredit which this book has brought on its writer will fade, we may hope, as men recover from the shock of its moral ugliness, and recognize that this is due, in part, to the diseased state of the mind thus uttered. But we dare not hope that we shall ever entirely recover the noble image we have lost. Carlyle was not the poor creature he has painted himself here. But he must have had the faults he betrays, there is no denying it, ugly as they are. The discovery may not be altogether new to his friends. A faulty being they all know that he was. But they thought him loyal, grateful, and generous, and with the Reminiscences to be brought against them, they must in future, if they can still give him credit for loyalty, gratitude, and generosity, be ready to justify their belief in the face of his own words.

How far his words written under such circumstances reveal his character is a point on which we are glad to think that opinion will vary. What posterity will think of Mr. Froude's share in this book must be considered as hardly more doubtful than what the world thinks of it to-day, but what posterity will think of Mr. Carlyle's share of it is happily less clear. He was always regarded with a kind of special indulgence by his friends. "It seems to me marvellous," said one of them to the writer since his death, "how I could listen as I did to his tirades in favour of slavery; one could not have endured it from any one else, but there was something in his personality that made it different." It was not merely that he was a man of genius. There was something in him that there is in many men not specially intellectual, which seems to take the sting out of what would be intolerable in another. In some degree, perhaps, it was that a kind of pathetic feeling always mingled with the admiration of those who loved him, and now that the last feeling is for the moment blotted out, the first comes out very strongly. It has been expressed by Mrs. Oliphant with candour and insight, and comes with much force from one who joins a warm friendship for himself to a kindly sympathy for some he has cruelly libelled. Long before there was any question of accounting for Mr. Carlyle's defects by the difficulties of age and loneliness, we well remember hearing this plea from an older friend than Mrs. Oliphant. It must be thirty years since the gentle and tolerant James Spedding expressed to a youthful hearer (in answer, probably, to some rather presumptuous criticism, but the fact is buried in suitable oblivion)

his friends must have felt it needful at times to revive
 ed of indulgence. If the words were remembered
 peculiar, slow, calm, selective accents, it would

probably be misleading to report them, lest apart from that aroma of gentleness and respect they might seem commonplace, but their substance has always remained with the hearer as a plea for the unsuspected weakness of the powerful. "Carlyle needs always the kind of indulgence which most of us need in a fit of violent toothache" is the substance, and partly the words, of that pleading which now blends suitably with the almost dying declaration of the speaker—that the accident which caused his death was no one's fault but his own. Mr. Carlyle could not have been sixty years old when Mr. Spedding thus urged his need of forbearance, and the thirty years which was to elapse before he and his indulgent advocate passed away together certainly did not diminish his need of that advocacy. We would give it its fullest scope, but we shall be unjust both to great men and to ordinary men if we refuse to make a certain claim on every one, whatever his excuses for not responding to it, so long as they leave him in a condition which the law would pronounce a responsible one, and we cannot make a claim which does not imply a certain judgment on one who rejects it. When we say that a man should control himself, we do not in ordinary circumstances mean that he should control himself as long as his nerves are in good condition. It is a miserable effeminacy, which no one would have scorned more than the great man who has given so much occasion for it, to plead that when duty becomes difficult it ceases to be duty. We must be loyal to his own lesson of endurance, even if he is not. And what we must condemn in this book, moreover, as far as we condemn the writer for its existence, is not that he let expressions of feeling escape him which he should have controlled, but that the feelings were there to be expressed. We have all accepted the fact that old age weakens the power of reticence. What each one of us is becoming day by day, he or she must, if old age is reached, betray to the world, and if there is a confirmed habit of the pen no doubt our faults must leak out that way as well as another. But surely we shall not then undergo any miraculous transformation; and we cannot see that age, and weakness, and sorrow have any natural tendency to create some of the ugliest feelings revealed here. And then, too, it seems that some of Mr. Carlyle's apologists, in their eagerness to vindicate the character of a man of genius, cheapen the privileges of genius. When the Poet, in Schiller's pretty fable, flies to the throne of Jove to complain that earth is portioned out and nothing is left for him, Jove compensates his impoverished son by the promise that at any moment he shall find a refuge from the poverty of earth in the glory and light of Olympus. It is a strange ingratitude that the guest of the Immortals should murmur that his cup is not better replenished at these poor festivities of earth. Perhaps it is not the kind of ingratitude that his inferiors are able to being should excuse.

However, we gladly allow our-

the utterances of disease and grief. What is absolutely certain is that Mr. Carlyle would have condemned their publication. If Mr. Froude himself imagines that Carlyle would have desired that many pages of this book should meet the public eye (a question which we put in all sincerity), he certainly is the only person in England, with the smallest qualification for forming an opinion, who is of that opinion. We do not think Carlyle was nearly reluctant enough to give pain; but we cannot believe that he would have consented to give the pain this book has inflicted; and when some years ago (about the time, indeed, that he was composing these *Reminiscences*) the private papers of a distinguished German were made public, at the cost of somewhat similar offence, he was loud in his expressions of displeasure. However, let that pass, suppose he was indifferent to the fact that his unjust words should be flung about like broken glass in a crowd; still he was, at all events, a master of letters. We do not believe that in all his voluminous works there is one slovenly sentence. He was a thorough literary workman. What he would have felt on having to disentangle information about a great man from some of the rubbish that encumbers it here we can easily imagine. Many of these pages resemble nothing so much as the disorderly jottings of a pocket-book diary, and we have all, to recover some forgotten date, read over memoranda that were quite as suitable to the printers' hands as much that is given here. Indeed rather more suitable. At least our private jottings are all in the indicative mood, this and that happened—trivial enough it may be, but definite and certain. But Mr. Froude has given the world much of his hero's writing that is as trivial as the memoranda of his humblest reader, and as uncertain as the speculation of a scholar on some doubtful point of early history. We will not become his accomplice in unveiling the weaknesses of a suffering old man; but let the reader, who thinks this sentence exaggerated, turn to Mr. Carlyle's account of the building of his study at the top of the house (ii. 237-239), or the journey to Edinburgh, p. 245 of the same volume, or the sentence, on p. 189, beginning, "The Stanleys of Alderley," or the self-questioning, on p. 168, whether he went to Edinburgh in 1832 or 1833. Most of us would try to bring our recollections into a more dignified condition, both as to definiteness and proportion, before writing them down for our own grandchildren. The truth about this memoir of his wife we fancy must have been something of this kind. In the forlorn wretchedness which followed her death the one anxiety of his friends must have been to procure him some sort of occupation, and they felt, probably, that they had no chance unless they suggested occupation directly connected with his grief. "Write down your recollections of her," they may have urged; "she deserved to be commemorated, and you may revive much in trying to transcribe it." We can fancy that he may have taken up

the pen in a sort of desperation of forlorn misery, and poured forth his longings for her as a sort of atonement to her memory, with actual tears blotting the paper. We have seen these poor maunderings called pathetic. Nothing that spoke of great suffering ever seemed to us further from being pathetic, but they are certainly piteous. They tell of great wretchedness, great loneliness, and very great impatience. We do not consider that anything which we thus describe is suited for the public, and we are absolutely certain that the author of "*Sartor Resartus*" would have emphatically condemned its publication. He did in his dotage take the first step to their publication, no doubt. But he has left it on record that his own impulse would be to burn the blotted page; and, however our opinion of him must be modified by the fact that such judgments as he chronicles were ready to be chronicled, we may be sure that the act which gave them, as they are, to the public, would be one that he would have condemned no less severely, though possibly from a different cause than would those whom the publication has most insulted and wounded. Let us enforce our belief on the reader's mind in his own words, as they are given in his will, with all their feebleness and repetition.

"My manuscript, entitled '*Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*,' is to me naturally, in my now bereaved state, of endless value, though of what value to others I cannot in the least clearly judge; and, indeed, for the last four years am imperatively forbidden to write further on it; or even to look further into it. Of that manuscript, my kind, considerate, and ever faithful friend, James Anthony Froude (as he has lovingly promised me), takes precious charge in my stead. To him, therefore, I give it with whatever other furtherance and elucidations may be possible, and I solemnly request of him to do his best and wisest in the matter, as I feel assured he will. There is incidentally a quantity of autobiographic record in my notes to this manuscript; but except as subsidiary and elucidative of the text, I put no value on such. Express biography of me, I had really rather that there should be none. James Anthony Froude, John Forster, and my brother John, will make earnest survey of the manuscript, and its subsidiaries there or elsewhere, in respect to this, as well as its other bearings: their united utmost candour and impartiality, taking always James Anthony Froude's practicality along with it, will evidently furnish a better judgment than mine can be; the manuscript is by no means ready for publication; nay, the question, How, when (after what delay, seven, ten years) it, or any portion of it should be published, are still dark to me; but on all such points, James Anthony Froude's practical summing up and decision is to be taken as mine. . . . Many or most of these papers I often feel that I myself should burn; but probably I never shall after all."

As we consider how Mr. Froude has executed the bequest here so touchingly confided to him, the two hypotheses between which we are forced to oscillate, of disloyalty and of ignorance, become alternately the most incredible. It is as difficult to believe that he wished to present to the world, in an unlovely light, one who regarded him with the love and trust here expressed as that he should be ignorant of the way men regard dull and needless censure, cruel slander, hard unfeeling reference to misfortune, careless misstatements where misstatement gives poignant pain, ingratitude, and unmanly whining. All these things

are made known to the world within a few weeks of Mr. Carlyle's death by the man whom he trusts as his own son. With what object, we cannot but ask in utter bewilderment?

Let us recall to the reader a few specimens of the information which Mr. Froude has provided for him. One lady, for instance, known to Mr. Carlyle's readers only by her Christian name, but quite sufficiently indicated to her children or grandchildren, if she has any, by even the few words which accompany it, is mentioned merely to give a disagreeable and ill-natured nickname by which he and his acquaintance were wont to speak of her, and to state that he would not have married her on any account. The man whom Romilly chose as guardian to his children is described as a "puffy, vulgar little dump of an old man," with "nothing real in him but the stomach, and the effrontery to fill it." A family of whose kindness we well remember hearing in former days from Mrs. Carlyle may read of their constant hospitality as having seldom given "much real profit or even enjoyment for the hour." We come to the mention of one of her particular friends, where we naturally look for some kind words, but we, and this lady's children also, may read that she was admirable to Mr. Carlyle "as a highly-finished piece of social art, but hardly much otherwise." Another lady, named and elaborately described, was, it is hinted, quite ready, had he been willing, to have become his wife. The most cruelly treated of all his victims, who was also the wife of his dearest friend, and who, though she was his hospitable hostess, had some natural dread, we believe, of his influence on her husband (a more natural explanation of his dislike to her, to our mind, than that suggested by Mrs. Oliphant), has already found one defender. An interesting letter from Mr. Kegan Paul, in the *Athenæum* of April 16, embodying the protest of Mrs. Irving's sister, Miss Martin, against the slanders which this book has circulated respecting all her family, will startle the reader with its revelation of the strange recklessness of the man who would spend days in ascertaining a date or a genealogy concerning some hero of the past, but did not care, apparently, to ask a question before stabbing those who sought no place in history, with slanders concerning their dead that appear to have been utterly baseless, and in some cases the very opposite of the truth. Of all that relates to the Martin family Mrs. Oliphant herself declares that it is "disagreeable, painful, and fundamentally untrue."* Another lady, the daughter of the man who pressed

* The present writer had intended, had space permitted it, to have inserted another letter of vindication which has appeared (in *Notes and queries* for April 9) since the publication of these volumes, to wipe away the trace of Mr. Carlyle's pen from another blameless woman—Southey's second wife. The writer, the Rev. Edmund Tew, an intimate friend of her stepdaughter, "Edith May," gives a picture of Mrs. Southey's relations to her stepchildren, and of her whole character, entirely different from Carlyle's. Southey's daughter and her husband, the late Rev. John Wood Warter, always spoke of the "certain Miss Bowles," whom Carlyle describes with such cruel contempt, as "one of the best and truest women that ever lived." His unwarrantable perpetuation of what he learned at second or third hand has, we learn from this letter, "touched to the very quick" one of her surviving kindred, at whose instance Mr. Tew comes forward in her defence.

on him no contemptible pension at a time when nothing could accrue to the giver but a consciousness of having given help where it was deserved and needed, is characterized, besides much else that is contemptuous, and we must add most impertinent, as "a morbidly shy kind of creature who lives withdrawn among her children," and he concludes with almost giving her address! Imagine the shock to a sensitive woman, such as is indicated here, of seeing *any* description of herself in print, even were it a less displeasing one! But there is a far keener pain than dispraise—even than impertinent and unjust dispraise—of oneself. The lady to whom we allude, who is remembered by others, knowing her better probably than Mr. Carlyle did, as the object of a peculiarly tender parental love, may feel too much the grudging, ungracious estimate of her father to have any space left for hurt self-love. But the mentions of a public man, just or unjust, are at least natural, while such intrusion into an inconspicuous home as that of which we have, perhaps, given the worst specimen is altogether blameable even if its object were complimentary. It would have been an impertinence to describe Jeffrey's daughter if the description had been flattering. Women who come before the world must take their chance with men; if anything is worth saying about them, good or ill, let it be said. But wait till they give the opportunity for such description even if it be favourable. Such gossip as is printed here would not perhaps be worth notice if it were not ill-natured, but it would in any case be very much to the discredit of an editor that he had let it stand. As it is, the larger fault hides the less.

The specimens of slander and of depreciation which we have selected are not carefully sifted away from warm eulogy, lively character-painting, subtle analysis, or even brilliant pictures of society. None of these things would excuse slander or impertinence, but they would put into a very different light what might, by their side, pass almost without notice in the midst of so much that would draw attention from it. In character proportion is as important as it is in chemistry. If much is said of any one, some ill must be said, and it takes its place naturally as a part of the character of an imperfect human being. But Mr. Carlyle has not, in any single case that we have cited, attempted a portrait. He has given an account of the persons mentioned which would have been justified if he had been obliged to mention whatever he could recollect about them, and that is all we can say. Some faint attempt has been made to find an excuse for this disparagement in its universality. But it is a poor comfort for the pain we feel at finding that a great man could bequeath sneers and morose censure to posterity, to find that he made his portraits of his equals quite as ugly as those of his inferiors. It is a poor vindication for our complaints of his grudging estimate to be told that it was universal. He was, we fully allow, impartial in his dispraise. High and low, rich and poor, well known and little known, all alike

suffer for the honour of being mentioned in these pages. He remembered slights, but benefits made but a feeble impression on him. A certain dislike for humanity is evident everywhere—at least, excepting his own and his wife's kindred, we can hardly mention a name that comes the brighter from his pen. The natural and blameless desire to attract the attention of genius receives a curious inversion from the records here presented to us. The children of those he has passed over in silence congratulate themselves on their escape. Those whose parents were thought worthy of being described by him are all stung by a sense of injustice and cruelty, sometimes—we must write the word—of ingratitude.

We must add the hateful word in introducing to the reader what we would gladly consider as a little supplement to the *Reminiscences* of Thomas Carlyle. The daughter of one of the many women disparaged or caricatured by a man they may have considered their friend, has printed some letters from him, in reading which the reader is enabled to judge of the true character of these *Reminiscences* as a revelation of their writer, and to substitute, in one case, the impressions of his maturity for those of his dotage. No part of these memoirs (except perhaps the account of Mrs. Irving) seems to us more discreditable than that which deals with Carlyle's friendship for the Basil Montagu. Basil Montagu is a name little familiar to the reader of our day, except through the famous article of Macaulay, confuting his partial view of Bacon, but he deserves to be associated with the name of Bacon in a more honourable light than that of an easily confuted apologist, and, indeed, the respectful tone of the confutation must have suggested to more than one reader a wish to know something more of the antagonist thus answered. His "valuable" edition of Bacon's works, as Macaulay calls it, formed indeed the first step towards that study of the great thinker which has distinguished our own century; and the frequent citations which ornamented his pleadings in the law-courts, made the thoughts of Bacon familiar to some who were not his students. We learn from an affectionate eulogy contributed by Montagu to the *Memoirs* of Mackintosh, that their friendship originated in the successful attempt of the elder—himself a recent and reluctant convert—to convert the younger from the principles of the French Revolution, and also that it was to these friendly warnings that Montagu owed his first introduction to the philosopher, with whom his name was to be thus honourably connected. He seems ever after to have retained for his friend (for whom, though only five years his senior, he professes an almost filial reverence) that warm and lively interest felt for one who directs our convictions anew. Indeed, he would appear from his own account to have been influenced by Mackintosh not only in doctrine but in practice, a "morbid wish to seclude himself from public life,"* which

* "Memoirs of Sir James Mackintosh," by his Son, i, 137.

† *Id.*, 158.

however could never have really prevailed against so many endowments for it, being earnestly combated by Mackintosh with the precept of Bacon, that "in this life God and angels only should be lookers-on;"* and the tendency which Mackintosh here combated showed itself on its nobler side perhaps in a direction which he was wout to indicate in a playful threat, not unwelcome to its object, to spend the evening in "baiting the philosopher."† The temptation towards a life of seclusion quickly passed away. Montagu became an active and successful practitioner at the Chancery bar, and owed to his own exertions the wealth which enabled him to exercise a liberal hospitality, enjoyed by many eminent contemporaries, and abused only by one. "There is no place that I enjoy more than Basil Montagu's," writes Charles Sumner. "I step into his house after I have been dining out, and we talk till I am obliged to say 'good morning' and not 'good night.'" The Montagus have been intimate with more good and great people than anybody I know. . . . It is a pleasure to hear his quotations from the ancient English writers come almost mended from his beautiful flowing‡ enunciation. Mrs. Montagu is one of the most remarkable women I have ever known."§ The impression he made on her was mutual, and in 1844 she wrote to him,§ "I cannot account for the strange sympathy by which in a moment my heart acknowledges a friend; but . . . I seem to hear a voice not new to me, and to meet looks and expressions so responded to by every fibre in my frame that it is no stranger who stands before me, but a lost friend recovered. I do not attempt to solve this problem, and say why I sat down with you at once and could have said anything that I thought. . . . I knew — for years, admired his talent, was most confidentially entrusted with his inmost thoughts, would have been his hostess for months or years, his nurse in illness, or his adviser in common things where advice was needed; but his friend, after my fashion, never! I loved Edward Irving with all the tenderness of a friend and mother. I dare not tell you of my antipathies." We give this extract from a letter of Mrs. Basil Montagu's in introducing those which she received from Mr. Carlyle, to show (as we think the extract does show) that she was a woman eminently formed for friendship; her distinction of it from goodwill, admiration, and warm interest, even in their highest manifestation, proves her to have felt what many women pass through life without finding out—that there are relations other than those of kindred, and equally real, which we rather discover than create, and which, once discovered, remain a perennial source of moral refreshment, less encumbered by anxious care than the ties of blood, and not much less fruitful in the

* This name seems to have been applied to Montagu when he and Mackintosh first became acquainted in the year 1796. Basil Montagu was born in 1770.

† The reader will recall a tribute of greater weight and equal purport from Macanlay cited above.

‡ "Life and Letters of Charles Sumner," ii. 44.

§ *Ib.*, ii. 290, note.

influences that soothe and cheer our path through life. She is gracefully and affectionately sketched in a book which, though it may sound strange to say so, might well be set side by side with the one before us, as a contrast between the reminiscences of a far-off youth, touched by the glow of a generous tenderness, and one where the chill of old age tells in a wintry gloom reflected backwards on the objects of recollection—Fanny Kemble's "Records of a Girlhood." We have felt it refreshing to turn from Mr. Carlyle's sketch of Mrs. Montagu to Mrs. Kemble's, which is indeed superficial, but not more superficial, and which surprises us by the extent to which a totally different effect is produced by the very slight changes between two descriptions, which, were they left unnamed, we might discern as pointing out the same object. We gather from both as from all other records that have met our ears, that Mrs. Basil Montagu was beautiful, dignified, and somewhat authoritative, a certain formidableness mingling with her stateliness without interfering with its grace. Both writers give much space to the description of her dress, which was apparently peculiar. But while the one description suggests a style of attire occupying lengthy thought and care, we learn from the other that as it was perfectly invariable, so it must have been an object of the minimum of attention to the wearer. There is a curious and instructive contrast even in this little touch. Mr. Carlyle, with his seventy or eighty pins,* suggests a daily dress-fitting full of an anxious, fussy carefulness. Mrs. Kemble, in her elaborate description of the becoming and suitable costume adopted once for all, paints for us an enviable freedom from all such small attention. However, they concur in putting a striking and picturesque, as well as a dignified figure before us, and one which seems to have been the centre of a group of admiring friends and acquaintance, to whom she was as strong a personality as her husband. Sir James Mackintosh was accustomed to speak of her rather the oftenest of the two. With such a household to preside over (Basil Montagu was thrice married, and she brought her own little daughter into the new home), we can imagine how much effort was implied in the admission of any new claimant to her acquaintance; probably most people who have lived in London know what it is to make room for a new friend in a crowded circle, especially where the friend is himself a stranger. It was into this circle that Mr. Carlyle came as a raw Scotch youth—most impressive he was always—but at that time with his country manners, his strong accent, and his dyspepsia, the impressiveness cannot have been altogether of an agreeable kind. Nothing draws a thicker veil over all natural attractiveness than bad health, without the shelter of suitable arrangements; the habitual discomfort of the sufferer can hardly help being otherwise

* Which surely cannot, as Mrs. Oliphant suggests, be due to some recollected description of his wife's. We can hardly imagine a lady supposing that a well fitting dress was dependent on such an appendix.

than self-occupied, and consequently ungracious; and there could have been little in Carlyle at this time, when he was fresh from a Scotch farm, to compensate for this ungraciousness by any external polish. At this time, in short, Carlyle had, from a social point of view, nothing to give and everything to receive. It is evident, even from his own grudging and ungenerous narrative, that he was received warmly and hospitably into a crowded and occupied circle, to which he was able to contribute nothing of the smallest worldly advantage, and his entrance on which must have been a considerable worldly advantage to him, that a certain motherly care was from the first extended to him by Mrs. Montagu, and that when he wrote his *Reminiscences*, he was still aware, in a dim feeble way, that some sort of gratitude was due from him to her. How much more strongly he felt this at the time, however, let the reader judge from the following extract from his letter to her:—

20th May, 1825.

"When I think of all your conduct towards me, I confess I am forced to pronounce it *magnanimous*. From the first, you had faith enough in human nature to believe that under the vinegar surface of an atrabilious character, there might lurk some touch of principle and affection. Notwithstanding my repulsive aspect you followed me with unwearied kindness, while near you, and now that I am far off, and you suspect me of stealing from you the spirit of your most valued friend, you still think tenderly of me, you send me cheering words into my solitude, amid these rude moors a little dove-like messenger arrives to tell me that I am not forgotten, that I still live in the memories and wishes of some noble souls. Believe me, I am not unthankful for this; I am poor in heart, but not entirely a bankrupt. There are moments when the thought of these things make me ten years younger, when I feel with what fervid gratitude I should have welcomed sympathy, or the very show of sympathy from such a quarter, had it then been offered me; and now that *yet* changed as matters are you shall not escape me, that I *will* yet understand you and love you, and be understood and loved by you. I did you injustice, I never *saw* you till about to lose you. How Judæan that I was! Can you forgive without forgetting me? I hope yet to be near you long and often, and to taste in your society the purest pleasure, that of fellow-feeling with a generous and cultivated mind. How rare it is in life, and what were life without it! Forgive me if you can. If my affection and gratitude have any value in your eyes, you are like to be no loser by my error. I felt it before I left you, I feel it still more deeply now."

It seems very natural, if we may take the foregoing expressions as sincere, that Mr. Carlyle should desire such a friend for his young wife, and we find him seeking to make them correspondents before they were personally acquainted. He writes, after giving a description of Jane Welsh:

"This young lady is a person you will love and tend as a daughter when you meet; an ardent, generous, gifted being, banished to the pettiness of a country town; loving, adoring the excellent in all its phases, but without models, advisers, or sympathy. Six years ago she lost her father, the only person who had ever understood her; since that hour she has never mentioned his name; she never alludes to him yet without an agony of tears. It was Mr. Irving's wish, and mine, and most of all, her own, to have you for her friend, that she should be

beside you till she understood you, that she might have at least one model to study, one woman with a mind as warm and rich to show her by living example how the most complex destiny might be wisely managed. Separated by space, could you draw near to one another by the imperfect medium of letters? Jane thinks it would abate the 'awe' which she must necessarily feel on first meeting with you personally. She wishes it; I also, if it were attainable; is it not?"

We are glad to know that the friendship thus demanded was not abused by the person for whom it was sought. "Mrs. Carlyle," writes one who knew her intimately for about thirty years, "always spoke of Mrs. Montagu in my hearing with admiration and respect, and almost reverence." These feelings seem at the time to have been fully shared by her husband. We will give another specimen of them.

25th December, 1826.

"Indeed, indeed, my dear Madam, I am not mad enough to forget you, the more I see of the world and myself the less tendency have I that way, the more do I feel that in these my wilderness journeys, I have found but one Mrs. Montagu, and that except in virtue of peculiar good fortune, I had no right to calculate on even finding one. A hundred times do I regret that you are not here, or I there; but I say to myself we shall surely meet again on this side the wall of night, and you will find me wiser and I shall know you better, and love and reverence you more. Meantime, as conscience whispers, What are protestations? Nothing, or worse than nothing; therefore let us leave them."

How little he could have thought, as he wrote those words, that they were to be illustrated, after his death, by unkind sneers against the woman he here addresses with so much apparent reverence and admiration! Let us read the last words by the light of the earlier ones. Surely, whatever else he was, Thomas Carlyle was not a hypocrite!

The unmanly remembrance of trivial ills which characterize these volumes receive no less forcible a rebuke from these letters than their petty sneers. His published works, of course, contain many more forcible, but the following passage, as elicited by some of the trials which in recording them he makes so much of, seems to us worthy of a place here:—

25th December, 1826.

"At all events, what right have we to murmur? It is the common lot: the Persian king could not find three happy men in the wide world to write the names of on his queen's tomb, or the philosopher would have recalled her from death. Every son of Adam has his task to toil at, and his stripes to bear for doing it wrong. There is one deadly error we commit on our entrance on life, and sooner or later we must lay it aside, for till then there is neither peace nor rest for us in this world: we all start, I have observed, with the tacit persuasion that whatever becomes of others, we (the illustrious all-important *me*) are entitled of right to be *entirely fortunate*, to accumulate all knowledge, beauty, health, and earthly felicity in our sacred person, and so pass our most sovereign days in rosy bowers, with distress never seen by us, except as an interesting shade in the distance of our landscape. Alas! what comes of it? Providence will not treat us thus; nay, with reverence be it spoken, cannot treat us thus, and so we fight and fret against His laws, and cease not from our mad romancing delusion, till experience have beaten it out of us with many chastisements.

"Most, indeed, never fully unlearn it all their days, but continue to the last to believe that, in their lot in life they are *unjustly* treated, and cease not from foolish hopes, and still stand in new amazement that they should be disappointed—so very strangely, so *unfairly*? This class is certainly the most pitiable of all, for an action of damages against Providence is surely no promising lawsuit."

Now if our readers will turn to the Reminiscences, they will not, it is true, find any direct evil-speaking of the lady whose friendship in his youth Mr. Carlyle sought in terms of so much respect and gratitude. He does even acknowledge that he stands "her debtor, and should be grateful for all this." But to read his account of the whole Basil Montagu family, with these expressions of strong and affectionate feeling still in our ears, leaves on the mind an impression of treachery that it is most painful, most bewildering, to connect with the great preacher of veracity to our generation. Every family misfortune is narrated in a tone of hard indifference that at times we are almost forced to believe rises into something like satisfaction, and it is difficult not to suspect, incredible as it appears, that the unconscious memory of some slight from the sons of the house sets their subsequent disasters or errors in a light that is not altogether disagreeable to him. The lady herself, for whose kindness we here see such grateful expression, is described with an amount of innuendo that is more hurtful in its general impression than a good deal of definite blame, if the latter were not unmixed. A recollection haunts the memories of the present writer—too dim to recover through the mists of perhaps forty years with any distinctness—of having once overheard Mrs. Carlyle express with all her brisk dramatic effectiveness, obvious though not wholly intelligible to an attentive child, the annoyance with which she had once heard that her merits had been summed up by some one whose words had been repeated to her (by an officious friend apparently) as "a very good dresser." If the dim records of such a distant memory may be trusted, she described with much humour her mortification at discovering that the most salient fact about the wife of a man of genius was her successful toilette! The daughter of one whom that man of genius sought as his friend might be excused a certain feeling of disappointment even if the sole sting of a like piece of information about her was that it stood alone. But let us see with what sneers it is accompanied. Her few recollections of Burns, we are told, "were a jewel she was always ready to produce." "Her father, I gradually understood, *not from herself*, had been a man of inconsiderable wealth or position" (as if she had been ashamed of her father). "Her first husband, Mr. Skepper, was some young lawyer of German extraction, and the *romance* of her wedding Montagu which she sometimes touched on, had been prosaically nothing but this;" and then Mr. Carlyle gives an inaccurate account of the matter which, as the reader who turns to Mrs. Kemble's account of her may see, had its romantic side, the marriage which he represents as the

elevation of a governess to a coveted* position after some years of preparation for it, being the result of sudden and very lively admiration. Irving, we are told, at length discovered that Mrs. Montagu "had not so much loved him, as tried to buy love from him by soft ministrations, by the skilfullest flattery liberally laid on. . . . In this liberal London pitch your sphere one step lower than yourself, and you can get what amount of flattery you will consent to." Most of the distinguished men who have frequented the house, we are given to understand, had found this out and left it; "a confused miscellany of 'geniuses' hovered fitfully round the establishment; I think those of any reality had got tired and gone away." We will add to this specimens of Mr. Carlyle's sneers at the woman for whom he professes so much admiration (and which we have not set down in full); his unworthy allusion to her letters as "high-sounding amiable things to which I could not but respond, though dimly conscious of their quality." A letter to her, not included in the present little collection, written at a distance of three years from the beginning of their correspondence, ends with an earnest petition for its continuance. Was he then addressing her with empty flattery?—a flattery, we should imagine, most onerous to its busy recipient, if it was to be paid for in the long letters which he afterwards speaks of as if they had pestered him. The years which had passed had, it is evident, not then abated anything of his regard for her. However, we would cite this letter for the light it throws on his intercourse with another person to whom he was ungrateful. Jeffrey had evidently snubbed him for seeking his help in his wish to acquire a position at the remodelled Observatory at Edinburgh, and all that he writes about him seems touched by an ungenerous remembrance of the snub. But now see what pains Jeffrey did take to help him to a post that he thought suitable for him. In the year 1827, Carlyle was a candidate for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy at the London University, and had much discussion with Jeffrey on the matter, who,†

"Being one of the most friendly of men now breathing, entered zealously into the matter, and wrote twice to Brougham about it, and, receiving no answer, besieged the great lawyer in person for a whole day, in 'six assaults,' I think he said, and to the same purpose."

As we copy the passage recording the kind deeds which were to be forgotten, and then remember those which record the sharp words which were to be remembered, the painful conviction is borne in upon us that there must have been something in Carlyle's nature fundamentally

* To the present writer this innuendo appears involved in the assertion that she "succeeded well in that ticklish capacity, and better and better, for some time, perhaps some years, whereupon at length offer of marriage," i. 229. But where every mention is disparaging we are sometimes inclined to make too much of a single one.

† See a very confused reference to this in the *Reminiscences* (ii. 136), as some professorship, "perhaps of Literature," which reads like a sentence of Mrs. Camp's, but that may be the fault of printer and editor.

ungenerous. We might never have discovered it if Mr. Froude had not shown it us, but we cannot deny that the thing he shows us, though much magnified by age and disease, was a part of character. But let us look at his spirit of grudge through his own words, as they lie before us in his characteristic handwriting :—

“ Kind it is in you not to forget me; yet it is a kindness not unrepaid. O why is the spirit of man so often jarred into ‘harsh thunder,’ when sweeter tones of melody may be awakened from its strings! Why do we not always love, and why is the loved soul shut out from us by poor obstructions, that we see it only in glimpses, or at best look at it from a prison grate, and into a prison grate!”

We know few things in biography much more unlovely than the contrast between the way Carlyle speaks to Mrs. Montagu and of her. It is true, there is a certain contrast between the way we speak of our dearest friend and to him, and many a little playful scoff or even severe criticism would be found in private letters associated with the name of some that are very dear to us. But surely, even in private letters, such expressions are not found alone. And secondly, these papers are not private. Carlyle had taken the first step towards publishing them. We do not believe he would ever have taken the last, but still Mr. Froude has violated no confidence in making public the papers which, if they were not written for the public, were written for nobody. While Carlyle was writing in this way of the mother, he was now and again reminded by friendly intercourse with the daughter (who was his occasional guest till the last) that whatever opinions he left on paper about the Montagus would be liable to meet the eyes of one who would be deeply wounded by unkind words of them. And though he seems to have forgotten, according to Mr. Froude’s fearless information, that he had ever written the paper in which their name occurs, and the responsibility of its publication is thus brought home in a peculiar sense to his editor, we cannot feel that the responsibility for its existence is removed from himself. However, we would leave with the reader in parting one consideration which tends to put these Reminiscences in a gentler light. When Carlyle talks of the Basil Montagus flattering him, he is evidently looking back on their intercourse through the haze of his egotism. He is thinking of himself, as he was through the greater part of his life, a person whom there was some object in flattering. He was confusing two separate selves. We often see this confusion in the memories of the old, happily not often to the advantage of a mean ungenerous spirit; but even generous natures become sometimes a little unjust in mental decay from the mere loss of an accurate power of recollection. Perhaps, indeed, it may be the one compensation for all the pain which this unhappy book has given, that here and there some valued life, obscured by what seemed a strange cloud towards its close, may receive a softening light from it, and we may be enabled to look more steadily at an image which we see now was confused by the medium

through which, at the last, we had to regard it. We pay a heavy price, however, for these faint touches of consolation. It was said of Lord Campbell that his series of biographies had added a new terror to Death. Lord Campbell had no victims among the lowly, but Mr. Froude has added new terrors to old age for the humblest of us. We could look forward with calmness to the hour when the "windows should be darkened, and the grasshopper should be a burden, and desire should fail;" but now that we learn how gratitude may fade with the keenness of hearing and justice with sharpness of eyesight, how with the light tread and the active hand depart the kindly will, and grudging suspiciousness assail the weary spirit as disease the weary frame—who will not tremble at the consciousness that youth is past? Let us take courage. A hundred soothing memories crowd in to our solace; images of old age that needed no sheltering shadow, of long pain and incapacity borne by those whose interests were still vivid, with cheerful reticence, of oblivion that seemed like a sponge laid on all unkindness, of all harsh things banished and held at bay, of quickened tenderness, and distaste or resentment that grew dim. If genius makes such an old age unattainable—if that interest in oneself which no doubt belongs to intellectual power fosters an expression of the whole nature which must tell after many years in an impartial development of what is best and worst within; then, indeed, we ordinary beings may find much consolation in our insignificance, and be thankful that for those whose day has not been particularly brilliant, "at evening time it shall be light."*

In conclusion, the writer may, perhaps, be permitted to describe herself as one who has received no special wound from any mention in these *Reminiscences*. None dear to her were scornfully or harshly judged by Mr. Carlyle; some were tenderly and even faithfully loved by him. His writings afforded the first glimpse of genius appreciated in early youth; his person still bears the halo worn by all who have thus been to us the revealers of a larger world, and to these strong ties is added the bond of a hereditary interest, and with many of his views an abiding sympathy. Prejudice, if it exists, is on the side of the man whose failings are here, of necessity, pointed out. But this attempt will be much misunderstood if it is regarded as a disquisition on the failings

* We would reinforce the lesson in Carlyle's own words, here, as so often, appearing as witnesses against their author. "Dear Procter," he writes to Mrs. Montagu's son-in-law, in 1865, "I have been reading your book on 'Charles Lamb' in these silent regions" (a country-house near Dover), "whither I had fled for a few days of dialogue with Mother Earth, and I have found in your work something so touching, pure, serene, and pious, that I cannot but write you one brief word of recognition. . . . Brevity, perspicuity, graceful clearness, then also perfect veracity, gentleness, lovingness, justness, peaceable candour throughout, a fine kindly sincerity to all comers, with sharp insight too, quick recognition graphically rendered—all the qualities, in short, which such a work could have, I find in this, now dating, it appears, in your seventy-seventh year. Every page of it reveals to me the old Procter whom I used to talk with forty-two years ago, unaltered, except as the finest wines and such like alter, by ripening to the full, a man as if *transfigured* by his heavy-laden years, and to whom his hoary head is as a crown."

of a great man. It is meant as a protest against the action which has lifted the curtain on those failings. When a biography has to be written, give the picture of the whole man. Give his failings, in their due proportion, and with that due reserve which is indeed rightly understood only a part of proportion. But do not thrust before us writings which show nothing but those weaknesses, do not tempt us to believe that noble and inspiring words were a hollow formula; that the teaching which, to some extent, has guided and enriched many lives was mere hypocrisy. This is not to further truth; this is not to teach us anything of a spirit's history. It will satisfy a certain love of vulgar gossip, and sometimes more evil feelings. But, judged by posterity, we have no question that it will be a blot on the literary fame of him who is guilty of it which no other achievements, however honourable, can wholly wipe out.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

[The writer omitted to insert, in the proper place, a reminder to those few surviving friends who were hurt by the contemptuous mention of one they recalled with respect and affection—Mr. Whishaw—that a tribute was paid him that might well outweigh many such mentions,—Sir Samuel Romilly made him the guardian of his children.]

THE UNITY OF NATURE.

X.

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF THE UNITY OF NATURE (*Concluded*).

IN the beginning of this chapter I have observed how little we think of the assumptions which are involved in putting such questions as that respecting the origin of Religion. And here we have come to a point in our investigations at which it is very needful to remember again what some of these assumptions are. In order to do so let us look back for a moment and see where we stand.

We have found the clearest evidence that there is a special tendency in religious conceptions to run into developments of corruption and decay. We have seen the best reason to believe that the Religion of savages, like their other peculiarities, is the result of this kind of evolution. We have found in the most ancient records of the Aryan language proof that the indications of religious thought are higher, simpler, and purer as we go back in time, until at last, in the very oldest compositions of human speech which have come down to us, we find the Divine Being spoken of in the sublime language which forms the opening of the Lord's Prayer. The date in absolute chronology of the oldest Vedic literature does not seem to be known. Professor Max Müller, however, considers that it may possibly take us back 5000 years.* This is probably an extreme estimate, and Professor Monier Williams seems to refer the most ancient Vedic hymns to a period not much more remote than 1500 B.C.† But whatever that date may be, or the corresponding date of any other very ancient literature, such as the Chinese, or that of the oldest Egyptian papyri, when we go beyond these dates we enter upon a period when we are absolutely without any historical evidence whatever, not only as to the history of Religion, but as to the history and condition of Mankind. We do not know even approximately the time during which he has existed. We do not know

* Hibbert Lectures, p. 216.

† "Hinduism," p. 19.

the place or the surroundings of his birth. We do not know the steps by which his knowledge "grew from more to more." All we can see with certainty is that the earliest inventions of Mankind are the most wonderful that the race has ever made. The first beginnings of human speech must have had their origin in powers of the highest order. The first use of fire and the discovery of the methods by which it can be kindled; the domestication of wild animals; and above all the processes by which the various cereals were first developed out of some wild grasses—these are all discoveries with which in ingenuity and in importance no subsequent discoveries may compare. They are all unknown to history—all lost in the light of an effulgent dawn. In speculating, therefore, on the origin of these things, we must make one or other of two assumptions—either that Man always had the same mental faculties and the same fundamental intellectual constitution that he has now, or that there was a time when these faculties had not yet risen to the level of Humanity, and when his mental constitution was essentially inferior.

On the first of these assumptions we proceed on the safe ground of inquiry from the known to the unknown. We handle a familiar thing; we dissect a known structure; we think of a known agency. We speculate only on the manner of its first behaviour. Even in this process we must take a good deal for granted—we must imagine a good deal that is not easily conceivable. If we try to present to our own minds any distinct image of the first Man, whether we supposed him to have been specially created or gradually developed, we shall soon find that we are talking about a Being and about a condition of things of which science tells us nothing, and of which the imagination even cannot form any definite conception. The temptation to think of that Being as a mere savage is very great, and this theory underlies nine-tenths of all speculations on the subject. But, to say the very least, this may not be true, and valid reasons have been adduced to show that it is in the highest degree improbable. That the first Man should have been born with all the developments of savagery, is as impossible as that he should have been born with all the developments of civilization. The next most natural resource we have is to think of the first Man as something like a child. But no man has ever seen a child which never had a parent, or some one to represent a parent. We can form no picture in our mind's eye of the mental condition of the first Man, if we suppose him to have had no communication with, and no instruction from, some Intelligence other than his own. A child that has never known anything, and has never seen example, is a creature of which we have no knowledge, and of which therefore we can form no definite conception. Our power of conceiving things is, of course, no measure of their possibility. But it may be well to observe where the impossibilities of conception are, or may be, of our own making. It is at least possible that the first Man may not have been born or created in the

condition which we find to be so inconceivable. He may have been a child, but having, what all other children have, some intimations of Authority and some acquaintance with its Source. At all events, let it be clearly seen that the denial of this possibility is an assumption; and an assumption too which establishes an absolute and radical distinction between childhood as we know it, and the inconceivable conditions of a childhood which was either without Parents, or with Parents who were comparatively beasts. Professor Max Müller has fancied our earliest forefathers as creatures who at first had to be "roused and awakened from mere staring and stolid wonderment," by certain objects "which set them for the first time musing, pondering, and thinking on the visions floating before their eyes." This is a picture evidently framed on the assumption of a Fatherless childhood—of a Being born into the world with all the innate powers of Man, but absolutely deprived of all direct communication with any Mind or Will analogous to his own. No such assumption is admissible as representing any reasonable probability. But at least such imaginings as these about our first parents have reference to their external conditions only, and do not raise the additional difficulties involved in the supposition that the first Man was half a beast.

Very different is the case upon the other of the two assumptions which have been indicated above. On the assumption that there was a time when Man was different in his own proper nature from that nature as we know it now—when he was merely an animal not yet developed into a Man—on this assumption another element of the unknown is introduced, which is an element of absolute confusion. It is impossible to found any reasoning upon data which are not only unknown, but are in themselves unintelligible and inconceivable. Now it seems as if many of those who speculate on the origin of Religion have not clearly made up their minds whether they are proceeding on the first of these assumptions or on the second; that is to say, on the assumption that Man has always been, in respect to faculty, what he now is, or on the assumption that he was once a beast. Perhaps, indeed, it would be strictly true to say that many of those who speculate on the origin of Religion proceed upon the last of these assumptions without avowing it, or even without distinctly recognizing it themselves. It may be well, therefore, to point out here that on this assumption the question cannot be discussed at all. We must begin with Man as Man, when his development or his creation had made him what he is; not indeed as regards the acquisitions of experience or the treasures of knowledge, but what he is in faculty and in power, in the structure and habit of his mind, in the instincts of his intellectual and moral nature.

But, as we have also seen at the beginning of this chapter, there are two other assumptions between which we must choose. Besides assuming something as to the condition and the powers of the first Man, we must also make one or other of two assumptions as to the existence or non-

existence of a Being to whom his mind stands in close relation. One is the assumption that there is no God; and then the problem is, how Man came to invent one. The other is that there is a God; and then the question is, whether He first formed, and how long He left, His creature without any intuition or revelation of Himself?

It is really curious to observe in many speculations on the origin of Religion how unconscious the writers are that they are making any assumption at all on this subject. And yet in many cases the assumption distinctly is that, as an objective reality, God does not exist, and that the conception of such a Being is built up gradually out of wonderings and guessings about "the Infinite" and "the Invisible."

On this assumption I confess that it does not appear to me to be possible to give any satisfactory explanation of the origin of Religion. As a matter of fact, we see that the tendency to believe in divine or superhuman Beings is a universal tendency in the human mind. As a matter of fact, also, we see that the conceptions which gather round this belief—the ideas which grow up and are developed from one consequence to another respecting the character of these superhuman Personalities and the relations to mankind—are beyond all comparison the most powerful agencies in moulding human nature for evil or for good. There is no question whatever about the fact that the most terrible and destructive customs of barbarian and of savage life are customs more or less directly connected with the growth of religious superstitions. It was the perception of this fact which inspired the intense hatred of Religion, as it was known to him, which breathes in the memorable poem of Lucretius. In all literature there is no single line more true than the famous line—"Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum." Nor is it less certain, on the other hand, that the highest type of human virtue is that which has been exhibited in some of those whose whole inspiration and rule of life has been founded on religious faith. Religious conceptions have been historically the centre of all authority, and have given their strength to all ideas of moral obligation. Accordingly, we see that the same hatred which inspired Lucretius against Religion because of its power for evil, now inspires other men against it because of its power for good. Those who wish to sever all the bonds which bind human society together, the State, the Church, the Family, and whose spirits are in fierce rebellion against all Law, human or divine, are and must be bitter enemies of Religion. The idea must be unendurable to them of a Ruler who cannot be defied, of a Throne which cannot be overturned, of a Kingdom which endureth throughout all generations. The belief in any Divine Personality as the source of the inexorable laws of Nature is a belief which enforces, as nothing else can enforce, the idea of obligation and the duty of obedience.

It is not possible, in the light of the unity of Nature, to reconcile this close and obvious relation between religious conceptions and the

highest conditions of human life with the supposition that these conceptions are nothing but a dream. The power exercised over the mind and conduct of Mankind, by the belief in some Divine Personality with whom they have to do, is a power having all the marks that indicate an integral part of the system under which we live. But if we are to assume that this belief does not represent a fact, and that its origin is any other than a simple and natural perception of that fact, then this negation must be the groundwork of all our speculations on the subject, and must be involved, more or less directly, in every argument we use. But even on this assumption it is not a reasonable explanation of the fundamental postulates of all Religion—namely, the existence of superhuman Beings—to suppose that the idea of personality has been evolved out of that which is impersonal; the idea of Will out of that which has no Intelligence; the idea of Life out of that which does not contain it.

On the other hand, if we make the only alternative assumption,—namely, that there is a God, that is to say, a Supreme Being, who is the Author of creation,—then the origin of Man's perception of this fact ceases to have any mystery other than that which attaches to the origin of every one of the elementary perceptions of his mind and spirit. Not a few of these perceptions tell him of realities which are as invisible as the Godhead. Of his own passions his perception is immediate—of his own love, of his own anger, of his own possession of just authority. The sense of owing obedience may well be as immediate as the sense of a right to claim it. Moreover, seeing the transcendent power of this perception upon his conduct, and, through his conduct, upon his fate, it becomes antecedently probable, in accordance with the analogies of Nature and of all other created Beings, that from the very first, and as part of the outfit of his nature, some knowledge was imparted to him of the existence of his Creator, and of the duty which he owed to Him.

Of the methods by which this knowledge was imparted to him, we are as ignorant as of the methods by which other innate perceptions were implanted in him. But no special difficulty is involved in the origin of a perception which stands in such close relation to the Unity of Nature. It has been demanded, indeed, as a postulate in this discussion, that we should discard all notions of antecedent probability—that we should take nothing for granted, except that Man started on his course furnished with what are called his senses, and with nothing more. And this demand may be acceded to, provided it be well understood what our senses are. If by this word we are to understand nothing more than the gates and avenues of approach through which we derive an impression of external objects—our sight, and touch, and smell, and taste, and hearing—then, indeed, it is the most violent of all assumptions that they are the only faculties by which knowledge is acquired. There is no need to put any disparagement on these senses,

or to undervalue the work they do. Quite the contrary. It has been shown in a former chapter how securely we may rest on the wonder and on the truthfulness of these faculties as a pledge and guarantee of the truthfulness of other faculties which are conversant with higher things. When we think of the mechanism of the eye, and of the inconceivable minuteness of the ethereal movements which that organ enables us to separate and to discriminate at a glance, we get hold of an idea having an intense interest and a supreme importance. If adjustments so fine and so true as these have been elaborated out of the unities of Nature, whether suddenly by what we imagine as Creation, or slowly by what we call Development, then may we have the firmest confidence that the same law of natural adjustment has prevailed in all the other faculties of the perceiving and conceiving mind. The whole structure of that mind is, as it were, revealed to be a structure which is in the nature of a growth—a structure whose very property and function it is to take in and assimilate the truths of Nature—and that in an ascending order, according to the rank of those truths in the system and constitution of the Universe. In this connection of thought too great stress cannot be laid on the wonderful language of the senses. In the light of it the whole mind and spirit of Man becomes one great mysterious retina for reflecting the images of Eternal Truth. Our moral and intellectual perceptions of things which in their very nature are invisible, come home to us as invested with a new authority. It is the authority of an adjusted structure—of a mental organization which has been moulded by what we call natural causes—these being the causes on which the unity of the world depends.

And when we come to consider how this moulding, and the moulding of the human body, deviates from that of the lower animals, we discover in the nature of this deviation a law which cannot be mistaken. That law points to the higher power and to the higher value in his economy of faculties which lie behind the senses. The human frame diverges from the frame of the brutes, so far as the mere bodily senses are concerned, in the direction of greater helplessness and weakness. Man's sight is less piercing than the eagle's. His hearing is less acute than the owl's or the bat's. His sense of smell may be said hardly to exist at all when it is compared with the exquisite susceptibilities of the deer, of the weasel, or of the fox. The whole principle and plan of structure in the beasts which are supposed to be nearest to him in form, is a principle and a plan which is almost the converse of that on which his structure has been organized. The so-called man-like Apes are highly specialized; Man on the contrary is as highly generalized. They are framed to live almost entirely on trees, and to be dependent on arboreal products, which only a very limited area in the globe can supply. Man is framed to be independent of all local conditions, except indeed those extreme conditions which are incompatible with the maintenance of organic life in any form. If it be true,

therefore, that he is descended from some "arboreal animal with pointed ears," he has been modified during the steps of that descent on the principle of depending less on senses such as the lower animals possess, and more and more on what may be called the senses of his mind. The unclothed and unprotected condition of the human body, the total absence of any organic weapon of defence, the want of teeth adapted even for prehension, and the same want of power for similar purposes in the hands and fingers—these are all changes and departures from the mere animal type which stand in obvious relation to the mental powers of Man. Apart from these, they are changes which would have placed the new creature at a hopeless disadvantage in the struggle for existence. It is not easy to imagine—indeed, we may safely say that it is impossible to conceive—the condition of things during any intermediate steps in such a process. It seems as if there could be no safety until it had been completed—until the enfeebled physical organization had been supported and reinforced by the new capacities for knowledge and design. This, however, is not the point on which we are dwelling now. We are not now speculating on the origin of Man. We are considering him only as he is, and as he must have been since he was Man at all. And in that structure as it is, we see that the bodily senses have a smaller relative importance than in the beasts. To the beasts these senses tell them all they know. To us they speak but little compared with all that our spirit of interpretation gathers from them. But that spirit of interpretation is in the nature of a sense. In the lower animals every external stimulus moves to some appropriate action. In Man it moves to some appropriate thought. This is an enormous difference; but the principle is the same. We can see that, so far as the mechanism is visible, the plan or the principle of that mechanism is alike. The more clearly we understand that this organic mechanism has been a growth and a development, the more certain we may be that in its structure it is self-adapted, and that in its working it is true. And the same principle applies to those other faculties of our mental constitution which have no outward organ to indicate the machinery through which their operations are conducted. In them the spirit of interpretation is in communication with the realities which lie behind phenomena—with energies which are kindred with its own. And so we come to understand that the processes of Development or of Creation, whatever they may have been, which culminated in the production of a Being such as Man, are processes wholly governed and directed by a law of adjustment between the higher truths which it concerns him most to know, and the evolution of faculties by which alone he could be enabled to apprehend them. There is no difficulty in conceiving these processes carried to the most perfect consummation, as we do see them actually carried to very high degrees of excellence in the case of a few men of extraordinary genius, or of extraordinary virtue. In science the most profound conclusions have been sometimes

reached without any process of conscious reasoning. It is clearly the law of our nature, however, that the triumphs of intellect are to be gained only by laborious thought, and by the gains of one generation being made the starting-point for the acquisition of the next. This is the general law. But it is a law which itself assumes certain primary intuitions of the mind as the starting-point of all. If these were wrong, nothing could be right. The whole processes of reasoning would be vitiated from the first. The first man must have had these as perfectly as we now have them, else the earliest steps of reason could never have been taken, the earliest rewards of discovery could never have been secured. But there is this great difference between the moral and the intellectual nature of Man, that whereas in the work of reasoning the perceptions which are primary and intuitive require to be worked out and elaborately applied, in morals the perceptions which are primary are all in all. It is true that here also the applications may be infinite, and the doctrines of Utility have their legitimate application in enforcing, by the sense of obligation, whatever course of conduct Reason may determine to be the most fitting and the best. The sense of obligation in itself is, like the sense of logical sequence, elementary, and, like it, is part and parcel of our mental constitution. But unlike the mere sense of logical sequence, the sense of moral obligation has one necessary and primary application which from the earliest moment of Man's existence may well have been all-sufficient. Obedience to the will of legitimate Authority is, as we have seen in a former chapter, the first duty and the first idea of duty in the mind of every child. If ever there was a man who had no earthly father, or if ever there was a man whose father was, as compared with himself, a beast, it would seem a natural and almost a necessary supposition that, along with his own new and wonderful power of self-consciousness, there should have been associated a consciousness also of the presence and the power of that Creative Energy to which his own development was due. It is not possible for us to conceive what form the consciousness would take. "No man hath seen God at any time." This absolute declaration of one of the Apostles of the Christian Church proves that they accepted, as metaphorical, the literal terms in which the first communications between Man and his Creator are narrated in the Jewish Scriptures. It is not necessary to suppose that the Almighty was seen by His first human creature walking in bodily form in the garden "in the cool of the day." The strong impressions of a spiritual Presence and of spiritual communications which have been the turning-point in the lives of men living in the bustle of a busy and corrupted world, may well have been even more vivid and more immediate when the first "Being worthy to be called a man" stood in this world alone. The light which shone on Paul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus may have been such a light as shone on the father of our race. Or the communication may have been what metaphysicians call purely sub-

jective, such as in all ages of the world do sometimes "flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." But none the less may they have been direct and overpowering. The earliest and simplest conception of the Divine Nature might well also be the best. And although we are forbidden to suppose the embodiment and visibility of the Godhead, we are not driven to the alternative of concluding that there never could have been anything which is to us unusual in the intimations of His presence. Yet this is another of the unobserved assumptions which are perpetually made—the assumption of an uniformity in Nature which does not exist. That "all things have continued as they are since the beginning" is conceivable. But that all things should have continued as they were since before the beginning is a contradiction in terms. In primeval times many things had then just been done of which we have no knowledge now. When the form of Man had been fashioned and completed for the first time, like and yet unlike to the bodies of the beasts; when all their organs had been lifted to a higher significance in his; when his hands had been liberated from walking and from climbing, and had been elaborated into an instrument of the most subtle and various use; when his feet had been adapted for holding him in the erect position; when his breathing apparatus had been set to musical chords of widest compass and the most exquisite tones; when all his senses had become ministers to a mind endowed with wonder and with reverence, and with reason and with love—then a work had been accomplished such as the world had not known before, and such as has never been repeated since. All the conditions under which that work was carried forward must have been happy conditions—conditions, that is to say, in perfect harmony with its progress and its end. They must have been favourable, first, to the production and then to the use of those higher faculties which separated the new creature from the beasts. They must have been in a corresponding degree adverse to and incompatible with the prevalence of conditions tending to reversion or to degradation in any form. That long and gradual ascent, if we assume it to have been so,—or, as it may have been, that sudden transfiguration,—must have taken place in a congenial air and amid surroundings which lent themselves to so great a change. On every conceivable theory, therefore, of the origin of Man, all this seems a necessity of thought. But perhaps it seems on the Theory of Development even more a necessity than on any other. It is of the essence of that theory that all things should have worked together for the good of the Being that was to be. On the lowest interpretation, this "toil co-operant to an end" is always the necessary result of forces ever weaving and ever interwoven. On the higher interpretation it is the same. Only, some Worker is ever behind the work. But under either interpretation the conclusion is the same. That the first Man should have been a savage, with instincts and dispositions perverted as they are never perverted among the beasts, is a

supposition impossible and inconceivable. Like every other creature, he must have been in harmony with his origin and his end—with the path which had led him to where he stood, with the work which made him what he was. It may well have been part of that work—nay, it seems almost a necessary part of it—to give to this new and wonderful Being some knowledge of his whence and whither—some open vision, some sense and faculty divine.

With arguments so deeply founded on the analogies of Nature in favour of the conclusion that the first Man, though a child in acquired knowledge, must from the first have had instincts and intuitions in harmony with his origin and with his destiny, we must demand the clearest proof from those who assume that he could have had no conception of a Divine Being, and that this was an idea which could only be acquired in time from staring at things too big for him to measure, and from wondering at things too distant for him to reach. Not even his powers could extract from such things that which they do not contain. But in his own Personality, fresh from the hand of Nature,—in his own spirit just issuing from the fountains of its birth,—in his own Will, willing according to the law of its creation,—in his own desire of knowledge,—in his own sense of obligation,—in his own wonder and reverence and awe,—he had all the elements to enable him at once to apprehend, though not to comprehend, the Infinite Being who was the Author of his own.

It is, then, with that intense interest which must ever belong to new evidence in support of fundamental truths that we find these conclusions, founded as they are on the analogies of Nature, confirmed and not disparaged by such facts as can be gathered from other sources of information. Scholars who have begun their search into the origin of Religion in the full acceptance of what may be called the savage theory of the origin of Man—who, captivated by a plausible generalization, had taken it for granted that the farther we go back in time the more certainly do we find all Religion assuming one or other of the gross and idolatrous forms which have been indiscriminately grouped under the designation of Fetishism—have been driven from this belief by discovering to their surprise that facts do not support the theory. They have found, on the contrary, that up to the farthest limits which are reached by records which are properly historical, and far beyond those limits to the remotest distance which is attained by evidence founded on the analysis of human speech, the religious conceptions of men are seen as we go back in time to have been not coarser and coarser, but simpler, purer, higher—so that the very oldest conceptions of the Divine Being of which we have any certain evidence are the simplest and the best of all.

In particular, and as a fact of typical significance, we find very clear indications that everywhere Idolatry and Fetishism appear to have been corruptions, whilst the higher and more spiritual conceptions of Religion

which lie behind do generally even now survive among idolatrous tribes as vague surmises or as matters of speculative belief. Nowhere even now, it is confessed, is mere Fetishism the whole of the Religion of any people. Everywhere, in so far as the history of it is known, it has been the work of evolution, the development of tendencies which are deviations from older paths. And not less significant is the fact that everywhere in the imagination and traditions of Mankind there is preserved the memory and the belief in a past better than the present. "It is a constant saying," we are told, "among African tribes that formerly heaven was nearer to man than it is now; that the highest God, the Creator Himself, gave formerly lessons of wisdom to human beings; but that afterwards He withdrew from them, and dwells now far from them in heaven." All the Indian races have the same tradition; and it is not easy to conceive how a belief so universal could have arisen unless as a survival. It has all the marks of being a memory and not an imagination. It would reconcile the origin of Man with that law which has been elsewhere universal in creation—the law under which every creature has been produced not only with appropriate powers, but with appropriate instincts and intuitive perceptions for the guidance of these powers in their exercise and use. Many will remember the splendid lines in which Dante has defined this law, and has declared the impossibility of Man having been exempt therefrom:—

Nell' ordine ch'io dico sono accline
Tutte nature per diverse sorti
Più al principio loro, e men vicine;
Onde si muovono a diversi porti
Per lo gran mar dell' essere; e ciascuna
Con istinto a lei dato che la porti.

* * * * *

Nè pur le creature, che son fuore
D'intelligenza, quest'arco saetta,
Ma quelle c'hanno intelletto ed amore.*

The only mystery which would remain is the mystery which arises out of the fact that somehow those instincts have in Man not only been liable to fail, but that they seem to have acquired apparently an ineradicable tendency to become perverted. But this is a lesser mystery than the mystery which would attach to the original birth or creation of any creature in the condition of a human savage. It is a lesser mystery because it is of the essence of a Being whose Will is comparatively free that he should be able to deviate from his appointed path. The origin of evil may appear to us to be a great mystery. But this at least may be said in mitigation of the difficulty, that without the possibility of evil there could be no possibility of any virtue. Among the lower animals obedience has always been a necessity. In Man it was raised to the dignity of a duty. It is in this great change that we can see and understand how it is that the very elevation of his nature is inseparable from the possibility of a Fall. The mystery, then, which attaches to his

* "Paradiso," canto i. 110-120

condition now is shifted from his endowments and his gifts to the use he made of them. The question of the origin of Religion is merged and lost in the question of the origin of Man. And that other question, how his Religion came to be corrupted, becomes intelligible on the supposition of wilful disobedience with all its consequences having become "inherited and organized in the race." This is the formula of expression which has been invented or accepted by those who do not believe in original instincts or intuitions, even when these are in harmony with the order and with the reasonableness of Nature. It may well therefore be accepted in a case where we have to account for tendencies and propensities which have no such character—which are exceptions to the unity of Nature, and at variance with all that is intelligible in its order, or reasonable in its law.

If all explanation essentially consists in the reduction of phenomena into the terms of human thought and into the analogies of human experience, this is the explanation which can alone reconcile the unquestionable corruption of human character with the analogies of Creation.

For the present I must bring these papers to a close. If the conclusions to which they point are true, then we have in them some foundation-stones strong enough to bear the weight of an immense, and, indeed, of an immeasurable superstructure. If the Unity of Nature is not a unity which consists in mere sameness of material, or in mere identity of composition, or in mere uniformity of structure, but a unity which the mind recognizes as the result of operations similar to its own; if man, not in his body only, but in the highest as well as in the lowest attributes of his spirit, is inside this Unity and part of it; if all his powers are, like the instincts of the beasts, founded on a perfect harmony between his faculties and the realities of creation; if the limits of his knowledge do not affect its certainty; if its accepted truthfulness in the lower fields of thought arises out of correspondences and adjustments which are applicable to all the operations of his intellect, and all the energies of his spirit; if the moral character of Man, as it exists now, is the one great anomaly in Nature—the one great exception to its order and to the perfect harmony of its laws; if the corruption of this moral character stands in immediate and necessary connection with rebellion against the Authority on which that order rests; if all ignorance and error and misconception respecting the nature of that Authority and of its commands has been and must be the cause of increasing deviation, disturbance, and perversion,—then, indeed, we have a view of things which is full of light. Dark as the difficulties which remain may be, they are not of a kind to undermine all certitude, to discomfit all conviction, and to dissolve all hope. On the contrary,

some of these difficulties are seen to be purely artificial and imaginary, whilst many others are exposed to the suspicion of belonging to the same class and category. In some cases our misgivings are shown to be unreasonable, whilst in many other cases, to say the least, doubt is thrown on Doubt. Let destructive criticism do its work. But let that work be itself subjected to the same rigid analysis which it professes to employ. Under the analysis, unless I am much mistaken, the destroyer will be destroyed. That which pretends to be the universal solvent of all knowledge and of all Belief, will be found to be destitute of any power to convict of falsehood the universal instinct of Man, that by a careful and conscientious use of the appropriate means he can, and does, attain to a substantial knowledge of the Truth.

ARGYLL.

“BOYCOTTED.”

SOME EXPERIENCES IN IRELAND DURING LAST WINTER.

IN order to make the outrage committed on us last winter in Ireland intelligible, it is needful to state shortly why we lived in Ireland, and what we had done there.

I have actually lived in Ireland for thirty-eight years since 1843. For the last twenty years, since our children were of age to require better teaching than could be had in Ireland, I have had a house in London, and came here for three to five months every year.

For the first thirty years of my life my home was in Suffolk, on the very edge of Norfolk, and except for the absences that a public school and university and the Bar required, I lived there, as most of the sons of country gentlemen live, and with the same tastes and habits.

When I married in 1843, I settled in Ireland, wholly as a duty. It was very distasteful to me, and still more to my wife. But in those days there was no doubt that it was right to do so.

It was before the great famine of 1846. There was an immense population and great poverty. The estate had been wholly neglected, except for a little I had done on it myself during the previous five or six years. There were not only many poor tenants, but a still larger number of poorer labourers, often unemployed, and whose ordinary wages, when they were employed, were only 6*d.* per day, or 3*s.* per week, and even that they were grateful to get. I paid 1*s.*, and was thought liberal.

It was the most hapless and hopeless sea of misery that it is possible to conceive. As to thinking any impression for good could be made on it by the utmost one could do, it was plainly impossible. To try to bale out the sea would have been as likely to succeed; but it was the plain duty of those to whom God had given property in the country, to do what we could, and with that object alone my wife and I went over and settled there three or four months after our marriage.

My Suffolk taste for farming made living in Ireland less unpleasant to me personally. I had no agent, but managed the estate wholly myself, with a Scotch bailiff for the small farm I then held, whose business it was to go amongst the tenants and teach them how to grow clover and turnips, of which before they knew nothing at all.

It was in the very height of O'Connell's agitation for Repeal of the Union, and the country was much disturbed.

That I could make a residence in Ireland profitable, by farming myself, and improving land, never crossed my mind; it would have seemed unpractical folly to expect such a result. To rescue the estate from further decline was the most that I thought could be done. In Norfolk, where most of my knowledge of farming was got, it was thought that a gentleman could not make farming pay. The general opinion was, that whatever a gentleman could honestly make out of a farm in his own hands, a responsible tenant could afford to pay him for it as rent, and make a living out of it besides.

For some years before I settled in Ireland I had managed the estate, going over twice a year for the purpose.

Besides being very much out of order, it was much in arrear of rent. The first step was to wipe off nearly all the arrears, telling the tenants that, in future, whatever rent anyone had promised, he would have to pay regularly. That no one would be turned out, except for non-payment of rent, or very gross misconduct, and no one's rent be raised during his life. So every one held as if he had a lease for his life.

The rent days were fixed, July 6th and Dec. 6th, as the most convenient periods for the tenants.

The result very soon was great regularity of payment. For years I sat down to receive rents at 11 A.M., and by 3 P.M. half a year's rent was lodged in the bank. There was no pressing, and not a rough word was used. Only good-will and friendliness appeared on both sides. There were, of course, occasional defaulters, but only from indolence and drink. These were forgiven all the rent they owed, and allowed to take away whatever stock and goods they had, and given a few pounds besides. Their land was applied to enlarge the farms of those who remained and were thriving.

The improvement in the circumstances of the tenants, and the increase in the number and quality of their stock were wonderful. No stranger being brought in, but the land of all who were turned out being divided among those who remained, tenants being turned out became a pleasure to all except the poor fellows who had to leave.

Still the whole system rested on potato growing, and when the potatoes failed, in the great famine of 1846, a number of tenants collapsed. These nearly all emigrated, as did numbers of labourers; we have often since heard of them as doing well. Abatements of rent had to be freely given, till the effect of the famine had passed. Then the same system of order and regularity was resumed. Such order is very

much disliked in Ireland, but I attribute g has gone on ever since, and the tenants, with steadily prospered. They are much better estates near. Some are wealthy men, and a able. My rent has always been easily and reg or differences between them and me have been

Of the land given up to me during the fami own hands. I found I could not let it again at I farmed it myself, with the intention of re-letti But when I found it was paying I kept it in rents were 17s. per acre on an average. I cleared a profit of 20s. an acre beyond the 17s.— have cleared a total of over 40s. per acre as rer Of course, improvements of all sorts have bee land throughout the whole estate has been drain which there is no outfall. Old fences have been made. Many cottages for labourers built, twen stories, and great employment given in every All tenants turned out were offered work, if the

A year ago I had between 30 and 40 men req £25 per week as wages—£1,300 per annum higher wages than any one else near. Our far so we could afford it, and it seemed a means of our people; 13s. per week included the value potato ground in the field (as much as each together I valued at 2s. per week. These were men and all our best men: 10s. a week was t men got.

In many cases more than one member of w One family drew, in cash, for two or three years, l ness half wages were allowed, besides other help vided blankets and flannel and other clothes at s assured, by one who had good means of knowing, t no labourer had a blanket, and very few farmers. even coverlets and sheets. One woman is be blanket every Christmas for over 30 years past. she did with them. Any signs of poverty or w known among them. When, now and then, a r come as labourers, the change in their appearance striking.

With the labourers, as with the tenants, an disputes were unknown. A jog now and then, t work, was the most. Every sort of relation betw wives and children, and my wife and children, we conceived, and in any troubles and sickness they

The former house on the property had been sto

times, who used the doors, windows, staircases, chimney-pieces, &c. in a house for himself on land which he had near. I had, therefore, to build a new house on a different site, where I made a charming place; and there we lived, in, as far as could be seen, thorough friendliness and good-will with all classes around us, in complete quiet and peace, without a thought of any outrage being committed upon us.

There was not one shilling of arrear due by any tenant. The Lady-day and Spring rents of 1880 had all been paid. The harvest of 1880 was by far the best we had had for 30 years. Everyone had planted Champion potatoes, and the crops of them were astonishing. Nothing nearly so good had been known since the famine in 1846. The oats of 1879 had also been good, though barley had suffered. Even then, many had grown Champion potatoes and had very profitable crops. The price of butter had been low, so that 1879 was not a good year for farmers, though much better than 1878.

1878 had no doubt been a bad year, but by no means ruinous. The balance-sheets of my own farm, which was scattered among the farms of the tenants, enabled me to judge accurately what the loss to any was.

EVERYTHING went on as usual until the month of November. Our district is usually a very quiet one, and the people of a good sort. We saw accounts of the doings of the Land League in other parts of the country, and we knew a few men, of no weight or character, made a talk on the subject in the towns near, and held some meetings, but they and the meetings were alike contemptible. In November reports began that our tenants would not pay their rents as usual on December 7; that only the Poor-Law or Griffith's valuation would be paid. Knowing the men's circumstances, I did not believe the reports; and their characters made me certain that, however they might be led into it by others, who might make them believe they would gain by refusing to pay, a spontaneous movement of the sort was very unlikely. I therefore took no notice of the reports, and went about among them as freely as usual. None of them said one word to me on the subject, or said they were ill off, or asked for any reduction, or even for time to make up their rent.

About a week before December 7 every tenant received a threatening letter by post with a halfpenny stamp on it, open at the end, warning him on no account to pay more than Griffith's valuation. Similar threatening notices were posted in the town of Clonakilty and the neighbourhood. One night a hole was dug in the grass near my hall door to represent a grave, and a threatening notice was stuck on the door. The hole was about six inches deep; and as the notice said it was to hold both my son and myself, who are both more than six feet high (he is 6ft. 6in.) and not slight, it did not appear to be a very practical threat; so the gardener filled up the hole, and we laughed at it.

The rent day, December 7, was on a Tuesday, and on Monday there was a large fair at Clonakilty, where threats were again freely used. A most respectable old tenant, who was known to be especially friendly

with us, and who is rich, and had no trouble in paying his rent, was going home from the fair in a car in the dusk, when three men rushed at him and threw a glass of water in his face, to prove how easily they could have thrown vitriol.

By the side of the road along which most of the tenants came to my house there were the ruins of an old cabin. In these some men hid themselves on the morning of the rent day; and, as they saw a tenant coming up, they ran out and thrust before his face a sort of placard on a stick, threatening him if he paid.

It is necessary to know the people and the country to realize the amount of fear such threats caused. Many were threatened four times, a frequency that could not have been necessary had they been known to partake in earnest in the views of the Land Leaguers. It was known that an ill-conditioned inferior shopkeeper, who holds some town fields near Clonakilty from me, was active in the League, and two or three country tenants had also taken more or less part in it. But most of the tenants had nothing to do with it, though no doubt they would have no objection to profit by it, if it was possible without burning their own fingers. That would have been too great a height of virtue for such men to attain.

With very few exceptions, and these caused wholly by drink, they were all more than able to pay their rent easily. The year, as I have said, had been very favourable in our district, both in produce and prices of all kinds.

At the usual hour for paying they assembled at our gate, and a kind of informal meeting was held, from which, however, some kept aloof. The rents of a few happened to be less than Griffith's valuation. These came in and paid as usual. Altogether I received about £100 instead of £1,300.

A deputation of four of the largest tenants then came in, and asked me to take Griffith's valuation. I wholly refused, telling them they had done well at their present rents for many years when times were good, and though times had been less good for two or three years, they had not been bad to such an extent as to make a reduction of rent right; and 1880 had been a capital year in all respects.

Nothing could be more civil than they were, nor did I use a hard word to them. Their chief anxiety seemed to be to entreat that I would not blame them for not paying, and to assure me that it was only the threats that had stopped them. I had had a message from one of these very men a day or two before to say I need not be afraid. He had the rent ready, and would pay soon. Another very old man lingered behind to tell me he had the rent in his pocket, and would pay it if I told him to do so; but he hoped I should not tell him.

Of course I did not tell him to pay, but told him to go home, and leave me the rent in his will, in which way the Land League could not hurt him. At which he laughed heartily.

They went away at last without paying. I told them finally that they could do as they pleased, and I should do as I pleased.

From the window of the room where I sat I could see in the direction of the hall door, near which the rest of the tenants were; but it was plain they were very anxious to keep out of sight of the window. I could see them dodging round corners and getting quickly out of sight in a way that made me laugh. In fact I only got to know from others who were, or were not there.

The whole thing was the most sheepish piece of foolishness ever seen.

I was told that when they again got outside the gate, before they separated, a second kind of a meeting was held. One suggested that all should pay Griffith's valuation into the hands of two or three, who should lodge it in the bank; but they were far too wise for that kind of dodge.

Some paid their money into the bank in their own names, and when lately they paid me, sent me word it had been there safely all the time.

During the following days rumours went about that our labourers would all be taken away, because we refused to obey the Land League. As I farm about 1,000 acres, and have on them nearly 1,000 head of stock, the prospect of having these left suddenly with nobody to feed them was not pleasant. They thought this would surely upset me. A flock of sheep were eating turnips on a hill facing our house, and we used to look the first thing in the morning to see whether the two men whose business it was to cut turnips—put them into troughs, and shift the fold, were still at work.

At last, at the end of the week, threatening notices were sent to all our labourers, including coachman and gamekeeper, mason and carpenter; and on Monday morning all ceased to work except one who had lately come out of hospital after rheumatic fever. During his illness we had helped his wife and children. My land steward talked to the men during the previous week, and they promised fairly, that come what would, they would not leave our stock to starve. But all went away, nevertheless.

They all stopped work, as I said, except one labourer and two dairymaids. The coachman came for a few days early in the morning, and after dark to feed and do up the horses. The carpenter now and then went to the farm to do small jobs: one of the dairymaids soon gave up work.

So we were left to our own resources.

The garrison consisted of myself, my daughter, and son. My wife and another daughter had been obliged to leave home a week before to take care of a younger boy who had scarlatina at Rugby. We had our household servants, all English but one. The gardener, also English, and the one garden labourer.

At the farm were Mr. D. Law, the Scotch land steward, and his two sons, one sixteen and the other fourteen, his daughter and the one dairy-

maid. After a time a capital man came, William Brown, whom I had brought over twenty-five years before from Wraxall, Somerset, as gardener, and his son and daughter, neither very strong. He had been in business for some time on his own account, and was doing a job of building for me in Cork, which was just about to stop for the winter.

Two policemen were sent to our house to protect us; and a large house at the village, a mile off and half-way to the farm, was used as a temporary barracks for four more police. There was room in this house also for four or six labourers, to whom the police were a convenient protection. A drunken tenant had been turned out of the farm a few months before. He would, no doubt, have been reinstated by the mob, as happened to a neighbour in a like case, had it not been for the police in the house. Thus we killed two birds with one stone.

After a fortnight the police authorities added four more men, making eight in all, besides our own two. These kept up a patrol all night about the farm. Our own two men also patrolled near our house.

There were dragoons at Bandon, ten miles off, and once they patrolled out to us, stayed an hour and returned home. They did good, as showing that help could be had, if wanted. The talk afterwards was that "the country was red with them." After a week or two a company of Marines was sent to Clonakilty, three miles off, and they too now and then patrolled in our direction.

I was very anxious to have as little protection as possible, so that if we succeeded in fighting through successfully, it might not be from the weight of protection given us.

It was needful to steer between running any unwise risk of outrage, and being over protected. In the case of the outrage upon Captain Boycott in Connaught, such an army was sent to protect him and his helpers, as made it clear to all that similar protection could be given to very few; the resources of the British Army would have been insufficient for the purpose.

It soon came to our knowledge that at the Roman Catholic chapel of the parish in which my farm lies, after mass on Sunday morning, my labourers were all called into the vestry (or sacristy, as they name it), where was the priest, and a publican from Clonakilty, connected with the Land League there. As is usual in such cases, the priest professed to be ignorant of what they came for, and asked them what they wanted. To this they gave no answer, but the matter soon was opened all the same. The men asked, "Who will pay us our wages?" It was answered, "How much do you get?" To which they seem to have replied truly. The publican then came forward and said they should be paid by the League at Clonakilty, and the priest confirmed him, undertaking to see them paid. One of themselves said, "There must be no black sheep."

Nothing was said as to how long their wages should be paid. This is all that came out. If proof could have been got of it, no doubt it

was enough, with what happened afterwards, to justify an indictment against the priest and publican for having helped to Boycott us. The Government tried to get evidence, but none could be had, as is always the case under such circumstances in Ireland.

Twice in the following week a number of our former labourers were seen loitering about the village. They were joined by the Roman Catholic priest, and some informal meetings were held. No evidence could be got of what passed at them.

I had about 60 head of cattle tied up in stalls fattening. There was a score of very fine half-bred shorthorn bullocks among them, not yet two years old, only half fat, but which, having had cake and corn on the grass all summer, were in beautiful condition, as stores—thriving, growthy beasts that were sure to pay well. There were also between 200 and 300 sheep, fattening on turnips. There were, besides, near 100 cows, 200 ewes, and as many younger sheep (stores), and the balance was young cattle of different sorts and ages.

The Christmas market at Bristol was on the Thursday following; so, for fear of what might come, we ascertained that there was room for them on the Bristol steamer, and on Monday night sent a lot off to Cork for the Tuesday steamer. We sent all the fat beasts and the score of shorthorn bullocks, 30 in all, so as to lessen by half the number and work of feeding those fattening, and also 40 fat sheep. The half-fat bullocks were to try Bristol market; and, if they did not sell well, to go on by train to Sir Thomas Acland, at Killerton,—to whom we often send store stock,—who was willing to keep what he wanted himself, and his man would sell the rest to advantage. They were so good that my Scotchman said he could have cried, when he saw them turned out of the stalls, that he had not to finish them for the butcher. Getting clear of them of course relieved us much.

In the previous week, having sent three cart-loads of oats in ordinary course to Bandon market for sale, they were followed about the town by a howling mob who would let no one buy them. And they were not sold.

As our stock had to take the rail at Bandon, we feared they would be stopped there by the mob. They started early in the night, the police escorting them, and the Bandon police meeting them there. I suppose they were not expected, as they were trucked and sent off without trouble. The police at Cork were also ready for them at the train. They were driven quietly across the town to the steamer, and put in the pens for shipment. The inspector visited them, and branded them as healthy for export. It only remained to put them on board ship. A mob suddenly gathered. The police arrangements were capital. My Scotchman, on looking round as the row began, could hardly see a policeman; looking again a minute after, a line of them, well-armed, were drawn up in front of the pens. They had been kept out of sight, but near, and were ready when wanted. He then went to

the office to pay the freight, there being plenty of room in the vessel near. A Managing Director was there. A few jobbers, who had stock on board, came in, and objected to our stock being shipped. The Director took fright, though this company is the chief Steamship Company in Cork, connected with many of the chief merchants, and representing them. He refused to carry the stock, and ordered them to be turned out of the pens.

There they were running about the street, hither and thither, among the mob. My men and the police had great difficulty in getting them together again. In the meantime one of my men bought a load of hay, and brought it to the quay, to be put on board for the voyage. The mob seized on it, and scattered it in all directions. My Scotchman then went to the Glasgow Steamship Company, and asked them to take the stock. Their manager also refused. He then went to the Great Southern and Western Railway, when, after telegraphing to Dublin, they honestly and straightforwardly admitted their liability as common carriers, to take the stock. At last, they were driven to the railway yard, which luckily was enclosed with a gate, so that the mob, which still tried to give trouble, could be kept out, and they were trucked to Dublin. As the Scotchman came home a yelling mob followed him to the Bantry station, and had twice to be driven out. It was needful to telegraph to every station up the line where the train stopped, to have a guard of police at it to protect them. At Dublin they went through to the North Wall, where the Liverpool steamers lie, and they were put in the pens for shipment. Till they reached Dublin, more than twenty-four hours after starting from home, they had no food or water. Both were got for them there. But our troubles were by no means at an end.

Two companies run steamers between Dublin and Liverpool. Both hesitated to take them. The Glasgow Company was again applied to, to take them to Glasgow, and wholly refused. In Dublin Mr. Goddard, of the Property Defence Association, who has since done so much good, by making effective the judgment decrees of the courts of law and neutralizing mob violence, very kindly took the matter up. He went to Liverpool to arrange for selling the stock there; supposing, no doubt, they would be shipped and follow him. They were not, however. A friend—a very distinguished officer in the Army, who chanced to be in Dublin—luckily heard of the trouble from me. He soon made out that the two companies running steamers to Liverpool feared that the other should get the credit with the jobbers and drovers, who belonged to the Land League, of having refused to take the stock; so he caught the manager of one company, and took him in his car to the manager of the other company, and in three minutes got them to agree that each should carry half the stock,—thus Boycotting the enemy. They were shipped, accordingly, to Liverpool. The salesmen who were asked to sell them in the market, being Irishmen connected with Dublin, refused to

do so, for the same cowardly reason. An honest Scotch salesman was, however, found above such unworthy fear; and they were sold at the following Monday morning's market, having left home the previous Monday evening.

Of course, they had been much knocked about, and looked much the worse for that and bad feeding, especially the sheep, which were first-rate black-faced Shropshires, quite fat. They sold badly. I believe they were killed in Manchester; and I have since heard that in more than one part of London some butchers' shops had large placards stuck up with "Mr. Bence Jones's Boycotted Beef."

To end this part of my story. My solicitor in Cork waited on the Steamship Company soon after with a claim for £125 19s. for loss and expense in consequence of their neglect of duty as common carriers. By that time they had become ashamed of their conduct, and got to know the contempt they had earned through the kingdom. A cheque was accordingly sent me for the sum asked. I have heard that the Glasgow Company which refused to carry our stock has been well punished too. Many respectable graziers who were in the habit of sending fat stock from counties near Dublin to Glasgow withdrew their custom from this Company, and are believed to have caused it a heavy loss. I have since had no difficulty in shipping my stock wherever I wished.

Though very much relieved by getting rid of the fat stock, we had still very hard work for some time to get food drawn and the rest of the stock properly fed. All stores were turned out in lots, in separate fields, no attempt being made to house them at night whatever the weather, and it was terribly severe. Turnips and hay were drawn to them in the fields, and they were left to feed themselves, but in truth they were only half-fed; and, in consequence, as there was no one to mind them, they were always breaking out of the fields, and endless confusion and trouble followed. My son and the gardener undertook to manage the fold for the fattening sheep, shifting the hurdles every day; and they were left to eat the turnips off the ground, instead of having them pulled and cut for them. Some hay was drawn for them. But it was long before we could get corn and cake broken.

The cows in December had, of course, shortened in milk, and were drying fast. I had two large dairies. The dairymaid who remained with us managed one at the farm. The other, of forty cows, near our house, was undertaken by my daughter, with the help of the housemaid, who was able to milk, her father being a dairyman. All except twelve or fourteen cows were put dry, and those still milking were brought at night to a cowhouse near, where there was less trouble in milking them night and morning. It was hard work for my daughter who, luckily had learnt to milk when a child. In time volunteer helpers appeared who could milk a little, and as all the cows but few were going off their milk, indifferent milkers less mattered. One of the police, whose duty it was to guard her with his rifle, being a farmer's son, and knowing

how to milk, got ashamed of seeing her at work, put his gun behind the door, and doubled himself up under the cow to milk, which he did capitally. It was a droll sight, two policemen with their guns protecting a young lady milking cows. The cook and other servants in the house undertook to make the butter and scald the pans. The butler undertook to feed and water the horses, and take care of them.

Thus we got the concern fairly straight, except that some of the stock were not well fed. Still, none died of starvation, which was the main point. Curiously, from first to last, not a single animal, not even a sheep died, or was ill, though at this time we usually lose some sheep on turnips upon frosty mornings.

Of course our first object was to get labourers from far or near to feed our stock. At the end of a fortnight we had got enough to do so pretty well. They were a very mixed lot, knowing little of farm work, but were willing. We gave up all ploughing and general farm work, and attended only to the stock.

A nephew came over from London to help us, duly armed with his revolver. We bought a lot more revolvers. The police were very helpful and willing.

We had one lot of labourers in the same house with the police, and another lot in an empty cottage we chanced to have near the farm. And we began to see good hope of winning through successfully. During the first part of the time there was much excitement among the Land Leaguers and in Clonakilty, and constant inquiries from all coming from our direction, whether we were not going to yield? and when we should do so? They were quite sure, with so heavy a stock, we could not get on after our men had left us. Unluckily for them, the only point our minds were quite made up on was, that whatever the loss, we would not give way a bit. This, of course, caused much disappointment. There were plenty of the sneaking suggestions that always abound in Ireland, that it would be better to make a settlement with them and concede something. But we held on our own way.

The moral effect of my daughter and son, whom they know well, putting their own hands to the work, and persevering in it, was great; and encouraging rumours began to come back that we were going to win. Neighbours came to see us, full of thanks for the stand we had made, and for our not giving way; and telling us we had saved them from worse trouble and more loss. Some said my daughter and son had given them a lesson in working, which, when needful, they should not forget.

And, though there were many drawbacks, and ups and downs, and at times the pressure was hard to bear, still there could be no doubt but we were doing right and doing good.

Early in our trouble, sympathy from England began to arrive in every sort of form. Letters from old friends and new friends. Old acquaintances, and many we hardly knew, or did not know at all, from

all classes of men, offers to come over and help us, positively poured in day after day.

One friend, son of a great engineer, wrote that he had 400 of the best navvies in England at work, and would bring us over as many as we liked, adding, significantly, "They won't want anyone to protect them."

The Head of a college in Oxford sent me word twenty of his undergraduates were ready to start for us any day.

Two gentlemen whom I did not even know by name, wrote to ask who was my banker, one offering to place £1,000 to my credit, and the other a large sum, which he did not specify. I was too thankful to be able to tell them I had no money troubles.

Such confidence and kindness I often thought no one ever had shown him before. It was hard to refuse such good-will, but our only want was farm-labourers, and I fear I vexed some of our friends by saying we could not receive them and make them comfortable. Some wrote to say they did not want to be comfortable, but meant to rough it in every way, and were almost indignant at my idea of entertaining them.

When I wrote a letter to the *Times* describing what had happened, this brought us still more sympathy and good-will, in newspapers and other ways. No doubt we never thought of giving way. Had such a thought been in our heads, no one above the condition of a cur could have yielded an inch after the encouragement we received. The knowledge that such numbers of Englishmen sympathized with us, and cared for us, was a support beyond words. One of the prettiest letters was a sort of round robin written on Christmas Eve from a whole family, seemingly of no high position, near London, saying little more than, "God speed you, and bless you."

Thus we dropped into the routine of our struggle for six weeks. The orders the police had were to guard any of us whenever we left the house. This they did, with double-barrelled guns loaded with buck-shot, a much more satisfactory weapon for the purpose than a rifle, because depending less on the policeman being a good shot. If we had been fired at, it was sure to have been close. They are not good enough shots to trust to long shots, and our guard with buck-shot at 50 yards was safe to hit his man.

I was so busy from 10 A.M. till 4.30 P.M., when the post left, answering the multitude of letters, that I seldom had time to go out. My son and daughter were much more out, and had to be guarded in the same way. We were not allowed to go to church even on Christmas morning, though there were the three of us, all carrying revolvers, without our two policemen and their guns.

I never, myself, believed there was much danger; the district is a very quiet one, and its people too, but, of course, where some were in correspondence with the League at a distance, and knowing, as we did, the character of many of its members, it was not possible to tell what outrage might be attempted by men of that sort.

For the first week or two my inclination was to do nothing. The idea of such a barefaced outrage on the part of a civilized community at the end of the nineteenth century was so absurd and childish, and I found myself laughing at it.

As the excitement went off the pressure of anxiety lessened, especially as minor troubles occurred. One evening, late at night. One went to bed in such a state of indignation against Mr. Forster for having allowed law and order to go into abeyance, that the first thought on waking was to write him on them, at least in words. Twenty times a day I was saying, "the Government of England cannot allow its subjects to be thus outraged," and the vexation, as we realized that we could not allow it, was very painful. My daughter's patient mother, without saying a word to any of us, she wrote a letter to Mr. Forster, telling him in a simple, true-hearted way how we were going to go through; and begging him to consider what we were, to be unable to see her father or brother, and how uncertain whether they would not be brought home. Of course, she got no answer, but a formal one.

The Land League tried its usual device of asking for contributions of provisions. This caused us very little trouble. It a little plagued some of our people, as to how to get them what they wanted. But other shops in the neighbourhood, in word we could have whatever they had; and, at the railway station at Bandon, ten miles off, by writing a note to him, it came out addressed to a friend at Bandon; and he was asking him to keep the goods till we could send them out to us himself, settled all. We were in these respects, except in getting beer for the soldiers, in no way one cask of that sent to us.

We had to feed the labourers who came from the north, not wives with them to cook, and this caused some expense. But they could not have bought food for themselves, there was no choice.

Then there were other troubles. Scarlatina, brought from Cork by one of our land steward's family, brought from Cork by one of our eldest boys was for some days between life and death, and caused us sad anxiety, and lessened our workers. Again, severe weather twice, which added much to the loss of stock in the fields. Two or three labourers killed, and we were again very hard pressed for men.

I had to write to Dublin to Mr. Goddard, of the Land Association, and get down four labourers from the north for three or four weeks. Though the opinion of the people of the neighbourhood was strongly with us—and they were showing their contempt for the folly of our former n

they were getting such good wages—yet very few were willing to face the Land League and join us. They came and talked and promised to come, but shirked at last, except a few. This is kept up to the present time: as often as the League hears of new men coming to us, though we have now in substance enough, and only engage specially good men, the League tries to choke them off, and sometimes succeeds. It no longer really hurts us, but it shows their ill-will.

It is the same with tenants. Many have paid their rent, but the League still holds small meetings, and is not ashamed to get the tenants to whine for some small concession, after having treated me as they have done—even wealthy tenants, who I have reason to believe actually have their rent in the bank. I have therefore directed writs to be issued against three of the large tenants who are best off. Last July two of these three came to me and said they had no money and could pay no rent. A few weeks after, as soon as Mr. Forster's Compensation Bill had been thrown out by the House of Lords, when there had been no time to make money, one of these, whose half-year's rent was £49, came unexpectedly and paid in large notes: large notes being a sure sign that the money had been lying by. Two days after, the other, hearing his neighbour had paid, came in a hurry to pay. His half year's rent was £67, and he paid it with Cork butter dealers' cheques, dated before the time when he declared he had no money to pay with, thus showing his statement was only a lie. This is what we have to deal with in Ireland, and in support of which the help of Parliament is asked through Messrs. Parnell and Co.

When the Land League began its outrages on us it made a collection of money in the neighbourhood in support of it. Collectors in each parish were appointed, and all unwilling to subscribe were threatened. Some of those who were threatened came to consult me, if anything would happen them if they refused to pay? I told them I believed nothing would happen them, so they did refuse, and nothing happened them; and, when the list of those who paid was published in a local paper, I was very much thanked for having saved them the discredit of appearing in the list.

The Land League Collection is believed to have amounted only to £60.

I had stated publicly that I paid £25 per week wages, but one effect of the universal want of truth in Ireland is, that when anybody does tell the truth, he is sure not to be believed.

So they thought themselves strong with £60. But the first pay day cost them over £20; and, as I showed no sign of yielding within three weeks, it was plain how long the £60 would last.

My labourers were paid in a public-house in the town by a man from behind a screen, who was invisible; after the fashion of the man in the moon, who pays bribes at elections.

After one or two pay days they changed the manner of payment for fear of the police, knowing well they were breaking the law.

The usual result followed of paying wages near public-houses. Most of the men got drunk, even those we thought respectable and steady. It was painful to hear of such men staggering about the town and falling in the gutter, with their wives trying to persuade them to go home.

Some of those who had thus left us were old men, quite past their work, who had been with me thirty to thirty-five years. I had gone on paying them their full wages, the same as they had in their best days—viz., 13s. per week, though the real value of all they could do was not worth half that amount. I did so from mere kindness. There had never been a shade of anything but good-will between us. Yet those men went away, leaving my cattle to starve, though they had no connection with the tenants or the League, except through the priest's influence.

The Roman Catholic curate of the parish of Clonakilty, son of a common farmer a few miles off, whom I have known for many years, was one of the chief movers in the Branch Land League. He went to Dublin to try and get money from the Central League there, to carry on the war with me. It is believed he got very little, but some small sums were got from branches of the League in other towns in the county. In this way payment to our men was kept up, more or less. Yet our men were always in fear and distrust as to what they would get, and for how long. It is believed some money was also got from America.

The payments went on more or less until March, and then ceased. What the unhappy labourers have done since I cannot think. They had been looking miserable ever since they ceased to work. My Scotch land steward told me, though the men did no work and got their wages, you would think they were falling away to bags of bones.

They were living in my cottages rent free, so by the advice of the Land League they set up a claim to be cottier tenants, and that I could only turn them out by ejectment. The object was to hinder me from using the houses for new labourers. I had to summon them before the Petty Sessions, when it was soon decided that they were only permissive occupiers, and under an Act of Parliament they were obliged to leave. To most of them the loss must have been very serious, even if they found new employers.

We have thus got our cottages, and are gradually getting new and better labourers into them. And the ultimate result is likely to be a large saving in the cost of labour on the farm, by our only keeping really good labourers. This amounts, we think, to £60 per annum at least.

From the first outbreak we made up our minds to change our manner of farming, by leaving more of the land in grass, for which the climate is so favourable. The expense for labour on the farm would thus be much less, and the net profit larger. The new plan of giving cake to cattle in the summer on the grass, has been answering wonderfully with us for the last year or two. This we shall carry much further.

I have so far put much money into the land, especially and intentionally in employment. All will now be changed, and what will pay best be the only end aimed at. My own opinion and that of Mr. Law, my very experienced Scotch land steward, is that a much larger profit can be secured by keeping more land in grass. So I shall need, shortly, much fewer labourers still.

When the outbreak occurred, our sixty acres for turnips this season, 1881, had all been ploughed and cleaned and laid up for the winter, ready to sow in spring. This is now being done. In ordinary course we should have ploughed up sixty more acres of grass last winter for ley oats. Instead, we only ploughed one field of twelve acres, that wanted it. We shall thus soon have nearly all our land in grass. It has been so well manured for years past, that in our climate, with the stock eating plenty of cake, it is likely to do well.

Early in our trouble we began to be tormented by newspaper correspondents seeking interviews. They came from far and near, London, New York—everywhere. Some were worthy, intelligent men, others snobs. We had nothing to conceal, so I was inclined to be quite open with them, and tell them all we knew. This answered well with those who were worthy, but with those of the wrong sort, from inaccuracy and by embellishing into untruth what they were told, and by giving names that had been told them in confidence, they caused me much annoyance. Quite the best of these, and thoroughly worthy, was Mr. Becker of the *Daily News*; and the most offensive was the correspondent of the *Standard*. It will show the sort of man. He came on Sunday, and having seen the lady's-maid going in by the back door from church, he mistook her for her mistress, and entertained the readers of the *Standard* with a description accordingly. For some cause he took offence, and his account of us and our doings was as hostile as he could make it. I did not chance to see the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, as I was busy when he called. But my son saw him and answered all his questions. He was a gentleman, with a secretary to write for him. After leaving us he went to the young Roman Catholic priest at Clonakilty, whom I mentioned before. We have a few tenants who are not thriving, almost without exception in consequence of drink, which is one main curse in Ireland. In the small town of Clonakilty, with rather more than 3,000 inhabitants, there are more than 40 public-houses. Since I first lived near it I have striven heartily to lessen this number, and I have reduced them from 47 or 48 to about 40. That is all the effect of a life's work on that point. In the autumn of 1879 I had only five tenants who had any difficulty in paying their rents. Every one of these drank. One was a mere rake who lived at the next public-house. I have more than once seen his corn standing in the field unrcaped at Christmas. It was too bad to be worth paying labourers to cut, and he was too lazy to cut it himself. Once his wife got so much ashamed of it that she took a scythe and cut it. Husband and

wife are young able people with one child, a boy. Another was a publican in Clonakilty, and held 20 acres outside the town. He came to me before harvest to say that his son and daughter-in-law were so drunken, that shortly before she had got him down on the floor in the house, and seized a kettle of boiling water to pour over him. If he reaped the corn they would give him none of the proceeds, so if I would give him his potatoes, and those he had let in Conacre to the townspeople, and half the corn after I had reaped it, he would give the land up to me, to which I agreed. The other three bad tenants who drink are still on the estate. The priest took the correspondent of the *New York Herald* to some of the worst tenants, who, of course, had many complaints to make; also to the holders of some town parks who pay good rents for accommodation land, and the complaints and high rents of these people were all taken down as grievances, though many of the tenants are wealthy men.

The Roman Catholic priest wrote letters to some of the London papers, not only containing these complaints, but representing them as the ordinary state of my tenants; and adding a number of mere inventions not having a shadow of truth about them, but worded in such a way as might give me annoyance, whether they were contradicted or not. His letter only appeared in the *Times*. Other editors destroyed it.

I took care to contradict his statements in such a way as gave him the reverse of satisfaction, so that a very able man here said to a friend, after reading my answer, "Well, there is nothing now left for them to do but to shoot him."

In due time, since I got to London, I have seen the *New York Herald* with a full page of a report about us. The facts follow in the same order as in the priest's letter, so as to leave no doubt they had a common origin. But all is exaggerated and embellished, and a large number of additional untruths are added. There are very few good things I ever did, which it is not declared I did not do. And as many things I never did, because it would have been wrong to do, I am stoutly asserted to have done habitually; whilst my son and daughter, too, are abused in the grossest way, accused of untruth, and much else. Anything so vulgar and unworthy as the whole report could not be conceived. This report was then copied into the Cork Land League and Roman Catholic papers; it is easy to guess from what influence.

But the end was gained. The report appeared in America about the middle of January. It was known that money to pay our labourers was then running short, but more soon came over from America, it is believed, and they were able to go on paying the men for some weeks longer, until March.

Long before this time, the certainty that we had won made it easy to bear any abuse. We had men enough to work the farm, though they were not the right sort. For example, we had two stout lads from an industrial school in Cork: they were set to help with the sheep. One

of them, in carrying some hurdles on his back to shift the fold, managed to fall down, with his arms and legs stretched out, like a spread eagle, and the hurdles on the top of him, fairly imprisoning him as if in a cage, and there he had to stay till somebody else came, who lifted the hurdles off him. The land steward declares that having sent a horse and cart one day on some job with two men, they managed to upset it into a puddle and the horse only just escaped drowning. He often expresses a low opinion of the patience of Job, asking whether Job was ever Boycotted, and had to carry on a large farm with such men as he could pick up. Another day the other lad managed to fall on his face in a heap of stiff mud, and emerged leaving his likeness in it, to the great amusement of those who saw it.

We let the Cavan men go home. The land steward's sons recovered from scarlatina. The courage of all who had stood by us or helped us grew confident. And after several weeks we were able to thank God that the trouble in substance was over.

For ourselves we never lost heart. Much the worst part, all through, was the anxiety whether more outrages might not be committed, that would practically defeat us, hold out as we might. Outrage was the only chance the Land League ever had of success, joined to the contemptible fear of each other, which is so remarkable and curious a fault in Irishmen. There is positively nothing of which they do not believe their own countrymen and neighbours to be capable.

No doubt our resistance prevented many others from being attacked, and defeated and exposed the ignorant vanity and want of sense of the people, who thought themselves to be irresistible. If we had yielded they would have fallen with tenfold violence on our neighbours. I was told afterwards by one who had means of knowing, "If they wanted to Boycott you again, they would think ten times before they tried it." The only other they tried it with, in the County Cork, in earnest (except on the border of Tipperary), was Mr. Hegarty, a large and most improving tenant-farmer at Millstreet.

A very intelligent and able land-agent, who thoroughly knew the country, said to me lately, "You were the most improving landlord in Munster, and Hegarty the most improving tenant, so they chose you two out and Boycotted you." I left home when the trouble was over, because there was no more good I could do there, and I hoped things might settle down better in my absence. But I or my son are ready to go back at any time if wanted. Knowing the tenants and their farms, almost every field, thoroughly, I can direct my solicitor what to do in enforcing rent and dealing with tenants.

The Land League, of course—as silly people of that sort always do—keeps up all the petty spitefulness it can. I could not take back the labourers who had left me, except a very few who were especially good and quiet; so they paid a lawyer to try and hinder me from getting the use of my own cottages for other labourers. They are also

still trying to prevent my tenants from paying rent. A good number, however, have paid, and more drop in weekly. On the whole, I expect no serious present loss, and in future gain.

I lately sent four fat cattle to be sold at Bandon fair. In consequence of our precautions, three were sold before they found out they belonged to me. They stopped the fourth: it had to be sent home.

William Brown—who, once our gardener, had stood by me—had a house just outside Bandon, and in front of it a very pretty garden where he could gather flowers every day in the year. His son-in-law and daughter live there since he came to me last winter. They came one night, pulled up the paling and hedge, his box edging, and all his flowers, and broke thirty-eight panes of glass in his house, only because he worked for me.

The kindness and sympathy we have received from every one in England, both during the time of our trouble and since, far exceed anything that could have been looked for, or was deserved by us. That a man, not far short of seventy, should have had such a chance at the end of his life of winning the good opinion of his countrymen, passes any reasonable expectation, and must be a cause of thankfulness as long as I live.

In Ireland it suits the purpose of the Land League to tell lies about me, for the very same reason that it suited the Roman Catholic priest to do so. They hope that some will believe them, and so their lies will neutralize some part of what I say, and the influence I might have. I am not myself afraid of much loss of usefulness in this way.

I have several times been met by men of position who know both countries well, and have said "I am so glad they attacked you. It was very lucky, and has done good many times greater than if they had attacked others of greater social position than yours, but who were less well-known in England. So many know you, or know about you here, that your wrongs have damaged them greatly." This is rather of the nature of having one's head broken by their precious balms, like King David, though one is forced to agree to the truth of what is said.

But I must come to a close. One moral I wish to draw. The outrage upon me was tried in order to force me to reduce my rents. The movement was wholly from outside, and not at all spontaneous from my tenants. It was, in substance, wholly the work of a few Roman Catholic priests, as has been the case in so many other places where they were unchecked by their Ecclesiastical Superiors. What I should have lost would have gone into the pockets of my tenants, who were not poor, nearly all being well off before. After all, their outrage thus only put me to some inconvenience by postponing the payment of my rent. I shall get the most of it, except of a few tenants, who will beggar themselves by the delay, and have to give up their land.

Then they thought to injure me by taking away all my labourers. Again, they caused me some inconvenience and present loss, which will, as I have said, be more than repaid by more economical working in future.

But they have injured the unhappy thirty labourers who left me greatly; very few can get as good places as they had with me. None can get better places; for I was always ready to raise their wages when times made it right, or any one showed exceptional industry. Thus the true loss of the whole disturbance has fallen on the labourers, and no one else. It has brought home to me more clearly than I saw before that none are really so much interested in Law and Order as the Labouring Classes. Though others may have more to lose by a disturbance, they do not, like the labourers, lose their daily bread.

I would further observe that this outrage has been suffered to go on in the end of the nineteenth century—in these wonderful days of education and inventions, of railway, and immediate communication by telegraphs, without one single offender being punished for it. I am not entering into party politics. I believe party politics are the cause of half our troubles. Men of both sides are thinking of their party, and the effect this or that will have on party interests; and forgetting the good old honest principle that the interests of England are those of truth and honesty, and are immensely above all party considerations, and that by keeping these principles alone the happiness of all classes can be promoted.

Any who endured such an outrage as we went through last winter in Ireland, cannot help feeling this to their heart's core.

Rely upon it the Irish trouble is not caused by any real grievance, but is nothing else than the outcome of the low moral and social state of the people. Here in London there are few who do not know the condition of a great many Irish that live around us. Many have lived here from childhood, and have never even been in Ireland. Why do they differ from the English and Scotch among whom their lives are passed? Is it possible they can be improved by yielding to their bad habits, and bringing down all around them to meet their low ways? That is just what we at least resisted in Ireland. We simply acted in Ireland as we should have done in my native county of Suffolk, or my wife's county of Somerset, except that we have made not a few sacrifices to do right by living there. Yet Mr. Gladstone can venture to say we should have done more good, if we had acted more according to the usages of the Irish. Can he know what Irish usages are? They are such as I have described in this paper.

The result has been, every effort has been made by many of those around us to destroy as much as possible the good we have done. And persecution and hatred, and the coarsest of ill-speaking and falsehood, have been used towards us personally, in hope that if they cannot upset what we have done, they may deter others from doing the same.

The one thing that is required of any Irish Government is, that it should punish crime. When coercion is denounced in Ireland, it only means the wish that crime should be unpunished.

There is no need to make any new crimes—i.e., to make anything a

crime that has not hitherto been a crime. There is no need of any extra punishments; all that is wanted of coercion is, that the same offences which a Judge and common jury would punish as a matter of course here, should somehow be equally punished in Ireland.

By the scheming and ingenuity of the people, offences are not now punished in Ireland. As several Judges stated at the late assizes, however clear the evidence, juries will not find verdicts against many criminals. Trial by jury is made only a means of ensuring that culprits shall escape punishment.

Witnesses, too, are intimidated by threats of violence.

Can any sensible man doubt, when such things happen, that the law must be strengthened enough to insure the punishment of such offences, unless society is to be broken up and barbarism put in its place?

In Canada, in consequence of many Irish being there, and having the same faults as at home, when a jury willing to act honestly cannot be found, offenders are tried before three Judges without a jury.

Intimidation of witnesses can only be met by the Habeas Corpus Act being suspended.

The true question is, whether honest, quiet men like myself are to be punished and injured with impunity in the manner I have described, or those who commit the outrages on them are to be made amenable to the law of the land, as all men are in England, and the same punishment to follow the same offences in Ireland, as would fall upon those who committed them here?

Let me say, in conclusion, prosperity can only come in Ireland or anywhere else, by true and honest dealing. Industry and uprightness will rule the world.

With the habits of drinking, and debt, and untruth, and want of industry that now prevail there, no possible change can do them any real and permanent good. More employment and better wages, for which the undrained land of the country gives full scope, are the best way of helping, with industry and uprightness, to make the country prosperous.

I beg every one to think over the facts that I have stated, and to ask himself if people who could act in this way are the simple innocents in favour of whom all the sound principles of free dealing that have ruled among us for thirty years past are to be set aside, that they may be protected in doing to others, who may be less able to resist than I was, the same outrages they tried to inflict on me?

May 5, 1881.

W. BENCE JONES.

ON SOME NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF EUROPEAN SOCIETY.

THE word "Society" is employed in various senses. We use it in political science to designate the community of men united to a State; in the language of certain aristocratic circles in Paris and London it means a league between a limited number of *coteries*, whose chief care is to keep their doors closed, in order to follow the important pursuit of amusement among themselves. It is not our purpose here to treat either of Rousseau's or of fashionable Society, but of the totality of those classes which everywhere represent national culture, and are, properly speaking, not only its chief producers but chief consumers, which preside over national activity, which take the lead in State and Church, commerce and manufactures, letters and science,—in short, of the whole of that *stratum* of the nation which in Germany, characteristically enough, goes by the name of the "educated class" (*Die Gebildeten*). Now, the nature and *habitus* of this Society has, in different nations, at different periods, assumed set forms under the determining influence here of this, there of that particular class, now of this, now of that predominating interest. It is clearly not unimportant whether a national Society took its definite form during the sixteenth or eighteenth century, whether the decisive part in its formation was played by a community of peaceful burghers or by a nobility of soldiers, whether the principle which prevailed in its constitution was that of Art or Religion, of Science or the State. It may not be uninteresting to trace this progress of development in different nationalities, even should we keep strictly to the high road without tarrying by the way, much less allowing ourselves to be enticed into any of the many byways lying invitingly on every side.

I.

National Society was a thing unknown to the Middle Ages. The spirit by which they were animated was a spirit of universality;

throughout the whole of Europe there was but one religion, one science, one form of government, and even in literature the substance at least was common to all nationalities. On the other hand, each single nation was divided into strictly severed castes; the citizens and the clergy, the clergy and the knights, were sharply separated from each other without intermedium. In a similar way all intellectual intercourse between the provinces was impeded by differences of dialect, and could only be carried on by means of Latin—i.e., of a universal instrument, which hardly permitted the spirit of a nation to find utterance. The development of a national Society dates only from the Renaissance, for it was not till then that the races of Europe began to form individual nations, that each of these proceeded to develop a political and linguistic unity of its own, which enabled the cultured classes to approach each other, to indulge in the interchange of thought and feeling, to act and live together, and to feel the healthy glow of common interest.

In this point Italy preceded every other European nation; although, at the close of the fifteenth century, it had not yet formed a national State like the united kingdoms of Spain, England, and France, it had begun since the last German invasion to feel itself an independent nation, like the Greeks of old as opposed to the barbarians. A generation earlier, the written language of Italy had already been recognised as such from the Alps to the Passaro. Above all, the barriers of caste between the educated had well-nigh completely disappeared by the time the revival of classical antiquity gave all of them a common interest. Here, however, it was neither the army nor the clergy, it was the citizen-class—*i popolani grassi*—especially the commercial portion of it towards which the rest gravitated, which absorbed the others, or at least infused its spirit into them. At the time of the Renaissance the Italian Society was essentially a town society, nor has it ever ceased to be so. In political as well as in intellectual life, the towns stood in the fore-ground: Milan and Genoa, Venice and Florence, Bologna, Pisa, Siena, Perugia. During the fifteenth, and even until the beginning of the sixteenth century, some of these cities were great European powers of about the same importance as the Netherlands in the seventeenth, and in the greater part of them the citizen-class of wholesale merchants had early overpowered the military nobility of Germanic origin and possessed themselves of the sovereignty. Who does not know, by Dante's example, that a noble was not allowed to take part in the government of Florence until he had renounced his title and had himself inscribed in a corporation? And the armies employed by each of these cities to fight its bloodless battles were no nursery-grounds for a fresh aristocracy. Held as they were in slight esteem, recruited from the lowest orders, of very little influence in the State, they always remained dependants of the lords of the cities. Even in towns, where, towards the close of the period, the generals—mostly men of low extraction—succeeded in seizing the reins of government,—as, for instance, the Sforzas in Milan

—their officers did not form a military nobility that gave the tone to society. Nor was it otherwise with the clergy. Education having become diffused among the laity, their influence was very small, nor did they in any sense take the lead in society, neither had they any privileged position, nor did they enjoy any special reverence. The clergy intermingled with the rest of that citizen-class from which they mostly sprang, and when a prelate became the object of any special regard, this distinction came to him in virtue of his superior attainments, the weight of his individuality or his connection with powerful citizens, never in virtue of his clerical dignity alone. The men who rose to distinction in the State, in letters, in art, belonged almost exclusively to the citizen-class. Petrarch's father was a notary, Boccaccio's a merchant, Macchiavelli and Guicciardini were of middle-class parentage. Even long after certain families had grown into dynasties and certain groups of families into oligarchies, they still continued to trade as before, not always to the advantage of the State which they ruled at the same time, while their relations towards those who in reality were their subjects remained in form those of fellow-citizens. The relation of Cosimo de' Medici towards Donatello and Brunelleschi resembled far more that of a friend than of a patron, and the intercourse between his grandson Lorenzo and the Pulcis or Angelo Poliziano took place on a footing of familiar equality. The fact is, that these sovereigns were not foreign conquerors, such as ruled in other countries and in Italy also at an earlier period, neither had their ancestors led a separate, unapproachable life from times immemorial. Here rulers and ruled had grown up together, had transacted business with one another, and the fiction that the rulers were only allowed to govern by the consent of the entire community was still retained. Hence the tone of complete equality which prevailed in these circles. Nor was it predominant in Florence only; for even in Ferrara, the only Northern State of Italy whose sovereigns belonged to a nobility established by foreign conquest, the same tone reigned, albeit with somewhat less freedom. The examples of the cities exercised in fact a decisive influence. Outwardly at least, this democratic equality has kept its ground in daily intercourse even to the present day. Nowhere are conventional forms less observed than in Italy,—they are only brought forward on great State occasions; whereas in ordinary circumstances a familiar *laissez-aller* is the order of the day, which among Italians, chastened as they are by centuries of civilization, seldom degenerates into vulgarity. Still this Italian Society, in spite of its ready wit, its *brio*, and its inborn gracefulness, had not at that time, nor has it now, the peculiar charm of French and Spanish Society, as it appears in the comedies and novels of the sixteenth century; that charm which consists in the art of moving freely within the limits of conventional forms, of making them bend to the will, of allowing the individuality free play in spite of them, of knowing how to speak of anything and everything without infringing them. Such social inter-

course was in fact a game of skill, which, though not without dangers as well as its fascinations, differs as widely from vulgar familiarity as a sonnet does from doggerel. To be sure, doggerel like the versification of "Faust" and of the "Wandering Jew," may be worth all Petrarch's sonnets put together; still even a Goethe hardly ventures to indulge in it always and everywhere, and readily returns to the sonnet, where circumstances require it, because he feels that it is precisely "when the spirit begins to move most powerfully," that we learn the value of restraint; and may this not be applied in the main to every branch of culture?

This social equality which acknowledged no superior, even while submitted in fact to rulers, in the Italy of the fifteenth century was coupled with a rare unity of culture. Each speciality having developed on the soil of a common culture, mankind here were no longer divided into merchants, statesmen, men of learning, and artists. Who among us can say whether it was his wool trade, State affairs (at that time still in the hands of a circle of families nearly allied to him), his friend Donatello's works, or the new University he had undertaken to found at his own expense, which most absorbed the interest and attention of a Niccolò da Uzzano? Even the fair sex took a large part in this education and in this Society. Convent education was still the exception. Patricians' daughters were taught Greek, Latin, and mathematics at home with their brothers. Thus the gulf which now yawns between the sexes was at that time nowhere perceptible, nor was there any opportunity for the modern blue-stocking to arise, since she is the product of the unnatural state of things by which women are debarred from the educational advantages of men, so that those who contrive to obtain them find themselves isolated among their own sex, and are in danger of appearing and indeed of becoming unwomanly. "In the hands of the women of the Renaissance," as a contemporary writer finely expresses it, "the education of their time only became an instrument with which to develop their feminine characteristics more brilliantly; not the result of an exterior, conventional education, but an interior harmony, arising from the co-operation of all the forces of woman's nature." Well might Ariosto proudly sing:

"Ben mi par di veder ch'al secol nostro
Tanta virtù fra belle donne emerge,
Che quò dar opra a carte ed ad inchiostro
Perchè nei futuri anni si disperga."

For, indeed, they were not a few, those highly-educated women of the fifteenth century, who shared largely the conversation, the intellectual pursuits, nay, even the business of the men; yet not one of them ceased to be a true woman. Let us but remember Lucrezia Tornabuoni, herself a poetess and a friend of poets, the mother of Lorenzo de' Medici, who superintended the studies of her gifted son, who presided wisely and cleverly over a large establishment, the master of which, Piero, was

almost constantly ill, and let us call to mind that charming letter, in which she describes the beauty of her future daughter-in-law, Clarice Orsini, with the eye of a female connoisseur. The way in which Sandro Botticelli has placed together the juvenile daughter of the Albizzis with Pico della Mirandola in his glorious frescoes at the Villa Lemmi near Florence, leaves no doubt, though this young lady is not mentioned in the chronicles and correspondences of the time which abound in allusions to so many of her contemporaries, that the handsome prodigy of his age, who "knew everything that could be known," must have been an intimate and playfellow of the graceful girl. And, setting aside Florence, did not Caterina Cornaro, who facilitated the first steps of a Bembo in his eventful career, continue to patronize Art and Science long after she had doffed her Cyprian crown and retired once more into private life at Venice. Did not Elisabetta da Urbino number a Castiglione, a Bernardo Accolti—an author whose "Virginia" is too little known—among her intimate friends? Were not Bojardo and Guarini, the humanist, guests at the table of the elder Leonora of Ferrara, just as, two generations afterwards, Tasso and Guarini, the poet, found favour and protection with the younger Leonora? And how learned was that graceful housewife Portia, the mother of Torquato! Who does not recollect Vittoria Colonna, Michael Angelo's beautiful Muse? Above all, where can we find a finer type of true womanhood than Isabella of Mantua, whose letters to her husband, to her sister-in-law of Urbino, to her artist friends, reveal a feminine soul of such finished grace through their somewhat constrained form. Now we find her receiving the most learned works of antiquity from Aldus Manutius; now it is Ariosto who submits to her the sketch of his "Orlando Furioso;" Bellini is unable to supply her fast enough to please her; she listens to Plautus' comedies, ay, even to Cardinal Bibbiena's "Calándra," a piece which men would nowadays hardly venture to read aloud to each other, and enjoys it merrily in company with the men belonging to her society; yet no one who had ever seen her found her a whit less womanly because she had read "Vitruvius," or dreamt of casting a doubt on her purity and chastity because she could laugh heartily at Macchiavelli's "Manragola." Girls under twenty were, of course, not admitted to social intercourse with their elders, any more than boys of the same age, and unmarried women above twenty were so extremely rare at that time that they scarcely come into account.

Women's influence in the State was, for the most part, quite indirect, although a few, like Caterina Sforza, took openly a leading share in politics. In general, the part played by women was confined to the truly feminine mission of receiving and returning ideas and aims; they seldom took the initiative either in thought or action; but they lent the lives of those indomitable men moderation, grace, and refinement, whenever a lull in the inexorable struggle for existence gave them an opportunity of doing so. And thus they were indeed the first to

realize that artistic ideal which the whole age had in its mind's eye. For Art—i.e., the interpreting representation of Nature—was the principle which pervaded the whole intellectual atmosphere of the age. During the memorable interview between Charles V. and Pope Clement VII. at Bologna, which was to seal the fate of Italy for many years to come, the wonderfully wrought clasp, designed by Benvenuto Cellini to fasten the Pope's mantle, caused both sovereigns for fully a quarter of an hour to lose sight of the purpose for which they had met. It was their desire to render not only their domestic surroundings, their dress, their dwellings, utensils, gardens, their banquets and entertainments, but even the State, and above all the individuality, works of Art. And here it was that the Renaissance, which possessed no conventional compass, too soon struck upon the rocks which were destined to wreck the vessel of Italian Society. It had been able to reach the highest possible pitch of Art, because here liberty was restrained by law, and Ariosto has remained the most striking example of an apparently unrestrained, in reality strictly controlled freedom. Not so in daily life; for here people only too readily forgot that the Muses should accompany, but are incapable of guiding life. An age which could see no more guilt in a Caesar Borgia than in a tiger lurking for and pouncing upon its prey, could not long hold together. Art is indifferent to morals; Society cannot subsist without moral convention. Art is inexorably true; Society cannot dispense with a certain amount of hypocrisy. The absolute indifference with regard to social morality, and the undisguised love of truth which characterize this period,—a love of truth, by the way, which was quite compatible with the use of direct falsehood or dissimulation in order to attain a given end,—the worship of Nature as infallible, and the contempt for any other authority, necessarily led this Society to its dissolution, and had done so, in fact, long ere Spanish influences fettered the life of Italy.

Unrestrained political licence had already resulted in petty despotism before an unlimited intellectual freedom resulted in narrow-minded bigotry. True, Art had not ceased to be cultivated; but it had become an exterior thing, and the artist degenerated with inconceivable rapidity into the *virtuoso*, the man of science into the pedant, poetry became academism, sociability a mere satisfaction of empty vanity and a coarse thirst for pleasure. Commerce declined, and with it a free, high-spirited class of citizens. Work began to be discredited; a man of quality lived on the inheritance of his forefathers—nay, even down to the present day, Italians give the name *Signori* only to those who have enough to live upon without working. The ancient city-patriciate itself became a nobility, not of arms, but of Court-offices. And what Courts were those at which the descendants of the great merchants of the fourteenth century were now content to fawn for titles and dignities, even when, as at Florence, the new sovereigns descended from a race of traders! They were the Courts of small vassals to great foreign

potentates. The horizon had narrowed. Nowhere was there an open view to be had of the wide ocean of European politics. The noble freedom of intercourse which had prevailed during the previous century gave way to an oppressive etiquette, a formal, Spanish ceremonial replaced the preceding *laissez-aller*. Outside the Court, it is true, the old tone of friendly intimacy was still preserved in the intercourse between the cultured middle-class and the newly created nobles, who were so numerous that their titles were almost meaningless; but it had become purely a matter of form, and this merely external equality, which had been inherited from the age of the Renaissance, can only deceive the eye of the superficial observer. Then, as now, counts and marquises exchanged the familiar "thou" with lawyers and professors, but only with the certain knowledge, that the distance which separated them inwardly could not be overstepped, as Don Giovanni is able to joke with Leporello with impunity, because both inwardly feel how great a gulf is fixed between them. In fact, a relationship of client to patron had taken the place of the former equality. The decline of commerce and of manufacture, the wide extension of the Court and of the service of the State besides, had for their consequence a steadily increasing poverty and servility of the middle class; the number and influence of parasites was continually augmenting. Contrary to the custom elsewhere, the Church, justice, government offices became a refuge for these reduced classes, who no longer felt it a humiliation to be patronized by the wealthy. The dignity with which religion, jurisprudence, and the State are wont elsewhere to invest their servants, here had lost all its value; the priest was an affable bachelor to whom the smaller social functions were entrusted, nothing more; the man of learning, the poet—generally also an *abbé*—was the panegyrist, at times even the buffoon of the noble house; the judge was hardly anything but a business agent; the State councillor was a steward to the *Signori*. The wives and daughters of such professional men—for commerce had almost entirely dwindled into a retail trade—led the life of maid-servants, in extreme poverty, seclusion, and obscurity, from which they only issued on high days and holidays. The women of higher rank, it is true, continued to be the centre of Society, in the aristocratic acceptation of the term; but they, too, passed at a bound from the convent into marriage; on them likewise the absence of all public life acted depressingly, damping their energies; they also were shut out from the interests which animated the men; they also, like the men, allowed themselves to be absorbed by petty social and religious formalities and the jealousies of position and rank, or gave themselves up, behind closed doors, to every caprice of passion or indolence. The one thing which slightly relieved and enlivened the hopeless emptiness of female existences such as these, was recognized, tolerated Cicisbeism; while the inborn grace, the childlike simplicity, so nearly akin to Nature, of Italian women, perhaps

also the inheritance of the oldest of European civilizations, toned down and refined to a certain degree the inner poverty of such a life. The traces of this existence of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are not yet quite obliterated; but Italy is perhaps the country which has undergone the greatest social revolution during the last forty years, a revolution which is still proceeding. French domination at the beginning of this century, and the almost uninterrupted influence of French literature ever since; the levelling of the frontiers in the interior; the present rule of the Piedmontese, a race more nearly allied to the Swiss than to the Italians; above all, the rise of a new ruling class, and precisely of that very same middle class which for the two previous centuries had been so poor and so humbly dependent, and which to-day reigns supreme and is fully conscious of the advantages of its position—all this has contributed to bring about a transformation, which is still far from being completed.

II.

In France likewise the influence of Spain was powerfully felt after that of Italy; but in that country national life was so vigorous, that it soon completely subjected and absorbed the foreign element. From time immemorial the State had been led, the Church governed, and the cultivation of literature and science appropriated to themselves, by the nobility of the sword and the robe. These two classes had at an early period entered into a league with the Crown against the higher aristocracy. But the more independent the monarchy rendered itself of that aristocracy, the greater became the influence and importance of its allies. Finally, when Richelieu had overcome the higher nobility, they also entered into the service of the Court, and that Court soon became the centre of French life, first in Paris, then in Fontainebleau, St. Germain Versailles. And, together with the importance of the Court, that of the Parisian Parliament also increased, and it not only felt its own power independent of the will of the King, but was occasionally inclined to make him feel it too; for France in the olden time knew no Jeffreys,—the French judges always preserved their political and social independence, because their half-inherited, half-purchased seats could not be taken from them, and the wealth of their families was constantly renewed by marriages with the daughters of rich citizens. The "City" now began to group around the Parisian Parliament as the Court around the King. Intellectual and political centralization thus kept pace with one another. "Court and City" henceforth become synonymous with representatives of culture. Montesquieu naïvely says: "*J'appelle généralement d'une nation les mœurs et le caractère d'esprit des différents peuples dirigés par l'influence d'une même cour et d'une même capitale.*" It is evident that, in Montesquieu's eyes, Germany could not lay claim to a national culture. But "Court and City" meant the nobility of the sword and robe and all that belongs to it; and in fact the characteristic features

French culture were, down to the Revolution, nay, even in the National Assembly of 1789, but especially during the Restoration (1814–1830), which may be looked upon as a distinct revival of ancient France, derived from the courtier and the man of law. Even to the present day the habits and customs, the forms and views of these two classes give the tone, if not in the State, at all events in Society. At the time when this national Society, together with the national literature, assumed its definite form,—i.e., in the second third of the seventeenth century,—the former by throwing off the Spanish yoke and the latter by freely metamorphosing Spanish forms, it was these two closely connected classes which took the initiative in the changes that were then wrought. A Voltaire and a Balzac, a Corneille and a Malherbe, met together with a Condé and a Retz, in the Marquise de Rambouillet's drawing-room; all of them were more or less intimately connected with parliamentary families (*familles de robe*).

Pascal, like almost all Port-Royal, originally belonged to the nobility of the robe, as did Montaigne before, and Montesquieu after him. The great Gallican too, who impressed upon the French Church and French pulpit eloquence their lasting stamp, Bossuet, was the son of a judge. But he, as well as Bourdaloue, Fléchier, Massillon, and many other distinguished prelates of ancient France who followed him, became one of the stars of Versailles, who contributed in no smaller degree to the literary wealth of their country than courtiers of the highest rank, such as Laroche-foucault and St. Simon. There were besides a number of professional writers living at Versailles: La Bruyère found his best known types at Court, and Racine sang Louis XIV.'s connection with Mademoiselle de la Vallière in his "Bérénice," and wrote "Athalie" and "Esther" for Madame de Maintenon's "St. Cyr." And side by side with the dignitaries of the Church and representatives of literature, State officials and military commanders assembled about the monarch's person, contracted friendships with these men, shared in their interests, profiting greatly by their intercourse, while they communicated to them in return their own wider and more liberal view of things. Every noble family of high rank, however, was in itself a tiny Versailles, with its own *abbés* and men of letters who stood in no subordinate position towards its members, but rather associated with them as friends, giving them intellectual animation while they received a freer knowledge of the world in exchange; for the Court, which was the prototype of this whole Society concentrated around it, was no miniature Court like that of Lucca or of Parma; it was the Court of a great Power, nay, of the great European Power, *κατ' ἐξοχήν*; there was nothing to limit or intercept the view. The highest interests were treated and decided here; nothing was petty, not even Court ceremonial, because it remained exclusively the form of life and never became at the same time its substance, as was the case in Italy. The disputes between Jansenist and Jesuit, between Protestant and Catholic, between the Gallican Church and the

Roman Curia found their echo here. Here it was that the supremacy of the continent and the defence of the country were planned. Here Molière's latest comedies were discussed with the same warmth of interest as Pascal's letters against the Society of Jesus or Bossuet's funeral oration on the great Condé. And as the Court, so the City; all the educated and wealthy, to whatever class they might belong, took a living interest in these questions, which at once grew into national ones—not least the women.

Even a century later, Sterne expressed his opinion, that "with the French people nothing was Salic, except the monarchy." It is, in fact, the female element which always has reigned, and still reigns supreme in France, especially in the capital. Even Bonaparte, who certainly cannot be accused of allowing too free play to the fair sex, was forced to admit when he came to Paris as a young man of twenty-six (1795) that "this was the only place where they deserved to take the helm. . . . The men thought of nothing else; lived only in and for them. A woman must have passed six months in Paris to know what was due to her, and how she might rule." It is easy to betray the secret. The French women of those times were content to fight with the weapons peculiar to their sex. A Madame de Sévigné, a Madame de Lafayette, were women before they were anything else. With them authorship was quite a secondary matter, if, indeed, such writing can be called authorship. True, France was not without its professional authoresses, like Mademoiselle de Scudéry and Madame Deshoulières, but even they had a far greater personal than literary influence in society, and their period was short. From the time when Louis XIV. attained his majority, the political women of the seventeenth, as well as the philosophical women of the eighteenth century, no longer appear directly before the public. Even Madame de Staël, in reality only half a Frenchwoman, thought a great deal more of her personal connections than of her writings, and had a warmer heart for her political friends than for her political principles. Nevertheless, we cannot deny that the unfeminine element began already with her to make itself objectionably felt. The women of the *ancien régime* shunned all publicity; they were content to exercise an indirect influence, ruling over the rulers in all departments, without ever thinking it necessary to resort to the kind of warfare which belongs to the other sex. Anæroon tells us that Nature has given each created being its own special weapons—the bull its horns, the horse his hoof, man reason, and women beauty. By this, however, we are by no means to understand that all women are unreasonable and all men ugly, any more than that all men are reasonable and all women beautiful. He means that every woman without exception, has received from Nature a certain amount of grace of which she often endeavours, not unsuccessfully, to divest herself. I even so proud a man as Louis XIV. thought fit to doff his hat before the lowest of his kitchen-maids, whom he might chance to meet on a bad

staircase at Versailles, this was merely a tribute which France, embodied in his person, was always ready to pay to a sex, whose humblest members could lay claim to the rights of grace and weakness. This grace is not confined to the passing bloom of youth, nor to the outward person. There is also a gracefulness of heart and of mind especially feminine. Thus, self-sacrifice and devotion, patience in suffering, intellectual freshness and suggestive *naïveté*, a shrewd, direct judgment, and an equally shrewd, direct speech, not less than cunning, tears, and the desire to please, are especially feminine weapons, seldom at the command of the other sex. Now, the Frenchwomen of those two glorious centuries, from Madame de Chévreuse down to Madame Roland, owed their sovereignty, their well-merited sovereignty over the heroes of thought and action, to the judicious use of these arms, not to an unpleasing endeavour to compete with men on their own battle-field. For no species of interest was foreign to them, and so they presided over social life, while their influence in politics, religion, and literature was completely decisive. Nor do I by any means allude here only to the most conspicuous figures,—such, for instance, as Madame de Longueville, who succeeded in seducing her husband and brother, the great Condé,* ay, even a Laroche-foucault and a Turenne, to open rebellion against the Crown; or as Madame de Maintenon, who determined Louis XIV.'s inner policy for so long; as Angélique Arnaud, or Madame Guyon, the souls of French Jansenism and of French Quietism; as a Tencin and Geoffrin, whose salons gave the tone to the society of a whole century; I refer here to the numbers of women whose names were hardly known to the public, though they stood behind the greatest statesmen, the first writers, the leading men of society, as we gather by the new discoveries made from year to year by the admirers and students of that unique age. Nor does it do to be too quick to condemn the "corruption" or even laxity of morals of that period; for it presents fine, and by no means isolated, instances of conjugal fidelity and attachment. For example, the stout-hearted Duchesse de Chaulnes, of whom St. Simon relates that she refused to survive her husband; then the Duchesse de Choiseul, the friend of Madame du Deffand and of the Abbé Barthélemy, who almost worshipped her husband, the Minister to Louis XV., albeit he was twenty years her senior; and the Marquise Costa de Beauregard, whose letters to her husband and children, published a few years ago, give us an insight into so noble a soul; the Maréchale de Beauveau, and numerous others. Many of those more questionable *liaisons*, moreover, which were tolerated in those times, were in reality little less than conjugal unions. What other name can we give to the bond existing between the Duc de Nivernais and Madame de Rochefort, or between the Chevalier de Boufflers and Madame de Sabran, even before

* At the time of the "Fronde" such offensive and defensive alliances between influential women and ambitious politicians were matters of everyday occurrence; of this kind were the unions between Retz and Madame de Chévreuse, Beaufort and Madame de Montbazou, Condé and Madame de Chatillon.

the legal sanction—in the one case after forty, in the other after twenty years—had become possible? Can we conceive purer relations than those which existed between Mademoiselle de Condé and Monsieur de la Gervaisais, to whom marriage was forbidden, and who in vain sought to forget a hopeless passion, he on the battle-field, she in a convent? And can we venture to confound even relatively less sacred connections, such as those between Madame d'Houdetot and St. Lambert, Madame du Deffand and Horace Walpole, Madame du Chatelet and Voltaire, not to mention others—connections which lasted for many years, and derived their nourishment from a mutual interest in mankind's loftiest aims,—can we, I repeat, confound these with the thoughtless *liaisons* which begin and end in the caprice of a moment? When inclined to depreciate the moral value of these women of the *ancien régime*, let us rather call to mind the heroism, the firmness, the resignation with which, in the time of the great Revolution, they mounted the scaffold—where they were to expiate their enthusiasm for the ideals of their youth.

It was a characteristic distinction, though only consistent with the whole constitution of French society, that young girls should have been strictly excluded from it; for it was less the apprehension lest they might fall in love foolishly, or contract an early undesirable marriage, which suggested this exclusion, than the desire to be able freely to discourse on all topics, even such as young girls cannot understand, or which it is either irksome or prejudicial for them to listen to. Now, conversation was the great aim of all social intercourse in France, if it can be said to have had any aim except sociability. It was to the French, what art was to the Italians of the Renaissance, at once the substance and the form of their mental activity. "*On dit que l'homme est un animal sociable,*" says Montesquieu, "*sur ce pied-là il me paraît que le Français est plus homme qu'un autre; c'est l'homme par excellence, car il semble fait uniquement pour la société.*" It was not solitary thought, imagination, and feeling, not a direct contemplation and reproduction of Nature, not enterprise and action with the adroit manipulation of varying interests, but the intellectual elaboration we call conversation,—i.e., the form of mental exertion in which thoughts and feelings are employed rather as stimulants to excite our faculties and bring them into play, than as their purpose and object,—which was the crowning result of that culture. The sudden birth of ideas in living language, brought about by the contact of mind with mind; the art of imperceptibly guiding and turning the game; the satisfaction of having found a suitable, an elegant, or an eloquent form for an idea, of being able to introduce the highest subjects into conversation without becoming abstruse, the lowest without being vulgar, of speaking of natural things without impropriety, of artificial

* The relations between the Comte de Toulouse and Madame de Gondrin, between the Duc de Sully and Madame de Vaux, between the Marquis de St. Aulaire and Madame de Lambert, between the Comte Lassaye and Madame de Bourbon, between the Maréchal d'Uxelles and Madame de Ferriol were of a similar nature; the last of these, however, could never be ratified by marriage.

things with simplicity, of gliding lightly over the surface of some matters yet so as to stimulate thought *en passant*, of diving to the depths of others without effort, of opening out sudden views, of touching on personalities lightly without entering more deeply into the subject, of suggesting ideas by such equivocalities,—above all, the art of satisfying one's personal vanity by flattering that of others;—this spirit it is which pervades the whole culture of a nation, whose gregarious propensities are not compatible with solitude, which is unable to exist without conventions, yet which feels the need of moving freely and gracefully within those arbitrary limits. Something of this spirit was communicated to the family, to public life, and to literature, and made of the cultured circles of France a Society, the unwritten laws and intangible organism of which have outlived even the Revolution and its Reign of Terror, a Society which is only at its ease, morally and intellectually, in moral "tights," because that costume has become a second skin—which no doubt implies that it has lost all conception of the nude—i.e., the final in truth and nature. I have said that this code of manners, like the preponderance of the two classes in which it had been developed in the course of centuries, lasted long after those classes had lost their political privileges, although old Talleyrand used to say: "He who did not live before 1789, and did not take part in the conversation of those times, will never know the highest enjoyment allotted to mankind." Let us but call to mind the men of the *Constituante*, the Malouets, Lally-Tollendals, Lameths, Lafayettes, &c., and the *Girondins*, nearly all of them men of law and guardians of ancient forms; let us remember the leading circles of the Restoration, and the reign of Louis Philippe. Even down to the Second Empire and Third Republic, literary productions were not deemed indispensable to the reception of members into the ranks of the academy, dukes, prelates, and illustrious men of law being admitted as mere representatives of the taste of ancient France in modern Society. These forms, it is true, are no longer so clearly marked as they were, and more than once passion has overstepped the bounds of propriety even in the most select circles. Nevertheless, what was essential in the tradition is still alive, and the present exclusion from the State of the educated classes, and of those who have any social importance, may perhaps have the beneficial result of allowing French genius to come to itself again, and slowly to reconstitute its empire undisturbed by political interests.

III.

Something analogous to French Court life had begun to appear in England under the Tudors and the Stuarts; and here, likewise, it was the Church, the Army, and the Law, in a close alliance and assembled round the Throne as their centre, which gave the tone in Society. Even down to the present day, these three professions are the only ones which, far from depriving their members of the name and position of a gentleman,

actually confer it. Still art, as well as social intercourse, although both were held in high esteem and widely cultivated, even before the great Rebellion of the seventeenth century, never had been leading principles in English Society; for even at that time politics were already predominant. A high and independent tone prevailed in the society which Shakespeare and Ben Jonson have shown us, and which was represented by men of the stamp of Spencer, Bacon, Sidney, Russell. Women played a considerable and important, yet thoroughly feminine, part in it. Liberty of speech was very great, and seldom degenerated into coarseness. Classical education was universal and profound, and women shared in it; the interest in art and literature was extremely vivid. For a moment it seemed as if England were destined to realize the ideal of modern society; as if, under the fortifying influence of public life, liberty and propriety, individual development and unity of culture, a taste for art and a lively, witty conversation would have free play. This healthy development, however, was nipped in the bud by the great Rebellion. To say of any great complex of events, resulting from a long series of facts and circumstances, that it might have been different, would be unhistorical. What may be said, however, is, that the natural growth of England's moral and intellectual life was stunted by the great Rebellion which saved England's independence, the Protestant faith, and political liberty. Still this event was unavoidable, for it was the product of a second development, accomplished within the core of the nation, which ran parallel with that higher one proceeding from the Renaissance. However this may be, Puritanism brushed the bloom off the national spirit of England. Later on, it is true, that spirit put forth a new blossom, which from the time of Locke to that of Hume brought England intellectually to the front; there arose even a period of *Belles Lettres*, with which nothing in the European literature of the past century can compare; nevertheless, whatever may be its intrinsic value, this literature had none of the delicate fragrance emitted by the creations of Chaucer and of Shakespeare, which is missing even in the inimitable productions of their successors, from Dryden and De Foe down to Goldsmith and Sterne. The modest, delicate bloom, the subtle, changeful hue, which feminine influences cast over a national literature, was destroyed; henceforth English literature became a literature of men, as English Society a Society of men. The new impulse under Charles II. was but a sorry imitation of French manners and customs; even a St. Evremont and a Grammont lost all living sympathy with their country's culture; the whole movement was, in fact, but a coarse caricature of French life; on the banks of the Thames the refined Epicureanism of French Society degenerated into a low sensuality; liberty became licence, high spirits dissolute recklessness, elegance luxurious ostentation. It was not till after the second Revolution of 1688 that a new kind of Society was formed, which has maintained its ground down to our own time.

Even during the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne, but more decidedly under the two first Georges, the disaffected gentry had by degrees withdrawn to their estates. If all of them did not care to express their dislike of those "d——d Hanoverians" with the bluntness of a Squire Western, most were at any rate of his way of thinking. Thus country life, which Englishmen have always loved, became the normal existence of the higher orders. Even when the gentry, under Robert Walpole—himself a country gentleman—began to be reconciled to the Court, the custom of remaining in the country excepting during the Parliamentary Session, *i.e.*, the spring, was not discontinued; whereas, under Elizabeth and James I., it had been usual to spend at least three quarters of the year in London. True, the rusticated squire at first did not escape the shafts of the town wits and dandies; nevertheless the ridiculous figure of Sir Wilful Witwoud, who had never been to town "since the Revolution" (1700), soon gave way to the pleasing, humoristic form of Sir Roger de Coverley, till Squire Allworthy finally became the personification of all peculiarly English virtues. For though this gentry for the most part bore no titles, still it was a nobility, and more than one plain Mr. could trace his pedigree back to the Norman Conquest. At the same time the younger sons of the nobles descended either directly, or by means of the three liberal professions we have mentioned, to the gentry, while wealthy merchants procured their sons or grandsons—the English say it takes three generations to make a gentleman—an entrance into the ranks of the gentry by the purchase of landed property or by means of the same professions. The English clergyman moreover, the greater part of whose possessions had not been confiscated during the Reformation, was, and in fact still is, himself a well-to-do country gentleman, whose rectory could often vie with the dwellings of county proprietors. Besides, he could marry and his sons and daughters share the sports and pastimes of the county families; he was not irrevocably condemned, like the French and Italian priest, to a single life, and thus excluded from all intimate family connections, nor to that of the needy country parson in Germany, whose means scarcely suffice to make both ends meet, or, indeed, to place him on a level with the wealthier peasants. The successful barrister and judge, too (this class had begun since 1688 to be virtually, if not legally, irremovable, a quality which had done more than anything else to secure the independence of the judges in France), the pensioned officer, the sons of the retired merchant, and, later on, of the returned *nabob*, on their side also became part of the country gentry, at any rate as far as influence was concerned, if not equally in a social point of view, in virtue of their landed property. Now it was this country nobility and gentry which gave the tone in English Society—I say English, for circumstances were different in Scotland, and under their influence Scotch Society assumed a form more similar to that of Germany. It consisted of free and independent men of wealth, most of whom had studied at

Cambridge or Oxford, while many had seats in Parliament. They managed the affairs of the villages which lay within the precincts of their estates; they were Justices of the Peace and Magistrates, and commanded in the Militia. In a word, they did the State good and gratuitous service, and this alone, in the absence of an organized class of paid officials, would have secured them political predominance. In England, however, the Law did not play the same part, either in politics or in literature, as in France. I can recall no writer of note, no prominent English statesman of the past century, who was a member either of the Bench or the Bar. Fielding, it is true, was a lawyer and even a London Justice, but he was also a thorough gentleman both by birth and by education; and though Burke and Sheridan nominally commenced the study of law, they can hardly be said to have belonged to the profession; whereas the elder Lord Melville, who, like Lord Bacon before and Lord Brougham after him, really proceeded from it, never occupied any commanding position. The whole political world was almost exclusively recruited from the ranks of the country gentry, and though the literature of the time bore the impress of town-life, nay, even of the life of the capital, we ought not to lose sight of the fact, that nearly all its representatives, from Addison, Steele, and Swift down to Gibbon, Burke, and Hume, passed into the public service,—i.e., into a circle which consisted of statesmen who were also, for the most part, landed proprietors, and thus belonged to a class whose position, even when its members took no part in politics but spent their whole lives in a village, was still considered the most enviable in the land. Even in our days, after the great changes which have been wrought in political affairs by the Reform Bills of 1832, 1867, and 1871, and in the economical condition of England by the development of manufactures and Free Trade, the position of a country gentleman is still the ideal of all wealthy Englishmen. Even now an Englishman of any standing does not feel that he has a real "home" until he possesses a country seat, and this country home is the one object of his life, the one aim of his ambition, the thing for which he toils day and night, and thus helps to increase the national wealth as well as his own. He who is not rich enough to purchase an estate, puts up in the meantime with Putney, Weybridge, or some other rural suburb. The City is only the gigantic workshop, where business is transacted, and money earned, wherewith to indulge in horses, dogs, conservatories, and unbounded hospitality in the country. For there the long days and evenings have to be filled up with prolonged repasts, deep potations, sports and pastimes of divers kinds—hunting, fishing, rowing, archery, flirtations between young people of both sexes; side by side with which go also the more useful pursuits of local business and reading, for which the well-stocked country libraries afford an excellent opportunity—even now the English read more than any other nation in the world. At times, of course, life in these residences would become somewhat

rough and boisterous ; still, a healthy spirit on the whole animated this class, which was kept fresh in mind and body by out-door exercise and public tasks and interests ; and in most essential respects this life has remained unchanged. True, English Society, in which both sexes equally join, is to be found only in the country, for what goes by that name in town is more a labour than a recreation, and consists mostly of formally arranged, specially invited gatherings, where the guests sit side by side without ease or freedom, exchanging commonplace remarks, and the relatively small amount of unrestrained hearty sociability still to be found in the metropolis in our time, is now, as it was a hundred years ago, a society exclusively of men, only now it meets in clubs,—even Parliament is a sort of gigantic club ; whereas formerly it was wont to hold its gatherings at Wills' Coffee-house, or, maybe, at the Turks' Head. Women—mind, I do not say young girls—seemed, as it were, to have disappeared altogether from the higher existence of the nation during England's most flourishing period. As far as I can remember, Lady Montague and Lady Holland were almost the only ones who, properly speaking, formed social centres, and neither of them wielded their sceptre with the grace that charms us most in women. We vainly seek a Jacqueline Pascal, a Lespinasse, a Boufflers, who exercised so decisive an influence over the religious, literary, and social life of the ruling class in France, not to speak of those innumerable women who determined French policy, from Diane de Poitiers down to Madame du Cayla. In England, politics, religion, letters, and Society too, were men's province, for Hannah More's influence was confined to a small middle-class clique. From Addison to Johnson, the whole intellectual life of England was masculine in character. In Swift's greatest works there is nothing that betrays the influence his connection with Stella really exercised over his life. What we read of women in the writings of Pope, Richardson, Fielding, or Goldsmith seems to imply, that only girls played any part in Society, and that, on attaining her twenty-fifth year, a woman either withdrew from the world and devoted herself entirely to her household duties, or that she appeared only at the theatre and the card-table to show her diamonds, her feathers, and her paint, or to indulge in the coarsest kind of flirtation. The era of the blue-stockings only began at the commencement of the present century, with Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth, though the name dates from the time of Lady Montague, and since then the azure tint has extended to other masculine interests besides letters. It is said that these female encroachments have entirely distorted the social relations between the two sexes which constitute the whole charm of Society, and that the intercourse between the sexes in England has lost a good deal of its former charm. This is not, however, the case with young, unmarried people, whose relations to each other have remained, quite natural and pleasing, though their converse can hardly be called "Society," since it is limited to a mere interchange of feelings, which is a totally

different thing. Whatever may be the part which women apparently play in English town Society of the present day, however strongly they may muster numerically, their actual influence, especially in politics, is very slight. One is, indeed, rather tempted to reverse Sterne's sentence with regard to France, and to say that in England everything is Salic but the monarchy. True, the Queen presides over the Privy Council, and we find women sitting on School Boards, Charity Committees, &c. &c. No doubt also much of the work is done by them. The more important decisions, however, are given by men. The wife of a Member of Parliament who makes no demur at standing on the hustings by her husband's side—a position, by the way, which would suffice to render him an object of ridicule, *i.e.*, morally to annihilate him, for the moment at least, in France—is quite content to watch over and admire her spouse as her property, without desiring to guide his political steps from behind the scenes as a Frenchwoman would. We have no wish to pronounce an opinion on the comparative value of the two social systems, but we wish to point out the difference between them. Nobody can feel a truer regard and sympathy than the writer of these lines for the good Englishwoman, who lives only for her husband, enjoying his triumphs, sharing his anxieties, and still holding ready for conversation with his friends a lively wit, a sound common sense, a large stock of reading, and who shows more real taste and elegance in her plain but neat walking-dress than all the votaries of high art. Where, indeed, is there a lovelier type of womanhood to be found than in an English maiden? Where one that is more worthy of regard than the English matron, such as we find her, surrounded by her numerous family, in the houses of the middle class? Unfortunately, however, these types seem to be becoming rarer and rarer, and we find in their place crowds of authoresses, doctresses, prophetesses of woman's rights, muses, priestesses of high art, and huntresses after names and titles. These ladies nowadays seem often to take a pleasure in appearing sexless, which is but another word for without influence, inasmuch as their influence proceeds from their sex alone. Friendship, from which every thought of difference of sex is excluded, competition in business, in which all respect and consideration for sex is placed under an interdict, are false relations, and, like all unnatural conditions, cannot be lasting. Woman's work is either inferior to man's, and then she must fail in the merciless struggle she has provoked, or it approaches it very closely in value, and then she generally sinks beneath exertions for which Nature has not fitted her. It would be the same if we were to undertake her task in life, for

"Swanzig Männer verbunden ertrügen nicht all'die Beschwerden."

Of the mother of a family, not to speak of a lady of fashion,

"Und sie sollen es nicht, doch sollen sie dankbar es oinschen."

And ought not women also to recognize that the laws of Nature

cannot be opposed with impunity, and that these have assigned different spheres of action to the two sexes and different parts to each in the spheres which are common to both? As a man who betakes himself to female arms on the field they have in common, becomes an object of ridicule, while he accomplishes but little, so does a woman lose all her charm as soon as she seeks to adopt men's weapons and a masculine style of warfare. These mutual relations, however, become yet more strangely perverted, if consideration for the weakness of one sex is expected together with an annihilation of all boundaries between both, as is largely the case in English Society. In competition, the form which the struggle for existence assumes in human Society, all combatants must stand on a footing of equality, otherwise the conditions of the combat cease to be equal. The "*Tirez les premiers, Messieurs les Anglais!*" is chivalry, not war, and if it pleases me to allow a competitor of mine to win the prize, because he may happen to be consumptive, this is generosity, not business. Now, what constitutes the whole charm of social intercourse is a diversity of Nature combined with an identity of intellectual interests; and every consideration which imposes an exaggerated decency, nay, prudery, on men in their conversation with women, puts an end to all free intercourse between them. *Maxima debetur puero reverentia*. And that is precisely the reason why *pueri* and more especially *puellæ* are out of place in Society. It is certainly by no means desirable that gentlemen, still less ladies, should make use of improper language; still when natural subjects present themselves unsought in the course of conversation, is it really necessary carefully to shun them? Whoever wishes to form part of Society must be capable of taking part in all the interests which animate it. A woman who desires to maintain any influence there, must be able to follow a philosophical discussion without lagging behind, a political argument without yawning; nay, she must even be able to hear a spade sometimes called a spade without blushing. This does not render it incumbent upon her to advance new philosophical systems or develop original political theories; for even in the struggle for existence, women are not called upon to take the offensive, or at any rate not directly, and in the great work of universal generation and development their activity is that of conception and giving birth, not that of creation and generation. But, that it is quite possible for them to forego the exaggerated restraint which has been imposed on conversation without becoming unwomanly, is sufficiently proved by the noble women of the Italian *quattro cento* and of ancient France; and that this extreme prudery was not natural to the English, but is a product of modern conventionalism, is shown by the bewitching forms of a Beatrice and of a Rosalind, of a Portia and of an Isabella, of an Imogene and of an Ophelia, whose modesty and chastity is assuredly by no means tarnished by the *naïveté* with which they call things simply by their names, or jest upon subjects which in our days would be utterly tabooed. Or are

we to take it for granted that Shakespeare never saw any such irresistible maidens and matrons, but conjured them all up out of his imagination?

This somewhat unnatural condition of English Society was probably caused chiefly by that religious movement which interrupted the healthy development of England for a second time towards the close of the past century, as the political reaction did her constitutional progress. I have already shown elsewhere how English intellectual freedom, which had victoriously broken the fetters of Puritanism and arisen from the mire of the Restoration, was again destroyed, and how again regained an absolute dominion over the minds of Englishmen, as it had done in the seventeenth century, though in a somewhat different form. Its power over Society, however, was still more irresistible. Whoever dared to oppose it, like Byron and Shelley, was driven into exile. Hypocritical respectability spread its grey shroud over English life, a leaden gravity took possession of Society, an orthopaedical prudery forced it into her strait-waistcoat. True, the England of the past century was neither very refined nor delicate in its habits; still, even if an Addison occasionally took a glass too much, if a Fielding was not at all times over-nice in the choice of his expressions, if a Goldsmith gave himself up a little too freely to a Bohemian life—where so artistic a feeling for beauty of form, so great a moderation in political judgment reigned, a social criterion would not long have been wanting; and a *Clarissa Harlowe*, whose virtue we cannot question, a *Sophia Western*, whose every word breathes innocence, show us that the women also were on the way that leads to a union of liberty with self-restraint, of simplicity with culture. When the narrowest religious interests were forced into the foreground and checked the free intellectual progress of the century, as Puritanism had done that of the Renaissance, Society also was deeply affected by them. This was fortunately held somewhat in check by the political life, which at all times has purified and invigorated England like a current of fresh air. For politics still continue to be for England what art had been for Italy—the all-pervading, all-engrossing interest of the nation. And it is to this interest that English Society is mainly indebted for the healthiness of its tone. By it the unity of national culture also was maintained, which sectarianism had menaced with destruction; the different classes were saved from isolation by political liberty, while the dismemberment that might have resulted from country life was prevented by political centralization, and thus an organic whole, with perfect freedom in each of its members, came into being, which differed as widely from the mechanical whole produced by the centralization of the French State, as it did from the disconnection of national existence in Germany. Now the free air of public life such as this may not be favourable to the growth of so delicate a plant as the refined sociability which flourished under the Renaissance in Italy or during the *ancien régime* in France; but the value of that

social refinement should not be over-estimated. A healthy public life, a fertile intellectual and a vigorous economical activity, an abundant if not over-refined enjoyment of existence, are things which, taken singly, still more collectively, far outweigh any such advantage. If a little less anxiety were shown to attain such a social refinement without accepting the conditions indispensable to its possession, it might well be that foreigners would hardly feel its absence from English life as a loss, least of all we Germans, who have no idea of the higher sociability which Italy and France once possessed.

IV.

Is there any "Society" at all in Germany, in the sense which other European nations attach to the word—a thing, by the way, which is quite conceivable even without higher sociability? We are almost inclined to question it. Three hundred years ago a Society of this description certainly existed in Germany, but it was destroyed during the Thirty Years' War, and we Germans have been labouring ever since to reconstruct it, more especially in the present time, which has fortunately once more restored to us our national State. Before 1618, German and Italian Society were not dissimilar, for the historical development of both nations has a striking, though easily explained analogy. Our cities at that time formed centres of culture, and it was the commercial patriciate which took the lead in them. Abundant riches, European connections, a solid education, resulted in a certain grandeur of existence which has since utterly disappeared. The wealthy delighted in refined surroundings, tastefully decorated dwellings, elegant mansion-houses and guild-halls, magnificent public buildings artistically designed and completed; but very few traces are preserved of what is, properly speaking, luxury. The style of life and education was common to all the higher classes and to both sexes, as was the case in Italy; nor were religious and political, literary and artistic interests less common to all than the mode of life and education. Chivalrous pastimes, in which nobles and patricians indistinctively took part, alternated with hard work in the counting-house; for as yet it was no disgrace to earn one's bread, and commerce, although the newly discovered ocean highways had injured it considerably, was still flourishing. True, the Hanseatic towns had lost a little of their former importance, though Lübeck still set the example of a metropolitan style of life; but the great commercial firms of Augsburg, Nürnberg, Frankfurt—the Fuggers and Welsers, Hochstetters and Tuchers, Peutingers, Pirkheimers, Glauburgs, were still unshaken; and the heads of these firms were the associates of princes and nobles, artists and *savants*, their connections with Reuchlin, Hutten, Dürer, Erasmus, Melancthon, were of the most intimate kind, nor were their wives and daughters by any means excluded from intercourse with the great representatives of classic lore and art.

All this was changed by that dreadful war. Towns and villages had been destroyed, wealth annihilated, commerce ruined, the high spirit of the citizens was broken. Work had fallen into discredit, as in Italy. Those only who had inherited enough to live upon from their forefathers, were ranked among the aristocracy. All intellectual culture had vanished. Even the very language had deteriorated. A listless indifference had replaced the healthy interest exhibited by the higher orders of the preceding century in religious, literary, or political questions. The petty nobles as well as the city patricians had lost their former independence; the princes alone had become more powerful and important at the expense of the central power as well as of the higher middle-classes. These princes now proceeded to organize their power by means of a numerous bureaucracy. The reduced petty nobles and shortly afterwards the half-reduced town-citizens entered into their service. And whoever had once passed into this class, never came out again; for the younger sons did not, as in England, return to the citizen-class, and free labour was prohibited to those who possessed a title—nay, even to their children and children's children. And now began the title-mania. Nor was this unnatural, since none but the titled were able to purchase *Rittergüter*, none but the titled were permitted to hold offices of State, none but the titled were admitted to Court; and these Courts—there were no less than five hundred of them, without mentioning the *Reichsunmittelbaren*, who were three times as numerous—became the centres, around which all social and political life gravitated; their ways and actions formed the subject of all conversation. And what Courts they were! Without grandeur, cultivation, or originality; knowing no other interests than those of vanity, no higher ambition than that of aping the external culture of foreign lands. Their nobles delighted in empty flunkeyism; even military service was neglected in their miniature armies. Not a trace of mental aspiration was to be found, save where some distinguished woman perchance broke through the barriers, and thereby let in a fresh current of purer air from the outside. To be sure, it was hardly better outside either; in the absence of all centralization, without a capital, without any common interests, the State, as well as Society, broke up into hundreds and thousands of diminutive *coteries*. The horizon grew narrower and narrower, life became emptier and emptier. Prying curiosity, gossip, and envy developed to excess. Dependence engendered servility; constant surveillance, together with the absence of generally recognized forms produced that want of self-confidence and assurance which characterizes our countrymen even to the present day, as soon as they leave their studies, and the snug and cosy round of their accustomed life, and which is so often taken for affectation by foreigners. "*Les Allemands sont les plus sincères des hommes, mais non pas les plus naturels,*" said Ch. de Rémusat when he first visited Germany. To be sure, this is not quite so bad as if we were said to be the most natural of men but

not the most sincere. All traces of that petty spirit in social intercourse, which grew up during the seventeenth century, are not yet effaced, nor is it a wrong judgment which G. Freytag pronounces, when he says that "certain qualities were formed in the German character, which even to-day have not quite disappeared: a craving for rank and titles, an absence of freedom in our relations with, and behaviour towards, our superiors in social position, whether they possess official rank or hereditary titles; aversion from publicity; above all a strong disposition to judge the life and nature of others in a narrow, disparaging, microscopic spirit." And what else had they to criticize or talk about? Shut out from every, or at all events from any influential, share in State affairs; without public life, without any community of interests which might have promoted, so to say, a moral circulation, of which the most distant members would have felt the effects; restricted to the office and the tavern; debarred from all commercial or political contact with other nations; in poverty-stricken circumstances, having constantly to combat with distress;—how could the middle-class work its way up to a free, open point of view from which to regard life? The growth of the national wealth was exceedingly slow, for it was not, in fact, till our century, and properly speaking till Stein's reforms in the administration and in the laws on property, till privileges had been abolished, inland barriers removed by the Customs' Union (*Zoll-Verein*), the river tolls done away with and the coinage simplified,—it was not until all this had been accomplished, that trade and manufacture once more revived, and with them the free life of the middle-classes. In our fathers' days all these arbitrary obstacles to commerce and intercourse were still in full force,—impediments which at times seem almost to have been purposely established in order to prevent Germany from recovering the loss of two centuries, which other nations had gained upon her in consequence of the Thirty Years' War.

Now, just as the national life lost more and more of its coherence, and all sympathy between one city and the other gradually ceased, the gulf between the different classes likewise widened: the army was separate from the bureaucracy, the citizens stood aloof from the country nobility, who grew coarser and poorer, and being of no use to the community squandered their strength, until the Prussian army commenced to draw them into the service of the State, whereby little by little they once more entered into the common current. Now, among these sharply separated classes, it was that of the officials with a liberal education which soon began to predominate, precisely because the sovereign, whose organ it had become, was the only acknowledged authority: this bureaucracy therefore in Germany played the part which a merchant patriciate, a nobility of the sword and robe, and a landed gentry played in Italy, France, and England,—i.e., it grew to be the prevailing type of German Society in the eighteenth century. The remaining "notabilities" which a little town contained—professors, doctors, lawyers, and a small

number of educated merchants—followed their lead. But the German officials did not form an independent class like the wealthy, irremovable French magistracy. The German Judge, like all the rest of the officials, was the instrument of the sovereign, without the princely salary which permits the English Judge to play so important a part in Society; in this, as in every other respect, he was, and remained, a modest, submissive official—honest, hardworking, conscientious—but without any decisive influence in the State or in Society; poor and needy, timid and humble. It had become necessary to have recourse to the middle class, even at the beginning of the century, and rank in Society was now conferred by office, as it formerly had been by birth. Of these citizen recruits in the bureaucracy a University education was required, and as all the above-mentioned notabilities attended the Latin School—the only one to be found in such places—everyone, not excepting the few merchants who had the privilege of associating with them, acquired the same, often liberal, education, and this again led the way to the regeneration of Society.

For, as the State gradually became strengthened by the severe discipline peculiar to this bureaucracy, so was the intellectual life of the nation invigorated by the preparatory studies required of those who entered into it. Modern German literature is a product of our higher schools (*Gymnasien*) and Universities, and for more than a century it was for Germany what art once was for Italy and politics for England,—i.e., the one great national interest, which left its impress upon the whole culture of her people. No wonder, then, if such a literature became a critically learned one, which stood in a close connection with science; no wonder if it was penetrated with philosophy and especially cultivated by those who taught, so as to form a literature of divines and professors different from that of any other time or people. This may, it is true, have had its disadvantages, but it had great advantages also. If our polite literature for the most part portrays narrow circles and circumstances, if its tone is often too didactic, its form at times wanting in elegance, its chief interests purely of a spiritual kind, if we miss the fresh current of public life in its pages, if in the idealism which pervades it, reality often falls short of its due; how great, on the other hand, is the inner nobility which is imparted to it by that idealism! What depth it acquires from this preponderance of the intellectual life of the individual over the external life of the collective community! We owe it precisely to the distance by which the circles that brought forth this literature were separated from reality, if we have arrived at the broad and unbiassed conception of life, which is unique of its kind, and distinguishes us from every other people. A firmly coherent Society usually holds together by means of the cement of prejudice and convention; whereas the specific characteristic of our culture during that century was freedom from all prejudice. Let any one, who is inclined to doubt this, remember the

life led at Weimar and in Berlin, the social position held by Jews and by actors, the tolerance in matrimonial matters,—our literature, born during the sentimental period, may be said to have first introduced love matches, for till then *mariages de convenance* had alone been tolerated in Germany; let him also call to mind the high degree of religious forbearance, united to a religious feeling equally deep. It was intellectual unity, above all, which we acquired through this literature, and which later on paved the way to our political unity. By it, too, the nation once more gained a centre round which to gather. For a time literary and scientific interests stood entirely in the foreground. It forms a striking contrast between the history of our own and of other nations, that our higher orders voluntarily submitted to the guidance of the teaching class, from which princes, nobles, officers, officials, merchants, and women alike derived their instruction, nay, their whole intellectual life. The women especially, even from the very beginning, stood in the closest connection with men of learning, and it would be difficult to say whether they exercised or experienced a greater influence.

Everywhere, from Sophie Charlotte, the friend of Leibnitz, to Anna Amalia, the patroness of Wieland, Germany has distinguished princesses and ladies of rank to show, who did much to further intellectual life. The biographies of Herder and Goethe show how deep an influence Marie zur Lippe and Fräulein von Klettenberg exercised over the religious views of these founders of our culture. Or who can forget the part which a Frau von Stein, a Frau von Kalb, and the two Lengefelds played in Thuringia,—the Jewesses Rahel, Henriette Herz, and Dorothea Mendelssohn in Berlin? The wives of *savants*, too,—a Caroline Herder, an Ernestine Voss, a Caroline Schlegel, like the ladies of the Pempelfort and Ehrenbreitstein circles,—contested the palm with those of the metropolitan centres and of the nobility. We hear that all this has greatly changed since those times; the different classes are said to be more sharply separated, the sexes to have greatly modified their relations with each other; religious strife has once more obtained admission into our life in spite—or shall we rather say, in consequence—of diminished religious feeling. Even our former cosmopolitan sympathies seem to have given way to a narrower feeling of patriotism—all which changes became inevitable, as soon as we undertook the task of forming a national society; and after all they are not by any means so harmful as the admirers of unrestrained moral and intellectual freedom would have us think, provided they be kept within bounds and not suffered to degenerate into intolerance, the spirit of caste, and a rigid conventionalism. But has the advantage, for which we have paid so high a price, really been attained? And if not, how are we to acquire that social unity, without having to relinquish what still remains to us of that individualism and freedom from prejudice, which were ours in the time of our greatness? It is not much, after all; for if we are still far from forming a single herd, as the English do, we nevertheless form a score of such herds in which

individuality is scarcely better off. Liberals, Ultramontanes, professors, merchants, and whatever other elements the nation may contain, each form a world in themselves, a seemingly impassable gulf separating them from one another, and each of them concealing within itself a number of tacit freemasonries. To be sure, many things are in progress which bid fair to heal this condition of internal dismemberment—above all, the increase of material prosperity, which is the foundation of all the more refined forms of life, and the improvements in communication between different countries, which are constantly opening out a wider view and daily multiplying the points of contact with reality, not only for our learned middle-classes, but also for the poor inhabitants of our inland towns.

Sons of University men enter more and more frequently into commercial and industrial life, to fight the battle of free competition and increase the nation's wealth, while steeling their own character and developing its self-reliance. The sons of our clergymen may be found in all parts of the world, whether it be the far East of India or the far West of America, transformed into robust, resolute, practical men, who return to the mother country as free and independent people that no longer tremble before every policeman they may meet.

Our political life is growing daily more public, and thus gradually forcing into the background all the petty interest in one's neighbour's private affairs, which had so disastrous an influence even in the most brilliant period of our intellectual history. Our political unity has not only given us a sense of our own worth, which was wanting in us, and which, in the better elements of the nation, is as far removed from national conceit as from our former submissive humility; it has given us political interests in common. The army, to which we are so largely indebted, yet which, despite the great national movement in 1813, had retained a good deal of its squire-like (*junkerlich*) exclusiveness during the prolonged peace, has drawn nearer to the rest of the nation, since our political revival, and tends more and more to become amalgamated with it. It is now the common school of all Germans, where the youth of all the educated classes meet together, first as volunteers, next as officers of the reserve, and finally as officers of the *Landwehr*; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, this citizen-soldier is destined to become the type of German culture, as the country gentleman has become that of English. Especially is this likely to be the case should admission to the Volunteer service again be restricted to the educated, and those only who have passed through the highest school-classes be accepted, and should the officers' corps in the standing army continue, as during the last fifteen years, to be more and more recruited from the middle classes. If it has hitherto been the official, with his habits, sometimes formal, sometimes off-hand, who predominated and gave the tone in German Society, that position is now from day to day passing more irrevocably into the hands of the independent merchant

and manufacturer, who is also an officer in the national army, and on whose excess of *nonchalance* soldiery discipline acts as a wholesome check, while the starchness of his military bearing is advantageously corrected by the freedom of civil life. Yet these are all merely external matters. As the free atmosphere of a scientific culture and ideal spirit breathed by our officials at the University, is the cause of their great superiority to the clerks of the French bureaucracy ; so their presence in the army brings our youth together in the service of something higher, of something which transcends the narrow interests of their everyday life ; and this it is that, properly speaking, crowns the whole civilization. This military training, it is true, only aims at making good Germans of our sons ; but they ought to be brought up to be human beings as well. This our Colleges (*Gymnasien*), our technical, commercial, and Cadet-schools do not do, or rather have left off doing ; they train them to be merchants, professors, engineers, and soldiers, things which ought to be left to special schools, apprenticeship, or life itself. This is the thing we must guard against as the greatest danger which menaces German culture. It will only be when all the sons of the educated, no matter what career they may afterwards adopt, are once more obliged to sit on the same benches, to share the same pastimes, to derive their intellectual nourishment from the same source, that we shall again have a right to think and talk about a German Society. Only then can we attain that social unity of which we all feel the want, as we have acquired our literary unity by hard work, and our political unity by the force of arms.

KARL HILLEBRAND.

CONVERSATIONS WITH CARLYLE

THE following notes were written five-and-twenty years ago. I was then a young man attempting literary essays in London. We lived, my wife and I, in Chelsea, not far from Carlyle. I was introduced to him by my revered friend, the Rev. J. G. Macvicar, D.D., Minister of Moffat, author of "A Sketch of a Philosophy," "The Economy of Nature," &c. For many months Carlyle and I spent an evening together in each week. Our wives, too, became great friends. I wrote down a few notes of my conversations with the Sage of Chelsea. Alas, only a few! Would that I had written down notes of all of them! Archbishop Whately was the only man I ever met to compare with him in conversational ability.

It was amusing to see how impatient he was of correction from his wife, and yet he would take correction from mine like a lamb. He was talking on one occasion with a distinguished nobleman about Herat. He pronounced it wrongly, Hêrat. My wife was an attentive listener. I was conversing with Mrs. Carlyle about a paper of mine that had recently appeared in *Household Words*, on "The Buried City of Ceylon," when I heard Carlyle say to my wife, "You seem interested in our conversation."

"I cannot quite make out what city you are talking about," said she.

"Why, do you not know Hêrat, on the western confines of Afghanistan and the eastern of Persia, that diplomatists are so much interested in just now?"

"Oh, you mean Herât," said she, "that's quite a different thing. Nobody calls it Hêrat."

He accepted the correction without a murmur, and for the rest of the evening spoke of the city as Herât.

On another occasion he quoted wrongly from the Bible: "Is thy servant a dead dog to do this thing?" "It is not a dead dog, Carlyle," said his wife—she spoke with a burr on the *r*, Carlyle; "it is not a dead dog, Carlyle, but a dog,—'Is thy servant a dog to do this thing?'" Carlyle heard her patiently to the end, and a little after took occasion to repeat his misquotation quite gravely: "Is thy servant a dead dog to do this thing?" His wife, like a prudent woman, did not hear it.

So much easier do we find it to be corrected by other people's wives than by our own!

The following, from his "Reminiscences," gives the key-note to much of his conversation in 1856–7. He is speaking of Southey:—

"We sat on the sofa together; our talk was long and earnest; topic ultimately the usual one, steady approach of democracy with revolution, probably explosive, and a *finis* incomputable to man; steady decay of all morality, political, social, individual; this once noble England getting more and more ignoble and untrue in every fibre of it, till the gold (Goethe's composite king) would all be eaten out, and ignoble England would have to collapse in shapeless ruin, whether for ever or not none of us could know. Our perfect consent on these matters gave an animation to the dialogue, which I remember as copious and pleasant. Southey's last word was in answer to some tirade of mine against universal mammon-worship, gradual accelerating decay of material humanity, of piety and fidelity, to God or man, in all our relations and performances, the whole illustrated by examples, I suppose; to which he answered, not with levity, yet with a cheerful tone in his seriousness, 'It will not and it cannot come to good.'"

The following are my notes written a quarter of a century ago:—

I.

Oct. 22nd, 1856.—My wife and I spent the evening, 8 to 11, with Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. Miss Jewsbury there, and an Oxford Commissioner and his wife—"intelligent people," as Carlyle called them. We had tea. The Commissioner handed the kettle for Mrs. Carlyle.

C. "I had some men to make a room for me on the top of my house. They used bad timber—did not know their work—came tumbling through the roof often into the other rooms at the top—workmen complained of the master—the master of the workmen—everything done in the same way nowadays—an age of shams—shams in religion, in social life, in politics. It was the same two hundred years ago, it was all sham, and the people that would not have shams, the earnest thinking men, rose and swore it should not be so any longer—they would cut each other's throats for it, if need were, but the shams they would not endure."

K. "If everyone thought so now, we should have another revolution."

C. "That's exactly what we do want—a thorough revolution; but not a revolution after the French model—a quiet, peaceful, sensible revolution. But I see no help for these times—they must just go to perdition their own way, and then—"

K. "And then?"

C. "And then revolutions and misgovernments, cycles, so far as I can see."

The subject changed to literary men:—

C. "The most contemptible man of the age, the honest shoeblick is a more respectable man than I knew of any young man going to devote himself to literature as a profession, I should say 'For God's sake, be an honest, useful man any other way. You men write without thinking nowadays. You men write—that's all the thinking many do, without research.'"

The subject changed. The Oxford Communion of Constantinople:—

C. "Strange the bad name the dog has, the dog is more respectable of all the animal creation we come across."

K. "Except the horse——"

C. "No, not even excepting the horse. 'What should he do this thing?'"

Mrs. C. "Not a *dead dog*, Carlyle—'Is it a dead dog?'"

C. "Dead dog occurs somewhere as the vilest perhaps because they are scavengers in the world, only scavengers."

The quotation introduced the subject of the *Iliad*. The speaker spoke warmly in praise of their sublimity and grandeur, and then next—the next book to the Bible for everything great, yet how tiresome parts of both are. Take the *Iliad*, for instance, man gets a spear run through him one way, and we heard nothing of before, and never shall hear of it again. The *Odyssey*, written by a different hand, more artificial age—a finer poem in many respects. Nothing finer than Ulysses bending his bow, and shouting out, stentor-like, 'Yea, again, poor fellow! The *Iliad*, evidently a different hand, with interpolations, &c., of a later age, very similar. The simplicity—the grand simplicity of the *Iliad* to different men very strange. One fellow has him but well-fitting boots, *εὐχρημὸς*? Only the well-booted'—'the well-booted Knighton,' for Spoke of Thirlwall's "Greece."

C. "Thirlwall so hedges himself in with qualifications. He takes you a little one way, and then says, 'So far; perhaps that's the way, but So-and-so (the other way) on. It spoils a man to make a bishop of him.'"

The Commissioner mentioned a Dean who, when a bishop had he not spoken of the "extraordinary Iscariot."

Carlyle laughed long and loudly. "The extraordinary conduct! very good! 'conduct not to be expected from any gentleman,' he might have added. Was it the same man who always spoke of the crucifixion as 'the execution of Jesus Christ'? But the 'extraordinary conduct of Judas Iscariot' was far better."

Got back to Greece:—

C. "Plato is too inconclusive for me; his fancy is wonderful and his language polished, but he is the most inconclusive of great writers. I have no patience with him. His 'Republic' is the best of his works by far. With what disdain he speaks of the great unwashed and their blatant democracies! It is a pity we have no readable literal translations of Sophocles and Æschylus. I was looking at an English translation of Æschylus the other day, and I had to turn to the Greek to see what the man meant."

K. "Why not have the works turned neatly into blank verse, without sacrificing the original?"

C. "No, no—no blank verse. I would say to the translator—'Give me Sophocles, give me Æschylus; I don't want your silly poesy. I want to know what those men, in their wisdom, thought and wrote; not what you, in your folly, think and write.' Such works, properly done, ought to be very popular, for England sympathizes with ancient Greece, and the great men of ancient Greece."

II.

Nov. 28, 1856.—Spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle at 5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Had tea when we went in. Mrs. C. in cap and shawl—an invalid. C. in dressing-gown.

K. "The magazines and reviews have been very busy with you lately, sir."

C. "Ay, have they? I never read them. I have the most utter contempt and abhorrence for the literary *canaille* of the day, with their Reviews, and Magazines, and *Times* newspaper. They should try and understand me—that would be more sensible. And what have they been saying?"

K. "The *North British Review* had an excellent article, as I thought it, on 'The Religious Tendencies of the Day—Newman, Coleridge, and Carlyle,' endeavouring to point out what they believed to be your influence in religious questions on the world. One of Ainsworth's Magazines—*Bentley* or the *New Monthly*—has an article this month too about you, but solely as a literary man—a poor article—all about your style, which is not to their liking."

C. "Blind leaders of the blind! How shall they understand me with their devotion to the devil? Give me a God-fearing man and a God-believing man, and that man will understand me; but your Ainsworth's Magazines are only a part of that awful system of cant and lying that sweeps England to perdition in these days. Where there is

no truth, there can be no utterances worth listening to. Some of these reviewers remind me of men accumulating first laboriously a heap of refuse, and then proceeding diligently to examine it and grope in it for novelties. That's the work that befits them, believe me. I care nothing what they say *of* me, or *to* me."

Mrs. C. "Some time ago a clergyman sent him an essay—a voluminous essay in MS. We were sitting together when he got it, and he read the first sentence, something after this manner: 'Sir, I have a great respect for you. You are drawing on towards the brink of the grave. Age is creeping over you. It behoves you to think of another world and of religion.' He read no more, but, getting up, put the whole mass of writing into the fire there, and watched it consume. I pitied the poor man who had taken so much trouble in vain—to say that his laborious composition should not even be read!"

C. "Ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha! O yes, they will send me such things; but they cannot make me read them. Ha, ha, ha!"

Mrs. C. "We have been greatly amused with a book of Mr. Charles Reade's, 'It is Never Too Late to Mend.' Mr. Reade has evidently adopted, unconsciously I suppose, Carlyle's style and mannerism—completely so—and yet the views of the two men are so widely dissimilar—as opposite as possible to each other, in fact. It is a stupid book—a very stupid book: the author sympathizes with criminals and such like, all which Mr. Carlyle and I hold in abhorrence."

C. "That sympathy with criminals, and convicts, and ticket-of-leave men is just one of the worst symptoms of the age in which we live. But it is not to be wondered at that men, with no sincerity about themselves, should do their best for their brethren, the children of the devil. If they had any real abhorrence of the crime, they would fling their mawkish sympathy to the winds. They don't see, they never will see, that men who act so are like unto those they succour. The one is the liar, with dirty linen, living in a prison—the other is the liar, with clean linen, living in his own house."

K. "The ticket-of-leave system sometimes leads to crimes in our very streets. What is the use of prisons, one may ask, if the people that ought to be in them are jostling us at every corner?"

C. "The people that ought to be in them! ha, ha, ha!—[a loud, hearty, honest laugh]—they would be large prisons that would hold all that ought to be in them. Had these sympathizers any conscientious abhorrence of crime, they would say to the criminal, 'Out of my sight, villain! Go away with you to your father, the devil.' They do not see that their sympathy with these wretches only proves they are convinced of the fact that it is accident, as we call it, that prevents them taking the other's place. The result of all this, and of all our hollowness and deceit, and want of faith and godliness, is that we are rushing on to ruin—all our English and American agitations and democracies, notwithstanding. I have no faith in these democracies, or in republics at

all. Things may last so for fifty years, perhaps, not longer, certainly."

K. "Is there no native energy in the English race to prevent this? Have we not men of genius to lead us in as great abundance as ever?"

C. "Yes, I think we have as many men of genius, as much talent; but that will not save us, as things go. Our talent is all directed to talking and writing, instead of doing."

K. "The age of Elizabeth was a heroic age: yet there was much writing then, too, although not quite so much talking."

C. "No nation was ever saved by writing and talking, only by acting. It was the great ages before Elizabeth, and the great men in those ages, who prepared the way for the achievements of the reign of Elizabeth. England has been held ever since the Norman Conquest, and long before, by a superior race; but for a thousand years they were doers simply, not talkers and writers. Compare Domesday-Book with our modern Blue-Books and Parliamentary Committees' Reports and such like, that nobody reads or can read. This very Chelsea is described in that Domesday-Book as a *sylva sexaginta porcorum*. It could feed just sixty swine, and a fellow in a leathern jerkin, with a horn to look after them, and make puddings of them. Two lines of such a book teach us more than whole volumes of frothy Blue-Books."

K. "Yet our Parliament contains some of the cleverest men, and our aristocracy, as a class, is a noble and superior race."

C. "So far as my experience goes, the best of actual men in England—ininitely better than aristocracy, than the talking and writing lawyers and editors, and unbelieving divines."

K. "And yet no hope for England?"

C. "None; for a hundred years we have been going down-hill fast, losing faith and hope. What kind of a boy is this that is to be our King of England next? The German race we have imported from the Continent has been a heavy, stupid race. Prince Albert is an exception. He looks forward, I think, and is preparing for what he foresees—that those boys of his will live in troublesome times; but he cannot say so, of course."

There was a pause, and we talked afterwards of Ceylon and Buddhism. He said there was doubtless much in that old creed if we could get at it; but the men who had translated hitherto were utterly incompetent for their task, giving us, for the most part, words and not ideas. Sir Arthur Buller, one of his old pupils, had told him the Cinghalese were incorrigible liars.

I mentioned their belief in transmigration and its effects. One man committed suicide to escape the pain of a toothache, another to get rid of a whitlow, concluding, "all over the East man seems more earnest in religion than in the West."

C. "True, very true. The only great outburst we have had of true

faith within the last two centuries in Europe was Methodism ; but, in our own time, it is like the rest, hollow and false—utterly untrue.”

K. “ I have seen some, sir, that were as devoted to their creed—some Methodists—as any devotees of the East.”

C. “ Exceptions. I heard one of the best of them at Derby once. He had been a joiner, I believe, and he spoke earnestly. That man saw before him, in the other world, two states of existence—the one that in which he would be roasted everlastingly, the other that in which he would float everlastingly in bliss of some kind. ‘ It is of infinite importance to me,’ said he to himself, ‘ that I should not roast everlastingly ;’ and hence his speeches and his rantings, his violent sayings, and his Methodistical cant. But truly, anything more despicable, anything more unworthy of an honest, noble soul, we could not easily find anywhere than that. It is the rankest flunkeyism, yet that is enthusiastic Methodism in these days.”

K. “ I believe it is ; I never heard it so put before ; but, honestly and candidly, I think it is, and I have seen much of Methodism. I startled one of their preachers once, in Ceylon, by showing him the word *μεθοδεία*, a *trick or imposture*, in the Greek lexicon, as the derivation of the word ‘ methodism.’ ”

C. “ Good, very good. He was dumbfounded at that, I should think. Ha, ha, ha ! But the word doesn’t come from that, does it ? It looks like it.”

K. “ No, I believe now that it comes from our own word *method*. Wesley, at Oxford, originated both the appellation and the schism with his prayer-meetings.”

C. “ I was going to tell you about an Indian poem some one sent me translated, when you led me off to Methodism. I think it is called the ‘ Mahabarat.’ It describes seven sons as setting off to seek their fortunes. They all go different ways, and six of them land in hell, after many adventures. The seventh is of nobler seed. He perseveres, fights his way manfully through great trials. His faithful dog, an ugly little monster, but very faithful, dies at last. He himself, fainting and well-nigh despairing, meets an old man, Indra, disguised, who offers to open for him the gates of heaven. ‘ But where are my brothers ?’ he asks : ‘ are they there ?’ ‘ No ; they are all in hell.’ ‘ Then I will go to hell, too, and stop with them, unless you get them out.’ So saying, he turns off and trudges away. Indra pities him, and gets his brethren out of hell. The six enter heaven first. The seventh stops. ‘ My poor faithful dog,’ says he, ‘ I will not leave him.’ Indra remonstrates, but it is useless ; the faithful dog, ugly as he was, is too well remembered, and he will not have paradise without it. He succeeds finally. Indra relents, and lets even the dog in ; but, sir, there is more pathos about that dog than in a thousand of our modern novels—pathos enough to make a man sit down and cry almost.”

K. “ The whole story must have been intended to illustrate the

efficacy of prayer. It reminds one faintly of Abraham's intercession for Sodom and Gomorrah—a grand old picture, not inferior on the whole, I should think, to yours of the Mahabarat."

C. "Lot's intercession, you mean."

K. "No, Abraham's. Lot was living in the vale at the time, in Sodom."

C. "Lot certainly interceded for some one. However, it is a point of little consequence. As I said, sir, there is true pathos about that dog. I have seldom read anything with more."

III.

18th Feb. 1857.—Spent the evening with C. at his house. We were alone. Mrs. C. ill.

I mentioned that I had seen some verses of his written in Sir J. E. Tennant's album, dated Paris, 1824,—subject, a moth and candle.

C. "I remember that Emerson—he was a poor, sickly-looking, white-haired lad then—going about with a much finer man every way, a Mr. Tennant. They were going out to liberate the Greeks. Tennant spoke with a broad Irish accent. We were to meet Washington Irving at a coffee-house at breakfast. It was in Paris. We went, but Washington Irving did not come. I suppose he thought it wiser to take his refectation at home, quietly, instead of going to a coffee-house to be stared at; and he was right. I have seen nothing of Irving since; but I saw Emerson, or Emerson-Tennant, as he calls himself now, five or six years ago, somewhere. I congratulated him on the improvement in the colour of his hair—ha, ha, ha!—it turned out to be a wig he wore—ha, ha, ha! He was dreadfully disconcerted—ha, ha, ha!"

K. "Were you much interested in Paris?"

C. "I was at that time, very much. I was young, and my mind was open to fresh impressions; but I was there since, a year or two before this man made himself Emperor, and I found them all empty, grimacing, going on all day with foolish empty grimacings. There is no hope for Paris. They are on the high-road that is so easily travelled downwards, but the ascending of which is the difficulty. Alas! it is not Paris only that is thus."

After a pause he resumed—

"I sat one evening at the foot of the column in the Place Vendôme and smoked my cigar there, watching their grimacing, and superficial, empty, nonsensical mimicry, and hollowness, when a party of soldiers came, with two or three drummers, beating away in earnest, ahead of them—rat-at-tat-ta, rat-at-tat-ta they went—and the Parisians were delighted with them. They could understand that, but anything better they could not. Rat-at-tat-ta, rat-at-tat-ta they went along, waking the echoes, the drummers seemingly delighted with their own performance, the people charmed, and there were the stars and moon above them that night just as there are to-night, as clear and silent and solemn."

There was again a pause, and he resumed—

"One Sunday evening I went out to the Champ de Mars and saw a lamentable spectacle. The Champ was covered with people, its dusky half-grass, half-gravelled extent was almost hidden with the multitude. And what, think you, had they to recreate themselves with that blessed Sabbath evening? A balloon was to go up, and the men were there holding it down by ropes during its inflation in great numbers; but before it was ready a sort of inflated semblance of a man was sent up. It was guided by ropes, I suppose, but the ropes were invisible from where I stood. I saw it go up, to the great delight of the Parisian populace. They shouted, yelled, clapped their hands, strained their necks, opened their eyes and mouths, and gave every evidence of intense satisfaction. It was pulled down afterwards somewhere, and by that time the balloon was ready. That was the amusement of the Parisian populace that blessed Sabbath evening. A spectacle to make one sad."

K. "I doubt if you would find any other populace that would not be equally delighted with it. Sabbath or no Sabbath, the poor have not their books and thoughts to fall back upon. They want something to see, or hear, or taste—something palpable."

C. "They do. But this open-mouthed levity and grimacing is a characteristic not of the poor only in France. Look at their writers. I opened Lamartine's '*History of the Girondins*,' and found it a foolish romance, yet professing to be a history. The man is a grimacing caricaturist, an empty windbag, and flatulent. History! It's no history at all. And that's the man that thought he was to be the man of the age—the presiding genius of France. A genius worthy of the France of the present day, which is all talk, grimace, and insincerity."

K. "Thiers is a profounder historian than Lamartine, but where the glory of France is concerned not over-scrupulous or accurate as to facts."

C. "Thiers is a superior man to Lamartine, but, as an historian, he can take no rank. I expected great things from his '*French Revolution*.' It is a clever work, but eminently unfaithful. He is, as you say, an unscrupulous writer."

K. "Guizot is altogether superior—more accurate and more painstaking to arrive at facts."

C. "Guizot is a cadaverous-looking man, who believes in Louis Philippe. When I conversed with him long ago about Cromwell, he thought Cromwell first an enthusiast and afterwards a hypocrite. In his '*English Revolution*,' however, I find he has adopted my view of him, as far as it was possible for him so to do. But he is an undecided man. He believes in Louis Philippe and the Spanish marriages still. Indeed, I don't know but he may be looking for the resurrection of Louis Philippe and his Second Advent. The second part of his work is a mere political essay on the present state of France, or rather on its state when he wrote, for its state changes every year now. A wretched country! I once thought the Revolution was working itself out to a

higher, holier, and better state of things; but I find my mistake now. France, like England, will have to go through the baptism of fire and blood that awaits us all, before anything better can come out of it. Look at its literature and you will find it all lying and romance—the worst of both.”

K. “Your hopes for literature centre in Germany, I suppose; for I know you don’t think much of our current literature in England?”

C. “Our current literature is like our current life—made up of shams, hypocrisies, counterfeits, deceits, lies. I have a profound contempt for it. Lessing did a great deal for Germany in showing them that their French models were no models at all, but falsities, and in preaching up Shakespeare to them; and, since his time, Germany has done more for literature than France and England—a great deal more.”

K. “I have somewhere seen it remarked—in T. Jouffroy, I think—that Germany gives the raw material of thought; France puts it into shape and makes it clear; whilst England applies it practically.”

C. “Germany has given no raw material, then, for some quarter of a century that I know anything of.”

K. “Are we making no progress, then, in Western Europe? Is there nothing great and good being done either in Germany, France, or England at the present day?”

C. “Progress! Our progress is in the wrong direction. We move with accelerated velocity downwards. As to Germany, the only thing they do there now is in a philological way; but they do that well. They are men of immense patience, of wonderful plodding perseverance. They can clothe the dry bones of history and ancient literature for us in a perfectly marvellous way; telling us of the pots and pans the Greeks and Romans used, how they walked and talked, and sat, and slept, and rose, and did other things less noble. Heyne did that in a wonderful way for Virgil, and that sort of thing has its use. Heeren told us much, too, of their commerce and politics that we knew not before; but he is tedious, prolix, and dry. In philology they still dig out new facts, and put them together for us, with wonderful labour; but of anything better than that going on at the present day in Germany, I know nothing.”

K. “You laugh at our progress. Is there no progress apparent in India and in British Colonization—in the opening-up of new countries, peopling waste continents, and founding new empires?”

C. “A Gibeonitish sort of progress truly; all hewing of wood and drawing of water; nothing nobler or better that I can see. The United States were a greater and nobler people eighty years ago, when they were our colonies, than they are now, though they had only three millions of people then, and thirty now. The whole of the thirty put together wouldn’t make one Franklin, or even a Washington.”

K. “Should we ever have heard of Washington had it not been for the circumstances in which he was placed?”

C. "Perhaps not; but he would not have been the less a great man on that account. I do not rate him very highly, however; certainly not to compare with Franklin."

K. "And with the States, the Cape, Australia, New Zealand, India, as they are, you see no progress in the right direction?"

C. "I see terrible calamities impending, a total severing of every tie and bond of the world as it exists—bloodshedding and destruction. As to Australia, what is it doing but upsetting all our economic arrangements here by digging out gold that had much better be left where it was? We didn't want it. The world didn't want it. There was enough before for all practical purposes. No nation ever became great by finding gold, though it were found in tons. Rome was pretty much as we are when it was congratulating itself on being the mistress of the world. Seneca was writing of her greatness, her prosperity, and her wonderful progress, and yet the northern barbarians were even then whetting their swords for slaughter. Death was nigh unto those luxurious Romans, steeped in refinement, and a career of 'progress' that promised them, short-sighted as they were, wonderful things. And so with us."

K. "Where are these modern barbarians to come from?"

C. "I don't know. History does not exactly reproduce itself, but we want a superior race, to be got somewhere and somehow—a race of God-fearing, honest, sincere men. But it's no use cursing the world as it is. It remains the same after we have expended all the vials of our wrath upon it."

Miss Jewsbury came in at this moment. She had been with Mrs. Carlyle. We walked home with her, and then C. walked home with me. He spoke of preaching and preachers as we went.

C. "If I were a preacher I would tell them one Sunday what to do, and then, when they came back next Sunday, I would ask them, 'Well, have you done that? How much have you done of it? None! Then go home and do it.' I would remind them once more, giving them a little at a time, but not a step faster than I thought right. A little at a time. What conceivable use is there in their going over a long rigmarole of the same thing, Sunday after Sunday, that they know well no one intends to practise, they themselves, perhaps, least of all. It is the silent, steady, persevering work that has been of use in all ages, not the windy clamorous work, that can't go on unless people talk about it."

I told him of the Bishop of St. Asaph going into St. Mark's School, and asking one of the boys there, "Who am I?" "A bishop, my lord," said one youngster. They often see bishops there. "Who made me a bishop?" asked his lordship, solemnly. "Lord John Russell, my lord," said the urchin. The bishop said no more to them that day!

C. laughed heartily at the anecdote, and left me laughing, as we shook hands near my door. It was then half-past eleven, the river

before us, and the moon shining brightly on it—a beautiful night, cold, bright, and frosty.

IV.

Thursday, 20th March, 1857.—Mrs. K. called on Mrs. C. ; we found her invalided—furs and shawls and couch so arranged that the invalid looked quite cosy and comfortable. Carlyle was out. “You see I was right,” said Mrs. C. “Mr. K. thought I was only fancying when I said I should have a terrible time of it during the winter, but I was right. Cannot sleep—read till two, then doze sometimes, sometimes not, till four, sometimes not at all; reading Kingsley’s last—a very poor thing.” Talked of “Sartor Resartus.” “It was offered,” said Mrs. C., “to nearly every publisher in London and refused. Keep it, I said to him; it will come of use some day—at last published in *Fraser’s Magazine*. I did my best to keep up his spirits that time; they were sinking then.” Talked of her little dog Nero. “He is extravagantly fond of me, but only very moderately of Carlyle. If I am away for a little, and come in, he bounds and frisks, and is delighted. If C. is away, then he just yelps a little when he returns, that’s all. But he cannot expect otherwise. C. delights in torturing him, which he calls playing with him. He snaps the tongs at him, and Nero does not like that. He once even tied an empty tin to his tail, and sent the poor dog scampering all over the house in great terror. It was cruel of him to do that—absolutely cruel—and I told him so. I told him it was an amusement unfit for a philosopher—low, degrading.”

“And what then?” I asked.

“Oh, he only laughed all the more at Nero and at me. But he did not do it again,” continued Mrs. C.

It was on this occasion she gave us some interesting details of her early life.

“My father was very anxious for a boy. He was disappointed that I was born a girl. However, he brought me up as much as possible as a boy. I was taught as a boy. When my mother remonstrated he would say, at eighteen I will hand her over to you, and you can teach her all a girl ought to know. But Carlyle came, and it was forgotten. I did not know how to tack on a button when I got married, but I could write Latin. When we got married he took me to a farm-house, far from the busy haunts of men. A strapping, red-armed wench waited on us. ‘It is market-day to-day,’ said she to me one day, bobbing in an uncouth curtsy. ‘I am going to market; what meat shall I get?’ I was reading at the time. ‘Oh, anything you like,’ was my reply. ‘No, ma’am, not as I like, as you like.’ Well, we decided on something. But the cooking was execrable. Day after day our dinner was uneatable. ‘My dear,’ said Carlyle gravely to me at length, ‘I am a philosopher, but I must have butcher’s meat properly cooked for dinner.’ I had a good cry after that. Then getting a

cookery book I shut myself up with my pen and mastered the details of practical cookery. In the meantime Carlyle was away from home, and I made him perfectly happy. I was very proud of it. 'You are he,' but this is only what every woman ought to do. 'You do not want praise for doing your duty.' But I am happy to say I can bake bread, cook a dinner, and do any one."

v.

Spent Tuesday evening, the 25th of March, at my house.

He asked me of my health when in India. I told him it was excellent, except when I went to the jungle and got jungle-fever in consequence. This led to a discussion through which I passed, the wild animals, and finally settled at last on the cat.

C. "Tiger, lion, cheetah—they are all of the same kind."

K. "According to naturalists, I believe the important distinction, the tiger and cheetah, is in their claws; the lion, like the dog, cannot."

C. "The cat is inferior to the dog in its attachment to places rather than to persons. They display strong affections. Mrs. Carlyle told me that when its kitten was drowned, exerted itself to persevere, and got the kitten out of the water again, and did its best, failing that, it pined away and died for the love of it."

K. "I suppose their nature is improved by domestication, but that of the dog unquestionably is."

C. "Doubtless the nobler animal influence is improved, but still the cat will never be equal to the man in many things. Did you happen to know, when you were in India, the name of Mackenzie?"

K. "Brigadier Mackenzie?"

C. "The same."

K. "I did not know him, but I know that there was a book on Indian life, entitled 'The Court, the Camp, and the Jungle,' something of that kind."

C. "She did. Her husband was in England at the time, a Scotchman, and I had some slight acquaintance with him. He gave me a pamphlet giving an account of a battle which occurred amongst some troops in India, in which he was attached, and in which he suffered most severely."

K. "I remember only this much of the story, that the newspapers considered him over-zealous in endeavouring to suppress a native procession, and that he had brought on himself a great deal of judgment."

C. "His pamphlet gives, what I have no doubt is, a very correct account of the transaction. It appears that this Mohammedan procession, with drums playing and flags flying, was marching past his encampment on the public road, consisting almost entirely of soldiers—some sort of irregular corps—they had no right to be there, and he sent them away. They came again in greater force, with more drums, I suppose, and more flags, and he went out to them again, accompanied by another European. They attacked him mercilessly, cut and wounded him in many places, and, in fact, left him for dead. The real culprits were allowed by some incompetent magistrate to escape, and a native officer, a Havildar I believe, was about being punished for it—deprived of his office—who was really the only efficient and orderly officer in the regiment. Mackenzie interfered to prevent this injustice. He seems to me to have played quite a heroic part in the business. He appealed to the Governor-General against the decision of the incompetent magistrate, but I suppose the Governor-General wouldn't take the trouble to read his statement, and so he got no redress. The impression is strong in my mind that that man played quite a heroic part in the whole business, and I believe what he says, because I respected him of old as a truth-telling, honest, sincere man. It is quite true, as the papers state, that he is a devout Christian; but how that should be to any man's discredit in a Christian country is not easily explained, except in this way—that unbelief, and cant, and humbug, and insincerity are gaining the day."

K. "Is belief—such as belief was before geological and astronomical discoveries—possible nowadays?"

C. "Only possible to those who are ignorant of such discoveries; but when existing, it is a beautiful thing."

K. "And what is the position of the clergy in this matter?"

C. "The position of the clergy is one of ignominy and deep degradation. The spectacle of a body of enlightened men solemnly, and in the face of God and man, professing their steadfast faith and belief in that which they know they do not steadfastly believe in, is enough to make any thinking man sick at heart. What enlightened man can conscientiously in these days tie up his reason by formulas and articles drawn up centuries ago, and say, 'I believe,' whilst the inner soul of him all the time is exclaiming, 'I do not believe—it is a lie'?"

K. "Some men, like Dr. Newman, for instance, first persuade themselves that there is an infallible Church that cannot err, and then, taking refuge therein, are troubled no further about the matter—accepting all its *dicta* as heaven-descended truths, whatever their reason may whisper about the matter."

C. "And what is that but moral emasculation?—one of the most lamentable religious phases of our times. Even with respect to the clergy of the English Church, they doubtless have persuaded themselves, in most instances, that they did believe before they made their declaration to that effect. For the time being they do not believe, but—believe

that they believe. There is little hope for such circumstances. No, no; things cannot. Swift destruction is impending, not on the dead dogs."

K. "The Buddhistic idea of the universe is certain cycles of existence, each cycle terminating in reproduction again resulting from that destruction to a certain extent in the moral world."

C. "Geology seems to favour this Buddhistic idea. There undoubtedly been certain ages of animal and vegetable life, and from each other by vast changes and world-wide destructions."

K. "Humboldt has given a pleasant summary of these changes in his 'Cosmos.'"

C. "I read one volume of that book in Germany. What does he see in the universe? Not a store-shop collection of things putrifying and decaying, and forces and laws. A most melancholy picture of the world, and all spiritual life, quite ignored. The existence of man's existence not even hinted at—a last thing. Long ago I read his account of his travels in the same impressions struck me; but he was regarded as one of the greatest of modern philosophers, and I said what I really thought. I was a young man, and his 'marine-store-shop' 'Cosmos' of his was so good, whose opinions I revere, that I thought it might never could get further than the end of the earth, certainly something higher in Nature than rocks, nobler than mountains, and fossils, and forces, than natural scenery, however grand. It is true, it confesses, it is true—so big that it quite surprised me, but nothing more. I saw him in Germany and was talking all day about——"

Miss Jewsbury came in at this point with Mr. Carlyle.

C. "I had nearly forgotten. A poor German was brought up at Berlin, who was teaching in a school for me some time ago, without any introduction, called on me and asking my advice. He was under a vulgar impression, an usher. I advised him not to come to London, but provincial engagement under all disadvantages, and I advised him to go back again. He returned once more, finding it impossible, as I had employed him as an amanuensis—he found out my extracts; he was of assistance to me from his knowledge of German and French. He can write creditably, but he made nonsense of what I said. My words and

maintained. He is a man of gentlemanly manners, and cultivated. I discharged him on Saturday. He has a wife and one or two children. If you can find any work for him, educational or other, I shall be obliged. It is astonishing how all men's eyes turn towards London as the great world-mart for every kind of talent and skill. I was going up the Drachenfels with a friend, and we lay down to rest on the side of the road. There were two German lads trundling barrows up the side of the hill, which was steep. As they went up the barrows were empty. They filled them at the top with flint for the roads, and then, in coming down, they leaned backwards with all their might. It was hard work. They got about a penny for each journey up and down. They could make about sevenpence in the day. Seeing us lying down, one of them came to us, and I asked him these particulars. He told me his mother wove the stuff for his clothes and made them. He evidently could live well on his sevenpence a day, for he was fresh and plump. He wanted to know if it would be wise for him to come to London. We dissuaded him, telling him there was no hope for him in London. He said he would not come, but I dare say he has for all that."

K. "It is a wonderful city, such a city as has never existed in this world before."

C. "Cities as large and populous have existed, I suspect, before, but never one so badly governed. Think of a fifth of the world being governed from this city, and yet we cannot get a glass of clean water in it."

K. "Your denunciation is somewhat absolute."

C. "We cannot get a glass of clean water in it—there is one fact; the river is a huge sewer, filthy and corrupt—there is another. And yet we have thousands of men without work, we have colonies, and idle ships, and overflowing wealth. Nothing but the government of the wise will save us. People ask me how are we to get it? I say it's not my business to show you how. I tell you the fact. It is of importance you should have your breakfast, too, every one of you, I answer. If you are without it long, you will be the worse for it, depend upon it. Is it my business to tell you how you are to get it? I content myself with telling you that you had better get it; see if it be not worse for you if you do not."

K. "A thoroughly practical illustration—ha, ha, ha!"

C. "Ha, ha, ha! They all see the force of that. Will the government of the wise ever be got out of the government of the foolish? Will getting five or six hundred fools to talk together ever do it,—these five or six hundred elected by pot-wallopers and other fools? The wise man governing would make the best use of the existing means. He would promote emigration; the idle ships of war would be employed in it. It was no degradation to the Roman soldier to dig and build and hew; the best soldiers now do these things best. Ours should help in the

good work. We cannot do without soldiers and ships of war, but we have not yet found out how to make use of them in times of peace. One can advise a fool, but the fool won't take wise advice. What is the wise man to do then? Why simply to say, 'Get out of my sight, fool; the more speedily the better for you and me. I have told you what to do. I will hold no further converse with you. You want to advise me; nay, I will not have that.' But the men of this generation regard the matter very differently. They have said to Folly, 'Be thou my goddess; under thy guidance I will climb heavenward; lead me thou.'"

K. "They will be long getting heavenward under such guidance" (rising to depart).

C. "Ha, ha, ha! They will assuredly. In the meantime, if in this folly-led world you can do anything for the poor Slav, it will be well."

In 1857 I left Chelsea, and saw Carlyle again only for a short time on my return from India in 1868. He was then broken down by sorrow, a mere shadow of his former self. His "Reminiscences" show how querulous and splenetic he had become. Although always censorious, there was method in his fault-finding before; but, when the world had become dark to him in consequence of his wife's death, his fault-finding apparently knew no bounds.

WILLIAM KNIGHTON.

FERDINAND LASSALLE AND GERMAN SOCIALISM.

GERMAN Socialism is—it is hardly too much to say—the creation of Ferdinand Lassalle. Of course there were Socialists in Germany before Lassalle. There are Socialists everywhere. A certain rudimentary Socialism is always in latent circulation in what may be called the “natural heart” of society. The secret clubs of China—“the fraternal leagues of heaven and earth”—who argue that the world is iniquitously arranged, that the rich are too rich, and the poor too poor, and that the wealth of the great has all accrued from the sweat of the masses, only give a formal expression to ideas that are probably never far from any one of us who have to work hard and earn little, and they only formulate them less systematically than Marx and his disciples do in their theories of the exploitation of labour by capital. Socialism is thus so much in the common air we all breathe, that there is force in the view that the thing to account for is not so much the presence of Socialism at any time, as its absence. Accordingly it had frequently appeared in Germany under various forms before Lassalle. Fichte—to go no farther back—had taught it from the standpoint of the speculative philosopher and philanthropist. Schleiermacher, it may be remembered, was brought up in a religious community that practised it. Weitling, with some allies, preached it in a pithless and hazy way as a gospel to the poor, and finding little encouragement, went to America, to work it out experimentally there. The young Hegelians lent it a kind of dilettante countenance. The Silesian weavers, superseded by machinery, and perishing for want of work, raised it as a wild inarticulate cry for bread, and dignified it with the sanction of tears and blood. And Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, in 1848, summoned the proletariat of the whole world to make it the aim and instrument of a universal revolution. But it was Lassalle who first really brought it

from the clouds and made it a living historical force in the common politics of the day.

Professor Lorenz von Stein, of Vienna,—for the lexicons identify him with the Ludwig Stein who wrote an acute and thoughtful book on French Communism in 1842,—says in that work that Germany, unlike France, and particularly England, had nothing to fear from Socialism, because Germany had no proletariat to speak of. Yet, in twenty years, we find Germany become suddenly the theatre of the most important and formidable embodiment of Socialism that has anywhere appeared. Important and formidable, for two reasons: it founds its doctrines, as Socialism has never done before, on a thoroughly scientific investigation of the facts, and criticism of the principles, of the present industrial *régime*, and it seeks to carry them out by means of a political organization, growing singularly in strength, and based on the class interests of the great majority of the people.

There were, of course, predisposing conditions for this outburst. A German proletariat had come into being since Stein wrote, and though still much smaller, in the aggregate, than the English,—whose indifference to Socialism is a standing wonder to many writers,—it was perhaps really at this time the more plethoric and distressed of the two. For the condition of the English working-classes had been greatly relieved by emigration, by factory legislation, by trades' unions, whereas in some of these directions nothing at all, and in others only the faintest beginnings, had as yet been effected in Germany. Then, the stir of big political movement and anticipation was on men's minds. The future of the German nation, its unity, its freedom, its development, were practical questions of the hour. The nationality principle is essentially democratic, and the aspirations for German unity carried with them in every one of the States strong movements for the extension of popular freedom and power. This long spasmodic battle for liberty in Germany, which began with the century, and remains still unsettled, this long series of revolts and concessions and overridings, and hopes flattered and again deferred, this long uncertain babble of *Gross-Deutsch* and *Klein-Deutsch*, and centralist and federalist and particularist, of "Gotha ideas" and "new eras" and "blood and iron" had prepared the public ear for bold political solutions, and has entered from the first as an active and not unimportant factor in the Socialist agitation. Then, again, the general political habits and training of the people must be taken into account. Socialistic ideas would find a readier vogue in Germany than in this country, because the people are less rigidly practical, because they have been less used to the sifting exercise of free discussion, and because they have always seen the State doing a great deal for them which they could do better for themselves, and are consequently apt to visit the State with blame and claims for which it ought not to be made responsible. Then the decline of religious belief in Germany, which the Church herself did much to produce when she was rational-

istic, without being unable to undo it since she has become orthodox, must certainly have impaired the patience with which the poor endured the miseries of their lot when they still entertained the hope of exchanging it in a few short years for a happier and an everlasting one hereafter. The vehement atheism which accompanies the propaganda of German Socialism, without of course theoretically belonging to it, is due as much to the fact that it already lay in the intellectual soil on which Socialism was sown, as to reaction against the political conservatism of the Church.

All these circumstances undoubtedly favoured the success of the Socialistic agitation at the period it started, but, when everything is said, it is still doubtful whether German Socialism would ever have come into being but for Lassalle. Its fermenting principle has been less want than positive ideas. This is shown by the fact that it was at first received with an apathy among the German working-classes that almost disheartened Lassalle; and that it is now zealously propagated by them as a cause, as an evangel, even after they have emigrated to America, where their circumstances are comparatively comfortable, and where Socialist democracy is as yet virtually confined to their ranks. The ideas it contains Lassalle found for the most part ready to his hand. The germs of them may be discovered in the writings of Proudhon, in the projects of Louis Blanc. Some of them he acknowledges he owes to Rodbertus, others to Karl Marx, but it was in passing through his mind they first acquired the stamp and ring that made them current coin. Contentions about the priority of publishing this bit or that bit of an idea, especially if the idea be false, need not concern us; and indeed Lassalle makes no claim to originality in the economical field. He was not so much an inventive as a critical thinker, and a critical thinker of almost the first rank, with a dialectic power and a clear, vivid exposition that have seldom been excelled. Any originality that is claimed for him lies in the region of interpretation of previous thought, and that in the departments of metaphysics and jurisprudence, not of economics.

The peculiarity of his mind was that it hungered with almost equal intensity for profound study and for exciting action, and that he had the gifts as well as the impulses for both. As he said of Heraclitus the Dark, whom he spent some of his best years in expounding, "there was storm in his nature." Heine, who knew and loved him well as a young man in Paris, and indeed found his society so delightful during his last years of haggard suffering, that he said, "No one has ever done so much for me, and when I receive letters from you, courage rises in me, and I feel better,"—Heine characterizes him very truly in a letter to Varnhagen von Ense. He says he was struck with astonishment at the combination of qualities Lassalle displayed—the union of so much intellectual power, deep learning, rich exposition on the one hand, with so much energy of will and capacity for action on the other. With all

this admiration, however, he seems unable to regard him without misgiving, for his audacious confidence, checked by no thought of renunciation or tremor of modesty, amazed him as much as his ability. In this respect he says Lassalle is a genuine son of the modern time, to which Varnhagen and himself had acted in a way as the midwives, but on which they could only look like the hen that hatched duck's eggs and shuddered to see how her brood took to the water and swam about delighted. Heine here puts his finger on the secret of his young friend's failure. Lassalle would have been a great man if he had more of the ordinary restraining perceptions, but he had neither fear nor awe, nor even—in spite of his vein of satire—a wholesome sense of the ridiculous,—in this last respect resembling, if we believe Carlyle, all Jews. Chivalrous, susceptible, with a genuine feeling for the poor man's case, and a genuine enthusiasm for social reform, a warm friend, a vindictive enemy, full of ambition both of the nobler and the more vulgar type, beset with an importunate vanity and given to primitive lusts; generous qualities and churlish throve and strove in him side by side, and governed or misgoverned a will to which opposition was almost a native and necessary element, and which yet—or perhaps rather, therefore—brooked no check. "Ferdinand Lassalle, thinker and fighter," is the simple epitaph Professor Boeckh put on his tomb. Thinking and fighting were the craving of his nature; thinking and fighting were the warp and woof of his actual career, mingled indeed with threads of more spurious fibre. The philosophical thinker and the political agitator are parts rarely combined in one person, but to these Lassalle added yet a third, which seems to agree with neither. He was a fashionable dandy, noted for his dress, for his dinners, and, it must be added, for his addiction to pleasure. A man apparently with little of that solidarity in his own being which he sought to introduce into society at large, and yet his public career possesses an undoubted unity. It is a mistake to represent him, as Mr. L. Montefiore has done, as a *savant* who turned politician as if by accident and against his will, for the stir of politics was as essential to him as the absorption of study. It is a greater mistake, though a more common one, to represent him as having become a revolutionary agitator because no other political career was open to him. He felt himself, it is said, like a Caesar out of employ, disqualified for all legitimate politics by his previous life, and he determined, if he could not bend the gods, that he would move Acheron. But so early as 1848, when yet but a lad of twenty-three, he was tried for sedition, and he then declared boldly in his defence that he was a Socialist democrat, and that he was "revolutionary on principle." This he remained throughout. He laughs at those who cannot hear the word revolution without a shudder. "Revolution," he says, "means merely transformation, and is accomplished when an entirely new principle is—either with force or without it—put in the place of an existing state of things. Reform, on the other hand, is

when the principle of the existing state of things is continued, and only developed to more logical or just consequences. The means do not signify. A reform may be carried out by bloodshed, and a revolution in the profoundest tranquillity. The Peasants' War was an attempt to introduce reform by arms, the invention of the spinning-jenny wrought a peaceful revolution." In this sense he was "revolutionary on principle." His thought was revolutionary, and it was the lessons he learnt as a philosopher that he applied and pled for as an agitator. His thinking and his fighting belonged together like powder and shot. His Hegelianism, which he adopted as a youth at college, is from first to last the continuous source both of impetus and direction over his public career. Young Germany was Hegelian and revolutionary at the time he went to the University (1842), and with the impressionable Lassalle, then a youth of seventeen, Hegelianism became a passion. He wrote articles on it in University magazines, preached it right and left in the cafés and *kneipes*, and resolved to make philosophy his profession and habilitate as a *privat docent* at Berlin. It was the first sovereign intellectual influence he came under, and it ruled his spirit to the end. In adopting it, his intellectual manhood may be said to have opened with a revolution, for his family were strict Jews, and he was brought up in their religion.

Lassalle was born in 1825 at Breslau, where his father was a wholesale dealer. He was educated at the Universities of Breslau and Berlin, and at the latter city saw, through the Mendelssohns, a good deal of the best literary society there, and made the acquaintance, among others, of Alexander von Humboldt, who used to call him a *Wunderkind*. On finishing his curriculum, he went for a time to Paris, and formed there a close friendship with H. Heine, who was an old acquaintance of his family. He meant to habilitate as a *privat docent* when he returned, but was diverted from his purpose by the task of redressing a woman's wrongs, into which he threw himself with the romantic enterprise of a knight-errant, and which he carried, through years of patient and zealous labour, to a successful issue. The Countess Hatzfeldt had been married when a girl of sixteen to a cousin of her own, one of the great nobles of Germany, but the marriage turned out most unhappily after a few years, and she was obliged, on account of the maltreatment she suffered, to live apart from her husband. His persecution followed her into her separation. He took child after child from her, and was now seeking to take the last she had left, her youngest son. He allowed her very scanty and irregular support, while he lavished his money on mistresses, and was, at this very moment, settling on one of them an annuity of £1,000. This state of things had continued for twenty years, and the Countess's own relations had, for family reasons, always declined to take up her case. Lassalle, who had made her acquaintance in Berlin, was profoundly touched by her story, and felt that she was suffering an intolerable wrong, which society permitted only because she was a woman, and her husband a lord. Though not a

lawyer, he resolved to undertake her case, and after carrying the suit before thirty-six different courts, during a period of eight years, he at length procured for her a divorce in 1851, and a princely fortune in 1854, from which she rewarded him with a considerable annuity for his exertions. Lassalle's connection with this case not unnaturally gave rise to sinister construction. It was supposed he must have been in love with the Countess, and wanted to marry her, but this was dispensed by the event. Darker insinuations were made, but had there been truth in them, it could not have escaped the spies the Count set to watch him, and the servants the Count bribed to inform on him. Chivalry, vanity, and temerity at the period of life when all three qualities are at their height, account sufficiently for his whole conduct, and I see no reason to doubt the explanation he himself gives of it. "Her family," he states, "were silent, but it is said when men keep silence the stones will speak. When every human right is violated, when even the voice of blood is mute, and helpless man is forsaken by his born protectors, there then rises with right man's first and last relation—man. You have all read with emotion the monstrous history of the unhappy Duchess of Praslin. Who is there among you that would not have gone to the death to defend her? Well, gentlemen, I said to myself, here is Praslin ten times over. What is the sharp death agony of an hour compared with the pangs of death protracted over twenty years? What are the wounds a knife inflicts compared with the slow murder dispensed with refined cruelty throughout a being's whole existence? What are they compared with the immense woe of this woman, every right of whose life has been trampled under foot, day after day, for twenty years, and whom they have first tried to cover with contempt that they might then the more securely overwhelm her with punishment? . . . The difficulties, the sacrifices, the dangers did not deter me. I determined to meet false appearances with the truth, to meet rank with right, to meet the power of money with the power of mind. But if I had known what infamous calumnies I should have to encounter, how people turned the purest motives into their contraries, and what ready credence they gave to the most wretched lies—well, I hope my purpose would not have been changed, but it would have cost me a severe and bitter struggle." There seems almost something unmoderated in the whole circumstances of this case, both in the oppression the victim endured, and in the manner of her rescue.

In the process of this suit occurred the robbery of Baroness von Meyerdorff's *cassette*, on which so much is said. The Baroness was the person already mentioned on whom Count Hatzfeldt bestowed the annuity of £1,000. The Countess on hearing of this settlement went straight to her husband, accompanied by a clergyman, and insisted upon him cancelling it, in justice to his youngest son, whom it would have impoverished. The Count at first promised to do so, but after her departure refused, and the Baroness set out for Aix to get her bond effectually secured. Lassalle suspected the object of her journey, and said to the

Countess, in the presence of two young friends, Could we not obtain possession of this bond? No sooner said than done. The two young men started for Cologne, and one of them stole the Baroness's *cassette*, containing the veritable deed, in her hotel, and gave it to the other. They and Lassalle were all three successively tried for their part in this crime. Oppenheim who actually stole the *cassette*, was acquitted; Mendelssohn, who only received it, was sent to prison; and Lassalle, who certainly suggested it, was found guilty by the jury, but acquitted by the judges. Moral complicity of some sort was clear, but it did not amount to a legal crime. Our interest with the transaction is merely to discover the light it reflects on the character of the man. It was a rash, foolish, and lawless freak, but of course the ordinary motives of the robber were absent. The theft of the *cassette*, however, was a transaction which his enemies never suffered to be forgotten.

The theft of the *cassette* occurred in 1846; Lassalle was tried for it in 1848, and was no sooner released than he fell into the hands of justice on a much more serious charge. The dissolution of the first Prussian National Assembly in 1848, and the gift of a Constitution by direct royal decree, had excited bitter disappointment and opposition over the whole country. There was a general agitation for combining to stop supplies by refusing to pay taxes, in order thus "to meet force with force," and this agitation was particularly active in the Rhine provinces, where democratic views had found much favour. Lassalle even planned an insurrection and urged the citizens of Dusseldorf to armed resistance, but the Prussian Government promptly intervened, placed the town under a state of siege, and threw Lassalle into jail. He was tried in 1849 for treason, and acquitted by the jury, but was immediately afterwards brought before a correctional tribunal on the minor charge of resisting officers of the police, and sent to prison for six months. It was in his speech at the former of these trials that he declared himself a partisan of the Socialist Democratic Republic, and claimed for every citizen the right and duty of active resistance to the State, when necessary. He has nothing but scorn to pour on the passive resistance policy of the Parliament. "Passive resistance is a contradiction in itself. It is like Lichtenberg's knife, without blade, and without handle, or like the fleece which one must wash without wetting. It is mere inward ill-will without the outward deed. The Crown confiscated the people's freedom; and the Prussian National Assembly, for the people's protection, declared ill-will; it would be unintelligible how the commonest logic should have allowed a legislative assembly to cover itself with such incomparable ridicule if it were not too intelligible." These are bold words. He feels himself standing on a principle and representing a cause; and so he went into prison, he tells us, with as light a heart as he would go to a ball; and when he heard that his sister had petitioned for his pardon, he wrote instantly and publicly disclaimed her letter.

All these trials had brought Lassalle into considerable notoriety, not

unmingled with a due recognition of his undoubted verve, eloquence, and brilliancy. One effect of them was that he was forbidden to come to Berlin. This prohibition was founded, of course, on his seditious work at Dusseldorf, but is believed to have been instigated and kept up by the influence of the Hatzfeldt family. Lassalle felt it a sore privation, for his ambitions and hopes all centred in Berlin. After various ineffectual attempts to obtain permission, he arrived in the capital one day in 1857 disguised as a waggoner, and through the personal intercession of Alexander von Humboldt with the king, was at length suffered to remain. His "*Heraclitus*" had just appeared, and at once secured him a position in literary circles. One of his first productions after his return to Berlin was a pamphlet on "*The Italian War and the Mission of Prussia; a Voice from the Democracy*," which shows that his political prosecutions had not soured him against Prussia. His argument is that freedom and democracy must in Germany, as in Italy, be first preceded by unity, and that the only power capable of giving unity to Germany was Prussia, and to Italy, Piedmont. He had more of the political mind than most revolutionaries and doctrinaires, and knew that the better might be made the enemy of the good, and that ideals could only be carried out gradually, and by temporary compromises. He was monarchical for the present, therefore, no doubt because he thought the monarchy to be for the time the best and shortest road to the democratic republic. His friend Rodbertus said there was an esoteric and an exoteric Lassalle. That may be said of all politicians. Compromise is of the essence of their work.

During the next few years, Lassalle's literary activity was considerable. Besides a tragedy of no merit ("*Frauz von Sickingen*," 1859) and various pamphlets or lectures on Fichte, on Lessing, on the Constitution, on Might and Right, he published in 1861 the most important work he has left us, his "*System of Acquired Rights*," and in 1862, a satirical commentary on Julian Schmidt's "*History of German Literature*," which excited much attention and amusement at the time. His "*System of Acquired Rights*" already contains the germs of his Socialist views, and his pamphlet on the Constitution, which appeared when the "new era" ended and the era of Bismarck began, is written to disparage the Constitutionalism of modern Liberals. A paper Constitution was a thing of no consequence; it was merely declarative, not creative; the thing of real account was the distribution of power as it existed in actual fact. The king and army were powers, the Court and nobility were powers, the populace was a power. Society was governed by the relative strength of these powers, as it existed in reality and not by the paper Constitution that merely chronicled it. Right is regarded as merely declarative of might. It is thus easy to see why he should have more sympathy with the policy of Bismarck than with the Liberals; and later in the same year he expounded his own political position very completely in a lecture he delivered to a Working Men's

Society in Berlin, on "The Connection between the Present Epoch of History and the Idea of the Working Class." This lecture, to which I shall again revert, was an epoch in his own career. It led to a second Government prosecution, and a second imprisonment for political reasons; and it and the prosecution together led to his receiving an invitation to address a General Working Men's Congress at Leipzig, in February, 1863, to which he responded by the letter, sketching the political programme of the working class, which he himself regarded as the Wittenberg theses of the Social Reformation, and which was certainly the first step in the Socialist movement.

Attention was already being engaged on the work of industrial amelioration. The Progressist party, then including the present National Liberals, had, under the lead of Schultze Delitzsch, been promoting trades unions and co-operation in an experimental way, and the working classes themselves were beginning to think of taking more concerted action for their own improvement. The Leipzig Congress was projected by a circle of working men, who considered the Schultze Delitzsch schemes inadequate to meet the case. This was exactly Lassalle's view. He begins his letter by telling the working men that if all they wanted was to mitigate some of the positive evils of their lot, then the Schultze Delitzsch unions, savings' banks, and sick funds were quite sufficient, and there was no need of thinking of anything more. But if their aim was to elevate the *normal* condition of their class, then more drastic remedies were requisite; and, in the first instance, a political agitation was indispensable. The Leipzig working men had discussed the question of their relation to politics at a previous Congress a few months before, and had been divided between abstaining from politics altogether, and supporting the Progressist party. Lassalle disapproved of both these courses. They could never achieve the elevation they desired till they got universal suffrage, and they would never get universal suffrage by backing the Progressists who were opposed to it. He then explains to them how their normal condition is permanently depressed at present by the essential laws of the existing economical *régime*, especially by "the iron and cruel law of necessary wages." The only real cure was co-operative production, the substitution of associated labour for wage labour; for it was only so the operation of this tyrannical law of wages could be escaped. Now co-operative production, to be of any effective extent, must be introduced by State help and on State credit. The State gives advances to start railways, to develop agriculture, to promote manufactures, and nobody calls it Socialism to do so. Why should people cry Socialism if the State does a similar service to the great working class, who are, in fact, not a class but the State itself. 96½ per cent. of the population are ground down by "the iron law," and cannot possibly lift themselves above it by their own power. They must ask the State to help them, for they are themselves the State, and the help of the State is no more a superseding of their own self-help, than reaching a

man a ladder supersedes his own climbing. State help is but self-help's means. Now these State advances cannot be expected till the working class acquires political power by universal suffrage. Their first duty was therefore to organize themselves and agitate for universal suffrage; for universal suffrage was a question of the stomach.

The reception his letter met with at first was most discouraging. The newspapers with one consent condemned it, except a feudalist organ here and there who saw in it an instrument for damaging the Liberals. What seemed more ominous was the opposition of the working men themselves. The Leipzig Committee to whom it was addressed did indeed approve of it, and individual voices were raised in its favour elsewhere, but in Berlin the Working Men's Clubs rejected it with decided warmth, and all over the country one Working Men's Club after another declared against it. Leipzig was the only place in which his words seemed to find any echo, and he went there two months later and addressed a meeting at which only 7 out of 1,300 voted against him. With this encouragement he resolved to go forward, and founded, on the 23rd of May, 1863, the General Working Men's Association for the promotion of universal suffrage by peaceful agitation, after the model of the English Anti-Corn Law League. He immediately threw himself with unsparing energy into the development of this organization. He passed from place to place, delivering speeches, establishing branches; he started newspapers, wrote pamphlets, and even larger works—published tracts by Rodbertus, songs by Herwegh, romances by Von Schweitzer. But it was uphill work. South Germany was evidently dead to his ideas, and even among those who followed him in the North there were but few who really understood his doctrines or concurred in his methods. Some were for more "heroic" procedure, for raising fighting corps to free Poland, to free Schleswig-Holstein, to free oppressed nationalities anywhere. Many were perfectly impracticable persons who knew neither why exactly they had come together, nor where exactly they would like to go. There were constant quarrels and rivalries and jealousies among them, and he is said to have shown remarkable tact and patience, and a genuine governing faculty in dealing with them. Lassalle's hope was to obtain a membership of 100,000; with a smaller number nothing could be done: but with 100,000 the movement would be a power. In August, 1863, he had only enrolled 1,000 after three months' energetic labour, which, he said, "would have produced colossal results among a people like the French." He was intensely disappointed, and asked "when will this foolish people cast aside their lethargy?" but meanwhile repelled the suggestion of the secretary of the organization that it should be at once dissolved. In August, 1864, another year's strenuous work had raised their numbers only to 4,610, and Lassalle was completely disenchanted, and wrote the Countess Hatzfeldt from Switzerland, shortly before his death, that he was continuing President of the Association much against his will, for he was

now tired of politics, which was mere child's play if one had not power. He seems to have been convinced that the movement was a failure, and would never become a force in the State. Yet he was wrong; his words had really taken fire among the working classes, and kindled a movement which, in its curious history, has shown the remarkable power of spreading faster with the checks it encountered. It seems to have profited, not merely from political measures of repression, but even from the internal dissensions and divisions of its own adherents, and some persons tell us that it was first stimulated into decided vigour by the fatal event which might have been expected to crush it—the sudden and tragical death of its chief.

In the end of July, 1864, Lassalle went to Switzerland ostensibly for the Righi whey cure, but really to make the acquaintance of Herr von Dönnigsen, Bavarian Envoy at Berne, whose daughter he had known in Berlin, and wished to obtain in marriage. It is one of the fatalities that entangled this man's life in strange contradictions, that exactly he, a *persona ingratis* to Court circles, their very arch-enemy, as they believed, should have become bound by deep mutual attachment with the daughter of exactly a German diplomatist, the courtliest of the courtly, a Conservative seven times refined. They certainly cherished for one another a sincere, and latterly a passionate affection, and they seem to have been well fitted for each other. Helena von Dönnigsen was a bright, keen-witted, eccentric, adventurous young woman of twenty-five, and so like Lassalle, even in appearance, that when she was acting a man's part, years afterwards (in 1874), in some amateur performance in the theatre of Breslau, Lassalle's native town, many of the audience said, here was Lassalle again as he was when a boy. Learning from a common friend in Berlin that Lassalle was at the Righi, she made a visit to some friends in Berne, and soon after accompanied them on an excursion to that "popular" mountain. She inquired for Lassalle at the hotel, and he joined the party to the summit. She knew her parents would be opposed to the match, but felt certain that her lover with his gifts and charms, would be able to win them over, and it was accordingly agreed that when she returned to Geneva, Lassalle should go there too, and press his suit in person. The parents, however, were inexorable, and refused to see him; and the young lady in despair fled from her father's house to her lover's lodging, and urged him to elope with her. Lassalle calmly led her back to her father's roof, with a control which some writers think quite inexplicable in him, but which was probably due to his still believing that he would be able to talk the parents round if he got the chance, and to his desire to try constitutional means before resorting to revolution. Helena was locked in her room for days alone with her excited brain and panting heart. For days, father, mother, sister, brother, all came and laid before her what ruin she was bringing on the family for a mere selfish whim of her own. If she married a man so objectionable to people in power, her father would be obliged to resign

his post, her brother could never look for one just been engaged to a count, would have, of gagement. She was in despair, but ultimately write to Lassalle desiring him to consider submitted equally passively (for she informed hand of Herr von Racowitza, a young Wallac indeed been previously engaged to, and since without in the eminent sense loving him, wrought himself into a fury of excitement, opposition, enraged still more by their refusal enraged above all by his belief that their daughter constrained, he wrote here, wrote there, tried at Munich to interfere, to get Bishop Ket promised even to turn Catholic to please that that they were Protestants. All in vain. A waited by appointment on Herr von Dönniger own lips that she was to be married to the subject no more mentioned. She now tells us weariness of mind, and with a confused hope present storm would blow past, and she might Lassalle, however, was overcome with chagrin held that a democrat should not fight duels, stick, which he usually carried, as a present he now sent a challenge both to the father and to accepted. The duel was fought. Lassalle died two days after, on the 31st August, Helena married Von Racowitza shortly after seized with consumption, and she says she the tumult and excitement of the Lassalle episode the few months he lived after their marriage.

The body was sent back to Germany, after lutionists of all countries and colours, and they made arrangements for similar funeral celebration place along the route to Berlin, where she at Cologne it was intercepted by the police family, and carried quietly to Breslau, where, was laid silently with his fathers in the Jewish native place. Fate, however, had not even followed him beyond the tomb to throw bizarre, into his strangely compounded history leader should prove fatal to the cause, the Working Men's Association, determined to source of strength, as B. Becker, his successor informs us, "by carrying it into the domain dead but only translated to a higher and superior cultus was instituted, and Becker says that,

man believed that he had died for them, and that he was yet to come again to save them. This singular apotheosis, which is neither creditable to the honesty of the leaders of the Socialist movement, nor to the intelligence of its rank and file, was kept up by periodical celebrations among those of the German Socialists who are generally known as the orthodox Lassalleans, down, at least, to the time of the Anti-Socialist Law of 1878.

Lassalle's doctrines are mainly contained in his lecture on "The Present Age and the Idea of the Working Class," which he delivered in 1862, and published in 1863, under the title of the "Working Men's Programme," and in his "Herr Bastiat-Schultze von Delitzsch, der Oekonomische Julian; oder Capital und Arbeit," Berlin, 1864.

In the "Working Men's Programme," the question of the emancipation of the working class is approached and contemplated from the standpoint of the Hegelian philosophy of history. There are three successive stages of evolution in modern history. First, the period before 1789, the feudal period, when all public power was vested in, exercised by, and employed for the benefit of, the landed class. It was a period of privileges and exemptions, which were enjoyed by the landed interests exclusively, and there prevailed a strong social contempt for all labour and employment not connected with the land. Second, the period 1789-1848, the *bourgeois* period, in which personal estate received equal rights and recognition with real, but in which political power was still based on property qualifications, and legislation was governed by the interests of the *bourgeoisie*. Third, the period since 1848, the age of the working class, which is, however, only yet struggling to the birth and to legal recognition. The characteristic of this new period is, that it will for the first time give labour its rights, and that it will be dominated by the ideas, aspirations, and interests of the great labouring class. Their time has already come, and the *bourgeois* age is already past in fact, though it still lingers in law. It is always so. The feudal period had in reality come to an end before the Revolution. A revolution is always declarative and never creative. It takes place first in the heart of society, and is only sealed and ratified by the outbreak. "It is impossible to make a revolution, it is possible only to give external legal sanction and effect to a revolution already contained in the actual circumstances of society. . . . To seek to make a revolution is the folly of immature men who have no consideration for the laws of history; and for the same reason it is immature and puerile to try to stem a revolution that has already completed itself in the interior of society. If a revolution exists in fact, it cannot possibly be prevented from ultimately existing in law." It is idle, too, to reproach those who desire to effect this transition with being revolutionary. They are merely midwives who assist in bringing to the birth a future with which society is already pregnant. Now it is this midwife service that Lassalle believes the working class at present requires. He says of the

fourth estate what Sieyès said of the third, What is the fourth estate? Nothing? What ought the fourth estate to be? Everything. And it ought to be so in law, because it is so already in fact. The *bourgeoisie* in overthrowing the privileges of the feudal class, had almost immediately become a privileged class itself. At so early a period of the revolution, as the 3rd of Sept. 1791, a distinction was introduced between active and passive citizens. The active citizen was the citizen who paid direct taxes, and had, therefore, a right to vote; the passive citizen was he who paid no direct taxes, and had no right to vote. The effect of this distinction was to exclude the whole labouring class from the franchise; and under the July monarchy, while the real nation consisted of some thirty millions, the legal nation (*pays legal*), the people legally possessed of political rights, amounted to no more than 200,000, whom the government found it only too easy to manage and corrupt. The revolution of 1848 was simply a revolt against this injustice. It was a revolt of the fourth estate against the privileges of the third, as the first revolution was a revolt of the third against the privileges of the other two. Nor were the privileges in which the *bourgeoisie* had contrived to infect themselves confined to political rights alone; they included also fiscal exemptions. According to the latest statistical returns it appeared that five-sixths of the revenue of Prussia came from indirect taxation, and indirect taxes were always taken disproportionately out of the pockets of the working class. A man may be twenty times richer than another, but he does not therefore consume twenty times the amount of bread, salt, or beer. Taxation ought to be in ratio of means, and indirect taxation—so much favoured by the *bourgeoisie*—is simply an expedient for saving the rich at the expense of the poor.

Now the Revolution of 1818 was a fight for the emancipation of the working class from this unequal distribution of political rights and burdens. The working class was really not a class at all, but was the nation; and the aim of the State should be their amelioration. "What is the State?" asks Lassalle. "You are the State," he replies. "You are ninety-six per cent of the population. All political power ought to be of you, and through you, and for you; and your good and amelioration ought to be the aim of the State. It ought to be so, because your good is not a class interest, but is the national interest. The fourth estate differs from the feudal interest, and differs from the *bourgeoisie*, not merely in that it is not a privileged class, but in that it cannot possibly become one. It cannot degenerate, as the *bourgeoisie* had done, into a privileged and exclusive caste; because, consisting as it does of the great body of the people, its class interests and the common good are identical, or at least harmonious. "Your affair is the affair of mankind; your personal interest moves and beats with the pulse of history, with the living principle of moral development."

Such then is the idea of the working class, which is, or is destined to be, the ruling principle of society in the present era of the world.

Its supremacy will have important consequences, both ethical and political. Ethically, the working class is less selfish than the classes above it, simply because it has no exclusive privileges to maintain. The necessity of maintaining privileges always develops an assertion of personal interest in exact proportion to the amount of privilege to be defended, and that is why the selfishness of a class constantly exceeds the individual selfishness of the members that compose it. Now under the happier *régime* of the idea of labour, there would be no exclusive interests or privileges, and therefore less selfishness. Adam would delve, and Eve would spin, and consciously or unconsciously, each would work more for the whole, and the whole would work more for each. Politically, too, the change would be remarkable and beneficial. The working class has a quite different idea of the State and its aim from the *bourgeoisie*. The latter see no other use in the State but to protect personal freedom and property. The State is a mere night-watchman, and, if there were no thieves and robbers, would be a superfluity; its occupation would be gone. Its whole duty is exhausted when it guarantees to every individual the unimpeded exercise of his activity as far as consistent with the like right of his neighbours. Even from its own point of view this *bourgeois* theory of the State fails to effect its purpose. Instead of securing equality of freedom, it only secures equality of right to freedom. If all men were equal in fact, this might answer well enough, but since they are not, the result is simply to place the weak at the mercy of the powerful. Now the working class have an entirely different view of the State's mission from this. They say the protection of an equality of right to freedom is an insufficient aim for the State in a morally ordered community. It ought to be supplemented by the securing of solidarity of interests and community and reciprocity of development. History all along is an incessant struggle with Nature, a victory over misery, ignorance, poverty, powerlessness—*i.e.*, over unfreedom, thralldom, restrictions of all kinds. The perpetual conquest over these restrictions is the development of freedom, is the growth of culture. Now this is never effected by each man for himself. It is the function of the State to do it. The State is the union of individuals into a moral whole which multiplies a millionfold the aggregate of the powers of each. The end and function of the State is not merely to guard freedom, but to develop it; to put the individuals who compose it in a position to attain and maintain such objects, such levels of existence, such steps of culture, power, and freedom, as they would have been incapable of reaching by their own individual efforts alone. The State is the great agency for guiding and training the human race to positive and progressive development; in other words for bringing human destiny (*i.e.*, the culture of which man as man is susceptible) to real shape and form in actual existence. Not freedom, but development is now the keynote. The State must take a positive part, proportioned to its immense capacity, in the great work

which, as he has said, has filled all history, and must forward man's progressive conquest over misery, ignorance, poverty, and restrictions of every sort. This is the purpose, the essence, the moral nature of the State, which she can never entirely abrogate, without ceasing to be, and which she has indeed always been obliged, by the very force of things, more or less to fulfil, often without her conscious consent, and sometimes in spite of the opposition of her leaders. In a word, the State must, by the union of all, help each to his full development. This was the earnest and noble idea of 1848. It is the idea of the new age, the age of labour, and it cannot fail to have a most important and beneficial bearing on the course of politics and legislation whenever it is permitted to have free operation in that sphere by means of universal and direct suffrage.

This exposition of Lassalle's teaching in his "Working Men's Programme" already furnishes us with the transition to his economical views. Every age of the world has its own ruling idea. The idea of the working class is the ruling idea of the new epoch we have now entered on, and that idea implies that every man is entitled to a *menschenwürdiges Dasein*, to an existence worthy of his moral destiny, and that the State is bound to make this a governing consideration in its legislative and executive work. Man's destiny is to progressive civilization, and a condition of society which makes progressive civilization the exclusive property of the few, and practically debars the vast mass of the people from participation in it, stands in the present age self-condemned. It no longer corresponds to its own idea. Society has long since declared no man shall be enslaved; society has more recently declared no man shall be ignorant; society now declares no man shall be without property. He cannot be really free without property any more than he can be really free without knowledge. He has been released successively from a state of legal dependence and from a state of intellectual dependence; he must now be released from a state of economical dependence. This is his final emancipation, which is necessary to enable him to reap any fruits from the other two, and it cannot take place without a complete transformation of present industrial arrangements. It is a common mistake to say Socialists take their stand on equality. They really take their stand on freedom. They argue that the positive side of freedom is development, and if every man has a right to freedom, then every man has a right to the possibility of development. From this right, however, they allege the existing industrial system absolutely excludes the great majority. The freeman cannot realize his freedom, the individual cannot realize his individuality, without a certain external economical basis of work and enjoyment, and the best way to furnish him with this is to clothe him in various ways with collective property.

Lassalle's argument, however, is still more specific than this. In the beginning of his "Herr Bastiat-Schultze" he quotes a passage from

his previous work on "The System of Acquired Rights," which he informs us he had intended to expand into a systematic work on "The Principles of Scientific National Economy." This intention he was actually preparing to fulfil when the Leipzig invitation and letter diverted him at once into practical agitation. He regrets that circumstances had thus not permitted the practical agitation to be preceded by the theoretical codex which should be the basis for it, but adds that the substance of his theory is contained in this polemic against Schultze Delitzsch, though the form of its exposition is considerably modified by his plan of following the idea of Schultze's "Working Men's Catechism," and by his purpose of answering Schultze's misplaced taunt of "half knowledge" by trying to extinguish the economical pretensions of the latter as completely as he had done the literary pretensions of Julian Schmidt. "Every line I write," says Lassalle, with a characteristic finality of self-confidence, "I write armed with the whole culture of my century," and at any rate Schultze Delitzsch was far his inferior in economical as in other knowledge. In the passage to which I have referred, Lassalle says, "The world is now face to face with a new social question, the question whether, since there is no longer any property in the immediate use of another man, there should still exist property in his mediate exploitation—*i.e.*, whether the free realization and development of one's power of labour should be the exclusive private property of the owner of the instruments and advances necessary for labour,—*i.e.*, of capital; and whether the employer as such, and apart from the remuneration of his own intellectual labour of management, should be permitted to have property in the value of other people's labour—*i.e.*, whether he ought to receive what is known as the premium or profit of capital, consisting of the difference between the selling price of the product and the sum of the wages and salaries of all kinds of labour, manual and mental, that have contributed to its production."

His standing-point here, again, as always, belongs to the philosophy of history—to the idea of historical evolution with which his Hegelianism had early penetrated him. The course of legal history has been one of gradual but steady contraction of the sphere of private property in the interests of personal freedom and development. The ancient system of slavery, under which the labourer was the absolute and complete property of his master, was followed by the feudal system of servitudes, under which he was still only partially proprietor of himself, but was bound by law to a particular lord by one or more of a most manifold series of specific services. These systems have been successively abolished. There is no longer property in man or in the use of man. No man can now be either inherited or sold in whole or in part. He is his own, and his power of labour is his own. But he is still far from being in full possession of himself or of his labour. He cannot work without materials to work on and instruments to work with, and for these the modern labourer is more dependent than ever labourer was

before on the private owners in whose hands they have accumulated. And the consequence is that under existing industrial arrangements the modern labourer has no more individual property in his labour than the ancient slave had. He is obliged to part with the whole value of his labour, and content himself with bare subsistence in return. It is in this sense that the Socialist writers maintain property to be theft—not that subjectively the proprietors are thieves, but that objectively, under the exigencies of a system of competition, they cannot help offering workmen, and workmen cannot help accepting, wages far under the true value of their labour. Labour is the source of all wealth, for the value of anything—that which makes it wealth—is, on the economists' own showing, only another name for the amount of labour put into the making of it; and labour is the only ground on which modern opponents of Socialism, Thiers and Bastiat for example, think the right of individual property can be established. And yet on the methods of distribution of wealth that now exist, individual property is not founded on this its only justifiable basis, and the aim of Socialism is to emancipate the system of distribution from the influence of certain unconscious forces which, as they allege, at present disturb it, and to bring back individual property for the first time to its natural and rightful foundation—labour. Their aim is not to abolish private property, but to purify it, by means of some systematic social regulation which shall give each man a share more conformable with his personal merit and contribution. Even if no question is raised about the past, it is plain that labour is every day engaged in making more new property. Millions of labouring men are, day after day, converting their own brain, muscle, and sinew into useful commodities, into value, into wealth. Now, the problem of the age, according to Lassalle, is this, whether this unmade property of the future should not become genuine labour property, and its value remain greatly more than at present in the hands that actually produced it.

This, he holds, can only be done by a fundamental reconstruction of the present industrial system, and by new methods of determining the remuneration of the labouring class. For there is a profound contradiction in the present system. It is unprecedentedly Communistic in production, and unprecedentedly individualistic in distribution. Now there ought to be as real a joint participation in the product, as there is already a joint participation in the work. Capital must become the servant of labour instead of its master, profits must disappear, industry must be conducted more on the mutual instead of the proprietary principle, and the instruments of production be taken out of private hands and turned into collective or even, it may be, national property. In the old epoch, before 1789, industrial society was governed by the principle of solidarity without freedom; in the period since 1789 by freedom without solidarity, which has been even worse; in the epoch now opening the principle must be solidarity in freedom.

Partisans of the present system object to any social interference with the distribution of wealth, but they forget how much—how entirely—that distribution is even now effected by social methods. The present arrangement of property, says Lassalle, is, in fact, nothing but an anarchic and unjust Socialism. How do you define Socialism? he asks. Socialism is a distribution of property by social channels. Now this is the condition of things that exists to-day. There exists, under the guise of individual production, a distribution of property by means of purely objective movements of society. For there is a certain natural solidarity in things as they are, only being under no rational control, it operates as a wild natural force, as a kind of fate destroying all rational freedom and all rational responsibility in economical affairs. In a sense, there never was more solidarity than there is now; there never was so much interdependence. Under the large system of production, masses of workmen are simply so many component parts of a single great machine driven by the judgment or recklessness of an individual capitalist. With modern facilities of intercommunication, too, the trade of the world is one and indivisible. A deficient cotton harvest in America carries distress into thousands of households in Lyons, in Elberfeld, in Manchester. A discovery of gold in Australia raises all prices in Europe. A simple telegram stating that rape prospects are good in Holland instantly deprives the oilworkers of Prussia of half their wages. So far from there being any truth in the contention of Schultze Delitzsch, that the existing system is the only sound one, because it is founded on the principle of making every man responsible for his own doings, the very opposite is the case. The present system makes every man responsible for what he does not do. In consequence of the unprecedented interconnection of modern industry, the sum of conditions needed to be known for its successful guidance have so immensely increased that rational calculation is scarcely possible, and men are enriched without any merit, and impoverished without fault. According to Lassalle, in the present absence of any adequate system of commercial statistics, the number of known conditions is always very much smaller than the number of unknown, and the consequence is, that trade is very much a game of chance. Everything in modern industrial economy is ruled by social connections, by favourable or unfavourable situations. *Conjunctur* is its great Orphic chain. Chance is its Providence—Chance and his sole and equally blind counsellor, Speculation. Every age and condition of society, says Lassalle, tends to develop some phenomenon that more particularly expresses its type and spirit, and the purest type of capitalistic society is the financial speculator. Capital, he maintains, is a historical and not a logical category, and the capitalist is a modern product. He is the development, not of the ancient Cræsus or the mediæval lord, but of the usurer, who has taken their place, but was in their lifetime hardly a respectable person. Cræsus was a very rich man, and could do anything with his

wealth, except capitalize it. The idea of capital being self-productive, which Lassalle's idea of the present order of things, was, in earlier periods. Industry is now entirely in the hands of capitalists speculating for profit. No one now produces for his own use—as mythologizing economists represent what is over for the like redundant work, they make everything first of all, and last of all, for money, and, in the absence of systematic direction, they make it at the direction and expense of the labourer in the dark. Chance and social connections and social connections bring him to ruin. Hence, saving, it is the result of *conjuncture*; hence all vicissitudes and crises in modern times. What Lassalle tends for, is, as he says, to substitute a regular system for this anarchic and natural Socialism that is now.

His charge against the present system however, is anarchic; he maintains it to be unjust—unjust. The labourer's back is the green table on which the game is played and all losses are in the end suffered by him. An unfavourable turn of things sends him at once to the wall; a considerably favourable one brings him no compensation. According to all economists, wages are determined by the trade. The present system of doing the labourer justice, and would do so even if they wished. Injustice is the result of the present system. Injustice is the result of the present system. In this contention Lassalle builds his case on premises drawn from the accepted economic theory. He says, the present system is nothing but a battle between the labourer and the capitalist, which he describes as the last and most representative of the present economy; and it fights the battle with Ricardo's own ground. There are two principles in Ricardo's law of value and in the law of necessary wages.

Ricardo's law of value is that the value of a commodity is determined by the quantity of any other commodity for which it is exchanged, or the relative quantity of labour which is necessary to produce it. Value is thus resolved into so much labour, or so much time consumed in labour, mental and manual. This reduction of value to quantity is the one great merit of Ricardo and of Lassalle. Ricardo, however, strictly limited his law to commodities of indefinite multiplication, the value of other commodities held, regulated by their scarcity; and he confined his law to the fluctuations of the

on other considerations. Lassalle, however, seeks to make it cover these cases also by means of a distinction he draws between individual time of labour, and socially necessary time of labour. What constitutes the value of a product is not the time actually taken or required by the person who made it; for he may have been indolent or slow, or may not have used the means and appliances which the age he lived in afforded him. What constitutes value is the average time of labour socially necessary, the time required by labour of average efficiency using the methods the age supplies. If the commodity can be produced in an hour, an hour's work will be its value, though you have taken ten to produce it by slower methods. So far there is nothing very remarkable, but Lassalle goes on to argue that you may waste your time not merely by using methods that society has superseded, but by producing commodities that society no longer wants. You go on making shoe-buckles after they have gone out of fashion, and you can get nothing for them. They have no value. And why? Because, while they indeed represent labour, they do not represent socially necessary labour. So again with over-production, you may produce a greater amount of a commodity than society requires at the time. The value of the commodity falls. Why? Because while it has cost as much actual labour as before, it has not cost so much socially necessary labour. In fact the labour it has taken has been socially unnecessary, for there was no demand for the product. On the other hand—and we are entitled to make this expansion of Lassalle's argument—take the case of under-production, of deficient supply. Prices rise. What is usually known as a scarcity value is conferred on commodities. But this scarcity value Lassalle converts into a labour value; the commodity is produced by the same individual labour, but the labour is more socially necessary. In plain English there is more demand for the product.

Lassalle's distinction is thus an ingenious invention for expressing rarity value in terms of labour value. It has no theoretical importance, but is of some practical service in the Socialistic argument. That argument is not that value is constituted by labour pure and simple, but by labour modified by certain general conditions of society, only it holds that these conditions—conditions of productivity, of rarity, of demand—have been created by nobody in particular, and that, therefore, nobody in particular should profit by them, and that so far as the problem of the distribution of value goes, the one factor in the constitution of value which needs to be taken into account in settling that problem, is labour. All value comes from labour, represents so much time of labour, is, in fact, so much "labour-jelly," so much preserved labour.

But while, according to one economical law, all value is conferred by the labourer, and is simply his sweat, brain, and sinew incorporated in the product, the labourer, according to another economical law, gains no advantage from the productivity of his own work. Whatever value

he produces, he earns only the same wages—bare subsistence. Von Thuepen, the famous Feudalist landowner, and economical experimentalist, said, many years ago, that when the modern working class once began to ask the question, What is natural wages? a revolution might arise which would reduce Europe to barbarism. This is the question Lassalle asked, and by which mainly he stirred up Socialism. The effect of the previous argument was to raise the question, What is the labourer entitled to get? and to suggest the answer, he is entitled to get everything. The next question is, What, then, does the labourer actually get? and the answer is, that on the economists' own showing, he gets just enough to keep soul and body together, and on the present system can never get any more. Ricardo, in common with all orthodox economists, had taught that the value of labour, like the value of everything else, was determined by the cost of its production, and that the cost of the production of labour meant the cost of the labourer's subsistence according to the standard of living customary among his class at the time. Wages may rise for a time above this level, or fall for a time below it, but they always tend to return again to it, and cannot permanently settle anywhere else. When they rise higher, the labouring class are encouraged by their increased prosperity to marry, and eventually their numbers are thus multiplied to such a degree that by the force of ordinary competition the rate of wages is brought down again; when they fall lower, marriages diminish and mortality increases among the working class, and the result is such a reduction of their numbers as to raise the rate of wages again to its old level. This is the economical law of natural or necessary wages—"the iron and cruel law" which Lassalle declared absolutely precluded the wage-labourers—i.e., 96 per cent. of the population—from all possibility of ever improving their condition or benefiting in the least from the growing productivity of their own work. This law converted industrial freedom into an aggravated slavery. The labourer was first unmanned, taken out of a relationship which, with all its faults, was still a human and personal one, put under an impersonal and remorseless economical law, sent like a commodity to be bought in the cheapest market, and there dispossessed by main force of competition of the value of the property which his own hands had made. *Das Eigenthum ist Fremdthum geworden.* It is no wonder that teaching like this should move the minds of working men to an intolerable sense of despair and wrong.

Now since the injustice lies in the essence of the existing economical system, it cannot be removed, except with the abolition of the system. The solution of the question is a Socialistic reconstruction which shall make the instruments of production collective property, and subordinate capital to labour, but this solution will of course be the work of generations, and meanwhile, the easiest method of transition from the old order of things to the new, lies in establishing productive associations of working men on State credit. These would form the living seed-corn

the new era. This was just Louis Blanc's scheme with two differences—viz., that the associations were to be formed gradually and voluntarily. The State was not asked to introduce a new organization of labour by force all at once, but merely to lend capital at interest to one sound and likely association after another, as they successively claimed its aid. This loan was not to be gratuitous, as the French Socialists used to claim in 1848, and since there would be eventually only one association of the same trade in each town, and since, besides, they would also establish a system of mutual assurance against loss, trade by trade, the State, it was urged, would really incur no risk. Lassalle said all the State help he wanted was not so much as a whole hand, but only a little finger, and it was actually, in the first instance at least, no more than Mr. Gladstone offers to give in the Irish Land Bill. The scheme was mainly urged, of course, in the interests of a sounder distribution of wealth; but Lassalle contended that it would also increase production; and it is important to remember that he says it would not otherwise be economically justifiable, because "an increase of production is an indispensable condition of every improvement of our social state." This increase would be effected by a saving of cost, in abolishing local competition, doing away with middle-men and private capitalists, and adapting production better to needs. The business books of the association would form the basis of a sound and trustworthy system of commercial statistics, so much required for the purpose of avoiding over-production. The change would also introduce favourable changes in consumption, and the direction of production; inasmuch as the taste of the working class for the substantial and the beautiful, would more and more supplant the taste of the *bourgeoisie* for the cheap and nasty.

Such is Lassalle's system. I have left no space, meanwhile, for sifting the chaff in it from the wheat, for estimating the worth of its principles and aspirations, or exposing the many fallacies which make it dangerous.

JOHN RAE.

THE PRINCIPLES OF '89.

THE scientific study of history may be justly deemed a peculiar feature of our age. Here, indeed, as in so many other respects, Voltaire was the precursor of the modern spirit. Superficial as were his own historical achievements, his clear intellect discerned, at all events, in outline, the true method. Alone among his contemporaries, he understood that history is not a collection of disconnected facts ; that it is something more than a series of pictures ; that events are bound together by a chain of causation, and that it is possible, in some degree, to trace that chain. But only of late years has it been fully apprehended that in this, as in other departments of human knowledge, rigid scrutiny, accurate analysis, and careful comparison of facts, constitute the instruments for the discovery of general laws ; that the phenomena of the public order are but the expression of the ideas whereby the minds of men are—of course, in the vast majority of cases, unconsciously—swayed ; and that, in the true appreciation of those ideas lies the means of making history what, according to the hackneyed saying, it ought to be—Philosophy teaching by experience.

The great historical fact of the age in which we live is the French Revolution of 1789. France is the centre and source of political movement throughout the Continent of Europe. Her geographical position ; the peculiar genius of her people, at once passionately logical and logically passionate ; the perfection of form, which is the great note of her literature ; the wide diffusion of her language, now the *lingua Franca* of Western civilization, and holding in our times much the same position as that which was held by the Latin tongue in the Middle Ages—such are perhaps among the principal sources of her influence in the world, an influence but little diminished by her recent disasters. The history of Europe from 1789 down to the present day is substantially

the history of the struggles of the French Revolution with the elements opposed to it; of the endeavour of the ideas which those words represent to embody themselves in facts, to mix themselves with life. It is the custom to speak of those ideas as democratic. The custom seems to me an evil one. Democracy is a very ancient word in the world, and has hitherto borne a definite sense as descriptive of a system of government well known to the student whether of ancient Greece or of mediæval Europe. But the democracy of Athens or Florence is one thing. The so-called democracy of modern France is quite another. Whatever may be urged against that Attic democracy, for which Thucydides has put so magnificent an apology into the mouth of Pericles, it was the nurse of individuality, the bulwark of law, the mother of civic virtue. To me, I own, it seems to be, upon the whole, the highest political achievement of the ancient world. In the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages I recognize the noblest and purest type of national life attained during the Christian era, as most nearly realizing Milton's great idea of a free commonwealth: "where they who are greatest are perpetual servants and drudges to the public at their own charges, neglect their own affairs, yet are not elevated above their brethren, live soberly in their families, walk the streets as other men, may be spoken to familiarly without adoration." But the so-called democracy of modern France proceeds upon a theory of man and society, at which the Athenian citizen or the Florentine burgher would have stood aghast. What that theory is, and what it is worth, I propose to consider at large in the present paper. Here, by way of clearing the ground, I wish to point out that it is a new thing in the actual world. I am, of course, aware that we do find it more or less fully exposed in speculations given to mankind long before the Revolution of 1789. But those speculations were avowedly put forward only (in Milton's phrase) as "Atlantic and Utopian politics, which can never be drawn into use." The polity which rests upon the doctrine, among others, that men by virtue of their nature are equally invested with the sovereignty of the territory in which they happen to be born, is essentially unlike anything that has ever been practically known under the name of democracy. The most democratic State of the ancient world was Athens. But at Athens those who possessed the franchise were always less numerous than those who possessed it not. Florence, at a well-known period of her history, exhibits the most perfect specimen of mediæval democracy. But, at Florence, membership of a guild was the qualification for citizenship. There is no more fruitful cause of confusion and mischief than the calling diverse things by the same name. And I marvel much that so careful and judicious a writer as Sir Erskine May has, in his well-known work,* fallen into such an error with regard to the present matter. The word by which the ancient Greeks would have designated the French Revolutionary system is not democracy, but ochlocracy, the rule not of the δῆμος or *populus*,

* "Democracy in Europe."

but of the ὄχλος or populace. The difference is very real and vital, and it is, therefore, and not in the spirit of pedantry, that I designate as ochlocracy the system which is the objectivation of the principles of '89. I have far too high an esteem for true democracy to consent to call by its name a polity which, in my judgment, is contrary to its most essential features, and fatal to all that is best in it.

II.

I have spoken of the French Revolution as the greatest historical fact of the age in which we live. It is more than that. It is the greatest event in modern history since the religious changes of the sixteenth century. And its greatness lies in this: That it was not an alteration in the accidental arrangements, but in the very bases of civil society. This comes out clearly upon comparing it with the English Revolution, which preceded it by a century. There we find merely a vindication of the ancient democratic constitution which our forefathers had brought with them from the forests of Germany; an assertion of immemorial liberties, and a return to the paths of civil polity in which the English people had walked for countless generations. But here there is the entire rejection of the past, and the re-creation of the public order. Our ancestors in 1688 appealed to the laws, to history, to facts.* The men of '89 appealed to philosophical theories, to *a priori* speculation, to ideas. The end sought by the English Convention was, that "all and singular the rights and liberties asserted and declared" in the statute 1 William and Mary, cap. 1, might be solemnly recognized "as the true ancient and indubitable rights and liberties of the people of this kingdom." The object proposed to itself by the French Constituent Assembly was to make a *tabula rasa* of the past; and, by means of deduction from abstract principles, to reconstruct civil society upon the basis of pure reason; and the practical result of their prolonged labours is "The Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen," aptly termed by Von Sybel "a mighty landmark between two ages of

* Of course I am well aware that both Houses of the Convention of 1688 appealed to the Original Compact between the king and the people. But this compact was no more fiction. It certainly lay at the basis of our old unwritten constitution, the original fact about which was the elective character of the monarchy. I do not know who has brought out this so well as Mr. Freeman.

† "Je me rappelle," says Dumont, "cette longue discussion qui dura des semaines, comme un temps d'ennui mortel; vaines disputes de mots, faras métaphysique, bavardage assommant; l'Assemblée s'était convertie en école de Sorbonne," quoted by M. Taine, in "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine," vol. i. p. 162. Of the method pursued by the Assembly, M. Taine writes as follows:—

"C'est de parti-pris qu'ils renversent le procédé ordinaire. Jusqu'ici on construisait ou l'on réparait une Constitution comme un navire. On procédait par tâtonnements ou sur le modèle des vaisseaux voisins; on souhaitait avant tout que le bâtiment pût naviguer; on abordonnait sa structure à son service; on le faisait tel ou tel selon les matériaux dont on disposait; on commençait par examiner les matériaux; on tâchait d'estimer leur rigidité leur pesanteur et leur résistance.—Tout cela est arriéré le siècle de la raison est venu, et l'Assemblée est trop éclairée pour se traîner dans la routine. Conformément aux habitudes du temps, elle opère par *deduction* à la manière de Rousseau, d'après une notion abstraite du droit de l'État et du Contrat social. De cette façon, et par la seule vertu de la géométrie politique, on aura le navire idéal; puisqu'il est idéal, il est sûr qu'il naviguera, et bien mieux que tous les navires empiriques.—Sur ce principe ils légifèrent."—*Ibid.*, p. 161.

the world."* It is to this document, therefore, that we must go for an authoritative exposition of the principles of '89; and it will be well, perhaps, to set it out in full. It is as follows:—

"The representatives of the French people constituted in National Assembly, considering that ignorance, neglect, or contempt of human rights, are the sole causes of public misfortunes and corruptions of government, have resolved to set forth, in a solemn Declaration, the natural, imprescriptible, and unalienable rights of man; that this Declaration being constantly present to all the members of the body social, may constantly recall to them their rights and their duties; that the acts of the legislative and executive powers of government, being capable of being every moment compared with the end of political institutions, may be more respected; and also that the future claims of the citizens, being directed by simple and incontestible principles, may always tend to the maintenance of the Constitution, and the general happiness.

"For these reasons, the National Assembly recognizes and declares, in the presence and under the auspices of the Supreme Being, the following rights of the Man and the Citizen:—

"I.—Men are born and continue free and equal in rights. Social distinctions can be founded only on common utility.

"II.—The end of every political association is the preservation of the natural imprescriptible rights of man; and these rights are liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression.

"III.—The principle of all sovereignty resides essentially in the nation; no body, no individual, can exercise authority which does not emanate from it.

"IV.—Liberty consists in the power of doing whatever does not injure another.

"V.—The law ought to prohibit only actions hurtful to society. What is not prohibited by the law should not be hindered, nor should any one be compelled to that which the law does not require.

"VI.—The law is the expression of the will of the community. All citizens have a right to concur, either personally or by their representatives, in its formation. It should be the same to all, whether it protects or punishes; and all being equal in its sight, are equally eligible to all honours, places, and public employments, according to their different abilities, without any other distinction than that created by their virtues and talents.

"VII.—No man should be accused, arrested, or held in confinement, except in cases determined by the law, and according to the forms it has prescribed. All who promote, solicit, execute, or cause to be executed, arbitrary orders, ought to be punished; and every citizen called upon or apprehended by virtue of the law ought immediately to obey; he renders himself culpable by resistance.

"VIII.—The law ought to impose no other penalties than such as are absolutely and evidently necessary; and no one ought to be punished, but in virtue of a law promulgated before the offence, and legally applied.

"IX.—Every man being presumed innocent till he has been found guilty, whenever his detention becomes indispensable, all rigour towards him, beyond what is necessary to secure his person, ought to be severely repressed by the law.

"X.—No man ought to be molested on account of his opinions, not even on account of his religious opinions, provided his avowal of them does not disturb the public order established by the law.

"XI.—The unrestrained communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the most precious rights of man. Every citizen, therefore, may speak, write, and print freely, provided he is responsible for the abuse of this liberty in cases determined by the law.

"XII.—A public force being necessary to give security to the rights of the

* "History of the French Revolution," book iii. c. 3.

Man and the Citizen, that force is instituted for the benefit of the community, and not for the particular benefit of the persons with whom it is entrusted.

"XIII.—A common contribution being necessary for the support of the public force, and for defraying the other expenses of government, it ought to be divided equally among the members of the community, according to their abilities.

"XIV.—Every citizen has a right, either by himself or his representative, to a free voice in determining the necessity of public contributions, the appropriation of them, and their amount, mode of assessment, and duration.

"XV.—Every community has a right to demand of all its agents an account of their conduct.

"XVI.—Every community in which a separation of powers and a security of rights is not provided for, has no constitution.

"XVII.—The right to property being inviolable and sacred, no one ought to be deprived of it, save where the public necessity evidently requires it, and on condition of a previous just indemnity."

Such is the famous Declaration of Rights; perhaps the most curious medley of truisms and sophisms, fragments of philosophy and of criminal procedure, literary commonplaces and rhetorical bravuras, the world has ever seen. What the immediate results of it were we may read in M. Taine's recent work, in my judgment the most valuable contribution as yet made to a true estimate of the French Revolution.* The author pictures to us, in his graphic way, the effect produced by these "rights" as proclaimed by the orator of the club or the street. Every article of the Declaration, he observes, was a poignard directed against human society. It was only necessary to push the handle in order to drive the blade home. For example, among "the natural and imprescriptible rights" of the Man and the Citizen is mentioned "resistance to oppression." The Jacobin missionary assures his hearers that they are oppressed, and invites them—nay, it is not he, it is the preamble of the Declaration which invites them—to judge for themselves the acts of the legislative and executive power, and to rise in arms. Again, it is laid down as the right of the community to demand of all its agents an account of their conduct. The populace obey the invitation, and proceed to the *hôtel de ville* to interrogate a lukewarm or suspected magistrate; and, if the fancy takes them, to hang him on the nearest lamp-post. Or, once more, there is the proposition that "the law is the expression of the general will." A mob then, as the living law, may supersede the *lex scripta*. All this is not mere play of the imagination. These deductions from the Declaration of Rights were actually drawn and put into practice throughout France, the result being what M. Taine calls a universal and permanent *jacquerie*. Everywhere in the forty thousand sovereign municipalities into which the country had been divided, "une minorité de fanatiques et d'ambitieux accapare la parole, l'influence, les suffrages, le pouvoir, l'action et autorise ses usurpations multipliées, son despotisme sans frein, ses attentats croissants par le

* "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine." I have before me as I write, pp. 275-6 of vol. i.

Declaration des droits de l'homme."* *Exitus acta probat.* These fruits of the Declaration are a significant commentary upon it. But let us turn to the document itself.

III.

It is not my intention to comment upon the articles of the Declaration of Rights one by one. To do so would take me far beyond the modest limits to which I am restricted in the present essay; nor, as I venture to think, would such an undertaking be worth the pains that would have to be bestowed upon it. Not, indeed, that I wish to deny or ignore how much there is in the Declaration that is unquestionably good: for example, its proclamation of the death of privilege; of equality before the law; of "*la carrière ouverte aux talens*;" its enunciation of the truth—recognized in the Middle Ages as a prime political axiom,† but trampled upon by three centuries of Renaissance Cæsarism—that government exists for the benefit of the governed, and that rulers are responsible to the ruled;‡ its police regulations presenting so favourable a contrast to the savage criminal jurisprudence which it superseded, with the hideous *question préparatoire* and other horrors; its vindication, as admirable as inoperative, of the sacredness and inviolability of property. Nor do I deny that other portions of it, dubious as they stand in the text, may be accepted as true, partially, or under conditions. Thus the definition of liberty in Art. IV. may pass, perhaps, if civil liberty alone is meant.§ But it is obviously an imperfect account of freedom, taken in general, and in all the different senses of the word. Better is the doctrine of George Eliot: "True liberty is nought but the transfer of obedience from the rule of one or of a few men to that will which is the norm or rule for all men."|| But the philosophers of the Constituent Assembly lost sight of the fact that obedience is an essential need of human nature. Again, the definition of law in Art. VI. as "the expression of the general will" is extremely lame; is open, indeed, to precisely the same objection which St. Thomas Aquinas makes to the servile maxim of the Roman jurists: "*Quod principi placuit legis vigorem habet*:"—namely, that unless the will of the legislator be regulated by reason, "*magis esset iniquitas quam lex*."¶ And, once more: the right of resistance to oppression, just and

* P. 279.

† Thus the well known dictum of St. Thomas Aquinas, "*Civis regitur in commodum suum, non in commodum magistratus*." See also the passage from the "*Summa*," quoted below.

‡ On this subject Suarez, in a chapter which expresses the teaching of the schools, observes, *inter alia*: "*Si rex justam suam potestatem in tyrannidem verteret, illa in manifestam civitatis perniciem abutendo, posset populus naturali potestate ad se defendendum uti hac enim nunquam se privavit*."—*Defensio Fidei Catholice*, lib. iii. c. iii.

§ Bentham, writing from a different point of view from mine, has severely criticised this definition. See Dumont's "*Tratés de législation*," page 80 (London University reprint).

|| "Felix Holt, the Radical," chap. 12.

¶ It is well observed by Coleridge, "It is not the actual man, but the abstract reason alone that is the sovereign and rightful lawgiver. The confusion of two things so different is so gross an error, that the Constituent Assembly could hardly proceed a step in their Declaration of Rights without a glaring inconsistency."—*The Friend*, Essay iv.

salutary within proper limits,* if stated in the naked way in which we find it in Article VII., seems perilously like the proclamation of a general right of insurrection. But these, and other provisions, upon which I need not linger, whether good absolutely, or good with limitations and explanations, are—if I may so speak—but of the accidents of the Declaration, and are vitiated by the demonstrably false principles which underlie it, and which are of its essence. It is in the Preamble and in the first three Articles that these principles find expression, and they may be summed up in the two following propositions:

I. That the true conception of mankind is that of a mass of sovereign human units, by nature free, equal, and virtuous.

II. That civil society rests upon a compact entered into by these sovereign units.

These are the two main propositions upon which the whole Declaration hangs. Let us consider them a little, and see what they amount to. They are, of course, shreds from the doctrine of Rousseau (the political gospel generally received and believed throughout France, in 1789); and it is to the writings of that speculator, and in particular to his *Contrat Social*, that we must go in order to ascertain their true intent.

Rousseau starts, then, from what he calls "a state of Nature," and man in such a state is the unit of his theories; not man in the concrete as he existed in the last century, or as he has existed in any known period of the annals of our race, a member of a living society through which he is bound by manifold obligations, weighted by multiform duties, shaped and moulded by longæval history and immemorial traditions; but man in the abstract, belonging to no age and to no country; unrelated, and swayed only by pure reason, lord of himself, and no more able to alienate

* It seems to me difficult to conceive of juster views on this subject than those expressed by St. Thomas Aquinas. He teaches that a tyrannical government is not a lawful government, and that a general rising against such a government is not sedition, provided it does not involve evils greater than those which it seeks to remedy. He also points out that where the ruler bears sway in virtue of a constitutional pact, and such was the case in most mediæval governments, as the coronation offices—our own for example—sufficiently witnessed) breach of that pact entitles his subjects to depose him.

"Regimen tyrannicum non est justum, quia non ordinatur ad bonum commune sed ad bonum privatum regentis, ut patet per philosophum, et ideo perturbatio hujus regiminis non habet rationem seditionis nisi forte, quando sic inordinate perturbatur tyranni regimen, quod multitudo subiecta majus detrimentum patitur ex perturbatione consequenti quam ex tyranni regimine. Magis autem tyrannus seditiosus est, qui in populo sibi subiecto discordias nutrit et seditiones, ut tutius dominari possit; hoc enim tyrannicum est, cum sit ordinatum ad bonum proprium præsentis cum multitudinis nocumto."—*Summa*, 2, 2, q. 42, a. 2 ad 3. "Secundum illud Ezech. 22, Principes ejus in medio illius, quasi lupi rapientes pradam ad effundendum sanguinem. Et ideo, sicut licet resistere latronibus, ita licet resistere in tali casu malis principibus, nisi forte propter scandalum vitandum, aliqua gravis turbatio timeretur."—*Ib.* 2, 69, art. iv.

"Et quidem si non fuerit excessus tyrannidis utilis est remissam tyrannidem tolerare ad tempus, quam contra tyrannum agendo multis implicari periculis, quæ sunt graviora ipsa tyrannide."

"Si ad jus multitudinis alicujus pertineat sibi providere de rege, non injuste ab eadem rex institutus potest distrui, vel refranari ejus potestas si potestate regni tyrannice abutatur. Nec putanda est talis multitudo infideliter agere tyrannum destituens, etiamsi eadem in perpetuo se ante subjecerat, quia hoc ipse meruit in multitudinis regimine se non fideliter gerens, ut exigit regis officium, quod ei pactum a subditis non reservetur."—*Ib.*, *De Regimine Principum*, c. vi.

this sovereignty, than he is able to divest himself of his own nature. Civil society, Rousseau insists, is purely conventional, the result of a pact between these sovereign individuals, whence results in the public order the collective sovereignty of all. He postulates, as a primary condition of the Social Contract, "l'aliénation totale de chaque associé avec tous ses droits à toute la communauté."^{*} He insists, "Chaque membre de la communauté se donne à elle au moment qu'elle se forme, tel qu'il se trouve actuellement, lui et toutes ses forces, dont les biens qu'il possède font partie."[†] He will allow no limits to the authority of this republic of equals. He ascribes to it a universal and compulsory power to order and dispose of each part of the body politic in the manner which it judges to be most to the advantage of all. "As Nature," he writes, "gives to each man absolute authority over his own members, so the social pact gives to the body politic an absolute authority over all its members, and it is this same power which, directed by the general will, bears the name of sovereignty."[‡] Hence all rights, that of property among them, exist only by the sufferance of the community, and within the limits prescribed by it. "The right that the individual has over his own possessions (*sur ses propres fonds*), is subordinate to the right that the community has over all."[§] And this collective sovereignty, like the individual sovereignty of which it is the outcome, is inalienable. In practice it is exercised through certain delegates, to whom in its fulness it is confided; and these delegates are chosen by all the sovereign units—that is, by a majority of them—and are alike the legislators and the administrators of the community, for sovereignty is indivisible. They wield all the powers of the sovereign units who, in obeying a government thus deriving its authority from themselves, are, in fact, obeying themselves. Such is Jean Jacques' receipt for making the constitution and redressing the woes of humanity. And it must be taken in connection with what Mr. John Morley calls "the great central moral doctrine," held by him, as by the Revolutionary theorists generally, "that human nature is good, and that the evil of the world is the fruit of bad education and bad institutions."^{||} Enlighten man as to his "natural and imprescriptible rights," obscured since the days of the state of Nature, restore him to his true position of liberty and equality and sovereignty, and general happiness would result. The whole French Revolution was an endeavour to apply this theory of man and society, to work the world upon it. And in the decomposing political soil into which it was cast, the new doctrine quickly developed. The truest and most consistent disciples of Rousseau were the Jacobins; and it was the emphatic proclamation of the sovereignty of the individual in the Declaration of Rights which so endeared that document to them. Marat and Robespierre regarded it as the only good thing achieved by the Constituent Assembly, and the

* "Du Contrat Social," lib. i. c. 6.

† Ibid., lib. ii. c. 4.

§ Ibid., lib. i. c. 9.

‡ Ibid., c. ix.

|| Morley's "Diderot," vol. i. p. 5.

Jacobin orators generally harangued in the same strain. "Le peuple connaît aujourd'hui sa dignité," cries Isnard. "Il sait que d'après la Constitution la devise de tout Français doit être celle-ci, vivre libre, l'égal de tout, et membre du souverain." And so Chalier: "Sachez-vous que vous êtes rois et plus que rois? Ne sentez-vous pas la souveraineté qui circule dans vos veines?"* Utterances of this sort were the commonplaces of the Jacobin rhetorician, "the phrases of pedants," as M. Taine judges, "delivered with the violence of eurgumens." "All their vocabulary," he goes on to observe, "consists of some hundred words, all their ideas may be summed up in one—that of man in the abstract (*l'homme-en-soi*): human units, all alike, equal, independent and contracting for the first time—such is their conception of society."†

IV.

And now let us survey a little more closely these great principles of '89, regarding man and society, and consider upon what grounds they rest. Rousseau, indeed, and his Jacobin disciples, regarded them as axiomatic and self-evident, and so as standing in no need of proof. And it must be owned that they were received in this unquestioning spirit by the men of his own generation, and that they are still so received by a vast number of Frenchmen. But it has not been the habit of us Englishmen to take upon trust the doctrines which are to guide us in the grave and important concerns of life. We are accustomed, as Heine noted, to bring facts for the proof—for or against. Let us apply this test to the principles of '89.

And, first, of the cardinal principle of the sovereignty of the individual. Are freedom, equality, and virtue his natural heritage? That there is a sense in which it may, with perfect truth, be affirmed that men are born free, I should be the last to deny. But it is a sense very different from that in which the proposition is found in the speculations of Rousseau, and in the Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen. It is a familiar position in the writings of the Fathers and the Schoolmen of Christianity that slavery is an unnatural state. "Take man as God at first created him," says St. Augustine, "and he is slave neither to man nor to sin."‡ And again, "the name of slave had not its origin from Nature."§ In this sense, the proposition that man is born free, is perfectly true: in this sense, but surely in no other. Stated broadly, as Rousseau states it at the opening of the *Contrat Social*—"Man is born free, and is everywhere in chains"—it is opposed, as flatly as is well conceivable, to the most obvious facts of life. Man is born in a state of more entire subjection than any other animal. And by the necessity of the conditions in which his life is passed—I speak of man as he

* See an admirable article (to which I am indebted for these two quotations) by M. Taine, on the "Psychology of the Jacobin," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, April 1st, 1881, p. 353.

‡ "De Civitate Dei," lib. xix. c. 15.

† Ibid.

§ Ibid.

everywhere exists in civil society from its most complex to its simplest states—he is throughout his life subservient, in greater or less measure, to the will of others, from the tutors and governors who sway his childhood and guide his youth, to the nurses and physicians who rule his decrepitude, and preside over his dissolution. I need not enlarge upon so familiar a topic. It must be obvious to all men who will consider the commonest facts of life that man is not born free, and does not continue free.

Not less manifestly false is the assertion that men are born and continue equal in rights. That men exist in a quite startling inequality, whether of natural or adventitious endowments, is one of the things which first force themselves upon the wondering observation of a child; and, certainly, as we go on in life, experience does but deepen our apprehension of that inequality, and of the difference in rights resulting from it, as necessary constituents in the world's order. The natural equality of man, ranging as he does from the Baris of tropical Africa, "abject animals," as Sir Samuel Baker judges, or the Eskimo described by Sir John Ross as "without any principle or rational emotion," to the saints and sages who are the supreme fruit of spiritual and moral culture! But we need not travel to the Tropics or the Arctic regions for a *reductio ad absurdum* of this thesis. A glance into the streets is sufficient to refute it. No doubt, every individual unit of the motley crowd, as it passes by, has some rights. But who that is not blinded by *à priori* theories will maintain that all have the same rights? Are the rights of the father the same as those of the son? Of the mill-owner the same as those of the factory hand? To look into the streets was indeed the last thing which Rousseau thought of doing. Occupied with the abstractions of the state of Nature, he turned away from the consideration of humanity in the concrete. Still, he might have learnt from the lumbering periods of his master, Locke, that "there is a difference in degrees in men's understandings, apprehensions and reasonings, to so great a latitude, that one may, without doing injury to mankind, affirm that there is a greater difference between some men and others in this respect, than between some men and some beasts."* And does the difference in these endowments produce no difference in rights? History, it may be confidently affirmed, contains no more signal example of human credulity than that so startling a paradox as this of man's natural equality, should have been eagerly received by whole nations upon the *ipse dixit* of a crazy sentimentalist. But, indeed, hardly less startling is the doctrine of the unalloyed goodness of human nature. Not a shred of evidence is adducible in support of it. It is certainly not true of man as we find him, at his best, at any period of the world's history of which we have knowledge, and under the conditions of life most favourable to the culture and practice of virtue. Facts, unfortunately, are against the optimist view of humanity, and not only

* "Essay on the Human Understanding," book iv. c. 20.

external but internal facts. The sense of moral imperfection is as much a fact of our nature as is the sense of ignorance: and, as it is the wisest who feel most keenly the limitation of their knowledge, so it is the best who are most sensitively conscious of an evil element innate in them. The assertion that "the base in man" is "the fruit of bad education, and of bad institutions" is a perfectly arbitrary and crude hypothesis. There is an overwhelming mass of proof that the *radix mali* is within. External influences may develop or repress it; but it is always there. We may give what account of it we please, or we may put aside as untenable any account that can be given of it. But, apart from all theories, the fact remains—that there is in all of us something of "the ape and tiger," which is not in the least cast out by ignoring or denying it. As a fact, men are no more born good, than they are born equal and free. The theory of their natural sanctity is as baseless as the theory of their natural sovereignty.

So much as to the great principle of '89 regarding the individual. Let us now pass to the doctrine of the Revolutionists regarding Civil Society. Is the public order the result of a contract between a multitude of unrelated units? To put the question is to answer it. There is no instance on record, it may be confidently affirmed, of a number of men saying to one another, "Go to: let us enter into a social contract and found a state." Pacts there may be in abundance in the public order. For example, as has been observed, the mediæval monarchies, as a matter of fact, usually rested upon a pact; which, indeed, is natural enough, seeing that they were, for the most part, the outcome of the elective sovereignty described by Tacitus as prevailing among such of the Teutonic tribes as had kings. But of civil society the true account is "*nascitur, non fit*." It is not a cunningly devised machine, but an organism, not the hasty fabrication of crude theorists, but the slow growth of countless centuries. I shall have to touch upon this point again. Here, it is enough to say that the conception of Rousseau and of the older speculators from whom he so largely "conveyed" as to the contractual nature of civil society, is historically false. It is only in a very limited and restricted sense that a pact can properly be spoken of as the foundation of the public order; in such a sense, for example, as that in which St. Augustine uses the word when he speaks of "obedience to rulers" as being "the general pact of society."² It is true when employed thus, in a figure. It is false in the literal sense in which it was used by Rousseau and the Jacobins. Wholly false, as involving a negation of the great truth that civil society is the normal state† of men, and not the result of convention.

* "Generale quippe pactum est societatis obedire regibus suis." - *Chiffes* lib. iii. c. 8. I do not know whether Mr. Tennyson had this passage in view when he wrote in the "Morte d'Arthur"—

"Seeing obedience is the bond of rule"

† Thus Aristotle calls man *zōon politikon*—a phrase not easily translated into English in the present degradation of the word "politics."

v.

But, it may be urged that the principles of '89, though false in fact, are serviceable fictions: that the doctrine of individual sovereignty, if not true, may be accepted as a convenient starting-point in the science of politics: that men, if not in strictness free and equal and good, may, for practical purposes, be so accounted. It may be well to consider this argument. No philosophical student of human institutions would now deny that, in a certain stage of legal or political development, fictions are useful, nay, as it would seem, indispensable expedients, for the progress of society. Are the fictions known as "the principles of '89" of this kind?

To answer that question, let us consider what the progress of European society really is. It may be described as consisting in the evolution of the individual. Among our Aryan ancestors, in the earliest stages known to us of their social organization, we find neither personal liberty, nor its most characteristic incident, single ownership. The unit of the public order is not the individual, but the family, whose head exercises despotic power over its members. Not several, but common possession, is the form in which property is held. For long ages the unemancipated son differed nothing from a slave. The history of Western civilization, whatever else it may be, is certainly the history of the growth of personal liberty and private property. And the two things are most intimately connected, for property is but liberty realized. This has been admirably stated by a distinguished French publicist, with whom it is always a pleasure to me to find myself in agreement. "Property, if you go back to its origin," writes M. Laboulaye, "is nothing else than the product of a man's activity, a creation of wealth which has taken nothing from anyone else, and which, therefore, owes nothing to anyone else, and belongs only to him and his descendants, for it is for them that he works."* And again: "Liberty and property are like the tree and the fruit." As a matter of fact, it is certain that the two things rose and developed together, under the fostering protection of the civil order. It has been somewhat profoundly observed by Kant, that "in society man becomes more a man." Or, as Spinoza puts it, more exactly to the present purpose, "the end of the State is liberty, that man should in security develop soul and body, and make free use of his reason." It is towards the attainment of this "far off event" that the public order has moved through countless ages. And nothing has more subserved its onward march than the employment of fictions, the object of which is that existing institutions should be accommodated to fresh exigencies; that the new should succeed the old without solution of continuity; that "the change that comes" should "be free to ingroove itself with that which flies." To Sir Henry Maine belongs the credit of having been the first

* "Le Parti Libéral," p. 33.

among English thinkers to bring out clearly this great truth. And he has expressed it with a force and authority peculiarly his own. "It is not difficult," he writes, "to understand why fictions in all their forms are particularly congenial to the infancy of society. They satisfy the desire for improvement, which is not quite wanting, at the same time that they do not offend the superstitious dislike for change which is always present. At a particular stage of social progress, they are invaluable expedients for overcoming the rigidity of the law; and indeed, without one of them, the Fiction of Adoption, which permits the family tie to be artificially created, it is difficult to understand how society would ever have escaped from its swaddling clothes."* Certainly not less valuable, I may observe, as an instrument of progress was the fictitious triple sale resorted to at so early a period in the history of Rome for getting rid of the *patria potestas* and emancipating the *filii familias*. But I must not dwell upon this subject. Enough has been said to indicate the true goal of the progressive societies of the Western world—the evolution of the individual—and the nature and importance of the part played in the process by fictions.

But the fictions embodied in the teaching of Rousseau and the principles of '89 are by no means of this kind. They are not "assumptions which conceal, or affect to conceal, the fact that a rule of law has undergone alteration, its letter remaining unchanged, its operation being modified:" economical expedients† whereby the innate conservatism of human nature is conciliated towards inevitable innovations; wise condescensions to men's feelings and prejudices in order to the peaceful reconciliation of permanence with progression. They are something very different from this. They are a set of falsehoods presented as truths, to serve as the basis for a total reconstruction of the public order. And their practical effect is not to carry on the progress of human society, but to throw it back indefinitely: not to develop the work which has been the slow growth of so many centuries, but to lay the axe to the root of it: not, in a word, to promote the evolution of individuality, but to destroy it. This may sound a hard saying. I am convinced that it is a true one. I proceed to show why.

And, first, let me say, roundly, that these principles of '89 are fatal to liberty. They make the individual nominally free, and a king, in fact, is true. They mean, in fact, the unchecked domination of the State. A multitude of independent and equal units—equal in rights and equal in political power—obviously, is not a nation. It is a chaos of sovereign individuals. It is the State which, by virtue of the fictitious social contract, welds them into a community. And the State, invested with their full sovereignty, becomes omnipotent. This, as we have seen, is insisted upon by Rousseau, who no sooner salutes the "Man and the Citizen" as king, than he proceeds to impose upon him a blind abnegation

* Maine's "Ancient Law," p. 26.

† κατὰ οἰκονομίαν

of all the powers of royalty, and replaces individual action by the action of the State. The consolation of the man and the citizen is to be found in the reflection, that if the State is above him—the State and its functionaries, for of course the State is a mere abstraction—no one else is; and that, by virtue of his nature, he is a member of the sovereign despotic authority whose sovereignty is, in effect, his sovereignty. It is a poor consolation, even on paper. It is poorer still in practice. For, in practice, this doctrine of popular sovereignty is the sovereignty of “the majority told by head”—as Burke expresses it:—the very class to which ancient and mediæval democracy denied any political power whatever—whom all men are required to believe and confess to be their perpetual, natural, unceasing, indefeasible ruler. But this really means the untempered sway of the delegates of the majority; or, to get a step farther, of the wirepullers, who are not usually among the “choice specimens of wisdom and virtue” that adorn our race. Let us clear our minds of cant—for to do so is the beginning of political wisdom—and consider the sovereign units as life actually presents them: as we know them by the evidence of our senses. The world is not peopled by the wise and virtuous abstractions of Rousseau’s theories, but by beings whose inclinations towards good are, at the best, but weak and intermittent: whose passions are usually strong, and who are prone to gratify them at the expense of others: who are, for the most part, feeble in reasoning power, even to perceive the things that are more excellent: feebler still in will to follow after such things: “bibulous clay” too often: good judges, possibly, of the coarser kinds of alcoholic stimulants, but not skilled in discerning between good and evil in higher matters: to which, indeed, the “one or two rules that in most cases govern all their thoughts” (as Locke speaks) do not extend. I do not know who has better characterized “the masses,” as the phrase is, than George Eliot, in what, perhaps, of all the works given to the world by her inimitable pen is the richest in political wisdom:—

“Take us working men of all sorts. Suppose out of every hundred who had a vote there were thirty who had some soberness, some sense to choose with, some good feeling to make them wish the right thing for all. And suppose there were seventy out of the hundred who were, half of them, not sober, who had no sense to choose one thing in politics more than another, and who had so little good feeling in them that they wasted on their own drinking the money that should have helped to clothe their wives and children; and another half of them who, if they didn’t drink, were too ignorant, or mean, or stupid, to see any good for themselves better than pocketing a five-shilling piece when it was offered them. Where would be the political power of the thirty sober men? The power would lie with the seventy drunken and stupid votes; and I’ll tell you what sort of men would get the power, what sort of men would end by returning whom they pleased to Parliament. They would be men who would undertake to do the business for a candidate, and return him; men who have no real opinions, but who pilfer the words of every opinion, and turn them into a cant which will serve their purpose at the moment, men who look out for dirty work to make their fortunes by, because dirty work wants little talent and no conscience; men

who know all the ins and outs of bribery, because there is not a cranny in their own souls where a bribe can't enter. Such men as these will be the masters wherever there's a majority of voters who care more for money, more for drink, more for some mean little end which is their own and nobody else's, than for anybody that has ever been culled right in the world." *

No one possessing any practical knowledge of the classes which form the great majority in every country, as they are, and as—human nature being what it is—they will probably ever be, can honestly say that the picture of them thus drawn by Felix Holt is too darkly coloured.† No one who has attentively considered the actual working of universal suffrage in the world can fail to recognize (however loth he may be to acknowledge it) that the description of "the sort of men" who "get the power" under it is simply true. It was long ago pointed out by Aristotle that the tyrant, whether one or many-headed, is the natural prey of his parasites. "The demagogue and the Court favourite are not seldom identical men, and always bear a close analogy." And, as he further observes, "the ethos of monarchical despotism and of mob despotism is the same; both are tyrannously repressive of the better sort."‡ Moreover, the instrument whereby this tyranny is exercised is the same in both cases—a hierarchy of functionaries, a highly centralized administration. Absolute equality is impossible. The voice of human nature spoke by the mouth of that Irishman, who, in answer to the stump orator's appeal, "Is not one man as good as another?" called out, "Yes, and much better, too." And, when all other superiorities are wanting, official superiority gives rise to the most odious of privileged orders; an order possessing all the vices of an aristocracy, and none of its virtues. As Burke remarks, with profound wisdom, "The deceitful dreams and visions of equality and the rights of man, end in a base oligarchy"—of all oligarchies most fatal to liberty. One has but to look at France for an example. It is now well nigh a century since the principles of '89 were formulated there. But in no country, not even in Russia, is individual freedom less. The State is as ubiquitous and as autocratic as under the worst of Bourbon or Oriental despots. Nowhere is its hand so heavy upon the subject in every department of human life. Nowhere is the negation of the value and the rights of personal independence more absolute, more complete, and more effective. Rivarol observes that his countrymen judged liberty to lie in restricting the liberties of others. And M. Gambetta is reported to have declared, upon a recent occasion, that it is "one of the prerogatives of power." The declaration is in full accord with the constant teaching of the Jacobin publicists, who have ever maintained that the will of the majority is the rule of right, and that dissent from

* "Felix Holt the Radical," c. xxx.

† Mr. J. S. Mill goes much further. "Consider," he writes, "how vast is the number of men in any great country who are little better than brutes."—*The Subjection of Women*, p. 64. Aristotle had said precisely the same thing two thousand years before. Human nature is always pretty much the same.

‡ "Pol.," lib. iv. c. 4.

it is a crime; and have branded with the name of "individualism" all that is most precious in what we call "civil and religious liberty." Centralization, the fanaticism of uniformity, the worship of brute force, and contempt for all that Englishmen understand by the venerable phrase, "the rights of the subject"—in a word, the effacement of the individual—such is the natural, the inevitable outcome of the principles of '89, whether in the stage of ochlocracy or in the further stage of Revolutionary Cæsarism, which is only ochlocracy crowned. If ever there was a safe truth, it is this: that the enforced and unnatural equality of Rousseau and his disciples is the death of personal liberty.

But this is not all. Something still remains to be said about the working of this fiction of equality, which, as Heine's keen eye discerned, is the real ruling principle of the Revolution. It has been pointed out by the great master of the political wisdom of antiquity—whose doctrine, based as it is upon a profound knowledge of human nature, is "not of an age, but for all time" that those who are equal in political power soon come to think that they should be equal in everything else.* They very soon come to think so. And the inequality most deeply felt is that of property. Of what avail to tell the Man and the Citizen that he is equal in rights to the greatest potentate on earth, when he is sansculottic and empty? Surely the Jacobins were well warranted in declaring that equality was a delusion so long as the majority of Frenchmen possessed nothing. "Either stifle the people, or pay them," urges Marat in the *Ami du Peuple*, pleading, as he was wont to do for the "re-establishment of the holy laws of Nature." So Chaumette: "We have destroyed the nobles and the Capets, but there is still an aristocracy to be overthrown, the aristocracy of the rich." Tallien, in like manner, proposed that the owners of property should be "sent to the dungeons as public thieves." While Armand (de la Meuse), going further, demanded mental equality, without stating, however (unless my memory is at fault), how he proposed to enforce it. St. Just constantly denounced opulence as a crime. Barrère greatly distinguished himself by invectives against "the pretended right of private property." And it was upon the motion of Robespierre that the four famous resolutions affirming the necessity of limiting by law the amount of individual possessions, were passed by the Jacobin Club. "La propriété est le vol" is the necessary corollary of the proposition that men are born and continue equal in rights. Babeuf and Proudhon are the legitimate successors and continuators of Rousseau and his disciples, the legislators of '89. As we have seen, it is laid down in the *Contrat Social* that everyone entering into the fictitious pact which is postulated as the basis of the public order gives himself to the community of which he is to form one, wholly; "lui et toutes ses forces, dont les biens qu'il possède font partie"; the effect being that henceforth his title to his possessions is derived from

* "Pol.," viii. 2.

the State, which legitimates what had been before mere usurpation. And Rousseau adds that "the right which each individual has to his own property (*sur ses propres fonds*) is subordinate to the right which the community has over all;" and that "*the social state is of advantage to men only so long as all have something, and no one too much.*"† Babeuf declares that this last proposition is the elixir of the *Contrat Social*. But it does not stand alone. It may be paralleled from other writings of Rousseau from the *Discours sur l'Inégalité* for example, in which the famous passage occurs, "The first man who, having enclosed a piece of ground, ventured to say 'This is mine,' and found people simple enough to believe him, was the true founder of civil society. From what crimes, what wars, what murders, what miseries, what horrors would not any one have delivered the human race, who, snatching away the stakes and filling up the ditches, had cried to his fellows, 'Don't listen to that impostor; you are lost if you forget that the produce of the soil belongs to everybody, and the soil to nobody.'" I am well aware that sauer views, irreconcilable with these, are from time to time expressed by Rousseau, whose speculations, indeed, are as full of inconsistencies and contradictions as the ravings of a lunatic. But my present point is that these views are closely, nay, necessarily, linked to the doctrine of equality. For equality of rights ought to result in equality of fact. Mere equality before the law is maintained by Babeuf—and with reason, if the principles of '89 are to be accepted—to be "a mere conditional equality, a hypocritical pretence, a sterile fiction." Thus we are lauded in Socialism, Communism, Nihilism—systems which, under the pretence of abolishing "the slavery of labour," make all men slaves alike. The individual is effaced. Art and science, anathematized by Rousseau as the curses of mankind, and all the essential constituents of civilization disappear together with the inequality of which they are the fruit. And the human race is thrown back to a condition lower than that in which we find it at the dawn of history. It is the triumph of materialism in the public order: "Chaos come again."

VI.

So much may suffice regarding the principles which are of the essence of the Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen, and distinguished from the provisions, salutary or questionable, which may be regarded as the accidents of that document. The liberty which they bestow upon the world is a hollow pretence,

"the name
Of Freedom graven on a heavier chain."

The equality is, as has been happily said, *une égalité par voie d'abaissement*, absolutely fatal to human progress. But there is another great principle, usually ascribed to the year 1789, that has been added to Liberty and

* "*La communauté ne fait que leur en assurer la légitime possession; changer l'usufruit en un véritable droit et la jouissance en propriété.*"—*Du Contrat Social*, lib. i. c. 9.

† "*L'état social n'est avantageux aux hommes qu'autant qu'ils ont tous quelque chose, et qu'aucun d'eux n'a rien de trop.*"—*Ibid.*

Equality, to make up a sort of sacramental formula, the principle of Fraternity, concerning which I ought perhaps to say a word. In strictness, indeed, this shibboleth belongs to a later period. It was not, I think, until late in 1790, that it became current. It appears to have been put in circulation by the Abbé Fouchet, the orator of the *Cercle Social*, a Club of Freemasons, who desired, as they professed, to promote "the universal federation of the human race," and who, with a view to hastening that consummation, published a journal called *La Bouche de Fer*. For some two years the Abbé discoursed in this newspaper, and at the meetings of the *Cercle*, "upon the mysteries of Nature and Divinity," especially devoting himself to the elucidation of Rousseau's proposition, that "all the world should have something, and nobody too much." He was guillotined in 1793, and seems to have considered Catholicism a better religion to die in than Freemasonry, for we are informed that "he made his confession, and heard the confession of Sillery, Comte de Geulis, who was executed at the same time with him." But his catchword, as we all know, has survived him, and at the present day does duty as the third article of the Revolutionary symbol. It must be allowed to be a sonorous vocable, which surely—as the world goes—is something considerable. The old Marquis de Mirabeau remarks, in his character of Friend of Man, I suppose, "Ce sont deux animaux bien bêtes, que l'homme et le lapin, une fois qu'ils sont pris par les oreilles." The Jacobins have ever understood this truth; and have, from the first, been great proficient in the art of leading men by the ears. And the French people have displayed an extreme aptitude for being so led. Fraternity has served admirably to round off the Revolutionary formula. But I do not remember ever to have seen a very clear account of what it is taken to mean. Looking at man as a mere sentient animal apart from theological considerations, which, of course, is the Jacobin point of view, there is exactly the same ground for talking of human brotherhood as of canine or equine. Thus regarded, it does not appear to be of much moment or fitted to elicit much enthusiasm. Nor, if we consider it as practised by the Jacobins, is it a thing to win or to exhilarate us, resembling, as it does, very closely, the fraternity of Cain and Abel, according to the testimony of Chamfort, who tasted of it in its first fervour. There is a somewhat grotesque passage in one of M. Taine's volumes which may serve to show how it was apprehended by the masses. At Ribérac, we read, the village tailor acted as the director of the mob who were engaged in sacking the neighbouring *châteaux*. Drawing from his pocket the Catechism of the Constitution, he proceeded to confute therewith the Procureur-Syndic, and to prove that the marauders were only exercising the rights of the Man and the Citizen. "For, in the first place," he argued, "it is said in the book that the French are equal and *brothers*, and ought to help one another. Ergo, the masters ought to share with us, especially in this bad year. In the second place, it is written that all goods belong

to the nation, which was the very ground upon which the nation laid hands upon the goods of the church. But the nation is composed of all Frenchmen. Whence the conclusion is clear." "In the eyes of the tailor," as M. Taine observes, "since the goods of individual Frenchmen belonged to all the French, he, the tailor, had a right to his share."* This example may serve sufficiently to show the practical working of the doctrine of Fraternity. But before I pass on, I would make another remark upon it. Its originator, the Abbé Fouchet, was an apostate priest. And, no doubt, we have in it an echo of the Catholic doctrine which he had taught during the earlier portion of his life, and to which he turned for consolation in the face of death. The dogma of the brotherhood of Christians is at the very foundation of the idea of the Catholic Church. Every baptized person is held to be gifted with a divine sonship, and that common spiritual generation is regarded as the bond of the Christian family, and supplies an argument whereon the duty of charity to our neighbour is especially grounded. Property is conceived of in Catholic theology, as being rather a trust than a possession. St. Edmund of Canterbury, in his "Mirror," one of the most popular religious works in mediæval England, lays it down broadly that the rich can only be saved through the poor. And the well-known saying of the great Apostle of "holy poverty," St. Francis of Assisi, when bestowing upon a poor man a cloak which had been given him, "I had a right to keep it only until I should find someone poorer than myself," expresses forcibly the way of looking at worldly wealth prevalent in the Middle Ages. "Paucis humanum vivit genus," is the stern law of life, as it ever has been, and ever must be. But never has its sternness been so tempered as by the Catholic doctrine of Fraternity. So, too, Liberty and Equality are strictly Christian ideas. Men who, in fact, are not free or equal in rights by birth, are, according to the Catholic conception, invested with these attributes of freedom and equality by the faith of Christ. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty."† "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ." "Ye are all the children of God."‡ Hence results a theory of the sovereignty of the individual Christian, and something more indeed, for *sacerdotium* is attributed to him as well as *imperium*. He is held to be both a priest and a king.§ I need not dwell further upon this matter. I touch upon it to indicate the source whence Rousseau really derived the notions which blend so strangely and incongruously with the naturalism, and, if I may so speak, sublimated materialism, that are of the essence of his speculations. In the gospel according to Jean Jacques, Man takes the place of God, for I suppose no human being ever believed in the Être Suprême therein proclaimed ;

* "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine," vol. i. p. 393.

† Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, c. iii. v. 27.

‡ Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians, c. iii. v. 28, 29.

§ Apoc. c. i. v. 6.

not even in that culminating hour of the new Deity's career, when Robespierre, after causing his existence to be solemnly decreed by the National Convention, pontificated at his Fête, "in sky-blue coat, made for the occasion, white silk waistcoat brodered with silver, black silk breeches, white stockings, and shoebuckles of gold."* It is true that the legislators of '89 made a sort of bow to him in their Declaration. It was under his "auspices," whatever that may mean, that they placed the rights of the Man and the Citizen. But we hear little more about him from that time until the great day of the Robespierrian function. The Abbé Fouchet roundly declared, in a moment of lyrical enthusiasm,

"L'homme est Dieu : connais-toi : Dieu : c'est la vérité."

So Anacharsis Clootz, the orator of the human race : "The people is the Sovereign of the world, it is God." And apparently this is still of faith in the Jacobin Church, for, I observe, in the "Catéchisme Populaire Républicain," put forward a few years ago, by authority, the proposition :—"Qu'il n'y a pas de puissance et de justice au-dessus et en dehors de l'homme ; et que nier Dieu c'est affirmer l'homme unique et véritable souverain de ses destinées." Hence it is, I suppose, that some writers have reckoned Atheism among the principles of 1789 : M. Edgar Quinet, for example, who apparently judges that the abolition of religion was "the sovereign mark of the Revolution,"† and who blames the earlier Revolutionists for not recognizing that truth. For myself, I am hardly prepared to say so much, although there can be no doubt that the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people does, as a matter of fact, lead to the apotheosis of the mob, and the application to it of the maxim, "Vox populi, vox Dei."

VII.

I am not, however, here concerned with the religious aspect of the French Revolution. My subject is the Principles of 1789, among which, as I have said, I do not think Atheism can, in strictness, be reckoned. My object has been to estimate those principles at their real value. And I think I may claim to have shown that they are neither great truths nor serviceable fictions, but palpable sophisms, fraught with the most terrible mischief ; neutralizing what there is of good in the famous Declaration in which they are authoritatively embodied, and rendering it what Burke pronounced it to be, "a sort of institute or digest of anarchy." But I would further remark that the master-error of the Constituent Assembly was in dealing with abstract principles at all.

* Carlyle's "French Revolution," book vi. c. iv. Mr. Carlyle reckons, and I think with reason, this Feast of the Être Suprême, with its pasteboard statues, steeped in turpentine, of "Atheism, Anarchy, and such like" and its "incombustible statue of Wisdom," rising by machinery as Atheism and Company burn, "the shabbiest page in human annals." As he judiciously observes, "Mumbo-Jumbo of the African woods seems to me venerable beside this new Deity of Robespierre, for this is a conscious Mumbo-Jumbo and knows that he is machinery."

† "La Révolution," L v. So Pitt (Speeches, vol. ii. p. 17) pronounced "the leading features of the Revolutionary Government" to be "the abolition of property and the abolition of religion."

With reason did Mirabeau—the chief representative there of the Voltairean or common-sense school—warn his colleagues that “liberty never was the fruit of a doctrine worked out in philosophic deductions, but of everyday experience.” Prophetic words, indeed, and better warranted by history than the speaker, most probably, was aware of. For, if any lesson stands out more clearly than another in human annals it is this: that facts, experience, experiment, not theories, imagination, deduction, are the true guides in politics. The objects of a statesman’s solicitude should be not the *individuum vagum*, Man; but the real men and women of his country, as they live and move and have their being in their several callings, and classes, and communities. The general rights of British or French subjects, or the particular rights of any class or individual among them, are capable of being determined, for they depend upon positive law. We know their history, their present condition, their relations to the rights of others; and, by careful observation and mature reflection and cautious experiment, we may, with approximate accuracy, determine in what direction and to what extent they are capable of extension and improvement. With the rights of Man it is otherwise. They are, as the phrase is, “matter of opinion,” and of widely-varying opinion. For right reposes upon, and indeed flows out of, duty. It is duty that makes man a moral being. And duty and right are merely different aspects of the same moral law. But what is that law? and whence and where is its sanction? The student of ethics may choose for himself from the Babel of answers returned to these questions such as most commend themselves to his judgment or his tastes. This, however, is clear—that whatever the rights of Man may or may not be, they certainly are not such as Rousseau alleged. His teaching concerning them is demonstrably false. And it is a remark of his own—one of the luminous observations which from time to time light up, as by a lightning flash, the dreariness of his sophisms—“If the legislature establish a principle at variance with that which results from the nature of things, the State will never cease to be agitated until that principle has been changed, and invincible Nature has resumed her empire.” These are the words of truth and soberness. And the whole history of France—and of that portion of Continental Europe most largely influenced by France—from the day they were written until now supplies a singularly emphatic corroboration of them. In England, happily, it is otherwise. The political theories of the French Revolution failed to commend themselves to any considerable number of us when they were first broached; nor are they now in any great credit in this country, although strongly recommended to the British public by the enthusiastic admiration of several admirable writers, and by the more reserved and limited approval of one great thinker. Mr. Mill apparently adopted the doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual, although he sought to fence it round with safeguards and checks. He assented, too—for practical purposes, but

clearly without interior conviction—to an optimist view of mankind, not differing substantially from Rousseau's; he speaks * of "society in equality" as "the normal state of human life;" and he looked forward to a day when moral suasion would take the place of force as the sanction of law, when "the relation of command and obedience" would disappear from the world. The great defect of this illustrious man was that he was in the habit of seeing truth and justice in the nakedness of abstractions. Of actual life, of human nature in the concrete, he knew but little. A student from his youth, he lived in a little world of his own, shut off from the hopes and fears, the passions and emotions, which sway the lives of ordinary men. It would be an insult to his revered memory to compare him, with his severely disciplined intellect and lofty ideals, to such a charlatan as Rousseau—"a moral dwarf mounted on stilts," in Madame d'Epinay's pungent phrase. But the two had this in common—that their conception of humanity was but the projection of themselves, the objectivation of their subjectivity. Still, even the authority of Mr. Mill, and of the disciples who follow him, "*haud passibus requis*," has not gone far to discredit the constitutional forms and doctrines, however rude and unscientific, which guard the freedom purchased for us by a thousand years of patient toil and heroic endeavour. We have passed through political changes of the highest importance and of the most momentous character during this century—changes so great that the Duke of Wellington judged even such of them as he lived to see to amount to "a revolution by due course of law." But the qualification, "by due course of law," makes all the difference. As a matter of fact, the most important reforms which have been effected in our institutions have been essentially a return to the spirit of the mediæval democracy—I use the term advisedly—whence they came. Thus, the great measure by which the rights of burgesses were vindicated was practically a restitution of the municipal liberties of the Middle Ages,† eclipsed under Tudor and Stuart tyranny; while the household suffrage adopted in the great Act of 1867—the necessary complement of the statute which, in 1832, gave new life to British freedom—was "a return to an ancient franchise known to the Constitution."‡ But these and other great improvements in our laws and polity have not been effected in the spirit of Rousseau and his disciples, nor in vindication of any supposed rights of an imaginary Man and Citizen. "They were made slowly and temperately and with caution. They were preceded by laborious inquiries, discussions, and public conviction."§ They are a development of old and tried constitutional doctrines: not a deduction from abstract principles. They have made no breach in that continuity of national life, which it is hardly possible to overvalue. They have not dissolved the monarchy into a chaos of sovereign individuals, withheld by the heavy hand of an

* See his "Subjection of Women," p. 79.

† See Sir Erskine May's very just remarks in the fifteenth chapter of his "Constitutional History."

‡ Ibid. Supplementary chapter in the sixth edition.

§ Ibid.

ubiquitous State from internecine war. They have not severed the old historic ligaments of the public order to make way for a social contract. Nor have they uprooted the majestic growth of English freedom, in order that we may plant in its room a tree of liberty *à la Française*. It is precisely because we possess—

"Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made,
Some patient force to change them when we will,
Some civic manhood firm against the crowd."

that we are—

"A nation yet ; the rulers and the ruled."

What, then, is a nation ? I am well aware of the danger of definitions, and, moreover, I have the fear of Mr. Freeman before my eyes ; but, putting myself under the guidance of that authoritative scholar,* who has taught us all so much upon this subject, I would say that as a matter of fact a nation is the development of the family. Whatever may be the origin of civil society, its historical stages certainly are the patriarchal group, the *gens*, the tribe, the nation. The starting-point is consanguinity : the instrument of expansion adoption, using the word in its loosest sense : the chief practical tests available in this age are local contiguity and community of language. So much would seem to be clear. But what I am here specially concerned to point out is that a nation is a real and organic entity ; not, as Rousseau and the men of '89 supposed, a fortuitous *congeries* of unrelated human units mechanically kept together. It is a body politic, with a life of its own, independent of the lives of the individuals who compose it, vivified by law, which is in a true sense its soul, and bearing to its constituent human atoms much the same relation as that which is borne by a man to the fleeting particles, in succession, vitally united to him. The individuals perish, but the nation lives ; endowed, indeed, with a kind of immortality in which they share. For "the act of a public society of men done five hundred years since standeth as theirs who presently are of the same societies. . . . We were then alive in our predecessors, and they in their successors do live still."† Of course this analogy between individual and national life, like all analogies, may be pressed too far. But it certainly holds good in one point very pertinent to my present subject. The Philosopher writes, "As the eye, and the hand, and the foot, and each of the various members evidently has its office, so, besides and beyond all this, there must be assigned an office to the man as such."‡ The same is true of the social organism. As the various individuals and classes of individuals who compose it have their several functions, so has the nation of which they form part its proper function. And as the function of the man, as such, is held to be "an active life, or activity of the soul in accordance

* See especially his "Comparative Politics" and the paper on "Race and Language" in the third series of his Historical Essays.

† Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," book i. c. 10.

‡ "Nic. Eth.," book i. c. 7.

with reason ;" so we may say, in the words previously cited from Spinoza, that "the end of the State is liberty ; that its citizens should in security develop soul and body, and make free use of their reason." But the State, as Burke somewhere expresses it, is simply "the nation in its corporate capacity." And the best form of the State at any period of a nation's history—for there is no immutably best form—is that which in the circumstances of the age best represents the nation for the purpose of this great end : which renders available its collective energy and intelligence for the defence and advancement of individual freedom. A keen observer of human nature has remarked, "All men taken singly are more or less selfish, and taken in bodies they are intensely so."* The great end of statecraft practically amounts then to this—to give due place in the government, according to their importance, to the varying jarring influences which make up society, and to guard against the undue preponderance of any. In the Middle Ages this was roughly done by the representation in the National Councils of the estates of the realm. The term has to a large extent lost its meaning in the greater complexity of modern Europe civilization. The words Spirituality, Nobility, and Commonalty by no means suffice to designate the classes which now go to make up the combination and subordination of civil life—classes which, from their very number and difference, are the great bulwarks of liberty, because the great factors of individualization. To vest absolute power in any one class is to inflict a monstrous injury upon the rest, and upon the whole community. But most fatal of all errors is the unchecked domination of the numerical majority, who must be, of necessity, the set of men least qualified to exercise it. It is profoundly observed by Maine de Biran—"The sovereignty of the people corresponds in politics to the supremacy of passions and sensations in philosophy and morals."† No doubt passions and sensations ought to be represented in the public order. If you ignore them, you ignore a large and most potent force in man. You cannot, indeed, ignore them. But if you give them absolute sway, the result inevitably is the deepest slavery. No proposition could be falser than that the numerical majority is the nation. Not only is it not the nation, but it is not even the most considerable element in the nation ; and to treat it as if it were is the surest way to ostracize the best and noblest, and to turn what should be the collective wisdom of the country into its collective folly—the natural prey of the charlatans, who trade in that spurious patriotism which has been aptly described as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." Mr. Gladstone has pointed out that the Parliamentary constitution of our fathers, including as it did "every variety of franchise from pure nomination by an individual down or up to household suffrage, . . . made an admirable provision for diversity of elements, for the representation of mind, for the political training from youth of the

* Shirley, c. 10.

† Maine de Biran : "Sa Vie et ses Pensées," p. 58.

most capable material of the country." It is gone, that old machinery. It was impossible to retain it, for it had had its day, and had become inadequate for its purpose. But in the preservation of its spirit, by whatever different methods and under whatever new forms, lies the only security for rational freedom and for that stability of government which is the essential condition of freedom. To obtain such a representation of the nation as shall be the nation in miniature, and shall truly present for the greatest advantage of the community its wealth, its industries, its numerical strength, its culture, its traditions—in a word, all the constituent elements which make it what it is—such is the problem which a people has, from time to time, to face and to solve, for there is no finality in politics. That we shall ever attempt to solve it upon the principles of '89, I take leave to disbelieve. I disbelieve it for many reasons, of which I will give here only one, but one which is to my mind conclusive. It is this: that the English nation differs as widely as is well conceivable in habits, instincts, aspirations—in a word, in inborn character—from the people of France, either as they were a hundred years ago or as they are to-day; and that this difference necessarily leads to an entirely different view of political questions. The French of the eighteenth century had forgotten to be free; and hence it is that their Revolution presents all the worst characteristics of a servile insurrection. The tyranny which culminated under Louis XIV., and which found in that monarch its most perfect type, had overthrown and crushed every instrument and tradition of liberty throughout France. The nobility, from the peers of the sovereign, had been degraded into his lackeys. The clergy, bound hand and foot by the fetters of the so-called Gallican liberties, had ceased to wear even the semblance of an independent order, and had sunk, in the general estimate, from the champions of popular right into the familiars of Absolutism. The old municipal liberties and local immunities which for ages had been the fortresses of freedom, had disappeared before that huge system of centralization, still in full vigour, which has converted the inhabitants of France into what one of their publicists has well called "*un peuple d'administrés prêts pour la dictature.*" No delusion is greater than that so widely current in the present day, that the aptitudes and habits of self-government are an essential part of man's nature. They are not congenital, but acquired, and that by a slow and painful process. The education of a nation in civic freedom is a long and difficult discipline. And to plunge a people who have not received that discipline, or have forgotten it, into so-called "representative institutions" is like throwing into the sea a man who does not know how to swim. It is the happiness of us Englishmen, that in a true sense (not the sense of the men of '89) we are "born free." The balance of mind, the political instincts, the public sense, which are engendered by ages of self government, are our inheritance—the inheritance, not of particular

sections of the community, but of the nation ; for, as Mr. Grote has somewhere observed, "The English mind is much of one pattern, take whatsoever class you will." We know that society cannot be a dead level of equality ; that it is necessarily a hierarchy ; and we prefer an aristocracy of wealth and rank, open to all, to an oligarchy of placemen ; for, after all, wealth and rank are but realized liberty. And possibly a dim apprehension of that fact has much to do with the veneration for a millionaire, the love of a lord, which are such well-marked traits in the English character. However that may be, it is certain that fortune and family exercise as potent an influence in modern England as they exercised in ancient Athens. There is no fear that in a country penetrated as ours is with the spirit of inequality and competition, riches and high social position will not wield their due power. The real danger is the other way. And it is precisely upon that account that the wide Parliamentary suffrage which prevails among us is not only safe, but a safeguard—the best pledge indeed of public security. Its ordinary depositary may not, indeed cannot from the nature of things, be very wise ; but even when he is least wise he has wisdom enough to know that he is not the equal of the neighbouring squire or banker, or doctor or attorney ; that he is less free than his neighbour who gets twice his wages, and has to support half his number of children ; that although perhaps "an honest man and a marvellous good bowler" he is not by nature or habit a model of virtue ; and that it is not contempt of men's rights, but neglect of men's duties, which is the principal cause of misfortunes whether private or public. And in the majority of cases—the experiment may easily be tried—he will plainly characterize any one who goes about to deny these palpable verities as a fool, strengthening the description probably by a favourite epithet, often, it must be owned, used without much nicety of discrimination, but here not infelicitous ; for the Jacobin agitator is apt from sanguine to become sanguinary, and is, at the least, potentially, a man of blood. The rights of the Man and the Citizen are generalities without substance, which awake no enthusiasm in the ordinary British voter. For his own concrete rights he—Smith, Jones, Brown—is deeply concerned. He is well aware what they are ; he knows how to guard them ; and he is not ignorant that they depend upon exactly the same footing as the rights of his richer or poor neighbours—"the security of law common to all." Such are the vast majority of the English people, and such they have been since England has been. Mr. Freeman* has told us, in his graphic way, how it was that our liberties "broadened down" in mediæval times ; how, if our ancestors "saw any practical abuses in the land, the king could get no money out of them until he set matters right again ;" how "if they saw a bad law, they demanded its alteration ; if they saw a wicked minister, they demanded his dismissal." And he adds, "It is this sort of bit-by-bit

* "Historical Essays," First Series, p. 45.

reform, going on for six hundred years, which has saved us alike from magnificent theories and from massacres in the cause of humanity." The influence of race, the impress given to national character by national history, are among the most ineradicable things in the world. A process of moral evisceration would be a necessary preliminary to our getting the principles of '89 into us. And the example of France is hardly an encouragement to us to submit ourselves to so uninviting an operation; "to be drawn and trussed in order that we may be filled, like stuffed birds in a museum, with chaff and rags, and paltry blurred shreds of paper about the rights of man."*

W. S. LILLY.

* Burke, "Reflections on the French Revolution."

A LAST WORD ON DISRAELI.

BY SHIRLEY.

IT must be now more than a quarter of a century since, in an article in *Fraser's Magazine*, the writer applied to Mr. Disraeli the fine lines which are to be found in the finest of our memorial poems:—

“ Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star,

“ Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

“ And, moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.”

The appositeness of the application was questioned, and the closing lines are descriptive of a commanding position which Mr. Disraeli had certainly not attained, at the time; yet the last quarter of a century has seen them come true to the letter. The brilliant leader of a forlorn hope has been, for the past ten years at least, one of the most potent forces of the Monarchy. Years before his death, indeed, his fame had ceased to be insular. Out of England he was the most famous of our statesmen; one of the two great figures of contemporary politics. In England we had Beaconsfield and Gladstone; in Europe they had Beaconsfield and Bismarck. And now, that potent personality has been withdrawn from the arena; and it is no longer the words of Tennyson, but of Pope, that return instinctively to the mind:—

“ Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
More silent far, where kings and poets lie.
Where Murray—long enough his country's pride—
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!”

There has been a surprising unanimity of opinion about Lord
VOL. XXXIX. 3 s

Beaconsfield in the public journals since his death. It is felt by all classes that a Prince and a great man has fallen in Israel. But it seems to me that the apologetic tone in which many of the most characteristic incidents of his life have been dealt with shows that the writers have failed to grasp the governing principle, the determining force, the vital idiosyncracies of his career. We have apologies for his early Radicalism; we have apologies for his conduct to Sir Robert Peel; we have apologies for his economical heresies; we have apologies for his Reform Bill; we have apologies for his foreign policy. *That* is the tone, for instance, which his eulogist in the leading journal adopts. If all these apologies are necessary, it is difficult to understand what is meant by the universal sorrow and sympathy that have been expressed, not only in England, but over Europe. Treated in this spirit, the character of Disraeli loses its picturesque identity—any credible likeness of the man in his habit as he lived becomes impossible—what we get is a mere *caput mortuum*. I believe (and I have enjoyed some rather unusual facilities for forming an opinion) that there is, throughout that remarkable career, from the point of view of the man himself, *an essential consistency*. I say, from *his* point of view; and that is the main matter; it is not necessary to maintain that the opinions which he held were wise or just, but only that they were sincere and his own.

More than thirty years have passed since, at our University Debating Societies, the character of Disraeli formed one of the stock subjects of controversy. The speeches of the majority of the members reflected the tone of the outside world, which was then ferociously unfair. Mr. Disraeli was being assailed from all sides: the Peelites were furious at the free lance who had driven them from office; the Whigs dimly recognized that a great and resolute will was marshalling the forces of their hereditary foes, and were bitter, in their icy way, against the plebeian chief who threatened their monopoly of power; the Tory squires eyed him suspiciously, and accorded him a languid and half-hearted support; the magnates of the newspaper press rudely ridiculed the political "adventurer" who had once wielded a pen. But at that time Mr. Disraeli was to *us* (there were not more than half a dozen of us, all told, if I remember rightly) what Thackeray was to Charlotte Brontë when to him, before the days of his fame, she dedicated "*Jane Eyre*;"—we detected in him "an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries had yet recognized." The smaller the sect the warmer the zeal; and the devotion which, through many disastrous years, a small band of true believers offered to Mr. Disraeli may have gained in intensity because we were *few*. There is a perilous delight in flinging oneself, heart and soul, into a losing cause, which the martyr at least can appreciate. Then, as we followed each other into the bigger world outside the college quadrangle, we carried our "testimony" along with us—the gospel according to Dizzy, as they called it in those days. Most

of us could do but little for the good cause, as we esteemed it. An occasional leader in a provincial journal, an occasional article in a London monthly—that was about the limit of our resources; though one of our number, to be sure, secured a wider influence and a larger audience; and I sometimes fancy that the change of tone and feeling which, about 1858, was perceptible in the Thunderer himself, is to be traced to the fact that a comrade, who had been rashly admitted within the temple, was then ministering on his altars. [Poor D——! He has gone over to the majority in far from triumphal fashion. By no fault of his own, it may be; for at best it is a hard life, and the rewards of letters are even more uncertain than those of politics or war. *Spes et premia in ambiguo; certa, funera et luctus.*]

My own share in this new crusade was but slight, yet it brought out to the full, in all sorts of pleasant and gracious ways, the generous nature of the man. As the years wore on, the scattered papers took shape and consistency; and at last, during 1862, in what was called a “political romance,” much that had been said by us in glorification of our leader in *Fraser* and elsewhere, was presented in concrete form to the public. “Mowbray” was the real hero of this “political romance;” and Mowbray was Disraeli under a thin disguise. Some of the pages devoted to him are yet, I think, vitally recognizable,—whereas the rest of it, after brief popularity, has long since fallen dead. Here are a few sentences, taken almost at random:—

“Here, then, they found one, who, though conversant with abstract systems, and with the artificial speculations of a literary life, had yet displayed an unrivalled capacity for the management of public affairs, and manifested incomparable energy, daring, and resolution, alike in the conception and in the achievement of a career. . . . Associated with the genius which Mr. Mowbray manifested in the conduct of practical politics, two features were very noticeable, especially in that intensely conscious and imitative age. Of all its public men, in the first place, he was the only one who relied implicitly upon himself. With cold precision he struck the blow that was, perhaps, to prove the turning-point of a difficult and protracted conflict; and, when he had done so, he was immediately content to hold his peace. . . . He had estimated the exact value of what he had achieved, and he was content in silence to abide the issue. It was from this characteristic that to many he seemed, as it were, to exert a direct and conscious control over his career,—as though he were not so much the creature of circumstances as other men, and had more thoroughly recognized and mastered the necessities of his position. He had *rehearsed* his career; and, consequently, he played his part with infinite accuracy and precision. And it was from this, moreover, that he never publicly manifested irritation, or annoyance, or vented his anger in the infelicitous language of passion. He was not moved, because he was thoroughly prepared. . . . Nor, in the next place, was it possible to mistake the *impersonal* nature of the man. There was no part of his career which did not bear a direct and intimate connection with the rest; but, whenever it had answered the purpose it was immediately designed to serve, it became detached and separated from him,—whenever it ceased to engage the active energies of his mind, he was able to criticize it with passionless historical impartiality, as an object out and apart from him, for which he was not in any wise solicitous or responsible.”

Originally published in *Fraser's Magazine* during 1862, the papers

were collected, towards the end of the year into a presentable volume, to which a preface was prefixed. Therein it was intimated by the author that the age of dedications, like the age of chivalry, had departed. "Had these pretty solemnities," it went on, "been still in fashion, I should have ventured to inscribe a political story to Mr. Disraeli; not merely because loyalty to one's leader is the first and most neglected of political virtues; not merely because that leader is to us in England what Tully was to his countrymen in Rome—*optimus omnium patronus*—but because I recognize in him, when dealing with social and religious controversies, a breadth of aim and generosity of sentiment which I do not find in his opponents, and which comprise the best and most sterling elements of Liberalism." We were informed at the time that Mr. Disraeli was quite pleased with the devotional attitude which the book and the preface together expressed; and, certainly, in the graceful little note which accepted the dedication (if it was a dedication) there is no hint that any fault was found with the portrait that had been limned:—

"Torquay, Dec. 28, 1862.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am honoured and I am gratified by the dedication of '*Thalatta*.'

"I entirely sympathize with the object of the work, which gracefully develops a tone of thought and sentiment on the prevalence of which the continued greatness of this country depends.

"Believe me,

"Your obliged Servant,

"B. DISRAELI."

There are one or two other letters to which I may here without impropriety refer,—one, especially, which throws a curiously direct light upon certain ambiguous incidents of his life. In an article in *Fraser* for May, 1864, the controversy between Lord Macaulay and Earl Stanhope (when Lord Mahon) had furnished the text for a discourse on the historical antecedents of our political parties.* A few extracts from the article are necessary to enable the reader to follow Mr. Disraeli's commentary:—

"The *gagge d'amour* which Lord Mahon undertook to defend against all comers was a somewhat startling paradox. 'I cannot but pause to observe,' he said, 'how much the course of a century has inverted the meaning of our party nicknames—how much a modern Tory resembles a Whig of Queen Anne's reign, and a

* Lord Stanhope afterwards pointed out to the writer that he had not followed the controversy to its close. "Allow me also to assure you," he wrote, on March 18, 1868, "of the gratification with which a year or two since I read the '*Campaigner at Home*.' I was only sorry that you had omitted from that interesting series of chapters the one which I had read as an article in *Fraser* as to the transmutation of the Whig and Tory parties, the controversy carried on, now thirty-five years ago, between my lamented friend Lord Macaulay and myself. Your discussion of it was, I thought, very good; and it would have been better still if you had followed it to its final close. For, if you will now refer to Lord Macaulay's second article on Lord Chatham, as published in the *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1841, and since collected in his *Essays*, you will find from the opening passages—enforced by a most ingenious illustration from Dante's '*Malebolge*'—that Lord Macaulay's opinion of the point at issue had come to be very nearly the same as mine. I ask pardon for having so long detained you."

I had forgotten, at the moment when the text was written, that the article of May,

Tory of Queen Anne's reign a modern Whig.' Mr. Macaulay lifted the glove. The modern Tories resembled the Whigs of Queen Anne's reign because the principles which these Whigs announced had been accepted by the Tories. The Whig had remained consistent; the Tory had come over to the enemy. It may be questioned whether the retort, though supported by Macaulay's fluent and facile logic, and adorned with a wealth of pictorial illustration, is entirely satisfactory. Is it fair to assume that a party must be inconsistent because it adopts a policy which, fifty years before, it had opposed? During these fifty years the world has altered. Truth, in a political sense, is a relative term. The science of politics is not one of the exact sciences. Lord Bolingbroke correctly described the duty of a practical statesman when he said to Sir William Windham, 'It is as much a mistake to depend upon that which is true, but impracticable at a certain time, as to depend on that which is neither true nor practicable at any time.' In this view, the Tory who votes against an extension of the franchise during one century, and who votes in favour of its extension during the next, may be acting not only with sagacity but with consistency. The Whigs did not, as a matter of fact, propose to reform the constituencies during the first half of the eighteenth century. Reform, as we understand it, was an unfamiliar idea to Somers and to Walpole. There were men of that generation who desired to subvert the Constitution, and there were men prepared to defend it in its integrity; but there was no middle party. The notion of constitutional reconstruction was the growth of a later age.

"Moreover, it is positively incorrect to affirm that during the early part of the eighteenth century the Whigs presented an advanced and the Tories a stationary policy. 'The absolute position of the parties,' Lord Macaulay remarked, 'has been altered; the relative position remains the same.' The proposition is directly at variance with the fact. As matter of fact, the parties *had* changed places. The order of Nature had been reversed. The tail went first: the head followed. And the anomaly is easily explained. The Tories wanted power; the Whigs possessed it. The Whigs had attacked the prerogative when it was directed against themselves, but the prerogative occasioned them no uneasiness when a Whig minister was in office. Impelled by similar motives, the Tories, when an unfriendly family of Dutchmen occupied the throne, were willing to impose limitations on that kingly authority which, as an ordinance of God, had once been vehemently defended by them. So, also, with regard to the question of electoral reform. As long as the Whigs corrupted the electoral bodies, the Tories clamoured for change; while the Whigs did not become reformers until the electoral bodies, under the second Pitt, went over by tens and by fifties to the Tories."

This is the commentary by Mr. Disraeli,—which, as I have said, is very curious and interesting:—

" Grosvenor Gate, May 16, 1864.

" DEAR SIR,

" I thank you for your article, which I received this morning. I read your criticisms always with interest, because they are discriminative, and are founded on knowledge and thought.

1864, was one of the "Campaigner at Home" series—a series which, when republished, elicited another letter from Mr. Disraeli, in which there is a pleasant glimpse of life at Hughenden:—

" Hughenden Manor, July 31, 1865.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" I am obliged to address you in your mask, for I cannot put my hand upon your letter, and therefore have lost your direction.

" Mrs. Disraeli is reading your 'Campaigner at Home,' and gave me last evening a most charming description of it.

" We brought it with us into the country. I was not surprised at her account, for I am well aware of the graceful fancies of your picturesque pen.

" Yours very faithfully,
" B. DISRAELI."

"These qualities are rarer in the present day than the world imagines. Everybody writes in a hurry, and the past seems quite obliterated from public memory.

"I need not remind you that Parliamentary Reform was a living question with the Tories for the quarter of a century, at least, that followed the Revolution of 1688. Not only Sir William Wyndham and his friends were in favour of annual parliaments and universal suffrage, but Sir John Hinde Cotton even advocated the ballot. These were desperate remedies against Whig supremacy. It appeared to me in 1832 that the Reform Act was another 1688, and that influenced my conduct when I entered public life. I don't say this to vindicate my course, but to explain it.

"So, also, I looked then—as I look now—to a reconciliation between the Tory party and the Roman Catholic subjects of the Queen. This led, thirty years ago, and more, to the O'Connell affair, but I have never relinquished my purpose; and have now, I hope, nearly accomplished it.

"If the Tory party is not a national party, it is nothing.

"Pardon this egotism, which I trust, however, is not my wont, and believe me,

"Dear Sir, with respect,

"Faithfully yours,

"B. DISRAELI."

I have said enough to show the cordial relations which Mr. Disraeli maintained with *outsiders*,—with men, I mean, who were neither in, nor of the parliamentary world; and it may be added that this pleasant facility of intercourse was maintained to the end. Just a year before he went out of office for the last time, a little brochure on the fierce philippics that were being directed against his "criminal" foreign policy elicited a word or two of graceful thanks:—

"Hughenden Manor,

"Jan. 6, 1879.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"It is capital; and worthy of the good old days of the *Rolliad* and the *Anti-Jacobin*.

"Yours faithfully and much obliged,

"BEACONSFIELD."

Before proceeding to discuss, with such light as we may have obtained,* what may be called Mr. Disraeli's political code,—the principles which underlie the whole of his public life, and explain, more or less satisfactorily, its apparent and superficial inconsistencies,—it will be well to look for a moment at the *manner* of man he was—the *personal* qualities which distinguished him throughout his career—the weapons (so to speak) with which Art and Nature had armed him to make his way through "the wilderness of the world."

One would hardly have fancied, after a passing glimpse of Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons thirty years ago, that this was a man of quite unusual energy and resource. The face was massive indeed, but impassive; and the habitual manner spoke of indolence and languor. He was as ceaselessly vigilant as a weasel or a fox; nothing escaped that exquisitely sensitive perception; yet he looked all the time as if he were

* I have other letters in my possession which show Mr. Disraeli's warmth and sensitiveness of feeling in a very unexpected way; but they relate to private matters, and can only be referred to now.

asleep. It was said long ago—it would be about the year '54, I think—that Sir Edwin Landseer had sent two pictures to the Exhibition which the Hanging Committee, in compliance with the rule of the Academy, prohibiting the introduction of political topics, had been compelled to reject. The pictures represented “Free Trade” and “Protection.” I forget what animal was selected to represent the genius of unrestricted competition,—possibly a group of Chicago pigs suffering from trichinosis (only the trichina was a later invention); but in a forlorn and emaciated donkey—and the venerable quadruped bore a curious resemblance to Mr. Disraeli—the principle of restriction received appropriate recognition. It is a pity, perhaps, that the Academy were so scrupulous; for in no other form could the remarkably hanging and drooping expression of his face and figure have been more aptly rendered. It was from this peculiarity, I fancy, that he always conveyed to the onlooker the notion of a man utterly bored. It is possible, of course, that these dramatic contrasts added to the ultimate effect. At all events there was something curiously calculated to arrest attention in hearing this man utter, in the presence of an august historical assembly, and in a manner languid and insipid beyond belief, the most felicitous subtleties of a critical intellect—the plainest and most lucid expositions of public law and national policy—the coldest, most bitter, direct, searching, and contemptuous irony that our mother-tongue is capable of conveying.

There can be no reasonable doubt now that Mr. Disraeli was a born leader. He belonged to the select class who are really capable of *ruling*. There are not many, in any age, to whom that supreme faculty has been accorded; and day by day their number is diminishing. We may call such a man Machiavelli or Mephistopheles; we may say that his aims are selfish, and that his instruments are base; but, at all events, his leadership is a real thing and not a sham. The magnetism which charms men into obedience is one of the rarest of gifts—too fine and impalpable for scientific analysis. And yet without it, in any real crisis, the world would be badly off. For it is better to have a bad government than no government at all—the existence of any government proving that the sense of order, at least, is not dead in the nation; and sheer anarchy being the most hopeless of conditions. And this was the feeling which was growing among the masses in this country when they saw how politicians failed to settle the question of Reform. The dealings of the House of Commons with the question of the franchise were bringing the Monarchy into disrepute. At length, Mr. Disraeli said “This question *must* be settled;” and quietly, steadily,—watchful and imperturbable as the Sphinx in Tenniel’s wonderful cartoon—he settled it. I don’t inquire now whether it was a good or bad settlement; but a settlement of any sort was an argument in favour of the Monarchy. After all, this Constitutional Government of ours was able to *do* something, not merely to *talk* about doing it. And as any Government is better than none, so it is better, I take it, to be governed by a real governor (though

indifferently honest) who understands his work, than by a sham governor—however eloquent and exemplary, in other respects, the sham may be. Who has not felt, of late years, that most of our so-called rulers were accidental fixtures only—that there was no true congruity between them and the business which they had undertaken? Lord Palmerston, no doubt, had some of the superficial elements in his nature which go to form a ruler; and, with calm sens and fair skies, he really was great in his own light, dexterous way; but to a man like Disraeli, of sedate yet daring temper and boundless resource, not to be compared for a day. We have plenty of fluent orators left; but put them side by side with Disraeli in the “*Iliad*,” and we find that it is the Tory chief who bears a family likeness to those great practical politic kings of men (as distinguished from the mere *talkers*) on whom, in Eöthen’s words, “the strong vertical light of Homer’s poetry falls.”

That a real leader must be more or less of a poet is a proposition that Mr. Carlyle would possibly have controverted. But it is true, nevertheless. Mr. Disraeli was a poet, in the sense that he possessed a powerful imaginative faculty;—not the imagination, it may be, which blossoms into poetry—into rhythm and ordered music; but the imagination which fires and kindles the intellect. A fantastic, ill-regulated imagination leads men astray; but true imagination, exalting and exciting, yet disciplining the mind, strengthens all its faculties. There is a visionary asceticism, no doubt, which reaches deep down into the life, and touches with its grotesque and whimsical colours every mood of the mind. Mr. Disraeli’s romance, on the contrary, was the mere by-play of his intellect, and did not disturb his working powers—his shrewdness, his sound sense, his knowledge of men. The grosser sort of mortals will not believe that a really practical politician can be a dreamer or a visionary. But this astutest of politicians was on one side of his mind an idealist; and, hence, no small measure of his power. Hence a certain loftiness of temper, which those who knew him best instinctively recognize without being able exactly to define; hence that decisive insight into character which sent a simple colonel of engineers to lead the English army in its brilliant dash upon the remote stronghold of King Theodore; hence that felicity of epithet, that choice use of words, that “distinction” of style, in which he excelled all contemporary speakers.

Speaking generally, an imaginative man is a magnanimous man; for the larger vision of the poet is incompatible with parochial pettiness. This was eminently the case with Disraeli; his temper was sweet, and he was neither spiteful nor malignant. Yet, men who were too dense and stupid to meet him in fair fight were always harping, parrot-like, on his vindictiveness. The fine edge of his intellect scared them, and they ran away exclaiming that the blow which they could not turn was foul. But what candid friend, with the best intentions, has succeeded in producing any specific act of meanness or baseness? He hit hard;

there were times when he asked no quarter and gave none; but still, upon the whole, he was a magnanimous foe, who fought above-board, who looked his enemy in the face, who was not treacherous. "He never feared the face of man;" and there are no traces in any part of his career of the *tricks* to which the coward resorts.

For, after all is said, one of the most noticeable qualities of Mr. Disraeli's intellect was its *fairness*. He was unfanatical. This neutrality of his seems to me to have sprung directly or indirectly from the ideality of which I have spoken. But whatever was the cause, the fact, I think, will not be disputed, except by the partisans who cannot see that the fine shafts of his irony were never dipped in the gall of malice or passion. At the head of a hot-tempered party stood a great neutral figure, supremely fair, tolerant, and impartial—it might be, as his enemies said, supremely indifferent.

But was the insinuation true—was it the fact that he wore his principles lightly? Most of us have what we call our principles, the sort of spiritual habit into which we were born; which we wear as we wear our clothes; and the continued reception of which does not imply any serious intellectual assent. That is one class of principles—Mr. Disraeli's unselfish loyalty to his race, for instance, was a principle belonging to a very different class. For the principle of Jewish enfranchisement he encountered much unmerited ridicule and invective; for it he was content deliberately to relinquish the highest object of his ambition. Surely *that* was a principle tenaciously adhered to and strenuously vindicated—bearing a much more direct and intimate relation to his life than "principles" commonly do. It must be confessed that Mr. Disraeli was not so oppressively serious as the Modern Radical is. But the Modern Radical would be a greater man if he could laugh at a joke—especially at a joke against himself. Holding that political and financial arrangements are very much matter of time and chance, Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, could not elevate a tax into an article of faith, or the tax-gatherer into a minister of religion. And hence his "levity" was the cause of much very virtuous reprobation.

That there was an immense fund of gaiety in Mr. Disraeli's nature is true. Like old James Carlyle of Ecclefechan, he "never looked back," He did not indulge in unavailing regrets. He accepted the inevitable with unshaken composure. He would not allow blunders and miscarriages and misfortunes to touch him over keenly. He kept them at arm's length—his spirit was not to be clouded and stifled by the too close pressure of calamity. The gaiety was quite spontaneous; at times it had to be held in check; though even in solemn public assemblies, the mocking spirit of Puck (as in the assault on Lord Shaftesbury and his broad phylacteries) would sometimes break loose. When in Edinburgh during 1867, he had a great and enthusiastic reception from the democracy. "We did not go to bed till quite late," he said next morning. "Mrs. Disraeli and I were so delighted with our meeting,

that we danced a Scotch reel" (or was it an Irish jig?) "over it in our bedroom."

Of the dauntless courage of the man it is unnecessary to speak. He did not know what timidity or weakness meant,—the careless audacities and surprises of his policy indeed implying the possession of a temper that was above fear. The speculative intrepidity which gives a peculiar charm to his books was thus the native language of a character which in the most absolute sense was self-reliant. A great critic has said that Byron was a pure elemental force in English poetry; in the same sense, we may say that Disraeli was a pure elemental force in English politics. No man was less under the sway of current influences. The authority of contemporary opinion did not enslave him as it does most of us. Of all our politicians he was the only one who dared to be eccentric. He never quailed from first to last. On the night of his death, they say, after a violent spasm of breathlessness he lay back murmuring in a low voice, "I am overwhelmed." Yet, a little later, "he raised himself from the pillows which supported him, threw back his arms, expanded his chest, and his lips were seen to move as if he was about to speak." To the friends who were at his side, the gesture was familiar—it was thus that he rose in the House of Commons to reply to Gladstone, to Bright, to Russell, to Palmerston, to Peel. The action certainly was highly characteristic. He was not beaten—he would not give in—he was still eager for the fray.*

And it is to be noted that while he was not moved by the jeers and taunts of his foes, he was always able to resist—what is far more difficult to resist—the reproaches of his friends. He had to "educate" his party up to his own level, and full grown men do not take their education easily. There can be no doubt, for instance, that a large majority of the Tory squires shared the opinion of Mr. Gladstone—that Jefferson Davis had created a people. But Mr. Disraeli remained incredulous: he had no belief in the creative force of anarchy; the unity of America was an idea that appealed directly to his imagination; and, when the secret history of these years is written, it will be found that his firmness mainly contributed to the preservation of friendly relations with our kinsmen across the sea.

It was impossible that the literary expression of a man so gifted, whether in the senate or in the closet, whether with tongue or pen, could be otherwise than fine. It has been the fashion, all along, to speak slightly of Mr. Disraeli's novels. I cannot agree with the verdict, which seems to me essentially superficial. There can, I think, be no doubt that the later novels—not "Lothair" and "Endymion," which were written when the pen had been laid aside too long to be resumed with perfect freedom and mastery, but "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred"—disclose a supreme literary faculty of its kind. There

* According to another version his last words were—"Is there any bad news in the *Gazette*?"—which reminds one of Pitt.

are often, no doubt, curiously immature passages in Mr. Disraeli's writings—passages of laboured and tawdry rhetoric, which are brought into unfortunate and undesirable prominence by the airy finish and eminent exactness of the setting. But such passages are rare in "Coningsby;" and in "Sybil" and "Tancred" there is all the mellowness of consummate work. Matthew Arnold complains (not unjustly) of "the hard metallic movement" of Macaulay. But there is no hard metallic movement, but only the soft play of life, in that gay dialogue of Disraeli's—which indeed is finer than Congreve's. Then, the irony of the novels is as delicate and incisive as the irony of the speeches—the implied and constructive irony which is the last refinement of banter, of which we see no sign in the emphatic satire of Dryden, only an occasional trace in the balanced invective of Bolingbroke and Pope, but which bursts into perfect flower in the serious books of Thackeray, and the satirical speeches of Disraeli. And the character-sketches are almost perfect in their way—painted with a force and clearness that has seldom been surpassed. One figure, especially, is worked out with pitiless consistency and untiring scorn; Taper, Tadpole, Mrs. Guy Flouncey, Count Mirabel, and the rest, might have been drawn by Congreve; the blustering baseness of Rigby is worthy of Ben Jonson alone.

The literary excellence of the *speeches* is quite as remarkable. Such airy quizzing, such good-natured banter, such brilliant *chaff*, was never before heard in the House of Commons. The invective against Sir Robert Peel is somewhat overdone, perhaps; but the lighter sketches of Wood, and Russell, and Palmerston, are inimitable; and it may confidently be affirmed that, in the fine but dangerous science of parliamentary fence, Mr. Disraeli has had no rival since Bolingbroke.

It may be true, it is true, that the eloquence of the demagogue—meaning thereby the eloquence of the man who can sway the *dem* by the magic of consummate speech—was not within the reach of Disraeli. It is notorious, however, that the strongest men fail as he did, and for the same reason. The magic which bewitches the multitude is (so to speak) the melody of the Æolian harp,—it is the *wind* itself incarnated into articulate music. So that the men who wield it are generally deficient in native insight, in independent force, in tough moral fibre; and their golden words remind us less of the Sermon on the Mount, than of the Song of the Lurlei,—the voice whose fatal sweetness, in union with no responsible will, lures men, to their destruction, into the depths.

That Disraeli's speaking raised the tone of the House of Commons, which before his time was growing *stovenly*, is generally admitted now. He showed it that the weapons of the old orators had not lost their cunning; that wit and ridicule, and choice words, and the fire of genius, were still potent factors in human affairs. Already, indeed, the House of Commons is not what it was when he left it. That light gleaming weapon of his—so dainty, so airy, so impalpable, and yet so deadly,—

not only silenced rudeness and violence; it made such things impossible. They were forced to admit that they were vulgar, incongruous, and out of place; and they slunk away to more congenial haunts. But now the bores and the pedants and the obstructionists have taken heart of grace: and after nights of confused clamour, when patience and reticence, and self-respect and self-restraint, have been cast off like an old cloak, not alone from the members of the Opposition will the cry be heard—"O for one hour of Disraeli!"

A great speech by Mr. Disraeli is a study in itself. A collection of them will be made some day, and whoever aspires to become an orator, will do well to read, mark, and inwardly digest them. Meanwhile, here is one lying at hand—a reprint of the speech on the labours of the session, delivered in August, 1848, which has much of the lightness, brightness, and deftness of his best mood. The Ministry had been complaining of the loquacity of the House of Commons. Mr. Disraeli undertook to vindicate the House; and in a footnote I have tried, very ineffectively I fear, to bring together one or two of the salient points of an address which absolutely sparkles with epigram.*

* He began by stating that the charge had been preferred, not only by individual members, but by the official organ of the Ministry. Lord John Russell here inquired if it was the *London Gazette*. "No," said Mr. Disraeli, "it was not the *London Gazette*, but a journal to which far more momentous official secrets were entrusted." And then, with becoming solemnity and amid roars of laughter, he proceeded to read the extract:—"We have authority to state (of course, if it was a forgery the Treasury Bench could contradict the statement) 'that the fish-dinner which was fixed for the 19th, is postponed till the 26th.' This postponement is occasioned by the vexatious discussions in the House of Commons, the mania for talk among the members," &c. This was the key note of the speech, and the speaker then proceeded to show that the delay had been solely occasioned by the incapacity of Ministers themselves, Sir Charles Wood being the chief culprit. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had commenced his labours by advising the Directors of the Bank of England to break the law, and he had continued ever since to cackle over the achievement.

"I sorely know to what to compare his conduct, except something that occurs in a delightful city of the South. A procession moves through the streets, in which the blood of a saint is carried in a consecrated vase. The people throng round the vase, and there is a great pressure, as there was in London at the time to which I am alluding. This pressure in time becomes a panic, just as it did in London. It is curious that in both cases the cause is the same—it is a case of congealed circulation (laughter). Just at the moment when unutterable gloom overspreads the population, the Chancellor of the Exchequer—I beg pardon, the Archbishop of Trento, announces the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood—as the Chancellor of the Exchequer announces the issue of a Government letter. In both instances a wholesome state of currency returns; the people resume their gaiety and cheerfulness, the panic and the pressure disappear, everybody returns to music and inebriation, as in London everybody returns to business, and in both cases the remedy is equally efficient, and equally a box (laughter and cheers)."

Mr. Disraeli then proceeded to narrate the history of the successive Budgets which the Chancellor had subsequently introduced and withdrawn. Some time ago they had had one Government of all the talents: this was the Government of all the Budgets. In spite of the great events that had since occurred in Europe, he still recollected the first Budget. It was communicated to the House by the Prime Minister in person. Tanquerist itself could not have arranged a programme more magnificent and more solemn. But its main proposal—that the income tax should be doubled—was greeted with a howl of resentment. So it was necessary to withdraw Budget No. 1, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was put forward to explain the speech of his chief. Mr. Disraeli had listened with delight to the classic eloquence of the Premier, and had no notion that his exposition had been enveloped in such a Theban mist. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer was the man to put a thing right (loud laughter). So the first Budget was withdrawn; a second was thereafter presented to them in the handsomest manner; later on, a third, of the nature of an impromptu to be sure, was thrown carelessly on the table; and at last, in July, the fourth was produced.

"Alas for this fourth Budget! I shall never forget the scene. It was a dreary moment. It

So much for the man; what then were the principles which inspired the whole of his public life, and which explain, more or less completely, its apparent and admitted inconsistencies? The cardinal articles of his creed were (1) that it is the *character* of a nation which makes and keeps it great; and (2) that it is the first business of a statesman to wage war against the evil habits and the false opinions which by sapping and enfeebling the national character, produce cowardice, corruption, and effeminacy. But the statesman's functions do not end here,—it is necessary, moreover, that a high conception of national duties and national responsibilities should be maintained among the people. In short, the preservation of our position as one of the governing races of mankind was—from first to last—the *motive* of his political career.

It was, he considered, the vice of the time that these cardinal principles of statesmanship had been lost sight of by our rulers. The extension of education was the panacea of one set of politicians; the extension of the suffrage of another set; the disestablishment of the Church of a third; the adoption of the ballot of a fourth; and so on. Now, in Mr. Disraeli's view, all this was beside the mark. Mr. Lowe had said that an uneducated people was unfit to govern itself,—which was true in certain technical senses; but, after all, character was greater than culture. Education was immensely important, no doubt; but education would never make a people great, if the national character was weak and unstable. The capacity for greatness must run in the blood of the people, as it had run in the Greek, the Hebrew, the Roman, and the Teutonic races. Mr. Disraeli had confidence in the character of the English people, to whatever station they belonged. We had been a great, reasonable, moderate, moral people for a good many

irresistibly reminded me of a celebrated character who, like the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had four trials in his time, and whose last was the most unsuccessful. I mean the great hero of Cervantes when he returned from his fourth and final expedition. The great spirit of Quixote had subsided (laughter); all that sally of financial envalry which cut us down at the beginning of the session, and which cantered over us in the middle, was gone (laughter). The villagers, like the Opposition, were drawn out to receive him; and Cervantes tells us that although they were aware of his weakness, they treated him with respect (great laughter). His immediate friends—the barber, the curate, the bachelor Sampson "Carasco" (here the speaker glanced along the Treasury Bench)—were assembled, and with demure reverence and feigned sympathy they greeted him, broken in spirit, and about for ever to renounce those delightful illusions under which he had sallied forth so triumphantly; but just at the moment when everything, though melancholy, was becoming—though sad was in the best taste—Sancho's wife rushes forward and exclaims, "Never mind your kicks and cuffs, so you've brought home some money." Cheers and laughter. But this was just the thing that the Chancellor had not got. (Cheers.)

No, there had been no obstruction to business on the part of the House, though, to be sure, the year 1848 had furnished plenty of material for obstruction, had they chosen to use it. "During the ten months we have been sitting here there has been sedition in England, insurrection in Ireland, and revolution in Europe. I should like to have seen the Whigs in Opposition with such advantages as these 'cheers and laughter.'" The peroration is one of the finest to be found in Mr. Disraeli's speeches; but it is only when taken in connection with the rest of the speech that its full artistic effect is appreciated. Throughout the whole of that easy and artless prattle, so innocent, so charming, so ingenuous, the orator has been steadily working up to the climax. It is the case of Congreve's heroine, —

"Artless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected."

hundred years past, and the weight, and gravity, and deliberate justice of our national character had always, and would always control our legislation. The idea of the delirious levities of a French Revolution being transacted among ourselves, was one which he could not realize. If we did come to revolution, we would accomplish it soberly and gravely,—“sadly” as Froissart says, after the manner of our countrymen. We might be reasonably certain at least, that even household suffrage would not induce the lower to chop off the heads of the upper classes—could not possibly lead to Robespierre and the guillotine. “For my part I have faith in the people of England—in their genius and in their destiny.”

But it appeared to Mr. Disraeli, when he entered public life, that the national character was in grave peril. The mean modern spirit was infecting and contaminating the high spirit of the past. England was ceasing to be the England of Elizabeth, of Cromwell, of Chatham, of Pitt. The maxim of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest had supplanted the old heroic watchwords of a people who could not brook defeat, and who had withstood a world in arms. The high spirit of an Imperial race, without which, as Burke had said, “your army would be a mob, and your ships no better than rotten timbers,” had been enfeebled by success. The generous ideals of a great nation had been buried out of sight, and the people were being taught that to vote at elections and to make money as fast as possible were the conditions of national happiness. In Disraeli’s view this teaching was radically unsound. England would fall as Tyre had fallen, as Venice had fallen, if the sordid maxims of the money-market were permitted to replace the wider conceptions of national well-being which our forefathers had cherished. So he would have the nation touched to finer issues—he would appeal to the imagination, the loyalty, the religion, the venerable traditions, the obedient valour of a great race; and, drawing assurance from the past, would seek security for the future. This was Disraeli’s conception of the New Crusade, which he and his friends were to undertake; and which, of course, could only be worked out in this country through a Parliamentary career. It was necessary, therefore, that he should attach himself to one of the great political parties; and, on the whole, even on the showing of their opponents, the high spirit of the English of Agincourt and the Armada was best represented by the party which, within living memory, had been led by Canning and by Pitt.

Now, if we keep this key-note steadily before us, I do not think that we shall find much difficulty in disposing of most of the worst charges that have been brought against Mr. Disraeli.

1. The youthful affinity with Radicalism may, on one side, as he has pointed out in the letter already quoted, be traced to his antipathy to the Whigs. To the hard, dry, unimaginative Whigs he had no doubt a mortal dislike. Their solemn fumbling with difficult questions had the same effect on him that the “sonject” and “omject” of poor old

Coleridge had on Carlyle. The Whig nobles were to his mind a misshapen edition of the Venetian oligarchy in its decline, and their consciousness of the scope of national life were as bare, meagre, and barren. Not to youthful enthusiasm does the *Civitas Dei*, which Radicalism seeks to reach, appear so hopelessly far away;—it is later in life that we discover that this Holy City is far less accessible than we had fancied. But it is pretty clear that the moment Disraeli found out what economical Radicalism meant, as embodied in the persons of Joseph Hume and his friends, he beat a speedy retreat from their camp. *That*, at all events, was not Jerusalem.

It is not at all surprising, indeed, looking to his early schooling, or lack of schooling, that his first essays in practical politics should have been somewhat erratic. He was hardly a child of our prosaic England,—either by temperament or by training. The public school and the University knew him not. Sole sitting by the shores of old Romanes—at Venice, at Damascus, on the plain of Troy, in the Desert—he had worked out the puzzles of life according to his own lights, and had rehearsed a career. He was intoxicated with youth, with genius, with the memories of the past that were round about him, with his own vivid sense of the future that was in store for him. What a life!—passion and poetry tempered by epigram; but scarcely a fit preparation for a seat on a back bench of the House of Commons, or for a steady-going hack in official harness.

2. But, if he naturally gravitated to the Tories, as the only possible party to which he could ally himself, it must have been clear from the first that any cordial alliance between Sir Robert Peel and this brilliant dreamer was out of the question. It has been said that he was willing enough to serve under Peel,—which is probably true enough. He knew the conditions of public life in England, and would have worked with Peel as with others. But it would have been against the grain; for the antagonism between the two men was vital. Disraeli was, in certain moods, as much a Bohemian as Heine; and Peel was a Philistine of the Philistines. The rupture between the timid Harley and the daring Bolingbroke was, in the nature of things, not more inevitable. Sooner or later, it must have been war to the knife. How was agreement possible between the pure naked intellectual force of Disraeli and the timid empiricism of Sir Robert? And Disraeli had his special grievance—Sir Robert had infected the party which he led with his own timidity. That party, as we have seen, was identified with the high spirit and the unshaken traditions of England; but, under the manipulation of Peel, it had come to be only a weak reflection of the faction which it opposed. It existed, strange, but only in a deprecatory half-hearted way. It could not say that Catholic Emancipation, Reform, Irish Disestablishment, were all good things in their way—though not to be had just yet, or until the pressure was a little more severe. It was thus a negation of policy.

"a sort of hum-drum hocus-pocus in which the Order of the Day was moved to take in a nation." The merciless severity of the attack on Sir Robert has been often reprobated; but, after all, it proceeded on intellectual and not on personal lines. It was the intellectual poverty of the policy which roused his scorn. A statesman?—why, a statesman was a man who connected himself with some great idea, not a man who trimmed his course according to the weather. Such a man was as much a great statesman as the man who got up behind a carriage was a great whip. In all the dreary pages of Sir Robert's interminable talk reported in "Hansard," there was not a single happy expression, nor a single original thought—his whole life, indeed, had been one great Appropriation Clause. And now, he had found the Whigs bathing, and had run away with their clothes! Then look at his parliamentary tactics. Whenever he had a big measure to introduce, he was sure to rest it on the smallest precedents; he was always tracing the steam-engine back to the tea-kettle; in fact, all his precedents were "tea-kettle" precedents. Of course the charge of betraying his friends was urged more than once; but even Sir Robert's warmest admirers could not deny that he had deserted his party. Like the Turkish Admiral, who after being embraced by the Sultan and prayed for by the muftis, he had steered his fleet straight into the enemy's port. The Turkish admiral, to be sure, had been much misunderstood and misrepresented. He, too, had been called a traitor. But he vindicated his conduct. He said—"True it is, I did place myself at the head of this valiant armada—true that my sovereign embraced me, and that all the muftis in the kingdom prayed for the success of the expedition. But I had an objection to war; I saw no use in prolonging the struggle; and the only reason for my accepting the leadership was, that I might terminate the contest by betraying my master." This is pungent and incisive criticism no doubt; but does it exceed the license of fair parliamentary invective? Sir Robert was wounded to the quick: he winced visibly under the attacks, and spoke of them "in moments too testy for so great a man to indulge in." But the scorn was perfectly genuine; the satire, though direct and cutting, was entirely impersonal; and the mute reproach of a party which felt that it had been betrayed was sure to find expression sooner or later. *Si tu oblitus es, at Dii meminerunt, meminil Fides.* But it was certainly unlucky for Sir Robert that the greatest master of irony in our tongue should have been in Parliament at the time.

3. What has been already said will explain the attitude of Mr. Disraeli to the doctrines of the Manchester economists. Free trade might or might not be in accordance with the immutable laws which govern the universe; but it was quite clear to his mind that a school which ostentatiously aspired to make England the market-place of the world, and nothing more, had misread the lessons of history. Nations do not live on bread alone, and the politicians who proclaimed that

material prosperity was better worth living for than heroic ideas were sapping the springs of national greatness. "I see no reason why you, too, should not fade like the Tyrian dye, and moulder like the Venetian palaces."

4. That Mr. Disraeli should, by the Reform Bill of 1867, have introduced household suffrage, is sometimes considered the crowning proof of his want of principle. We have seen that there was no particular reason why Reform should be considered the exclusive preserve of the Whigs. Nor was there any reason why the Tory party in 1867 should have been anxious to abide by the tentative settlement of 1832. That settlement had given the government to their rivals; during the thirty-five years that had elapsed they had not been in office for seven. Many of the ablest of the party, moreover, had objected to Reform, not on grounds of principle, but because they held that a continual *tinkering*, an annual disturbance of the Constitution was inconvenient and dangerous. These men had maintained that, in the meantime, the suffrage should be left untouched, but that when a change became inevitable, it was for the interest of the nation that a permanent settlement should be effected; and at any figure below household suffrage they found no principle of permanence. Nor can it be denied that throughout his whole political career Mr. Disraeli had held this view. He held that the settlement of 1832 was a Whig settlement; that it had swept away the early popular franchises; that the old alliance between the country party and the people should, if possible, be restored. "If the Tory party is not a national party, it is nothing." All this is on record; and the reader who will turn to the debates on the first Reform Bill will find that Sir Robert Peel, in somewhat different words, had even then said the same thing. Neither the leaders nor the party they led can, in this view, be fairly accused of immorality when, in 1867, perceiving that Reform had become a State necessity, they boldly determined to *settle* the question—for a generation at least. The time had come when a calculated rashness, an intrepid and generous confidence, constituted the truest prudence.

But to Mr. Disraeli such a change was acceptable on other grounds. The stolid Ten-Pounder, in whom the franchise had been vested, was of all classes in the country the least accessible to ideas. There might be danger in the "leap in the dark;" but, to leave the future of the country in the hands of men who present (in Mr. Arnold's words) "a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, and a low standard of manners," was certain death. If it be true that political institutions rest on national character, an institution resting on a character like *that* was obviously in a very hopeless condition. It is possible that Mr. Disraeli, with his immense conviction of the importance of character to a nation, may have entertained an undue contempt for the working machinery of the constitution. Political arrangements and contrivances were valuable

in his eyes only in so far as they enabled the classes which were most accessible to the idea of national greatness to wield political power. In this sense he was the most radical of our statesmen; a £10 franchise, a £5 franchise, household suffrage, manhood suffrage—what did it matter, so long as the end was attained?

5. It has been said, indeed, that his policy towards Ireland was exceptionally feeble and colourless. On the contrary, it seems to me to have been the only policy that of late years has had any chance of success. We have been governing Ireland for some time according to "Irish ideas," and we are beginning to reap what we have sown. A very plentiful harvest of "Irish ideas" is now in the market. But according to Mr. Disraeli's view, Ireland was an imperfectly civilized country, in which every germ of civilization needed to be vigilantly guarded. "What always strikes me as a general principle with regard to Ireland is, *that you should create and not destroy.*" The logic of Lord Macaulay on the Irish Church question, for instance, might be absolutely unanswerable; but there were deeper issues involved than logic would solve. If we destroyed the Irish Church, we destroyed an organization which not only restrained the fanaticism, but stimulated the culture, of an imperfectly developed society. "Religious equality" was a plausible, if ambiguous, watchword; but religious equality in Ireland meant religious intemperance, religious anarchy, religious riot. The Irish Church, from the peculiarities of its position, had become in many districts simply a lay institution devoted to charitable and unsectarian purposes. The parson in such communities was nothing more than an Irish or English gentleman—better educated, less fanatical, more liberal-handed than his neighbours; and the "Protestant ascendancy" meant only the natural ascendancy of skill and energy and intelligence over ignorance and indolence and superstition—the inevitable ascendancy of strong, sensible, God-fearing men. At the same time the Catholic Church itself was another bulwark against the anarchy of barbarism; and its ministers should have been attached to the State by the ties of interest and gratitude. "So, also, I looked then, as I look now, to a reconciliation between the Tory party and the Roman Catholic subjects of the Queen. I have never relinquished my purpose, and have now, I hope, nearly accomplished it." It is a thousand pities that he failed. For the rest, he would have sent a "Lord High Deputy" across the Channel with "full powers," and instructions to give every man justice, and justice only,—justice meted out with inexorable impartiality,—justice that cordially encouraged virtue, sobriety, industry, thrift,—justice that sternly repressed mendacity, anarchy, self-indulgence.

6. The foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield between 1876 and 1880 was, in point of fact, the realization on a great scale of all his previous teaching. England had been effaced in Continental Europe; she was again to speak with the voice of Chatham and of Pitt. The stimulating

inspiration of Imperial duties and Imperial responsibilities was again to appeal to the conscience of the people.

That Mr. Disraeli was "un-English" was the monotonous refrain of Mr. Grant-Duff's vacation soliloquies. "Mr. Disraeli is an Englishman because he will, not because he must. His outer life is identified with ours, but his inner life belongs to another race and to another history. All English politics are to him only a game." But, seriously speaking, the kind of talk which makes Mr. Disraeli a sort of Bedouin sheik who has just stepped out of the desert into our drawing-rooms, scarcely deserves the name of criticism. The critic who fancies that a man whose father and grandfather were English citizens cannot be an Englishman because he has a dash of alien blood in his veins, must know little of ethnology. It is possible, indeed, that such a man may not be so insular in his prejudices as a Cumberland squire. He is by race, perhaps, more a citizen of the world. But it is clear, looking to his whole career, that Mr. Disraeli was inspired throughout by a sense of the greatness of England; that the spectacle of this famous, historical world-wide dominion fascinated his imagination; and that, in his foreign as in his domestic policy, he was animated by no mean or unworthy ambition, but by the profound conviction that he was adding to her security and her renown.

The Imperial and the Parochial types of character have always been sharply opposed; and, in the meantime, the former is under a cloud. The policy of "brag and bluster" has been succeeded by one which is supposed to be better adapted to the necessities of commerce. Whether the one or the other will best secure the ultimate well-being of the Empire is a question that need not now be discussed. The opinion of Europe, indeed, has been already expressed in no measured terms. "Brag and bluster!" said the Regierungsrath of Sauerkraut to me a year ago, as we were sailing up the Königsee: "Brag and bluster! And why not? What is the good of appealing to a polar bear in honeyed accents? Brag and bluster, indeed! Don't you see, mein guter freund, that these were the only arguments the barbarians could understand? If the clamour of vindictive philanthropy had not drowned and discredited the plain speaking of your Prime Minister, the Czar would have thought once, twice, and thrice before he started for Constantinople. To philander with philanthropy may be a cheap amusement in quiet times; but when a hundred thousand lives are sacrificed to its cultivation, it becomes a costly and poisonous luxury. The sinister forces with which he had to contend may have proved too strong for Lord Beaconsfield; foreign foes and domestic faction may have prevented him from doing all that he designed; but in a great world-crisis he bore himself steadfastly, patiently, strenuously, heroically; and he imparted his own spirit to England. And more than that, mein herr, much more if your people had but known it, your patriot minister, in his struggle with the barbarian, had all free Europe at his back."

So far the Regierungsrath of Sauerkraut ; but the Regierungsrath is only a German Liberal, and not an English Radical. The British Radical knows better ; his animosity to Imperialism is unappeased and unappeasable ; and even in the grave his victims are not safe. At all events, the proposal to erect a monument to Benjamin Disraeli in that historic temple of our race, "where kings and poets lie," ought not to have been entertained. The nice susceptibilities of Mr. Labouchere and his friends below the gangway should have been consulted. Well, it does not much matter to us, or to—*him*. He has a more lasting monument in the heart of England ; and the memory of a great career will outlive the bronze and marble of the Abbey.

His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever ; and, whatever tempests lour,
For ever silent ; even if they broke
In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke.

J. S.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

DE mortuis nil nisi bonum is a proverb of which the spirit is excellent, but the literal acceptance obviously inadmissible. I take it to mean that we should judge men who are dead, and therefore no longer able to defend or explain themselves, not in a spirit of strict justice, which is often *summa injuria*, but in a spirit of equity which, according to Aristotle,* "is not prone to press the law on the worse side, but rather to make allowance even when the strict letter of the law would justify a contrary judgment." The truly equitable temper "believeth all things, hopeth all things," of the dead, so far as loyalty to truth will permit.

It is in this spirit that I shall endeavour to write the following pages. There is much in Lord Beaconsfield's character and career that has always excited my strongest antipathy; much also that has not less strongly won my sympathy and admiration. In the first speech which he made in the House of Commons after his appointment as Premier, in 1868, he referred modestly and with some pathos, to the "personal and peculiar" circumstances which had made his political career so unique and so arduous. Those circumstances are probably unanswerable, to a degree not commonly suspected, for what even a friendly judgment must condemn in Lord Beaconsfield's character and career. "The childhood shows the man as morning shows the day."[†] A bias received in early years is not easily overcome, and the circumstances of Lord Beaconsfield's early life seem to me to supply a clue to the startling contradictions which meet in his character. Some of his Parliamentary and literary attacks—his invectives against Sir Robert Peel, for example, and his cruel treatment of Croker in "*Chatterbox*"—are obviously calculated to suggest the idea of a "Red Indian of debate," as Sir James

* "*Ética*," book v. c. 2.

† *Quintus*, "*De Reg.*" c. 220.

Graham once characterized Mr. Disraeli. Yet so admirable a husband and so true a friend was clearly not deficient in generous and amiable qualities. Sometimes, too, we may find it hard to reconcile his treatment of public questions with our standard of political rectitude. But our standard was not his, and if we would be just to him we must look at the matter, so far as we can, from his point of view. This is what I propose to do in the observations which I now venture to lay before the reader.

Home influences, which generally play so important a part in the formation of character, do not appear to have been very propitious in Lord Beaconsfield's case. His mother seems to have been a commonplace woman, who left no particular mark on her famous son. His father was a freethinker in religion and a sort of Tory-Democrat in politics. Educated partly in Holland and partly in Paris, he returned to England towards the close of last century with a mind saturated with Voltairean scepticism on moral and religious questions. The picture which his son has drawn of him corresponds but slightly with the original. "He had not a single passion or prejudice," says Lord Beaconsfield; "all his convictions were the result of his own studies, and were often opposed to the impressions which he had early imbibed." On the contrary, Mr. Isaac Disraeli was full of passion and prejudice, as any one will see who will wade through his controversy with Mr. Bolton Corney. Mr. Corney proved, not only that the "*Curiosities of Literature*," in so far as that work was original, was full of blunders, but—still worse—that when it was free from blunders it was a plagiarism from French sources. The manner in which Mr. Isaac Disraeli resented this exposure shows anything but freedom from "passion or prejudice." He stoutly denied the justice of the accusation, which he puts down to the malicious envy of his assailant, whom he denounces as "ribald," a "carle," a "pig in a drawing-room," and a "literary yahoo." His son, as was natural, caught the contagion of this style of polemics, and exhibited a variety of specimens of it between his thirtieth and fortieth years. But the House of Commons cured him of it, and the invectives against Sir Robert Peel are generally as polished as they are piercing.

Like his son afterwards, Mr. Isaac Disraeli began his literary career with a "*Romance in three volumes*," which reached a second edition. I have not read the book; but it is described as follows by Mr. Hitchman, one of Lord Beaconsfield's most ardent admirers, and the most eulogistic of his biographers: "It is flippant, dull, and rather vulgar; many of the jests are grossly indecent; and as the principal object of the author's somewhat lumbering satire is scientific research—of which he knew nothing—it may readily be imagined that he has succeeded more in exposing his own ignorance than in proving his opponents in the wrong."

Mr. Isaac Disraeli's mother fiercely resented the degradation of her race. But it was not on the oppressors, but on the oppressed, that she

She hated the people from whom she derived her origin, an alien and a degraded race, and the son inherited her scorn. The letter in which he refused the invitation to the Synagogue is, according to Mr. Hitchman, "a masterpiece of contemptuous reasoning with those whose obstinate adherence to obsolete tradition had made it impossible for men of refinement to join in their worship." And in his book "The Genius of Judaism"—for my knowledge of which I am indebted to Mr. Hitchman—Mr. Isaac Disraeli disposes of the Jewish people in the following cavalier fashion: "It is evident to all men, that a considerable portion of the Mosaic code could not be designed for perpetuity, but was accommodated to immediate purposes." The whole constitution of Israel has passed away; the sacrifice and the sacrificers have vanished; the altar sank with the throne. A conquered people ridiculously exist as if they were in a state independent amidst the miseries and degradations of twenty centuries."

Lord Beaconsfield was thus brought up without any religious teaching. The story is well known of the poet Rogers getting him baptized about the age of twelve in order to better his worldly prospects. The private schools to which he was sent were kept by Unitarians. So that he grew to man's estate without any connection with the Christian Church, with the solitary exception of his baptism. Nor was his experience of school-life calculated to wean him from the religious scepticism which he had imbibed from his father. To this experience, indeed, I trace that theory of race which he afterwards formulated into a politico-religious creed, and to which he was largely indebted for his wonderful success. Boys are apt to be thoughtlessly cruel and brutal, and a boy of such notably Jewish name and features was sure to find himself isolated and persecuted in the typical boarding-schools of sixty years ago. That Lord Beaconsfield was thus treated at school, and that the iron entered into his inmost soul and probably altered the whole bent of his life, is, I think, apparent from some passages in "Vivian Grey," and "Contarini Fleming," which are in substance evidently autobiographical. Vivian Grey is disliked by the usher, who calls him contemptuously a "seditious stranger"—an epithet taken up by the other boys, who shout "No stranger! no stranger!" Now Vivian Grey was in no sense a "stranger" in the school, and the epithet had therefore no meaning as applied to him. The incident is evidently a reminiscence from real life, and the word used was doubtless "Seditious Jew!" "No Jew! no Jew!" In "Contarini Fleming" the hero says of his schoolfellows:—"They were called my brothers, but Nature gave the lie to the reiterated assertion. There was no similitude between us. Their blue eyes, their flaxen hair, and their white visages claimed no kindred with my Venetian countenance. Wherever I moved I looked around me and beheld a race different from

myself. There was no sympathy between my frame and the rigid clime whither I had been brought to live."

Both Vivian Grey and Contarini Fleming take a terrible revenge on their persecutors. When Vivian Grey's comrades in delinquency leave him to his fate in the hands of the tyrannical usher, Vivian resolves upon a scheme of revenge against both usher and pupils. He curries favour with the usher with complete success, and recoils from no meanness or treachery in carrying out his plan. Having mastered the usher's will and made him a supple tool in his hands, he then instigates him to every kind of cruelty towards the boys; and when their passions are raised to a frenzy of hatred he calmly delivers their tormentor into their hands, and watches them with joy wreaking their vengeance on him, while Vivian keeps them off himself with a loaded pistol. And yet even so, Vivian Grey's revenge is not fully satisfied. He leaves the school vowing that if he could devise some new and more exquisite kind of torture, he would try it on the man who had insulted him by calling him "stranger" (Jew).

"Contarini Fleming" was published some years after "Vivian Grey," and Lord Beaconsfield says in the General Preface to his novels, in 1869, that it was "written with deep thought and feeling." Contarini Fleming, like Vivian Grey, was also insulted at school; and Lord Beaconsfield's account of the vengeance which he took on his assailant is worth quoting. A ring having been formed round the two boys, Contarini Fleming rushes on his opponent like a wild beast and drags him to the ground. "He was up again in a moment;"—it is Contarini himself who describes the fight—"and, indeed, I would not have waited for their silly rules of mock conduct, but would have destroyed him in his prostration. But he was up again in a moment." Observe the characteristic touch—the revengeful foreign boy's scorn for the rules of fair fighting. He would have "destroyed" his antagonist while he was "down," if he had not been too nimble for him. "Again I flew upon him. He fought with subtle energy, but he was like a serpent with a tiger. I fixed upon him: my blows told with the rapid precision of machinery. His bloody visage was not to be distinguished. I believe he was terrified with my frantic air. I would never wait between the rounds. I cried out in a voice of madness for him to come on. . . . Each time that he came forward I made the same dreadful spring, beat down his guard, and never ceased working upon his head, until at length my fist seemed to enter his very brain; and after ten rounds he fell down quite blind. I never felt his blows; I never lost my breath.

"He could not come up to time. I rushed forward; I placed my knee upon his chest. 'I fight no more,' he faintly cried.

"'Apologize!' I exclaimed, 'Apologize!' He did not speak.

"'By heavens, apologize!' I said, 'or I know not what I shall do.'

"'Never!' he replied.

"I lifted up my arm. Some advanced to interfere. 'Off!' I shouted.

'Off! Off!' I seized the fallen chief, rushed through the gate, and dragged him like Achilles through the mead. At the bottom there was a dung-hill. Upon it I flung the half-inanimate body.

"I strolled away to one of my favourite haunts. I was calm and exhausted; my face and hands were smeared with gore. I knelt down by the side of the stream and drank the most delicious draught that I had ever quaffed."

All this is coarse and brutal; but it probably is no more than an exaggerated expression of what the writer felt under the daily taunts of his schoolfellows. And, after all, is the vengeance of Contarini Fleming so very different in kind from those poisoned arrows which, in after years, were driven with un pitying enjoyment into the quivering flesh of Sir Robert Peel? But we must not anticipate.

On leaving school, a lad in his teens, he was apprenticed as clerk to a solicitor. In the matter of education he was left to his own devices, save that his father seems to have occasionally recommended some particular book. Lord Beaconsfield relates in particular that he was in this way induced, as a youth, by his father to read Voltaire's works, and that the perusal was a new revelation to him. He now became aware that the oppressors of the Jewish race were the believers in the Christian revelation, while the champions of toleration were the disciples of Voltaire. This discovery set him athinking, and, stimulated by the insults of his schooldays, he resolved to turn the tables on those who despised him. He would prove to the world that it was he who, in truth, belonged to a superior race—the pure breed of Caucasus. "Pure races of Caucasus," he said years afterwards, when he was a famous politician as well as man of letters, "may be persecuted; but they cannot be despised except by the brutal ignorance of some mongrel breed that brandishes fagots and howls extermination, but is itself exterminated by that irresistible law of Nature which is fatal to curs." It was the reading of Voltaire that had set him on this track of vengeance. He, whom the proud aristocracy of the land regarded as a pariah, was, in fact, the superior of them all. And they acknowledged that superiority without knowing it. They had appropriated the religious and many of the civil institutions of his race. The literature of the children of Abraham was the earliest literature lisped by the mongrel races of Christendom. Nay, more: did not "the one-half of Europe worship a Jew, and the other half a Jewess? And which was the superior race—the race that worshipped, or the race that was worshipped?" He whom those "snub-nosed Saxons" affected to despise was, in truth, the kinsman of that scion of the House of David whom Christendom worshipped as God.

We cannot wonder that the drudgery of a solicitor's office had become intolerable to a man who felt that he had a mission of this kind to preach. The study of the law was flung aside accordingly, and presently the butt of his schoolfellows and whilom solicitor's clerk found himself a lion in

a certain section of London society through the publication of "Vivian Grey." From that day forward young Disraeli had one object of desire, which he was determined to reach at any cost to himself or others—the position of Prime Minister of England. Just as "Vivian Grey" had humbled himself, and practised all the arts of deceit, to win the confidence of the school usher, so would Benjamin Disraeli act to compass the end he had in view. I am imputing to him nothing, as I shall show by-and-by, which Mr. Disraeli did not himself frankly avow—not under the veil of fiction, but in his own name. But it would be harsh and unfair to judge him in this matter by our ordinary standard of political morality, which, indeed, he never acknowledged. Let us remember that Mr. Disraeli started on his public career with little or no furniture of moral or religious principles of any kind—and this from no fault of his own. To me the wonder is not that there should be so much in his public conduct that it is difficult to reconcile with political honesty, but that his career has been, on the whole, so free from moral stigma; while his private life has been unsullied by the breath of scandal. This is much to say in the case of a man exposed to so many temptations, and who set forth to meet them under so many disadvantages.

Not the least of his disadvantages probably, from a moral point of view, was the kind of society whose portals the publication of "Vivian Grey" flung open to the youthful novelist, and which he chiefly frequented. This was the *salon* of Lady Blessington, an Irish beauty of brilliant talents, great beauty, and equivocal character. Her step-daughter married Count d'Orsay, but separated from him after two years of unhappy married life spent under the roof of Lady Blessington. Count d'Orsay continued to live with Lady Blessington after his wife had left him, and the house became the resort of a Bohemian literary society, whose great hero was Byron. No ladies passed the threshold. Mr. Disraeli was a constant visitor, and became very intimate with Count d'Orsay, to whom he refers in the following somewhat exaggerated terms, in the General Preface to his novels, written in 1869. After speaking of him as one of the two "best friends I ever had," he says: "One was the inimitable d'Orsay, the most accomplished and the most engaging character that has figured in this century, who, with the form and the universal genius of an Alcibiades, combined a brilliant wit and a heart of quick affection, and who, placed in a public position, would have displayed a courage, a judgment, and a commanding intelligence which would have ranked him with the leaders of mankind."

The Count d'Orsay of real life was a Frenchman of quick wit, effeminate vanity, considerable accomplishments, amiable disposition, and indifferent character—one of the least likely men imaginable to take rank "with the leaders of mankind." But what is really striking and instructive in Mr. Disraeli's extravagant eulogy of Count d'Orsay is his deliberate exclusion of moral considerations from his estimate of

his friend's character. The comparison of Count d'Orsay to Alcibiades (in "Henrietta Temple" he figures as Count Alcibiades de Mirabel) is in itself significant. For Alcibiades was not only the most brilliant man of his day in Greece, but also one of the most unscrupulous and immoral. If a man makes ambition the one aim and purpose of his life, and if he shows intellectual power and determination of will adequate to the end in view, the moral character of the means employed is, in Mr. Disraeli's opinion, a matter of little or no moment. There is one character in English history which Lord Beaconsfield has always held up to admiration as his *beau idéal* of a patriotic statesman. In season and out of season, in novels, grave political essays and Parliamentary speeches, he has proclaimed "the injured Bolingbroke" as his model of an English statesman, a very Bayard of politics, and, above all, a political teacher whom the generous youth of England ought to study and to copy. He calls him "the father of modern Toryism," and makes it his own avowed purpose to "educate" and reconstruct the Tory party on the principles of Bolingbroke. In a long manifesto, which he published in the *Times* of December 31, 1835, Lord Beaconsfield refers to Bolingbroke as a great Tory leader "in whose writings I have ever recognized the most pure and the profoundest sources of political and constitutional wisdom."* From this devotion to the memory and career of Bolingbroke Lord Beaconsfield never deviated.

Now what manner of man was Bolingbroke? His life, political and private, is as well known as that of any character in English history. It is, therefore, unnecessary to go into details; but it is no exaggeration to say that Bolingbroke was the most brilliant orator, the most sparkling writer, and one of the most profligate noblemen of his time: in morals a rake; in politics an unprincipled schemer, who joined and betrayed all parties by turns; in religion a believer in a kind of vague and nebulous deism. Violent and bitter attacks on Christianity are scattered over his writings. The effect of that religion on the world, he argues, has been on the whole pernicious. He asserts peremptorily that Christianity has not reformed the morals of mankind, nor made men better; and gravely assures his readers that there never had been a religious

* "I do not often quote Bolingbroke," says Burke, "nor have his works in general left any permanent impression on my mind. He is a presumptuous and a superficial writer."—*Reflections on the Revolution in France* (Works, vol. iv. p. 254).

"He seems first to have made the Tories reject their old tenets of exalted prerogative and hereditary right, and scorn the High Church theories which they had maintained under William and Anne. His Dissertation on Parties and Letters on the History of England are, in fact, written on Whig principles (if I know what is meant by that name), in their general tendency; however, a politician, who had always some particular end in view, may have fallen into several inconsistencies."—Hallam's *Const. Hist.*, vol. iii. p. 397.

"He aimed at being the modern Alcibiades—a man of pleasure at the same time as a man of business, sitting up one night to reel at a drunken orgy, sitting up the next to compose a despatch on which the fate of Europe might hang." "He entered public life endowed with every gift of Nature, of fortune, and of education, except the most important of all—fixed principles." "For him activity was as necessary as air for lungs. When excluded from public life there were no intrigues, however low and grovelling, to which he did not stoop in order to return to it. Yet all his writings breathe the noblest principles of independence."—Lord Stanhope's *History of England*, i. 34-36.

persecution in the world till Christianity had become an established religion. Consistently with these opinions, he declined the proffered ministrations of religion when he was dying, though he had previously been in the habit of patronizing them—of course, however, merely as part of the ceremonial drapery of public life.

Yet, spite of all this, Bolingbroke proclaimed himself an attached member of the Church of England, and sought to rally his forces by the cry of "The Church in danger!" Are we, therefore, to brand him as a deliberate hypocrite? On the contrary, I have no doubt that he was, from his own point of view, quite sincere. The following passage from one of his Essays* explains what that point of view was:—"To make Government effectual, there must be a religion; this religion must be national; and this national religion must be maintained in reputation and reverence; all other religions or sects must be kept too low to become the rivals of it. These are, in my apprehension, the first principles of good policy." In strict harmony with this view, Bolingbroke's eloquence and Parliamentary supremacy induced the British Legislature in 1714 to pass a Bill depriving Non-conformists of the power to educate their children in their own principles. Bolingbroke, too, with all his profession of liberal opinions, was at heart a despot. The Bishop of St. Asaph of the day published a volume of sermons, with a preface which was supposed to reflect on the wisdom of the Peace of Utrecht, of which Bolingbroke was the author. Bolingbroke procured its formal condemnation by the House of Commons, and ordered it to be burnt by the public hangman in Palace Yard. In fact, no politician of the eighteenth century evinced so much impatience of public criticism as Lord Beaconsfield's model statesman. In the autumn of 1711 he had fourteen printers and publishers dragged to the bar of the House of Commons under his warrant; and one of his latest acts in the House of Commons was to introduce the Stamp Act, for the purpose of restraining the liberty of the Press and checking political discussion—a purpose which it partly achieved. It killed some of the leading periodicals of the day, and nearly proved fatal even to the *Spectator*.

That Lord Beaconsfield, knowing all this, should nevertheless have, all through his life, held up Bolingbroke for admiration and imitation as the *beau idéal* of a Tory statesman, certainly seems strange. And what it really comes to is this: that successful and praiseworthy leadership of the Tory party may be entirely divorced from belief in Christianity, and even from adhesion to the principles of morality and political honesty. In Lord Beaconsfield's opinion the greatest and in every way most admirable leader of the Tory party up to his own time was a brilliant writer and orator, who combined with outward conformity to the Church of England a scornful unbelief in her doctrines, and an undisguised contempt for political morality. Lord Beaconsfield has

* Essay IV. sec. 41.

himself, however, taken pains to explain the grounds of his admiration of Lord Bolingbroke. In his "Vindication of the English Constitution" he writes of Bolingbroke as follows :—

"It is probable that in the earlier years of his career he meditated on the formation of a new party—that dream of youthful ambition in a perplexed and discordant age, but determined in English politics to be never more substantial than a vision. More experienced in political life, he discovered that he had only to choose between the Whigs and the Tories; and his sagacious intellect, not satisfied with the superficial character of these celebrated divisions, penetrated their interior and essential qualities, and discerned—in spite of all the affectation of popular sympathy on one side, and of admiration of arbitrary power on the other—that this choice was, in fact, a choice between oligarchy and democracy. From the moment that Lord Bolingbroke, in becoming a Tory, embraced the national cause, he devoted himself absolutely to his party. All the energies of his Protean mind were lavished in their service . . . and in a series of writings, unequalled in our literature for their spirited patriotism, their just and profound views, and the golden eloquence in which they are expressed, he eradicated from Toryism all those absurd and odious doctrines which Toryism had adventitiously adopted, and clearly developed its essential and permanent character; discarded *jure divino*, demolished passive obedience, threw to the winds the doctrine of non-resistance, placed the abdication of James and the accession of George on their right basis; and, in the complete reorganization of the public mind, laid the foundation for the future accession of the Tory party to power, and to that popular and triumphant career which must ever await the policy of an administration inspired by the spirit of our free and ancient institutions."

In thus eviscerating the Tory party of its traditional doctrines and principles, "Lord Bolingbroke," says his panegyrist, "at the outset of his career incurred the commonplace imputation of insincerity and inconsistency;" the fact being that "he maintained that vigilant and meditative independence which is the privilege of an original and independent spirit." The truth is that, in sketching the political character of Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Beaconsfield was really describing his own position in English politics—the position of one isolated and detached from all parties, but using each of them, as occasion might offer, for his own purposes. This inference is so obvious that so enthusiastic an admirer of Lord Beaconsfield as Mr. Hitchman does not hesitate to draw it. After quoting the passage which I have given above from Lord Beaconsfield's "Vindication of the English Constitution," Mr. Hitchman observes: "The whole passage is as true and remarkable a picture of the career of its author as could well have been desired. By it Lord Beaconsfield will probably be content to be judged, and it will be for posterity to say whether or not he is entitled to the appellation of the Bolingbroke of the Nineteenth Century." *

Such, then, were the circumstances under which Lord Beaconsfield began his political career. His whole environment up to that period had forced his mind into an attitude of political and theological

* "The Public Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield," vol. i. p. 115.

scepticism, and it was only natural, therefore, that he should have been most attracted by characters of the Alcibiades type. All through his life he exhibited a certain degree of contemptuous pity for anything like genuine earnestness in politics. I have been told by one who knew him well that he had the highest admiration for Mr. Gladstone. And this is quite consistent with a cynical remark attributed to him, namely, that "Mr. Gladstone would be an admirable statesman except for his virtues."

To prevent misconception, it may be as well to explain, in passing, the sense in which I ascribe theological as well as political scepticism to Lord Beaconsfield. There are passages in his writings which make it extremely doubtful to my mind whether he ever really accepted Christianity as a theological system. In saying this, I make no imputation whatever on his sincerity. To begin with, his mind was, for so able a man, a singularly inaccurate one, and he was never more inaccurate than when he was dealing with theological questions. There is an amusing illustration of this in his last novel. "She was re-baptized," says Eudymion,* "but only by way of precaution. It was not necessary, for our orders, you know, are recognized by Rome." We have here two errors within the compass of one short sentence, and from the pen of a statesman who occasionally wrote and spoke on subjects of theological controversy with the air of a master. As a matter of fact, Anglican orders are *not* "recognized by Rome;" and, in the second place, that question has nothing to do with the re-baptism of converts, for the Church of Rome, like that of England, recognizes the validity of lay baptism.

Lord Beaconsfield accepted Christianity as the completion of Judaism, and he resented attacks on its Scriptures, as his famous speech "on the side of the angels," and his General Preface to his novels, show. But it is jealousy for the spiritual and intellectual supremacy of the Semitic race rather than for theological truth that is most apparent in his vindication. "The tradition of the Anglican Church," he says, in his General Preface, "was powerful. Resting on the Church of Jerusalem, modified by the divine school of Galilee, it would have found that rock of truth which Providence, by the instrumentality of the Semitic race, had promised to St. Peter. Instead of that," Newman and his followers "sought refuge in mediæval superstitions, which are generally only the embodiments of Pagan ceremonies and creeds."

By "the Church of Jerusalem" ecclesiastical writers in general mean the Christian Church established in Jerusalem under the episcopacy of the Apostle James. Lord Beaconsfield's "Church of Jerusalem" means the Jewish Church, and Christianity, as understood by him, is simply Judaism "modified by the divine school of Galilee." The Christian revelation is thus reduced to the proportions of one of the many "Schools of the Prophets"—the noblest and the best,

* "Eudymion," vol. ii. p. 242

indeed, but still only *prima inter pares*. The same idea crops up in various parts of Lord Beaconsfield's writings. In "Tancred"* he says: "The Crusaders looked upon the Saracens as infidels; whereas the children of the desert bore a much nearer affinity to the sacred corpse that had for a brief space consecrated the Holy Sepulchre than any of the invading host of Europe. *The same blood flowed in their veins*, and they recognized the Divine mission both of Moses and his great Successor." This is a way of looking at the matter which would have been unnatural, if not quite impossible, for one who was a Christian in the theological sense of that word. Nor would it occur to a Christian to divide Europe between "those who worship a Jew and those who worship a Jewess."

It was on this principle of race that Mr. Disraeli advocated the admission of Jews to Parliament. He carefully guarded himself against being supposed to be an advocate of what he called "the ambiguous principle of religious liberty." He regarded the Established Church as the appointed guardian of what he calls "the Semitic principle"—in other words, the supremacy of the Semitic race, both by Divine appointment and physical organization, as the educators and civilizers of mankind. The Established Church being thus in England the depository of the Semitic principle, Mr. Disraeli argued that the Jews, who were the first and most illustrious propagators of that principle, were already in essence members of the Christian Church. In his view "Christianity is Judaism for the multitude"†—"the Church of Jerusalem," that is, of the aristocratic metropolis, "modified by the divine school of Galilee"—in other words, brought down to the comprehension and practical life of the rude and uncultivated. The following observation, which Mr. Disraeli puts into the mouth of a Jewess in "Tancred," probably represented his own interior convictions on the subject:—"In this perplexity [about the differences which separate Christian Churches] it may be wise to remain within the pale of a Church older than all of them, the Church in which Jesus was born, and which He never quitted; for He was born a Jew, lived a Jew, and died a Jew, as became a prince of the House of David, which you do and must acknowledge Him to have been."

Whenever Lord Beaconsfield has occasion to refer to our Lord it is almost invariably as a Hebrew Prince or Teacher that he refers to Him. There is a very significant passage in "Tancred," where the author, in one of his reveries, compares Jesus with Cæsar and Alexander. They, too, were deified after their death, but who burns incense to them now? Not even the races out of which they sprang. But those races, and many more, kneel before altars built to the descendant of David. "All is race; there is no other truth. It is the great truth into which all truths merge."

It was, doubtless, because Lord Beaconsfield regarded Christianity as

* Vol. ii. p. 9.

† "Sybil," p. 130. The expression is repeated in "Tancred."

merely "Judaism for the multitude" that he saw nothing wrong in the fact of Jews professing Christianity for worldly gain while secretly adhering to the doctrines and rites of their own faith. "Sidonia," he says in "Coningsby," "was descended from a very ancient and noble family in Aragon, that in the course of ages had given to the State many distinguished citizens. In the priesthood its members had been peculiarly eminent. Besides several prelates, they had counted among their number an Archbishop of Toledo; and a Sidonia, in a season of great danger and difficulty, had exercised for a series of years the paramount office of Grand Inquisitor. Yet, strange as it may sound, it is nevertheless a fact, of which there is no lack of evidence, that this illustrious family during all this period, in common with two-thirds of the Aragonese nobility, secretly adhered to the ancient faith and ceremonies of their fathers—a belief in the unity of the God of Sinai, and the rites and observances of the Law of Moses."

It is plain, therefore, that Lord Beaconsfield would think himself perfectly justified in conforming to the Christian Church of England and receiving her Sacraments without pledging his conscience to a full acceptance of the dogmas of the Christian Creed.

Equity then, as it seems to me, requires that in passing judgment on Lord Beaconsfield's political career we should not apply too rigorously in his case our ordinary canons of political morality. It must be said, moreover, on his behalf that when he entered the political arena he gave fair and honest warning that he did not intend to be bound by any such canons. He made a speech at Taunton in 1834, which he afterwards republished in pamphlet form as a sort of political confession of faith. The following extracts from that speech will suffice for my purpose:—

"Unless I enter Parliament with a clear explanation of my views there is little chance of my acting with profit to you or with credit to myself. I cannot condescend to obtain even that distinguished honour by Jesuitical intrigue or casuistical cajolery; I cannot condescend at the same time to be supported by the Tories, because they deem me a Tory, and by the Liberals because they deem me a Liberal; I cannot stoop to deception or submit to delusion."

That is honest and straightforward. He was neither a Tory nor a Liberal; he occupied a detached and neutral position, and meant to fight for his own hand and in his own way. And what that way was he told with great frankness:—

"The truth is, gentlemen, a statesman is the creature of his age, the child of circumstances, the creation of his times. A statesman is essentially a practical character; and when he is called upon to take office he is not to inquire what his opinions might or might not have been upon this or that subject: he is only to ascertain the needful, and the beneficial, and the most feasible manner in which affairs are to be carried on. The fact is, the conduct and opinions of public men at different periods of their career must not be too curiously contrasted in a free and aspiring country. The people have their passions, and it is even the duty of public men occasionally to adopt sentiments with which they do not sympathize, because the people must have leaders. Thus the opinions and prejudices of the

community must necessarily influence a rising statesman. I say nothing of the weight which great establishments and corporations, and the necessity of their support and patronage, must also possess with an ambitious statesman. . . . I laugh, therefore, at the objection against a man that at a former period of his career he advocated a policy different to his present one."

After this plain and candid avowal, I submit that it is not fair to charge Lord Beaconsfield with political inconsistency in any part of his public career. To the Lesbian rule of conduct which he prescribed for his own Parliamentary guidance at the commencement of his public life he was, with one solitary exception, singularly true to its close. That solitary exception was his conduct on the Eastern Question—conduct whose motive Mr. Gladstone, I know, sincerely respected, much as he disliked the policy which was its fruit.

Lord Beaconsfield's speech at Aylesbury, on the 20th of September, 1876, is the only instance that I can recall in his Parliamentary career of his having deliberately set himself against the feelings of the country, and thereby risked popularity and power. "It would be affectation for me to pretend," he said in that speech, "that I am backed by the country." And then he hurled defiance at the country, denounced the agitation against the Turks, and compared Mr. Gladstone disadvantageously to Chefket Pasha. The speech was undoubtedly a turning-point in the controversy. It helped to rally the Ministerial forces against Mr. Gladstone; it encouraged the Turks in their suicidal obstinacy; and by its very audacity it staggered for a while the opponents of the Ministerial policy. There is no doubt that Lord Beaconsfield was profoundly in earnest in the line he took on the Eastern Question. The "bag-and-baggage" policy cut rudely across his cherished convictions respecting the "Semitic principle." The Turks, indeed, do not belong to the Semitic race; but their theocratic polity is the product of a Semitic brain and was therefore sacred in the eyes of Lord Beaconsfield. He regarded the relation between what he repeatedly calls "the Mosaic and Mohamedan Arabs," even when "the Mosaic Arabs" happened to be Christians, as something much closer than the relation between Jews and non-Arabic Christians. It is with undisguised exultation, he says, that the Jews of Spain "looked to their sympathizing brethren of the Crescent, whose camps already gleamed on the opposite shore. The overthrow of the Gothic Kingdoms was as much achieved by the superior information which the Saracens received from their suffering kinsmen as by the resistless valour of the desert." And it is a remarkable fact that his quarrel with Sir Robert Peel, whatever may have been its occult motive, had its ostensible cause in Mr. Disraeli's zeal on behalf of the Ottoman Empire. He attacked Sir Robert Peel as early as 1843 on the ground that his policy in favour of Servia "endangered the independence and integrity of the Turkish Empire." "It was the diplomacy of Europe during the last twenty years," he declared, "that

had reduced Turkey to her present fallen state, not the decline of her resources. They are still unequalled."

Lord Beaconsfield's conduct on the question of Free Trade is a stark story, and I refer to it now only for the purpose of pointing out how aptly it illustrates the rule of political ethics by which Mr. Disraeli proclaimed his intention to shape his conduct on all questions that emerged on the field of Parliamentary discussion.

Mr. Disraeli entered Parliament as an advocate of Free Trade principles, and he continued that advocacy till the rupture between himself and Peel. Till then he took the line of arguing that Free Trade had always been a characteristic of Tory policy. With equal facility he now argued that the Tories had been consistent Protectionists, and accordingly he nailed his colours to the mast of what he styled "the sacred cause of Protection." "For my part," he said in another speech, "if we are to have Free Trade, I, who honour genius, prefer that such measures should be proposed by the hon. member for Stockport (Mr. Cobden) than by one who, through skilful Parliamentary manoeuvres, has tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and a great party. . . . For me there remains this at least—the opportunity of expressing thus publicly my belief that a Conservative Government is an organized hypocrisy." And again: "I believe I belong to a party which can triumph no more, for we have nothing left us but the constituencies which we have not betrayed." Yet ten years previously Mr. Disraeli had vindicated Sir Robert Peel proleptically against the very accusations which he here makes against him. "I will grant," he said, in 1835, "that Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues had previously resisted the measures which they have since proposed." But what of that? "If once the Tories admitted that it was impossible for them to propose the adoption of these measures, they simultaneously admitted that they could never again exercise power." In order, therefore, to have the opportunity of exercising power, it was the duty of the Tories to propose in office measures which they had denounced in Opposition. But what was a virtue in Sir Robert Peel in 1835, became a high misdemeanour in 1845. And the explanation is that in 1845 Mr. Disraeli saw a chance (which might never recur) of reaching the goal of his ambition by fomenting a mutiny in the Conservative camp and creating an irreparable breach between the leader and the bulk of his party. And this "sovereign passion," as he elsewhere calls it, was whetted by a calculated and methodical revenge. Sir Robert Peel had slighted him and given him clearly to understand that the zealous service and sedulous flattery of years had been wasted. For this Mr. Disraeli determined to make an example of him, not so much from a feeling of vindictive malice as from a salutary warning to others who might be tempted to imitate Sir Robert Peel's haughty indifference to the advances of "a rising statesman." An accomplished peer (still living), who was a member of

the House of Commons when Mr. Disraeli was delivering his philippics against Sir Robert Peel, remonstrated with him after one of his fiercest attacks. "You are overdoing it," he said; "you spoil the effect by showing your animosity so openly." "My animosity!" exclaimed Mr. Disraeli; "I admire Peel more than any man living; but he slighted me, and it is necessary to my position to prove that I cannot be slighted with impunity. I have no influential connection; I am fighting against great odds, and I am obliged to use such weapons as I find most serviceable." Add to this that Lord Beaconsfield had a passion for imitating any striking incident in the life of a great man. He succeeded in persuading himself, against all probability and evidence, that Burke's hatred of the French Revolution was the natural and just recoil of his disappointment at having been supplanted by Fox (who ardently sympathized with the Revolution) in the leadership of the Whig party. The "Reflections on the Revolution in France," and the "Letters on a Regicide Peace," he says, in his "Vindication of the English Constitution," were all inspired by "a hoarded vengeance." Burke "poured the vials of his vengeance into the heart of Christendom," "stimulated the panic of a world by the wild picture of his inspired imagination," and "amid the frantic exultation of his country placed his heel upon the neck of the ancient serpent," i.e., the Whig party which had slighted him. Mr. Disraeli determined to take a still more striking vengeance by supplanting in the leadership of his own party the man who had persistently neglected him.

In 1852 the curtain rose on another transformation scene in Mr. Disraeli's political career. He was now Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, and he found himself confronted with the dilemma of giving up either "the sacred cause of Protection" or the seals of office, with the Premiership—the aim of his life—looming in the distance. He did not hesitate. "The spirit of the age," he said, "tends to free intercourse, and no statesman can disregard with impunity the genius of the epoch in which he lives." "In that case," retorted the Marquis of Granby, "some reparation is due to the memory of Sir Robert Peel." "If you wish to see humiliation," exclaimed Mr. Sidney Herbert, pointing to Mr. Disraeli, "look there!" But why should Mr. Disraeli feel humiliated? Had he not acted in strict fidelity to the rule of conduct which he had laid down for himself in the sight and hearing of all men? "It is even the duty of public men occasionally to adopt sentiments with which they do not sympathize, because the people must have leaders. . . . I laugh, therefore, at the objection against a man that, at a former period of his career he advocated a policy different to his present one."

The next and last illustration which I shall give of Lord Beaconsfield's application in practice of the rule of political guidance just quoted is his conduct on the question of Parliamentary Reform. And I begin

with a quotation from his Address to his Constituents at the General Election of 1865 :

"It was only a few nights ago when the House of Commons, impatient of protracted mystification, reflected the candour of the community, and declared, by a vast majority, that the franchise in boroughs should not be lowered, and that the principle on which Lord Derby wished to extend it was the just one—namely, 'lateral, not vertical' extension. It appears to me that the primary plan of our ancient constitution, so rich in various wisdom, indicates the course that we ought to pursue in this matter. It secured our popular rights by entrusting power, not to an indiscriminate multitude, but to the estate or order of the Commons; and a wise Government should be careful that the elements of that estate should bear a due relation to the moral and material development of the country. Public opinion may not, perhaps, be ripe enough to legislate on the subject, but it is sufficiently interested in the question to ponder over it with advantage. So that when the time comes for action we may legislate in that spirit of the English Constitution which would absorb the best of every class, and not fall into a democracy, which is the tyranny of one class, and that one the least enlightened."

This is the doctrine which the "Vindication of the English Constitution" was written to establish by elaborate argument, and Lord Beaconsfield stuck to it up to the moment when he found that it would be necessary to abandon it or resign office. This can very easily be proved.

In the Session of 1866 Mr. Gladstone introduced a Reform Bill, of which the main provisions were: (1) the creation of an occupation franchise in counties for houses alone, or houses with land, beginning at a rental of £14, and reaching up to the then existing occupation rental of £50; (2) copyholders and leaseholders in Parliamentary boroughs to be placed on the same footing as freeholders in Parliamentary boroughs who already possessed the county franchise; (3) a savings-bank franchise, applicable both to towns and counties; (4) reduction of the borough franchise from £10 clear annual value to £7 clear annual value; (5) a lodger franchise.

These very moderate proposals Mr. Disraeli denounced as a scheme for Americanizing the British Constitution, and of which the effect would be that "the great elements of our civilization would disappear, and England, from being a first-rate Kingdom, would become a third-rate Republic." For himself, he wished to be guided by the "original scheme of the Plantagenets." "The elements of the Estate of the Commons must be numerous, and they must be ample, in an age like this; but they must be choice." "I think that this House should remain a House of Commons, and not become a House of the People—the House of a mere indiscriminate multitude, devoid of any definite character."

On these grounds Mr. Disraeli succeeded at last in defeating the Government, and it thus fell to his own lot, for the second time, to attempt the reform of the British Constitution on "the original scheme of the Plantagenets." And, to prove the consistency of his opinions on the subject, he published, at the opening of the Session of 1867, a revised

edition of his Parliamentary speeches on the Reform Question, extending from 1848 to the end of 1866. An unbroken consistency undoubtedly runs through all these speeches. The keynote of them all is "lateral, not vertical, extension of the franchise;" a "choice body of men endowed with privileges," not "an indiscriminate multitude." Not only is the idea of anything like a household franchise not entertained—it is carefully excluded. The idea that household suffrage would do anything towards settling the question, Mr. Disraeli had denounced, in 1848, as "an absurdity." Any lowering of the borough franchise would, he thought, inevitably lead to unqualified manhood suffrage. In 1865 he declared: "I have not changed my opinion upon what is called Parliamentary Reform. All that has occurred, all that I have observed, all the results of my reflections, lead me to this more and more, that the principle upon which the constituencies of this country should be increased is one, not of radical, but, I would say, of lateral reform—the extension of the franchise, not its degradation"—an extension which would leave the Constitution still "founded upon an aristocratic basis." In his speech against Mr. Gladstone's Bill, in 1866, he held the same language. Speaking for his party, he said: "We believed it was dangerous to reduce the borough franchise. We did not see where it would end if we once commenced to reduce that franchise."

He had evidently persuaded himself that the "vast majority" in the House of Commons, in 1865, against reduction of the borough franchise, "reflected," as he expressed it, "the candour of the community." He trusted in the alleged selfish repugnance of the middle classes to share their privileges with those below them. The event proved that he was egregiously in error; as, indeed, he generally was when he tried to feel the pulse of the community at large on any subject that appealed to the reason and sense of justice of the nation. I remember being struck with an observation of Mr. Gladstone on this subject during the controversy on Parliamentary Reform in 1867. Some one had remarked on Mr. Disraeli's "extraordinary tact." "It is not tact that he possesses," said Mr. Gladstone; "what he does possess in an unusual degree is extremely acute observation." The distinction appears to me sound. Tact implies a faculty of touching the moral sensibilities of others; and on great occasions no political leader has ever surpassed Mr. Gladstone himself in that faculty. No man of fine tact could have supposed that he was likely to damage Mr. Gladstone by accusing him, as Lord Beaconsfield did in 1868, of being "at the head of a supernatural confederacy of Romanists and Ritualists," which had almost already "its hand on the throne of England." And still less could he have imagined that the objects of his denunciation would have been conciliated by a letter of explanation dated "Maunday Thursday."* What Lord Beaconsfield really did understand, with an acuteness almost unrivalled, was the management of the House of Commons. All the littlenesses, and

* I quote Lord Beaconsfield's spelling. The word, of course, is "Maundy."

jealousies, and petty grudges, and vanities, and ignoble aims under the mask of fair professions, which must exist in such an assembly, were all exposed to his penetrating scrutiny; and he played upon them all with the skill of a master who thoroughly knew his instrument.

The pulling down of the Hyde Park railings, and other symptoms, convinced Lord Beaconsfield, in 1867, that the "vast majority" of 1865 by no means "reflected the caudour of the community." And the result was that the Bill, which was "founded upon an aristocratic principle" when it was introduced into the House of Commons, left that House based, under the manipulation of the Opposition, upon the democratic principle of household suffrage. The adroitness with which Lord Beaconsfield managed, in the course of a few weeks, to "educate his party" into this surrender of all their cherished convictions, and even mesmerized them into the belief that those convictions had never been theirs, is one of the most marvellous episodes in the annals of the British Parliament. And how admirable is the coolness with which he immediately began himself at once to talk the language of Radicalism, as if it had been the very mother-tongue of himself and his party all their lives! Let the reader look back at the quotations which I have given from his speeches in favour of a "choice" electorate, "founded upon an aristocratic principle," and opposed to the admission of an "indiscriminate multitude," which would have the effect of degrading England "from being a first-rate Kingdom" to becoming "a third-rate Republic," and let him compare them with the following:—

"The consequence of what you call a moderate reduction of the borough franchise," said Mr. Disraeli, on the third reading of his Reform Bill, July 15, 1867, "would have been that a certain portion of the working classes—a favoured portion, always spoken of in this House and everywhere else publicly in terms of great eulogium, and fed with 'soft dedications all day long'—were to be assured that they were very much superior to any other portion of the working classes; and, therefore, they were to be invested with the franchise on the implied condition that they were to form a sort of Prætorian guard in order to prevent another portion of the working classes from getting the franchise. This system of policy, under different shapes and in different degrees, was constantly before the public. [The apostle and patron of this "system of policy" was Mr. Disraeli himself.] We were highly opposed to it. [The audacity of this is almost sublime.] We believed it was a dangerous policy—more dangerous to the institutions of the country than if we admitted into the political arena the great body of the working classes," whose admission he had described in his speech against Mr. Gladstone's Bill the previous year as a revolution "in the course of which the great elements of our civilization would disappear, and England, from being a first-rate Kingdom, would become a third-rate Republic."

How he must have enjoyed the bewilderment of the country gentlemen as they read this new version of their old opinions, and began gradually to believe that it was true!

It has often been stated that Lord Beaconsfield's pet theory of Tory democracy must have always predisposed him in favour of household suffrage. But this is an error. What he wished to enlarge and strengthen was not the House of Commons or the power of Parliament, but the prerogative of the Crown. "Two great existences," he says, "have been blotted out of the history of England—the Monarch and the Multitude;" and he deemed it a part of his mission to restore them. "The House of Commons is the house of a few: the Sovereign is the Sovereign of all. The proper leader of the people is the individual who sits upon the throne." In "Coningsby," which Lord Beaconsfield, in his later years, described as a grave political essay in the form of fiction, the Parliamentary system is attacked in its essence, and its government by majority is characterized as power wielded by a few dozen "unknown and anonymous blockheads," who decide the fate of parties, and whose support is bought with a peerage or baronetage, or an invitation to a Court-ball for their wives or daughters. "Such a system may suit the balanced interests and the periodical and alternate command of rival and oligarchical connections; but it can subsist only by the subordination of the Sovereign and the degradation of the multitude, and cannot accord with an age whose genius will soon confess that power and the people are both divine." Accordingly he censures Sir Robert Peel for not initiating "a movement in favour of prerogative," on the accession of Her Majesty. "A youthful princess on the throne, whose appearance touched the imagination, and to whom her people were generally inclined to ascribe something of that decision of character which becomes those born to command, offered a favourable opportunity to restore the exercise of that regal authority, the usurpation of whose functions has entailed on the people of England so much suffering and so much degradation. . . . The leader of the Tory party should have vindicated his natural position, and availed himself of the gracious occasion: he missed it."

It is very lucky for the monarchy that Lord Beaconsfield was not then in Sir Robert Peel's place to "avail himself of the gracious occasion." In the vigour of his manhood, and with a commanding majority in both Houses of Parliament, he would doubtless have made the attempt which Sir Robert Peel "missed." The attempt would have failed, but after a struggle in which the throne itself might have been engulfed. It is curious that so acute and able a man did not see that the security of the sovereign lies in his personal irresponsibility for the acts of his Ministers, and that this irresponsibility would vanish with such a revival of prerogative as Lord Beaconsfield contemplated. The fact is that his ideas of government were not English at all, but Oriental. He desired, as he says in his General Preface, "to change back the oligarchy into a generous aristocracy round a real throne." In plain language, he wished to break the power of the great nobles of both political parties, and to make the House of Commons—not more democratic, but—more "aristocratic," more of an "equestrian order," in harmony with "the original scheme of the Plantagenets." This

equestrian order would form a sort of privileged political body-guard "round a real throne," the occupant of which, rescued from an "oligarchy" of a few governing families, would come in direct contact with her people, and take back into her own hands the reins of government. In the management of affairs she would, of course, employ the politician of the day whose native genius, no longer shackled by the jealous hostility of an oligarchy, pushed him to the front of the arena. Lord Beaconsfield's chance came too late in life to enable him effectually to put his scheme to the crucial test of experiment. And it was fortunate for all concerned that it was so.

What influence, on the whole, is Lord Beaconsfield likely to have left behind him—I mean, of course, as a public man? In his private character it seems to be generally admitted that he was not only irreproachable, but graced with some ennobling qualities. His exemplary devotion to his wife has been referred to already. And that devotion derives additional merit from the fact that it was lavished on a wife much older than himself, not strikingly attractive, and not wedded chiefly for love. Few men occupying such a position as Lord Beaconsfield's would have bestowed on such a wife, during their long years of married life, all the attention and gallantry of a youthful lover. It was probably not her fortune alone that induced Lord Beaconsfield to marry a widow so much his senior. One of the most remarkable things in his career is the way in which he seems to have planned his future life in early youth. "Vivian Grey" is, to a large extent, a wild exaggeration; but it is, after all, only the exaggeration of a career which the author lived to realize in its main outlines. Now there is a passage in "Vivian Grey" which seems to me to throw light on Lord Beaconsfield's marriage. He makes the hero of that book declare that, "could it have advanced his views one jot, he would have married the Princess Caraboo to-morrow. But of all wives in the world, a young and handsome one was what he most dreaded; and how a statesman, who was wedded to a beautiful woman, could possibly perform his duties to the public did most exceedingly puzzle him." Is it unlikely that this extraordinary young man, having determined to be Prime Minister of England, having also determined to put away from him every obstacle to the realization of his dream, and feeling that "a young and handsome" wife might be such an obstacle, vowed to sacrifice all such attractive visions on the altar of his ambition?

It is also no small thing to say in any man's praise, that he has left behind him warm friends and no enemies. That Lord Beaconsfield felt strongly is unquestionable; but he does not appear, with perhaps one or two exceptions, to have been implacable in his resentments. Mr. Gladstone has already put on record his belief that Lord Beaconsfield was not a man of strong antipathies. Nor is that a new-born opinion on the part of Mr. Gladstone. I remember having some conversation with him about Lord Beaconsfield about a fortnight before the first Midlothian campaign.

He thought that I did Lord Beaconsfield less than justice on some points. "My belief," he said, "is that Lord Beaconsfield is not a man of strong animosities. I don't believe for instance, that he hates me at all." And then—somewhat to my surprise, I own—Mr. Gladstone expatiated, with some degree of enthusiasm, on Lord Beaconsfield's debating powers, "his splendid Parliamentary pluck," and other qualities which commanded his admiration.

It is curious that one who achieved so much Parliamentary distinction for brilliant and polished invective should have been so prone in the maturity of his manhood to indulge in a style of vituperation which it would be difficult to match for blended bombast and scurrility. He was so proud of the "Letters of Runnymede" that he republished them in the form of a pamphlet, with a fulsome dedication to one of the most austere of statesmen, the late Sir Robert Peel. The first letter is addressed to the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, whom "Runnymede" salutes as "the sleekest swine in Epicurus' sty." Lord Lansdowne is referred to as "the ox-like form of the Lansdowne Apis;" and two other members of the Government are characterized, the one as "an ape," the other as "a cat-like colleague." "Palmerston and Grant" (Lord Glenelg) are bracketed as "two sleek and long-tailed rats." In another letter Lord Palmerston is addressed as "your crimping Lordship," and compared to "a footman on easy terms with his mistress." Lord John Russell is "an infinitely small scarabæus," and when a great nation elevates such a man to the leadership of the House of Commons, "Runnymede" "begins to comprehend how the Egyptians worshipped AN INSECT." "What a crew!" exclaims "Runnymede" of Lord Melbourne's Cabinet. "I can compare them to nothing but the Swalbach Swine in the Brunnen Bubbles, guzzling and grunting in a bed of mire, fouling themselves and bedaubing every luckless passenger with their contaminating filth." After this it is a small matter that O'Connell, who had mortally offended Mr. Disraeli, should be called "a systematic liar and a beggarly cheat, a swindler, and a poltroon;" and that the Irish people should be denounced as "a horde of manumitted serfs," "a wild, reckless, indolent, uncertain, and superstitious race." "Their fair ideal of human liberty is an alternation of clannish broils and coarse idolatry."*

About this time also Mr. Disraeli engaged in a furious controversy with the Editor of the *Globe* in the columns of the *Times*. The editor is characterized as "the thing who concocts the meagre sentences and drivels out the rheumy rhetoric of the *Globe*." Another letter concludes as follows:—

"The editor of the *Globe* must have a more contracted mind and paltrier spirit

* I do not believe that this language represented Mr. Disraeli's real feelings towards the Irish. But the Irish Roman Catholics were unpopular in England, and Mr. Disraeli was acting on his own rule of political strategy: "The people have their passions, and it is even the duty of public men to adopt sentiments with which they do not sympathize, because the people must have leaders."

than even I imagined, if he can for a moment suppose that an ignoble controversy with an obscure animal like himself can gratify the 'passion for notoriety' of one whose works have been translated into the languages of polished Europe, and circulated by thousands in the New World. It is not, then, my passion for notoriety that has induced me to tweak the editor of the *Globe* by the nose, and to inflict sundry kicks upon the baser part of his base body—to make him cut dirt, and his own words, fouller [*sic*] than any filth; but because I wished to show to the world what a miserable poltroon, what a craven dullard, what a literary scarecrow, what a mere thing, stuffed with straw and rubbish, is the *sui-disant* director of public opinion and official organ of Whig politics."

Mr. Disraeli was in his thirty-second year when he was writing this stuff, and he had already achieved some literary distinction, and had stood several contested elections. The experience of his maiden speech taught him that the "Runnymede" style of invective would not be tolerated in the House of Commons, and, with his usual quickness, he soon adapted himself to his audience, and became, in a short time, one of the most brilliant debaters and one of the most formidable intellectual gladiators that ever addressed a Parliamentary audience.

But brilliant rhetoric and pungent invective, however ornamental in debate, are not statesmanship. And what are Lord Beaconsfield's claims to that honourable title? Is it not true that during the thirty-two years of his leadership of the Tory party he was, with hardly an exception, on the wrong side on questions of domestic legislation—the side on which Peel and Canning would not have been? He opposed Free Trade. He opposed the Commercial Treaty with France.* He opposed, step by step, every one of Mr. Gladstone's financial reforms. He opposed remedial legislation for Ireland. He opposed Army Reform. He opposed Parliamentary reform; for the Act of 1867 was not his at all. The Duke of Buccleuch said at the time, with substantial truth, that of the Reform Bill which Mr. Disraeli introduced into the House of Commons "nothing remained when it became law but the first word, 'whereas.'"

Such is the record of Lord Beaconsfield's statesmanship in the sphere of domestic legislation. What is it in the region of foreign politics? There have been four crucial occasions of testing it during his leadership of his party. The first was the Civil War in America. It is well known that the late Emperor of the French was most anxious to induce England to join him in breaking the blockade and recognizing the Confederate States. He proposed an Anglo-French expedition for that purpose, and sent Mr. Lindsay, then M.P. for Sunderland, to sound the leaders of the two political parties in England. Mr. Lindsay made a memorandum of his interviews with English statesmen on the subject, and gave a copy to Mr. Slidell, the Confederate Commissioner in Paris. Mr. Slidell sent

* After that Treaty had become law he called it "a precipitate decision which has been ruinous to our trade, and has made us ridiculous in the eyes of Europe. . . . I showed you on a previous occasion, when you were in the delirium of the French Treaty, which every man on both sides looks back to now with shame, how the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Gladstone) had failed in every one of the great propositions of his famous Budget of 1853."—*Hansard*, cxxvii. pp. 904-5.

it to his Government; and it subsequently fell, together with some other documents, into the hands of the Federal Government. The *North American Review* has published some of these curious documents, and among the rest the following confidential despatch to his Government from Mr. Slidell:—

“Earl Russell, in response to a note which Lindsay had addressed to him, that he was charged with an important message to him from the Emperor, said that he could receive no communications from a foreign Power excepting through the regular diplomatic channels. Lindsay saw Disraeli, who expressed great interest in our affairs, and fully concurred in the views of the Emperor. He said that he had the best reason to believe that a secret understanding existed between Lord Russell and Seward that England would respect the Federal blockade, and withhold our (Confederate) recognition; that if France would take the initiative, any course she might adopt to put an end to the present state of affairs would undoubtedly be supported by a large majority in Parliament; and, knowing this, Lord Russell would certainly give a reluctant assent to this, to avoid what would otherwise certainly follow, a change of Ministry.”*

Comment on this is unnecessary. Mr. Disraeli's next opportunity was the War of Liberation in Italy in 1859. He took up a hostile attitude against Italy, but was dismissed from office before he had time to commit the country to any overt action. The third occasion was the Franco-German War in 1870. In a long and somewhat fantastic speech he advised the Government to place itself at the head of a league of the neutral Powers for the purpose of imposing, by means of an “armed neutrality,” terms of peace upon the combatants. The almost certain result of such a policy would have been a general European war. Lord Beaconsfield's fourth opportunity of distinction in foreign affairs found him at the head of a powerful Parliamentary majority; and we know what use he made of it. Enough to say of it here, that the country has decisively condemned it.

But to say that Lord Beaconsfield has left behind him no record of successful statesmanship is equivalent to saying that he was not even a successful party leader. The test of successful leadership is victory at the polling-booths. During Lord Beaconsfield's leadership of the Tory party there were seven general elections, of which four were under his own auspices, but of which only one gave him a majority. That is to say, he was in power in one Parliament out of seven. Compare this with the leadership of Sir Robert Peel, whose party was much more shattered in the first Reform Parliament than Mr. Disraeli's was in the Parliament which abolished the Corn Laws. Yet see how rapidly Sir Robert Peel won the confidence of the country and placed his party in power. It is the fashion to give Lord Beaconsfield great credit for the way in which he reorganized the Tory party after the split with the Peelites. The almost certain fact, however, is that it was Mr. Disraeli alone who made the breach between the Peelites and the Conservative party irreparable. And if the Peelites had rejoined the Tory party, or,

* See *North American Review* of October, 1879.

rather, had never formally left it—which they never would have done but for Mr. Disraeli—how different would the fortunes of that party have been during the last thirty years, and how different now!

What, then, will be the verdict of history on Lord Beaconsfield's career? It will do justice to the man; it will make, as I have endeavoured to make, all such allowances as the unique circumstances of his life demand. But, judging his public career on the whole and on its merits, I cannot doubt that the verdict will be an unfavourable one. Lord Beaconsfield made self-aggrandisement the one aim of his life, and subordinated all other considerations to that one single end. And this he did so avowedly and undisguisedly that it is clear no doubt of the entire morality of such conduct ever crossed his mind. Indeed, he puts ambition, the love of worldly pre-eminence of some kind, forward on all occasions as the thing to be pursued for its own sake. In his Address to the youth of the Manchester Athenæum, forty years ago, the key-note is mere worldly success; and that also is the text of his Inaugural Address to the students of Glasgow University seven years ago. In the short speech in which he seconded Mr. Gladstone's proposal of a public monument to Lord Palmerston in 1866 he says: "I trust that the time may never come when the love of fame shall cease to be the sovereign passion of our public men." Not love of country, not love of one's kind, not devotion to duty; but "love of fame"—that is, of self. This was to be not merely a motive, but "the sovereign passion of our public men." His novels teach the same lesson. The last of them, written by an old man on the brink of the grave, is one of the most melancholy books I have ever read. It is all of the earth, earthy. Its men and women are panting, scheming, intriguing, jostling each other for the Garter, for the Premiership, for the Foreign Secretaryship, for the leadership of some political or social circle. There is not a noble thought, not one elevating sentiment, from one end of the book to the other. The moral of the whole story—and may I not add of Lord Beaconsfield's career?—may be pithily summed up in the description of the children of Israel round the golden calf: "The people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play."

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

AT HIS GRAVE.

I.

LEAVE me a little while alone,
Here at His grave that still is strown
With crumbling flower and wreath :
The laughing rivulet leaps and falls,
The thrush exults, the cuckoo calls,
And He lies hushed beneath.

II.

With myrtle cross and crown of rose,
And every lowlier flower that blows,
His new-made couch is dressed :
Primrose and cowslip, hyacinth wild,
Gathered by Monarch, peasant, child,
A nation's grief attest.

III.

I stood not with the mournful crowd
That hither came when round His shroud
Pious farewells were said.
In the famed city that He saved,
By minaret crowned, by billow laved,
I heard that He was dead.

IV.

Now o'er His tomb at last I bend,
No greeting get, no greeting tend,
 Who never came before
Unto His presence, but I took,
From word or gesture, tone or look,
 Some wisdom from His door.

V.

And must I now unanswered wait,
And, though a suppliant at the gate,
 No sound my ears rejoice?
Listen! Yes, even as I stand,
I feel the pressure of His hand,
 The comfort of His voice.

VI.

How poor were Fame, did grief confess
That death can make a great life less,
 Or end the help it gave!
Our wreaths may fade, our flowers may wane,
But His well-ripened deeds remain,
 Untouched, above His grave.

VII.

Let this, too, soothe our widowed minds:
Silenced are the opprobrious winds
 Whene'er the sun goes down;
And free henceforth from noon-day noise,
He at a tranquil height enjoys
 The starlight of renown.

VIII.

Thus hence we something more may take
Than sterile grief, than formless ache,
 Or vainly uttered vow:
Death hath bestowed what life withheld,
And He round whom detraction swelled,
 Hath peace with honour now.

IX.

The open jeer, the covert taunt,
The falsehood coined in factious haunt,
 These loving gifts reprove.
They never were but thwarted sound
Of ebbing waves that bluster round
 A rock that will not move.

X.

And now the idle roar rolls off,
Hushed is the gibe and shamed the scoff,
 Repressed the envious gird ;
Since death, the looking-glass of life,
Cleared of the misty breath of strife,
 Reflects His face unblurred.

XI.

From callow youth to mellow age,
Men turn the leaf and scan the page,
 And note, with smart of loss,
How wit to wisdom did mature,
How duty burned ambition pure,
 And purged away the dross.

XII.

Youth is self-love ; our manhood lends
Its heart to pleasure, mistress, friends,
 So that when age steals nigh,
How few find any worthier aim
Than to protract a flickering flame,
 Whose oil has long run dry !

XIII.

But He, unwitting youth once flown ;
With England's greatness linked His own,
 And steadfast to that part,
Held praise and blame but fitful sound,
And in the love of country found
 Full solace for His heart.

XIV.

Now in an English grave He lies :
With flowers that tell of English skies
And mind of English air,
A grateful Sovereign decks His bed ;
And hither long with pilgrim tread
Will the English race repair.

XV.

Yet not beside His grave alone
We seek the glance, the touch, the tone ;
His home is nigh,—but there,
See from the hearth His figure fled,
The pen unraised, the page unread,
Untenanted the chair !

XVI.

Vainly the beechen boughs have made
A fresh green canopy of shade,
Vainly the peacocks stray ;
While Carlo, with despondent gait,
Wonders how long affairs of State
Will keep his lord away.

XVII.

Here most we miss the guide, the friend.
Back to the churchyard let me wend,
And, by the posied mound,
Lingering where late stood worthier feet,
Wish that some voice, more strong, more sweet,
A loftier dirge would sound.

XVIII.

At least I bring not tardy flowers.
Votive to Him life's budding powers,
Such as they were, I gave—
He not rejecting : so I may
Perhaps these poor faint spices lay,
Unhidden, on His grave !

ALFRED AUSTIN.

Hughenden, May 12th, 1881.







3 6105 005 779 330

Stanford University Libra
Stanford, California

In order that others may use t
please return it as soon as poss
not later than the date due.

